

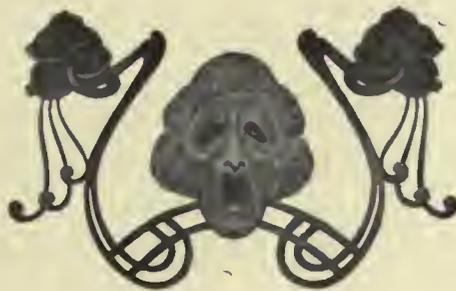


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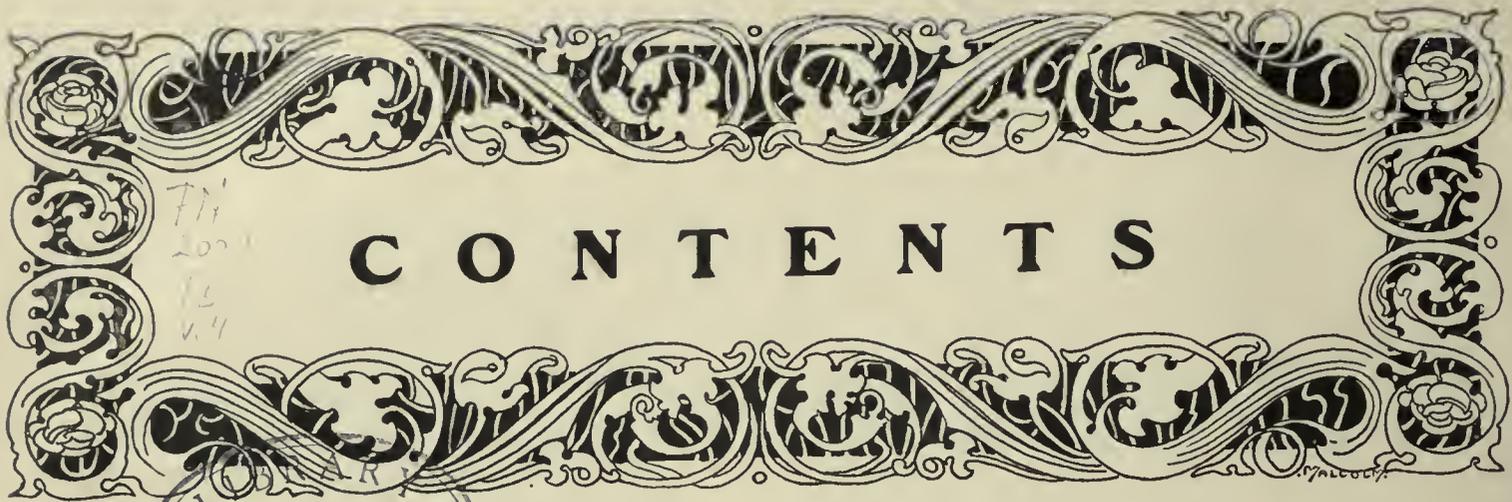


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CONTENTS

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Special Articles

	PAGE		PAGE
An Interview with Shakespeare, by Montrose J. Moses	190	How Buffalo Bill First Gained Celebrity, by Dr. Judd	173
American Dramatists Honor George Ade, by A. H.	322	How Theatres Are Managed, by Wells Hawks. (Ill.)	90, 126, 151
Are All Our Theatres Safe? by Harry P. Mawson	10	In the Footsteps of Hamlet. (Ill.)	234
A Shrine of the American Drama, by William S. Hunt	191	In the Home of Juliet, by Elise Lathrop.	312
Bayreuth Revisited, by Lucretia M. Davidson	255	Is Stage Emotion Real or Simulated? by Clara Morris	303
Brewing of the Tempest in New York's Ghetto	282	Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen, 48, 77, 102, 118, 182	262
Child Actors Who Earn Big Incomes, by Alexander Hume Ford. (Ill.)	146	Masters of Make-up, by Edward Fales Coward. (Ill.)	249
Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl, 103, 129, 157, 183, 209	237	Mme. Schumann-Ireink, the Woman, by Henry Tyrrell	276
Do Audiences Demand Happy Endings? by Lionel Strachey	88	Music, by W. J. Henderson	24
Drama and Yellow Drama, by Henry Tyrrell	192	Music and Mechanics, by Josef Hofmann.	323
Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players:		New York's New Summer Amusement Resort. (Ill.)	181
Blue-eyed Bellamy, by Aubrey Lanston	65	Our Leading Theatre Managers. (Ill.)	226, 227, 228
"Perdita," by Aubrey Lanston	46	Pains and Possibilities of Grand Opera, by Heinrich Conried	306
Sarah Siddons, by Aubrey Lanston	281	Players in Law Courts, by A. H. Hummel	314
Unforeseen Denouements, by Aubrey Lanston	101	Quaint and Historic Shoes, by Elsie de Wolfe	302
Famous Families of American Players:		Quaint Old Christmas Play as Performed in Germany, L. M. D.	28
The Booths, by Montrose J. Moses	114	Race Suicide on the American Stage. (Ill.)	69
The Drews, by Montrose J. Moses	230	Recent Noteworthy German Plays, by W. W. Whitelock	156
The Jeffersons, by Montrose J. Moses	176	Shakespeare's Disinherited Child, by Rupert Hughes	18
The Sothems, by Montrose J. Moses	284	Some Curiosities of Dramatic Criticism	282
French Players to Invade New York	263	Stage Fright and Its Horrors, by Ada Patterson	320
George Bernard Shaw as a Person, by Gustav Kobbé	318	Symbolism in Modern Music, by Lionel Strachey	324
Glory of the Comédie Française, by Jules Claretie	96	Theatrititis, by Lionel Strachey	224
Grand Opera in English, by Wm. E. Walter	50		
Greek Plays Acted by Greeks in New York	123	Theatres and Theatre-going in Japan, by Yone Noguchi. (Ill.)	167
Has an Author Absolute Property in His Brain-Work? 72, 74, 76		The Actor's Home on Staten Island, by Walter Browne. (Ill.)	14
		The Actress in Her Automobile. (Ill.)	148
		The Actress Who Ruled a Kingdom, by Dr. Judd	139
		The American Theatre of Tragedy, by Jeremiah O'Connor	66
		The Drama as an Educator, by Clara Morris	206
		The Early Struggles of Emma Abbott, by Dr. Judd	200
		The Famous Open Air Theatres of France, by F. P. Delgado	153
		The French Opera in New Orleans, by Chas. Stewart Booth	26
		The Lesson of the Chicago Fire, by A. H.	36
		The London Stage in Sheridan's Day, by Aubrey Lanston	317
		The National Drama of Russia, by Bernard Gorin	203
		The Pastoral Plays of the Basque Shepherds, by Henry Tyrrell	219
		The Pioneer Uncle Tomers, by Dr. Judd	44
		The Professional Play Reader and His Uses	256
		The Stage as a Career for Young Women, by Clara Bloodgood	304
		The Theatre in Spain, by Fernando Serrano	259
		The Theatres of Philadelphia, by Asa Steele. (Ill.)	78
		The Three Funny Women of the Stage, by A. P.	117
		The Truth in Regard to "Parsifal," by W. J. Henderson	53
		Twenty-five Cent Shakespeare for the People, by L. S.	178
		Where the Player Seeks Rest and Recreation After the Storm and Stress of Stage-land. (Told in pictures)	174-5
		World Dramatists of To-day, by Henry Tyrrell	299

Fiction

	PAGE		PAGE
"An Actor in Wall Street," by Edward Fales Coward	21	"A Tragedian's Christmas Dinner," by Otis Skinner	311
		"The Defection of Zaza," by Anna Marble	326

The National Theatre Movement

	PAGE		PAGE
The National Art Theatre Society	2	The National Theatre	163
Minnesota Leads the Way	290	Mr. Carnegie and the Endowed Theatre, by A. H.	87

Poetry

	PAGE		PAGE
In Memoriam, Dan Daly, by J. D. Logan	112	The Actor's Fate, by Edward Fales Coward	70
Stars of To-day and Yesterday, by A. E. Lancaster	305	The Girl Behind the Footlights, by Suzanne Roca-mora	202
		The Man Behind the Play, by Cecil Cavendish	150
		Tragedy, by Montrose J. Moses	43
		Woman and Superwoman, by Montrose J. Moses	319

Interviews

	PAGE		PAGE
Ade, George	287	Faversham, Wm	221
Arbuckle, Maelyn	251	Goodwin, Nathaniel C	40
Caruso, Signor	52	Harned, Virginia	93
Daly, Arnold	141	Irish, Annie	277
Donnelly, Miss	171	Lackaye, Wilton	119
		Mansfield, Richard	67
		Nillson, Carlotta	308
		Skinner, Otis	8
		Taliaferro, Mabel	197

The Theatre's Prize Play Competition

Announcement	PAGE
Notice	January 1 30

Selection	PAGE
	56

Performance	PAGE
	62

Plays Reviewed

"A Japanese Nightingale"	PAGE
"A Little of Everything"	134
"A Madcap Princess"	245
"Amoureuse"	295
"A Venetian Romance"	137
"Beyond"	288
"Business is Business"	214 and 272
"Camille"	109 and 135
"Candida"	5 and 86
"Capt. Barrington"	4
"Carmen" (in pantomime)	188
Cazelles' French Comedy Co.	268
"David Garrick"	294
"Der Strom"	4
"Doll's House"	60
"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" ..	3
"Electra"	164
"Everyman"	83
French Opera Co. of New Orleans.	86
"Girls Will Be Girls"	248
"Glad of It"	32
"Glittering Gloria"	58
"Granny"	294
"Hamlet"	82
"Harriet's Honeymoon"	33
"Higgledy-Piggledy"	297
"Humpty-Dumpty"	298
"Im Bunten Rock"	4
"Ivan, the Terrible"	83
"Jack's Little Surprise"	246
"Jorio's Daughter"	89
"Joseph Entangled"	266
"La Robe Rouge"	295
"Lady Rose's Daughter"	5
"La Passerelle"	295
"Lettie"	218 and 240
"L'Hirondelle"	295
"Little Johnny Jones"	298
"Little Mary"	34

"Love's Lottery"	PAGE
"Love's Pilgrimage"	268
"Man and Superman"	111
"Man Proposes"	186
"Merely Mary Ann"	84
"Military Mad"	34
"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner"	247
"Mlle. Napoleon"	5
"Monna Vanna"	7
"Mother Goose"	214
"Mrs. Black is Back"	7
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" ..	298
"Much Ado About Nothing"	244
"My Lady Molly"	86 and 33
"Olympic"	32
"Olympic"	31
"Paris by Night"	188
"Parsifal"	189 and 262
"Piff, Paff, Pouf"	112
"Ranson's Folly"	31
"Romeo and Juliet"	292
"Rosmersholm"	112
"Sakuntala"	236
"Saucy Sally"	110
"Sergeant Kitty"	31
"Sunday"	297
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs"	2
"Taps"	245
"Terence"	32
"That Man and I"	60
"The Admirable Crichton"	5
"The Cingalee"	296 and 321
"The College Widow"	271
"The Coronet of the Duchess"	266
"The County Chairman"	7
"The Crown Prince"	60
"The Dictator"	111
"The Duke of Killcrankie"	242
"The Girl from Dixie"	4
"The Harvester"	138, 163, 270
"The Isle of Spice"	246

"The Kreutzer Sonata"	PAGE
"The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes" ..	218
"The Maid and the Mummy"	60
"The Marriage of Kitty"	216
"The Medal and the Maid"	3
"The Music Master"	31
"The Octopus"	269
"The Other Girl"	57
"The Pillars of Society"	31
"The Pit"	112
"The Pretty Sister of Jose"	57
"The Rich Mrs. Repton"	17
"The Ruling Power"	296
"The Royal Chef"	248
"The School Girl"	84
"The Secret of Polichinelle"	243
"The Serio-Comic Governess"	59
"The Shepherd King"	241
"The Sho-Gun"	110
"The Sorceress"	61 and 272
"The Southerners"	161
"The Spellbinder"	247
"The Superstition of Sue"	112
"The Taming of the Shrew"	30
"The Tenderfoot"	85
"The Two Orphans"	108
"The Usurper"	298
"The Virginian"	32
"The Way to Kenmare"	298
"The Whitewashing of Julia"	6
"The Yankee Consul"	85
"The Younger Mrs. Parling"	58
"The Wizard of Oz"	112
"Tit for Tat"	137
"Twelfth Night"	99
"Varenes"	164
Vaudeville Acts (Hammerstein's Roof Garden) ..	161
What's the Matter with Susan?	6
"Winsome Winnie"	4
"Yvette"	136

Scenes from Plays

"An English Daisy"	PAGE
"A Japanese Nightingale"	34
"A Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin"	6
"A Madcap Princess"	183
"A Venetian Romance" (2 scenes)	257
"As You Like It"	145
"Becky Sharp" (4 scenes)	299
"Business is Business"	225
"Camille"	278
"Candida"	108
"Checkers"	39
"Dorothy Vernon"	58
"Everyman"	7
"Fantana"	99
"Girls Will Be Girls"	273
"Glittering Gloria"	217
"Granny"	57
"Higgledy-Piggledy"	319
"Jack's Little Surprise"	267
"Joseph Entangled"	256
"Le Barbier de Seville"	269
"Lettie"	43
"Man Proposes"	244
"Mary of Magdala"	83
"Merely Mary Ann" (2 scenes)	153
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"	19
"Much Ado About Nothing"	159
"Olympic"	88
"Olympic"	77

"Othello" (3 scenes)	PAGE
"Parsifal" (English production, 4 scenes) ..	50
"Parsifal"	315
"Piff, Paff, Pouf"	189
"Ranson's Folly" (4 scenes)	112
"Romeo and Juliet" (Marlowe-Sothorn) ..	71
"Sakuntala"	307
"Saucy Sally"	236
"Sergeant Kitty"	111
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (3 scenes)	32
"Taps"	45
"The Cingalee"	245
"The College Widow" (5 scenes)	240 and 289
"The Coronet of the Duchess"	282
"The County Chairman"	16
"The Crown Prince"	48
"The Dictator" (2 scenes)	121
"The Duke of Killcrankie"	243
"The Geisha and the Cavalier"	167
"The Harvester"	138 and 268
"The Isle of Spice"	237
"The Maid and the Mummy" (3 scenes) ..	233
"The Marriage of Kitty"	9
"The Medal and the Maid"	33 and 76
"The Merchant of Venice"	179
"The Music Master" Story of play in six pic- tures	274 and 275
"The Other Girl" (2 scenes)	47

"The Pit"	PAGE
"The Pit"	10
"The Pretty Sister of Jose" (2 scenes)	17
"The Prince of Pilsen" (2 scenes)	143
"The Remorse of Ajax"	123
"The Ruling Power"	85
"The Sacrament of Judas"	5
"The School Girl"	246
"The Secret of Polichinelle" (4 scenes) ..	75
"The Shepherd King"	110
"The Sho-Gun"	270
"The Sorceress"	271
"The Southerners" (3 scenes)	169
"The Superstition of Sue"	128
"The Tempest"	207
"The Triumph of an Empire"	49
"The Two Orphans" Story of play in seven pic- tures	124 and 125
"The Usurper"	296
"The Virginian"	35
"The Yankee Consul"	95
"The Younger Mrs. Parling"	59
"Tit for Tat"	155
"Twelfth Night"	99
"Varenes"	164
"Wania"	203
"Weather-beaten Benson"	247
"Winsome Winnie"	4
"Woodland"	163 and 210

Portraits

Abbey, Beatrice	PAGE
Ahhott	147
Addison, Victoria	264
Ade, George	62
Adler, Jacob, as "Shylock"	287
Ainley, Henry	249
Albright, Claude	220
Allen, Viola	March IV
Anglin, Margaret	239 and 266
Arbuckle, Maelyn	294
as Touchstone	58
as Virginius	251
as Ingomar	
in Moths	
in "The County Chairman"	
Arliss, George	198
Arnaud, Mile	264
Aus Der Ohe, Adele	54
Bachus, George	62
Barrymore, Ethel	253 and 293

Baume, Edgar	PAGE
Belasco, David	144
Bellamy, Anne	226
Belmont, Francis	65
Benton, Leila	113
Beranger, M.	42
Bergen, Nella	264
Berndorf, Miss	208
Bigelow, Charles A.	53
Bingham, Amelia	137
Bischoff, Johannes	31
Blanchard, Kitty	240
Bloodgood, Clara	100
Blossom, Henry, Jr.	304
Booth, Edwin	84
Boyle, Francis J.	115
Bradley, Alma	51
Brink, Lily	March IV
Brinker, Una Abel	12
Breant, M.	204
	264

Bridge, Ruby	PAGE
Brooks, Jean L.	202
Bronson, Edna	51
Brownlow, Wallace	138
Brough, Fanny	276
Buckley, May Shepherd	172
Buckner, Blanche	109
Burgstaller, Herr	288
Burkhardt, Lillian	25
Burnside, Mrs. S. Cameron	131
Burt, Laura	80
Byron, Arthur	142
	228 and 256
Cahill, Marie	117
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick	216
as Sorceress	265
Carlyle, Sydney	147
Carter, Leslie	173
Caruso, Enrico	291
caricature	25 and 52

Portraits (Continued)

	PAGE		PAGE
Castelle, Cecilia	158	Hardy, Sam B.	May IV
Cazeneuve, Paul	162	Harned, Virginia, as Camille	134
Cazelles, M.	263	as Alice of Old Vincennes	93
Chapman, Edythe	49	as Lady Leinster	93
Christians, Rudolf	88	as Iris	93
Claretie, Jules	72	Hauptmann, Gerhart	299
Clark, Marguerite	116	Hawthorne, Nell	162
Clark, Mrs.	182	Haynes, Gertrude	310
Claxton, Kate	100	Haynes, Minna Gale	62
Clowes, Louise	34	Hazel, Lillian	147
Collier, Lizzie Hudson	138 and 252	Hazzard, J. E.	144
Comstock, Nanette	205	Hedden, Irene	March IV
Conquest, Ida	11	Heink, Schumann	188, 276
Conried, Heinrich	227	Held, Anna	267, 320
Cadet, Coquelin	72	Helmanowitch, Jacob	270
Corbett, James J.	April IV	Henderson, Grace	122
Cortelyou, Alida	131	Hervieu, Paul	72 and 299
Cosset, M.	204	Heyer, Grace	62, 161
Costard, Mlle.	264	Hirsch, Marie	147
Couper, Gwendolyn	147	Hite, Mabel	145
Courtenay, William	135	Hodge, Will T.	258
Crane, William H.	229 and 250	Hofman, Miss	53
Crews, Laura Hope	105	Hofmann, Josef	323
Crosman, Henrietta	41	Hollis, Lillian	143
Dale, Violet	38	Howard, Bronson	72
Daly, Arnold	7	Howard, Cordelia	44
in "A Man of Destiny"	89	Howard, Geo. C.	44
in "Candida"	141	Howard, Harold	62
Dane, M.	264	Howe, Frank	78
Darlanges, Mlle.	264	Hughes, Rupert	248
D'Aubigne, Lloyd	July IV	Hummel, A. H.	72, 314
Davenport, Eva	117	Huntington, Wright	Sept. VIII
Davidson, Doré	192	Ibsen, Henrik	299
Davis, Fay	162	Illington, Margaret	94
Delmar, Louise	62	Irish, Annie	222, 277
De Mille, Cecil	278	Irving, H. B.	Nov. XII
De Mille, William C.	278	Ivell, Marion	5
Desmond, Mona	170	Jefferson, Joseph	176, 177
De Wolfe, Drina	254 and 311	as Asa Trenchard	
D'hamy, Mlle.	264	as Bob Acres	
Dickson, Charles	216	as Dr. Pangloss	
Dockstader, Lew	38	as Rip Van Winkle	
Dodson, J. E.	249	Johnson, Ethel	188
in "The Squire"	249	Johnson, Selena	242
as "Richelieu"	249	Jordan, Jessie	178
as "Shylock"	249	Joubert, M.	624
Donnelly, Dorothy, as Mme. Alvarez	171	Kalisch, Bertha	316
in "Candida"	171	Keenen, Harry G.	212
Dorban, M.	264	Keim, Adelaide	260
Dovey, Alice	190	Kennedy, Katherine	92
Dressler, Marie	117	Keyes, Katherine	256
Drew, Frank	231	Kilgour, Joseph	22
Drew, John, and daughter	73	King, Mollie	147
Drew, John, as Belleville	230	Kingsbury, Lillian	July IV
as Charles Surface	230	Klaw, Marc	226
as King of Navarre	230	Kraus, Herr	53
Drew, Mrs. John	231	Kremer, Theodore	192
Dulac, M.	263	Kyle, Howard	178
Duncan, Isadora	255	Lackaye, Helen	120
Dunn, Arthur	269	Lackaye, Wilton	119, 249
Dupont, Mary	158	as Svengali	119, 249
Durbin, Maud	139 and 252	as Curtis Jadwin in "The Pit"	119
Earl, Virginia, in "Sergeant Kitty"	3	in "The Children of the Ghetto"	119
Edeson, Robert	77, 232, 288	Lamison, Norah	130
Edwards, George	252	Lamont, Clifford and Marion	147
Elliott, Gertrude	81	La Shelle, Kirke	227
Emmanuel, N. B.	51	Lea, Elizabeth	189
Erlanger, Abraham L.	216	Lehman, Benny	147
Evans, Charles E.	232	Levey, Ethel	Nov. IX
Evesson, Isabelle	39 and 316	Levick, Ida	104
Everhart	July VIII	Loftus, Cecilia	241
Fairbanks, Douglas	106	Lonnou, Alice	131
Fairfax, Marion	144	Lorimer, Wright	84
Farnum, Dustin	133	Lowell, Helen	258
Fassett, Edith	33	Lucan, Helene	162
Faust, Gracie	147	Lunn, Mme. Kirkby	240
Faversham, William	262	Mackay, F. F.	62
Feriel, Mlle. M. A.	203	MacLennan, Francis	240
Fermier, Mary	Sept. VI	Mainwaring, Mary	180
Field, Ethel	147	Mann, Louis	298
Figman, Max	62 and 262	Mannering, Mary	82
Filkins, Grace	62	Mansfield, Richard	67
Finley, Genevieve	321	as Baron Chevrial	
Fiske, Harrison Grey	226	as Henry V.	
Fiske, Mrs.	225 and 292	as Richard III.	
Fitch, Clyde	72 and 299	as Cyrano de Bergerac	
Flexner, Anne Crawford	248	Mansfield, Richard	249
Flynn, Rose	280	as Baron Chevrial	
Foernsen, Miss	53	Mantell, Robert B.	6
Follis, Nellie	12	Mara, Hanna	240
Ford, Harrison	170	Marble, Mary	29
Francis, Emma	July IV	Marsano, Mr.	51
Franklin, Grace	23	Martindell, Edward B.	322
Franklin, Daniel	226	Matthison, Edith Wynne, as "Rosalind"	312
Froha, Ludwig	299	Maxwell, Teresa	42
Galdos, Perez	164	May, Aileen	260
Galland, Bertha	160	May, Edna	214
Gheradi, Pietro	51	McCurdy, James Kyrle	262
Gilbert, Mrs.	185	McKenzie, Gertrude	86
Guilbert, Yvette	303	McNabb, Anna	145
Gillette, William	1	McVine, Olive	147
Goff, Winifred	50	Mead, Sue Belle	106
Gollan, Campbell	325	Mechan, Edward J.	June VI
Goodwin, Nat. C.	40	Melville, Emelie	July IV
as Nathan Hale	40	Merritt, Grace	89
Gordon, Miss M.	12	Michelela, Vera	116
Gottschalk, Ferdinand	86	Millares, Mlle	264
Grey, Katherine	136	Mirbeau, Octave	72
Grimm, Lores	147	Montez, Lola	139
Guerrero, Maria	259	Montgomery, David C.	136
Guerrero, Rosario	60	Morley, Victor	143
Gunning, Louise	276	Morris, Clara	206 and 303
Hackett, J. K.	182	in "The Two Orphans"	107
Hackett, Norman	80	Morse, Beryl	147
Halbert, Ruth	Sept. V	Murger, Mlle	264
Hammerstein, Oscar	227	Neill, James	49
Harcourt, Wm.	62	Neill, R. R.	62
		Nesbitt, Miriam	12
		Newman, Rita	51
		Nilsson, Carlotta	62, 140, 217, 308, 309
		Norwood, Adelaide	213
		Novelli, Ermete	213
		O'Bryan, J.	209
		Ogden, Angela	140
		Olcott, Chauncey	4
		O'Neil, Nance	187
		Otis, Elita Proctor	249
		Palmer, A. M.	118
		Pares, Gabriel	172
		Parker, Corrine	156
		Pennarini, Alois	240
		Perrin, M.	264
		Phillips, Edna	142
		Phillips, Stephen	299
		Pinero, A. W.	299
		Pitt, Margaret	132
		Post, Guy Bates	60
		Powell, Maud	54
		Power, Tyrone	249
		Powers, Ethel	104
		Pratt, Lynn	238
		Priest, Janet	233
		Raworth, Grace	196
		Raymond, M.	264
		Rehan, Ada	30
		Rejane, Mme.	224
		Rennyson, Gertrude	50
		Renot, Mme.	263
		Ricard, Amy	300
		Rice, Sydney	62
		Ricmond, Charles	48
		as Capt. Barrington	16
		Roberts, Florence	74
		Robertson, John Forbes, as Hamlet	55
		as Lord Nelson	249
		Rocamora, Suzanne	March IV
		Rocco, Fraulein Bertha	2
		Rose, Durant	147
		Ross, Thomas W.	92
		Rostand, Edmond	299
		Roze, M.	264
		Russell, Annie	120
		Russell, Lillian	295
		Ryan, Mamie	196
		Sardou, Victorien	72 and 299
		Sartres, Mlle.	264
		Savage, Henry W.	226
		Scheff, Fritz, as Babette	13
		in "The Two Roses"	297
		Schenck, Elliott	51
		Schrode, Wm.	301
		Selwyn, Edgar	272
		Seymour, Davenport	62
		Shakespeare	100
		Sharp, Adelaide	309
		Shaw, Geo. Bernard	186, 318
		Sheehan, Joseph	50
		Sheridan, Richard Brinsley	317
		Shirley, Blanche	Sept. V
		Shubert, Samuel S.	281
		Siddons, Mrs.	281
		Skinner, Oliver	June VIII
		Skinner, Otis	8
		as Chas. Surface	94
		in "The Harvester"	138, 252
		Slosson, Pauline	325
		Smith, H. Reeves	272
		Smoking Room, New Amsterdam Theatre	20
		Sothorn, E. H.	118 and 323
		as Sir Richard Lovelace	284
		as Hamlet	284, 321
		in "Change Alley"	285
		Sothorn, the Elder, as Lord Dundreary	284
		Spitzley, Florence Hayward	238
		Stahl, Rose	280
		St. Clair, Edith	87
		Stember, Sallie	212
		Stevens, Emily	204
		Stewart, Katherine	Nov. XV
		Sudermann, Hermann	299
		Sully, Mounet	74
		Sutherland, Anna	86
		Taliaferro, Mabel	197
		Tallman, Geo. L.	276
		Tapley, Rose	122
		Templeton, Fay	201
		Tennant, Dorothy	170
		Ternina, Mme.	34
		The Senate of the Academy of Music in Berlin	201
		Thompson, Denman	218
		Thompson, W. H.	276
		Tolstoi, Count	203
		Tree, Mr., in "The Tempest"	283
		Tree, Marie	283
		Turgenicff, I. S.	203
		Tyler, George	227
		Tyler, Odette	286
		Van Dresser, Marcia	53
		Veesey, Frank von	180
		Wagner, Richard	72
		Wainwright, Helen	212
		Waldron, Isabel	62
		Ware, Helen L.	Nov. X
		Warfield, David	July VIII, 261
		in "The Auctioneer"	249
		Wegefarth, W. D.	May VI
		White, Maud	184
		Whitney, Fred C.	227
		Whittier, Robert	62
		Wood, Douglas J.	62
		Woodsow, Elizabeth	86
		Wright, Fred, Jr.	300
		Wyndham, Sir Charles	215
		Zabelle, Flora	105
		Zimmerman, J. Fred, Sr.	78

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS DRINA DE WOLFE

The THEATRE'S Prize Play Competition

AS announced in our last issue the prize in our play competition was awarded by the judges, F. Marion Crawford and William Seymour, to a comedy entitled, "The Triumph of Love."

The day following the public announcement of this award the author of the winning play communicated with the editor and fully established her claim. The successful competitor is

MARTHA MORTON-CONHEIM, of 265 West 90th Street, New York City

MR. CONHEIM, better known as "Martha Morton," is a professional playwright with a long list of successful plays to her credit, and we wish to congratulate her on once more having proved the excellence of her work. That the competition has not resulted in bringing forward a new name to add to our list of American playwrights must not be an argument against the success of our experiment. A play contest of this character cannot be restricted by limitations, its object being to bring forward the best in the unacted American drama. The contest was an open one. We invited any American writer, professional or layman, to submit a play.

There was no way, nor did we wish to bar out the acted dramatist who has his discouragements as well as the unacted dramatist. And as we said last month, who knows how long the author of "The Triumph of Love" may have knocked at managers' doors in vain? It is folly to think that because a certain writer is a playwright of established reputation everything he or she writes appeals to the manager, for many of our most successful dramatists have to-day in their trunks plays they are still unable to get produced. It is the history of all prize contests of this kind that the professional and skilled workman has triumphed. For example, the world would not to-day enjoy those operatic masterpieces, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci", but for the competition opened by an Italian publisher, and both Mascagni and Leoncavallo—although already known as composers—had struggled hard to secure a hearing, and this competition made them famous all over the world. Other instances are Sardou and Alexander Dumas fils, both of which celebrated dramatists entered and won in contests of this kind long after they had established their reputations. Still another example is Gerhardt Hauptman.

Martha Morton, in private life the wife of Hermann Conheim, a New York merchant, comes of a talented literary family of English descent, and was born in New York city. Her first attempt at playwriting was a travesty upon David Belasco's "May Blossom", played for charity at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Messrs Frohman. Encouraged by the success this effort met with, Miss Morton decided to take up playwriting as a profession. As a dramatist, however, her path was early strewn with difficulties. In fact, it seems to have been Miss Morton's fate, from the beginning, to



MARTHA MORTON

have been obliged to resort to extraordinary measures to get her plays before the public. "Helene" was taken in vain from manager to manager. Those were the days before the woman playwright had shown her skill, and the managers fought shy of them. "A woman playwright on my stage," said one manager to the timid, shrinking young girl, "why, it would demoralize the entire company." Nothing daunted, Miss Morton offered her play to a charity, relinquishing all her interest in the receipts, and "Helene" was produced at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre for one night, and was immediately bought by Clara Morris. Her next effort was "The Merchant." This piece, giving a vivid picture of New York society, and showing the danger of living above one's means, pleased the managers who read it, but no one would produce it. At last, in desperation the author struck out the name "Martha Morton" from the title page and substituted "Henry Hazelton," and mailed it to the *New York World*, which had offered a production of the best play sent in. "The Merchant" won the prize and was produced at the Union Square Theatre with great éclat. From that time Miss Morton has been one of the most prolific and successful of our American playwrights. She wrote in quick succession, "Geoffrey Middleton", which first introduced William Faversham to the public; and "Brother John", "His Wife's Father", and "A Fool of Fortune" for William H. Crane. Then followed "A Bachelor's Romance", the crowning success of Sol Smith Russell's career; "Her Lord and Master" and "The Diplomat". Other plays by her not yet seen on the stage are "The Truth Tellers", shortly to be produced by David Belasco; "The Four-Leaf Clover", etc., etc. One would think that after so many years of uninterrupted success Miss Morton's difficulties would have at last ended. But they had only just commenced. Emancipated from the difficulties of technique, the dramatist seeks to give his creative power full sway, but is often discouraged by the manager, who has become accustomed to one style which is supposed to have commercial value. This means artistic death for creator and producer. Unshackled in this respect by the conditions of our competition, Miss Morton considers "The Triumph of Love" to be her best work. It is a true reflection of national life shown in a most dramatic form, and in being instrumental in bringing forward so important a work, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE believes it has rendered a service to the drama.

According to the present plans, the production of "The Triumph of Love" will take place at the end of January at a special matinee performance in one of Charles Frohman's Broadway theatres. The exact date has not been definitely settled at the time this page goes to press. The arrangements for the production are in the hands of Charles Frohman and William Seymour. That is guarantee enough that the play will be adequately presented. The cast will be a notable one, and include some of the best players now before the public.

THE THEATRE

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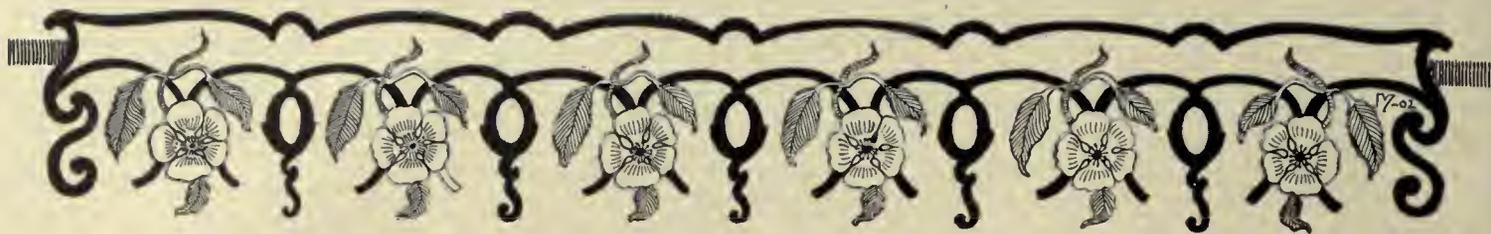
NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



WILLIAM GILLETTE IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" AT THE NEW LYCEUM

ACT II. On the desert island. Abandoned by his shipwrecked companions, who think they can get along without him, Crichton sits by his camp fire, a lonely and picturesque figure of philosophical repose. Presently, and one by one, his aristocratic but helpless masters return, shamefacedly seeking the warmth and shelter the fire affords.



PLAYS AND PLAYERS



W

ITH the theatrical season nearly half over, the managers have to look back on an almost uninterrupted series of dramatic disasters. The brilliant promise of the opening has not only been unfulfilled, but the number of failures, in the given time, is almost without precedent in theatrical annals. Depression in the commercial world is always likely to affect theatre interests, but something more than Hard Times is responsible for the depleted theatre bank accounts. The managers must hold themselves alone to blame. They have not always provided good dramatic fare, and the public, tired of being bored in the playhouse, has stayed away and spent its money in other directions. It is a fact that this year — when all the theatres are complaining of disastrous business—the concert world is on the top wave of prosperity, largely due, it is true, to the “Parsifal” boom. When managers realize the truth of Shakespeare’s dictum, “The play’s the thing,” and manufactured Stars, costly Scenery and Costumes only theatric Snares and Delusions, then playgoers will find more to attract them and business will improve. In short, the correct diagnosis for the prevailing malady is: (1) Lack of good plays. (2) Too many theatres, which compels the managers to keep them all open, no matter how poor the attraction. (3) Foisting on the public, as Stars, actors who would hardly be entrusted with leading business in the good old days of the great stock companies.

A move in the right direction will be made shortly by Sydney Rosenfeld, the well-known dramatist, who is about to enter upon a theatrical enterprise of his own under the title of “The Century Theatre Co.” Mr. Rosenfeld promises to revive the stock company system in New York, to present worthy new and standard plays for short runs, and to lower the prices of admission. This programme is attractive and Mr. Rosenfeld deserves the good wishes and patronage of all lovers of the legitimate drama. Owing to his time being entirely taken up by this private venture, Mr. Rosenfeld has resigned his position as Corresponding Secretary of the National Art Theatre Society which he held so ably. This latter organization, on which rests the hope for a higher drama in this country, is rapidly growing in importance and influence. The membership

now numbers close upon a thousand names—already a respectably sized audience for the contemplated Ideal Theatre.

“Sweet Kitty Bellairs,” in which Miss Henrietta Crosman is appearing at the Belasco Theatre, is another of those book plays with which the stage is surfeited and which are largely responsible for the enfeebled condition of our drama. Mr. Belasco’s piece is more acceptable than others of its kind in that it has an artificial brilliancy which always attracts a not too exacting public, also because the part of Mistress Kitty, the winsome widow with her Irish brogue and her Irish wit, affords the most pleasing and dainty comedienne on the American stage the best opportunity of her career.

The artificial comedy of intrigue, as developed in the most frivolous time and place of Georgian England, is a new field for the talents of David Belasco, and in adapting Egerton Castle’s sparkling Sheridan-like novel, he has used all the tricks known to a past master of stage craft, so that “Sweet Kitty” is not one play, but a dozen plays in one. And we may add that there is very little of Egerton Castle in the piece. For instance, the tricky bedstead episode in the second act, where Kitty saves her tearful friend, Lady Julia, and which made the hit on the first night, is not in Mr. Castle’s book at all. But those theatre-goers who are content to accept a milk-and-water drama so long as they are entertained will like “Sweet Kitty Bellairs.”



Otto Sarony Co.

FRAULEIN BERTHA ROCCO
As Monna Vanna in Mr. Conried’s production of Maeterlinck’s poetic drama

Mr. Belasco has constructed a scenic realization of Bath and its society in the palmy days of the beaux and belles, of swords and wigs and patches, dueling, dancing and Sedan chairs, and the merry scandals of the Pump room. From this background, which allows of some exceedingly pretty stage pictures, a conventional theatrical plot is projected, with sufficient complication to carry the piece on briskly for three acts. Then, in the fourth and final act, when a logical and satisfying dénouement should come, but does not, attention is diverted by a wondrous “weather” tableau curtain, showing a regiment of soldiers marching off in the pouring rain—real water. Towards the close of the play poor Kitty fades out lamentably; though Julia makes her tardy amends, she is left in the end a pale, dispirited creature, sans prestige and sans lover—unless we conjecture, on the “Lady or the Tiger” plan, that she and Lord Verney are somehow reunited afterwards. Charles Hammond as Lord Verney, Edwin Stevens as Colonel Villiers, J. Malcolm Dunn as O’Hara, and Miss

Katherine Florence as the tear-gushing Lady Julia, are all good in their respective ways. John Kellard plays a bad part well, as Sir Jasper Standish, the jealous husband.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," a dramatization by Paul Kester of Charles Major's novel, will please lovers of the romantic drama. There are fewer fanfares of trumpets in it than in most plays of this kind, and fewer doors are battered down by militant characters, but there is plenty of tumult, adventure and clashing of swords. Dorothy comes of a titled red-headed ancestry, is a spoiled child; and Miss Galland is aided in her part by a wig of ample hair of fiery hue which promises and reaches moments of sudden caprice and outbursts of willful wrath. The play opens with Dorothy's refusal to marry the man selected by her father, and, later on, when, imprisoned in her room for disobedience, food is brought to her, in a tempest of argumentative rage, she alternately devours a drum stick and emphasizes her remarks by beating with it on the floor. An enemy of the house presents himself in disguise and Dorothy falls in love with him. Thereafter the play concerns the vicissitudes of their love. In consistency and clearness of plot the play is lacking, but situations are procured. There is no question as to Miss Bertha Galland's personal success. As Dorothy she has a passage at swords with an unwelcome lover, pretends to be Queen Mary, flatters Queen Elizabeth, cajoles her father, defies authority, is valiant, witty, in short, everything that the heroine of a romantic melodrama should be; and if cause and effect be lacking at any time, the personality of Miss Galland seems to justify everything.

There is a joyous good humor and a piquant sauciness about Miss Marie Tempest as a comedienne that are irresistible. In her comic opera days she exerted a power that made her one of the most popular of those who combined tightness and music. With the aid of that experience and a long season of work in a varied line of parts in London calling for legitimate comedy expression she has developed into an artist of the first rank.

"The Marriage of Kitty," in which she is now on view at the Hudson Theatre, is apparently exactly what a large number of playgoers want. It has been widely praised and certainly offers this new star a valuable medium for the display of her humorous resources. Yet at the best it is but a thin and tenuous adaptation of a frisky French farce. The idea is fraught with comic opportunities. To circumvent the provisions of a will, Sir Reginald Belsize marries Katherine Silverton, a stranger, only to part from her at the altar. A year hence, by the aid of a divorce, he will be free to wed the woman of his choice and secure to himself the money at stake. Tired of the explosiveness of his fiancée, a Peruvian widow, he meets in the interview his wife only to fall in love with her. The result is obvious.

Stripped of its naughty suggestiveness the theme rings hollow. But its weaknesses are well hid by the star's droll naïveté and personal charm. Her detail is admirably planned and carried out, and the effectiveness of it all is splendidly emphasized by Leonard Boyne's skillful and sustained rendering of the none too brilliant husband. Miss Ada Ferrar, as the Peruvian widow, is hysterically humorous, and Gilbert Hare, as the solicitor Travers, glibly sets the complications moving.



Byron, N. Y.

MISS VIRGINIA EARL

In the new military comic opera "Sergeant Kitty," recently produced in Brooklyn with considerable success

The history of the American drama includes scores of Revolutionary plays, which were popular enough in the old stock days when productions were hastily made for short runs. The tendency with us is to exhaust material, and to seek always for fresh fields, but it would be absurd to relegate the period of the Revolution or any period of exaltation in our national life to the waste-basket. All the Revolutionary plays have not been written, neither have we seen the last of the plays of the Civil War. "Captain Barrington" by Victor Mapes and presented at the Manhattan, is attractive in its stage pictures, and entertaining in story and action. Twin brothers separated in infancy are confronted as enemies, although they never actually meet. One Barrington is a British captain; the other, Lieutenant Fielding, is in the American service. Both make love and war in the same vicinity, and it is easy to see the possibilities of exciting complications. The chief situation the play is where General Washington himself thwarts a plan to entrap him. This situation is effective, and when Washington (Joseph Kilgour) stepped to the middle of the stage, the audience fairly gasped at the apparition, then burst into an applause. It was probably the most imposing presentment of the Father of his Country ever seen in a play. Mr. Richman has the dual rôle and his acting in both is marked by manly sincerity and tenderness. Miss Suzanna Sheldon is a trifle lachrymose, but always the handsome and high-strung artiste.



JOSEPH MIRON AND MISS PAULA EDWARDES
In "Winsome Winnie" at the Casino

A picturesque environment, sumptuously presented, in which is set a group of Orientals and Occidentals, does not necessarily constitute a play. This was the main objection to "A Japanese Nightingale" recently seen at Daly's. As a spectacle it was very beautiful. The physical adjuncts of scenery, properties and costumes left little to be desired. Intelligence and skill were manifested in the groupings, marches, ballets and action of the characters. It was a brilliant and vivid study of new Japan from the sensuous point of view. But beneath the skin of that interesting race it did not reach. William Young, who founded the book on Onoto Wotanna's charming story of life in the far East, is a playwright of judgment but in this case he has presented the thesis of the cloister between the conventional East and the

breezy heterodoxy of the West in too melodramatic a fashion. His expedients are old, his touch heavy, although there are moments of lyrical fantasy and charm which may not be denied. The American rôles were invested with becoming color by the almost strenuous Orrin Johnson, the unctuous Eugene Jepson, the careful Frank Gilmore, the facile Fritz Williams and the ebullient Olive May, while types of the land of Chrysantheme were depicted with convincing earnestness and effectiveness by Miss Margaret Illington, Vincent Serrano, Robert M. Wade, Jr. and Frederick Perry.

At the German theatre in Irving Place two interesting novelties have been presented recently. The first, "Im Bunten Rock" (In Uniform), is a charming comedy dealing with the flirtations and eventual conquest of an American widow abroad. The second is essentially Teutonic. "Der Strom", as this latter play is called, is the work of Max Halbe, author of "Jugend", perhaps the most oft-repeated drama of modern Germany, and it shows much the same excellences and shortcomings of the earlier piece.

The only excuse for "Winsome Winnie" at the Casino is that it affords an opportunity to exhibit the stellar qualities of Miss Paula Edwardes, a healthy-looking soubrette, who sings and dances well, but the piece itself is tiresome even in these days of leaden librettos.

Mme. Charlotte Wiehe, the talented Danish actress, who is appearing in French plays at the little Vaudeville Theatre, continues to delight all who see her. Recent changes of bill have permitted glimpses of new phases of her exquisite art.

"The Girl from Dixie" as seen at the Madison Square will add nothing to the reputation of any of those concerned in its production. Miss Irene Bentley has a charming personality and cannot entirely fail in anything she undertakes, but this piece is absolutely barren of all the necessary elements of a successful musical comedy.



Otto Sarony Co.
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
In his new play "Terrence"

As a usual thing Bernard Shaw's plays give more of the author's whimsical, satirical view of life than of life itself, but in "Candida," the author of "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple" comes more closely to real human nature than he has ever come before, and the result is a delightful and amusing little play.

The Rev. James Morell is a clergyman whose mission in life is to save souls. One of these is somewhere in the anatomy of Ernest Marchbanks (Arnold Daly), whom he rescues from starvation. With true mundane ingratitude Marchbanks, who is an aristocratic outcast and a poet, proceeds to fall in love with Candida, the preacher's wife, and calmly reveals this fact to the husband. The preacher, secure in the possession of her love, throws no obstacle in their way. Marchbanks takes advantage of his absence and is on the point of declaring his love to the wife, who does not appear unwilling to listen, when the husband returns and the love tryst is adjourned. In act three, Morell (Dodson Mitchell) calls upon Candida (Miss Dorothy Donnelly) to choose between them, and she, in a triumph of pure motive, chooses the husband, and Marchbanks is dismissed with a kiss on his brow! and told that when she, Candida, is fifty, he will be forty and know better. Of course the situation evoked is bathos, unreal, bordering almost upon the burlesque. The success of the play was more the result of the admirable performance than the play's inherent strength.

Mr. Daly in the composite part of Marchbanks, half man, half devil, always a cad, did some fine work. Also Mr. Carr as Burgess, the scheming father-in-law, Miss Closser as the typist, Mr. Mitchell as Morell and Miss Dorothy Donnelly as Candida.

In writing "The Admirable Crichton", the whimsical comedy in which William Gillette is appearing this season, J. M. Barrie is understood to have been inspired by Fulda's "Robinson's Isle", an American version of which by Sydney

Rosenfeld was done here some years ago by Roland Reed. The German author appears only to have been interested in the philosophical and sociological phases of the argument, which is that, in a return of Man to nature, the fittest will assume command, no matter what his social station in a previous so-called civilized state. The humorous possibilities of this idea alone have appealed to the English humorist. Crichton is the butler of the Earl of Loam, who puts into practice his theory of equality among men by periodically entertaining his servants at tea. Here the aristocratic Mary, daughter of the Earl, and the self-possessed butler, Crichton, are seen together, both equally conscious of their respective positions. This scene, original with Mr. Barrie, is highly diverting, but whether it helps the play is doubtful. It certainly weakens the effect of the situation in the following act when the yacht party are wrecked on a desert island, for since the Earl has been so willing to meet on equal terms his inferiors in Act I, it is not surprising that the aristocrats are so willing to hobnob with their servants and be ordered about by them under the unusual conditions in Act II. But Mr. Barrie has thrown probability to the four winds in order to amuse and in this he has been entirely successful. Mr. Gillette plays the part of the butler with that quietness and repression so characteristic of his art, but he has very little to do, and it is difficult to understand how the piece appealed to an artist of his ability.

William Faversham, who is at present appearing at the Criterion in a revival of R. C. Carton's comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," was seen earlier in a play of Revolutionary times, entitled "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," which proved entirely worthless. Why such a play should ever have been written is only less of a puzzle than why it should have been accepted for production in a Broadway theatre. Only at the end of the first act did there occur a semblance of a situation. This was arrived at after half an hour of tedious



Byron, N. Y.

KYRLE BELLEW

A Brittany priest with republican sympathies has deserted the Church. He loves a peasant girl whom a young aristocrat has betrayed. The latter is sought by the officers of the Revolutionary Tribunal and takes refuge in the peasant's cottage. He asks the one-time priest to hear him confess, arguing that once a priest always a priest. The priest hears the confession that breaks his own heart and, later, instead of surrendering the aristocrat to his pursuers, dies in his place.

FINAL SCENE IN LOUIS TIERCELIN'S PLAY "THE SACRAMENT OF JUDAS"

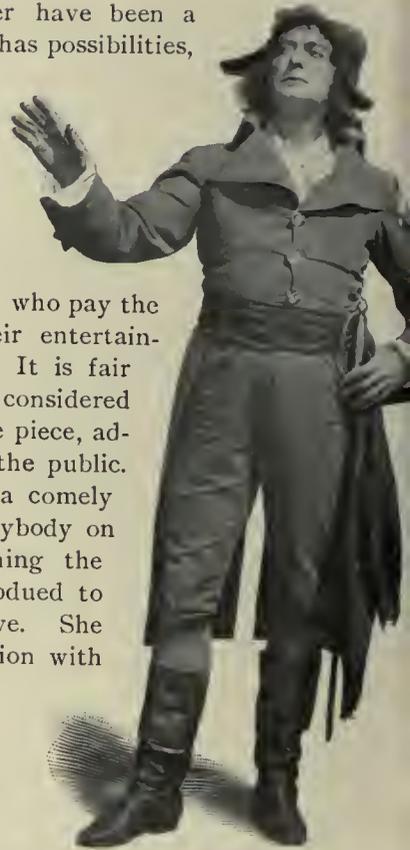
talk;—and this situation had to content the audience for the rest of the evening; for during the three succeeding acts the characters meandered and talked in almost puerile fashion, defying ordinary common sense. Miss Hilda Spong, who played Elizabeth, ran the gamut of all sorts of stage emotions with considerable technical skill, but all that she did was so motiveless that at no stage of the proceedings did she arouse the slightest interest. Mr. Faversham, as the rebel lieutenant, had a similarly futile task to perform, but unlike his cleverer companion, his limitations were marked,—for even the most ardent of Mr. Faversham's admirers have never credited him with a very large variety of intellectual or physical gifts. He carried his native inflexibility of manner and voice through the different childish scenes, and while always in earnest was always unreal.

“What's the Matter with Susan?” is an ominous title, and, in following the fashion of the day in striving for novelty in this direction, Mr. Detrichstein contributed, to some extent, to his own failure. In the construction of his adapted plays, this actor-author has methods of his own, and he used them in this case too freely, just as Susan in her impetuosity dashed too much salt and pepper in the food for dinner. It is the favorite device of the stage-manager-playwright to crowd his play with “business,” and if physical animation could have given vitality to the action, the suc-

cess of the play could never have been a moment in doubt. The story has possibilities, but they were destroyed for intelligent audiences by social incongruities in the social relations of the characters and the incidents of the play. In fact, it was too rural for Broadway, and lacking in that refinement which people who pay the highest market price for their entertainment are entitled to expect. It is fair to say that Miss Alice Fischer, considered apart from the crudities of the piece, advanced herself in the favor of the public. She is represented at first as a comely old maid, at odds with everybody on the smallest trifles concerning the household, and is at last subdued to gentleness by the power of love. She accomplished the transformation with artistic skill, and with true touches of sentiment.

Like so many other book plays “Lady Rose's Daughter” at the Garrick failed to justify the popularity of the novel and was soon withdrawn. The failure is explained by the fact that on the stage there was practically but one situation in the four acts, and this occurred in the third act, where Lady Rose is saved from disgraceful scandal by the brave device of an infatuated lover. The last act, in which Lady Rose recognizes the service done for her, and gives her love where it should have been given, had been clumsily managed by the adaptor “George Fleming.” Miss Fay Davis as Lady Rose played with her usual naturalness and refinement, and both W. H. Crompton, as Lord Lackington, and William Courtleigh, as the lover, helped to redeem the piece. The part of Lady Delafield was greatly overdrawn, but was well played by Miss Ida Vernon.

“The Whitewashing of Julia,” a comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, which quickly followed, gave rise in London to much acrimony of criticism which led to the exclusion of a well known critic from the theatre. The play met with some adverse criticism here, but some of the exceptions taken to it were not well founded. Exactly what was the scandal about Julia is not expressed very clearly by the author, but enough is brought out to indicate that whatever misstep she may have made did not place her beyond the consideration of a true man, who, in the end, is willing to marry her. Mr. Jones is too skillful a writer not to know that the vague references to the finding of a “puff ball” are not enough to establish a basis for an action. He did not work out this point, for it was mere scandal. He merely wanted to show the emptiness of it. The main thing was to indicate with emphasis that Julia had been unfortunate enough to contract a morganatic marriage, perhaps without moral blame. Whether that be entirely true or not, the gist of the action did not concern the details of that mishap or marriage. It did concern the faith in her of a gentleman who was willing to trust her, and to burn her written confession. The dramatist's art is unconventional, but he secures a succession of moments of amusement and sentiment which entertains an audience. If the only



Byron ROBERT B. MANTELL
In “The Light of Other Days,” a new romantic drama of the French Revolution



MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON AND FREDERICK PERRY
In “A Japanese Nightingale”



DOROTHY
(Miss Bertha Galland)

QUEEN ELIZABETH
(Miss May Robson)

JESTER
(George Le Solr)

SCENE IN "DOROTHY VERNON" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

purpose of the play were to justify the whitewashing of attractive women with pasts, the moral of the play would be objectionable, but we do not think that was the point of view of the author. The piece was admirably acted. Guy Standing was excellent as the lover, and Mr. Crompton, as the lawyer, contributed a bit of acting that always helps one long to remember a play. Miss Fay Davis as Julia exercised her usual precise and intelligent method. She is an actress more of intelligence than of charm, but always effective.

"First Ade to the injured," was what Broadway said when "The County Chairman" came to Wallack's in Thanksgiving week and broke the prevailing run of thea'rical bad luck and bad plays. George Ade's first straight comedy is not by any means a masterpiece. It is, indeed, one of those pieces which one would think almost anybody could write, and in which the characters do not seem to require any acting at all. It is only by comparing it with some other productions in which the efforts of author and actors are painfully apparent, that one appreciates the real merits of "The County Chairman," and understands why it has taken a hold upon the affections of New York playgoers. The scene is a country town of Indiana. Jim Hackler, the local politician, is a type as well as a character, so are the rival candidates for the office of State's Attorney, the school-teacher heroine and the village belle, the travelling drummer, the shiftless "nigger," the reminiscent old settler, the boy and girl sweethearts, and the barefooted "smart kid." All

these folk are familiar stage characters, but as drawn by Mr. Ade and acted at Wallack's they appear very real. With all this naturalness and characterization taken from life, it is easy to get along without a plot—and that is practically what Mr. Ade does. The company playing "The County Chairman" is uniformly satisfactory. Maclyn Arbuckle, in the name part, achieves a distinct creation.



Burr McIntosh
Recently seen in the leading part in Bernard Shaw's play "Candide"

as to whether it appeals much to the adults. It is a mixture of rough and tumble farce, old jokes and local gags, interspersed with some pretty ballets. The Nouveau Art march at the close of Act I is the most gorgeous spectacle seen on the stage for a long time.

It is difficult to believe that so distinguished a poet and playwright as Jean Richepin is responsible for the cheap wit, slang and variety acts that are the most salient features of "Mlle. Napoleon," the musical piece in which Miss Anna Held is appearing. The stage pictures are imposing, but costumes and scenery alone will not attract audiences, and Miss Held will have to find something more worthy of her sprightly personality. Some of the songs, notably "The à la mode Girl," and "My Heart will be True to You," were well received, but on the whole the production was a disappointment.

"Mother Goose" at the New Amsterdam is hardly the classic entertainment for young folk usually presented at this season, and there may be some question



As Lazarre

America's Foremost Romantic Actor

An Interview with Otis Skinner

Chats with Players No. 23



As Shylock

"THE actor must look to his own tendencies and ideals—those of the stage and the public in general will take care of themselves."

This remark made recently by Otis Skinner to the writer is as thoroughly characteristic of the man as it was spontaneous and sincere.

Otis Skinner is easily our foremost American legitimate-romantic actor, and one of the few players in this country who have the courage to put Art before Profit. In other words, he is not a commercial actor, like so many who have taken to the stage for the "money there is in it." Money appeals to him as to most men, but he loves Art more. He is an artist not only in name, but in his personal tastes and by temperament. This devotion to a high standard has not, indeed, made him a rich man—although he is fairly well endowed with the world's goods and owns a ranch in the Far West, where he spends the summer in the bosom of his family—but it has endeared him to thousands of thoughtful theatre-goers who never miss seeing him in every part he undertakes to play. They are never disappointed. Can one forget his superb Lanciotto in the recent revival of

Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," or his Norbert in Browning's "In a Balcony"?

His success is the reward of hard work and good training. What other actor on our stage to-day has passed through such a high and unremitting course of classical schooling as it has been Mr. Skinner's privilege to enjoy, from his early apprenticeship with Lawrence Barrett and then with Edwin Booth, Augustin Daly and Mme. Modjeska, to his

present association with Ada Rehan in Shakespearean repertory? This vast experience has left

him a splendidly equipped artist comparatively at the beginning of his career, so far as its grand possibilities are concerned, for he is barely forty years of age.

In person, Otis Skinner is of medium height, alert and graceful in figure. He has a Spanish or Mauresque cast of countenance, with black curly hair and magnificent dark eyes. The small Petruccio beard which he has affected of late gives maturer distinction to his face. His voice, a clear baritone, modulated by constant exercise in the noblest and most mellifluous blank verse of the English language, is all that the most fastidious ear could desire. A studious and thoughtful temperament, with a decidedly literary turn of mind, is his New England birthright, his father having been a Universalist minister. He is an observing traveler and a systematic reader. He speaks French fluently and Italian with less confidence.

"No," he replies to our interrogation, "I was not born an actor. By ordinary signs, the stage career was not my manifest destiny. Everything has been acquired—and not easily, I can assure you. Of course, my heart must have been enlisted in the work, or I couldn't have kept it up. Circumstances threw me in with a man of strenuous genius—I mean the late Lawrence Barrett—when I was an ambitious youngster, and the impetus he gave me carried me on. For awhile I made rapid progress, then I came to a point where I seemed stuck in a conventional rut, and the harder I strove to get out of it, the worse I became. I was getting to be an obstreperous young ranter. Others remarked it; I realized it myself. So, finally, when an opportunity came, I summoned up courage and told Mr. Barrett of my determination to strike out in a new line. He let me go, and we parted friends, but I knew he thought me headstrong and ungrateful. Two or three years later we met casually on Broadway, and after an interchange of commonplace greetings Mr. Barrett said:

"I may have something to put in your way—that is, if you think it good enough."

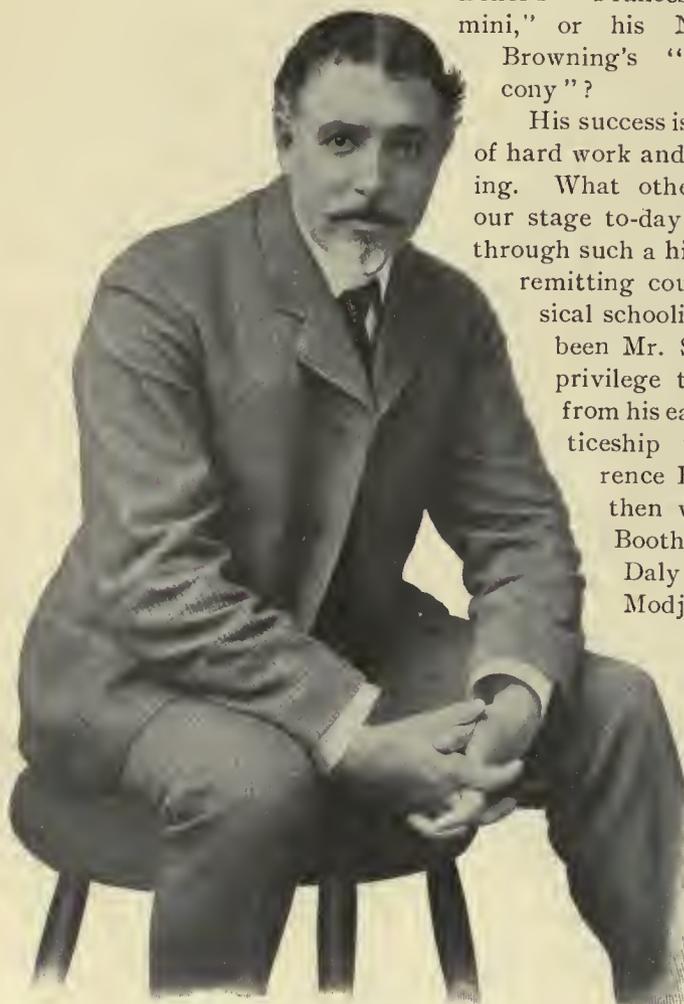
"What is it?" I asked with trepidation.

"Leading juveniles with Mr. Booth and myself."

"It was the opportunity of my life, and I lost no time in grasping it. Now, my checkered experiences during the interval of separation from Mr. Barrett had toned down my boyish obstreperousness, and I now kept in mind the importance of being, above all things else, artistic. One day, at rehearsal, which only on rare occasions Mr. Booth attended, the princely tragedian patted me on the shoulder and said:

"Young man, don't be afraid to act. Let yourself out—you are all together too subdued!"

"Later, I had the privilege of playing in 'Francesca da Rimini,' Paola to Barrett's Lanciotto. I resolved then that one day I would essay the latter rôle myself—and it has taken me all these years to realize my ambition."



Taken for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by the Otto Sarony Co.

OTIS SKINNER'S LATEST PORTRAIT

"Aside from this classical training, what do you regard as your most valuable professional experience?"

"The seasons I put in as a member of Augustin Daly's company. There, under the most painstaking and intelligent of managerial guidance, I had frequent changes of modern light comedy rôles, besides occasional participation in a genuine classic or standard revival of the old English comedies. This cured me of the stilted habit, and restored my confidence in myself."

"In what manner did this self-confidence find expression?"

"Why, for one thing, in independent ventures as star-actor-manager. The romantic always lured me, so I played 'A Soldier of Fortune,' Machiavelli, Cæsar Borgia, Claude Melnotte and the like, until I grew sick and tired of the sword, dagger and poison rôles. Then, again, my engagement as leading support of Modjeska contributed an important influence of my career. Amongst other characters, I played the uncompromising old father to her Magda. She was great in the rôle, and my own performance seemed to give satisfaction, but I never went through it without inward protest. It seemed to me grotesquely false and irrelevant to the conditions here to-day. Subsequently, I have taken a malicious pleasure in learning that my impression of Sudermann's play coincides with that of so keen a feminine critical expert as Mrs. Fiske."

"You prefer the poetic dramas, for example, a part such as that of Norbert, in Browning's 'In a Balcony'?"

"Ah! that was a chance incident, yet one that interested me particularly. I had imbibed a certain faith in Browning as a dramatic poet from Mr. Barrett, who once produced 'A

Blot on the 'Scutcheon.' Browning's verse is difficult, and his meaning is often involved. His lines were not, like Shakespeare's, written for stage declamation by a poet who was himself an actor. But their essential impulse is strongly dramatic. Studying Browning is like cultivating a stubborn soil, from which in the end a rare vintage comes. However, 'In a Balcony' was easy, and I have often wished it were a full-length play, instead of a single brief scene."

Otis Skinner finds "easy" what to ninety-nine out of a hundred of our actors would be impossible.

"'Lazarre' really caused something of a sensation in the West during the season I played it," he said. "My correspondence and personal interviews with various people related in one way or another to the mystery of Eleazar Williams, and some of whom remember the significant visit of the Prince de Joinville in 1848, would make a supplementary book."

Mr. Skinner is, naturally, an earnest advocate of the movement for an endowed theatre. "It is certainly a foregone conclusion," he said, "that American taste, culture and love of the drama, will soon find expression in such a monumental theatre as proposed by the National Art Theatre Society. A great drama is the last, finest flower of a country's civilization. This is an age of rapid growths, of marvelous developments and changes. Moreover, the conditions have long been ripening for the artistic emancipation of our stage. Nobody can fail to see that a crisis is now at hand. It will bring good in the end, even though individuals suffer for the principle. I am, as you know, an optimist in my profession. I can see the American theatre surely, and not slowly, working out its own salvation."

HENRY TYRRELL.



Hall

LADY BELSIZE
(Miss Marie Tempest)

THE LAWYER
(Gilbert Hare)

SIR REGINALD
(Leonard Boyne)

Sir Reginald Belsize comes to his wife's villa on the Lake of Geneva accompanied by his lawyer to make arrangements for the divorce.

SCENE IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



Byron

The tumultuous scene on the floor of the Produce Exchange. Wilton Lackaye as Curtis Jadwin, the promoter, the central figure of a howling mob

CLIMAX IN THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF FRANK NORRIS' NOVEL "THE PIT"

Are All Our Theatres Safe?



THE recent destruction by fire of the Academy of Music in Brooklyn once more reminds theatregoers that Peril lurks close behind Pleasure and that thousands have gone to the playhouse seeking amusement only to find a horrible death. In the case of every fire where loss of life

has occurred, the fatal theatre had long been known to be a fire trap. Fortunately, of late years—in fact since the introduction of electricity in our theatres and the abolishment of the naked gas jet—theatre fires have been rare in America, and we have grown to look upon any such calamity as one of the remotest of possibilities. But let us not close our eyes to the fact that while the majority of our theatres are absolutely safe, with exits enough to satisfy the most nervous spectator, we have other theatres which are deadly fire traps and where, in case of fire or panic, a terrible catastrophe would result.

The laws governing the construction of theatres in the State of New York are most stringent and adequate for the safety of the theatre-going public, provided that the theatre is of recent date, but there are at least eight prominent theatres in active operation to-day in New York City, to say nothing of Brooklyn, which are nightly a menace to the public and the licensing of which must take some extraordinary political "pull" to secure. One of these has a stage entrance down a flight of cellar stairs from an adjoining street with all the dressing rooms for the actors underground. The place has one stairway to the balcony and the "gallery gods" take wing down a side entrance to the building from Broadway.

Another theatre which adjoins a prominent hotel is practically upstairs and the aisles barely accommodate one person to pass at a time. The rows of seats are so shockingly close together that as the auditor sits in his place, his knees and

his nose are in such close proximity to each other, that he has the backache if not the stomachache, before the end of the first act of any play. Should a panic occur in this theatre only a football player could get out alive. Still another theatre is upstairs and has one solitary flight of winding stairs down which the entire audience must plunge in time of panic, to meet another flight of steps before reaching the street. It is well known that winding stairways are a deadly source of danger in time of panic.

One more theatre, originally built as a music hall, has a stage which is below the level of the street, to reach which the actor descends what is called a stairway, but which is nothing short of a narrow, steep ladder. What the powers that be had on their minds when they passed this construction, would furnish an interesting item to the cause of "graft uprooting" and Municipal Reform. However, here the audience is reasonably safe, so the poor actor and the stage hands "be damned."

A popular theatre, facing on Broadway, has a rotten wooden stairway in an old building by which those whose income admits of 50 cents for a seat must enter from the street. Other theatres are overcrowded as to seating capacity.

Nothing is of more vital importance in a theatre than wide aisles, stairways, roomy seating arrangements, numerous exits, fire extinguishers, hose lines, sprinklers over the stage, asbestos curtains and also a system of separate lighting for the fire escapes and lobbies entirely detached from the lights on the stage or the body of the house. Nothing adds to panic so much as the sudden collapse of lights and continued darkness in the auditorium, yet in some theatres in New York there are no such extra lights and if the electric lights suddenly failed the house would be plunged into absolute darkness, making egress almost impossible. A panic under such conditions is awful to contemplate.

The use of electricity has materially diminished the danger

of fires in theatres, for while defective insulation is still a source of danger, it is happily a remote one; whereas the flaming alcohol torch which was used to light the border lights, and even the footlights, was a constant source of horror in the hands of the careless stage hand. Calciums must be handled with great care; they emit sparks and sometimes explode and the taking of flashlight photographs is not looked upon favorably by the insurance companies. Smoking is supposed to be strictly forbidden on the stage and in the dressing rooms, but it is more observed in the breach than otherwise. Some gas is still used and it must be on in all the dressing rooms or the actors must resort to candles, as electric light bulbs do not heat grease paint.

The greatest danger from fire to a theatre, says Civil Engineer Gerhard in his interesting treatise on the subject, is during the two hours following a performance, and not during the performance, as would naturally be supposed. The reason for this is partly that during the performance greater watchfulness exists as regards open lights, the sources of heat and the other usual causes of fire, and partly because many fires which actually started during a performance, for instance, by carelessness in the use of fireworks, or by the use of firearms, do not break out at once, but smoulder for a while in the inflammable scenery and woodwork of the stage, and break out during the hours following the performance. The risk from fire immediately before the performance and while the audience is admitted is found to be three times as great as during other hours of the day, which is explained by the fact that at this time the gas jets which illuminate the scenery are lit. Theatres, therefore, are safest in the day time. The danger is increased threefold during preparations before the performance because of lighting up, etc.; it is reduced during the performance on account of greater watchfulness on the stage, but is still two times as large as during the day. The danger reaches a maximum (seven times the day risk) during the two hours after the close of the performance and it remains during the night nearly three and one-half times as great as during the day.

The great fire calamities during the last hundred years have been:

Theatre in Richmond, Va., 1811, killed 70; cause, careless hoisting of a stage chandelier with lighted candles. Lehmann Theatre, St. Petersburg, 1836, killed, 800; cause, stage lamp hung too high, ignited the stage roof. Royal Theatre, Quebec, 1846, killed, 100; cause, upsetting of a lamp on the stage. Ducal Theatre, Baden, 1847, killed, 63; cause, careless lighting of gas jets in a box ignited draperies. Teatro degli Aquidotti, Leghorn, 1857, killed, 100; cause, fireworks. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, 1876, killed, 283; cause, border caught fire from border lights. Theatre Municipal, Nice, 1881, killed, 150; explosion of gas. Ring Theatre, Vienna, 1881, killed, 450; cause, careless lighting of border lights with alcohol torch. Circus Ferroni, Russian Poland, 1883, killed, 268; cause, employe smoking. Opera Comique, Paris, 1887, killed, 300; cause, scenery ignited from gas jets. Exeter Theatre, England, 1887, killed, 200; cause scenery caught fire from gas jets. Theatre at Oporto, Portugal, killed, 240; cause, scenery caught fire from gas jets.

The public is as much threatened by causeless panic as a real one. A cry of "fire" without any cause, the noise of engines in the street on their way to a fire which may be



MISS IDA CONQUEST AS HELENA IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



White MISS NELLIE FOLLIS
Member of "The Billionaire" company

upon are the immediate cause of the loss of life.

Few persons can boast of actual experience in a theatre fire, yet the writer had such an experience. It happened in Geneva, Switzerland, in the old Opera House on the Place Corrairie. It was a benefit and a gala occasion, and "Faust" was the bill. We were seated in the front row of the orchestra chairs, and in front rose a high iron railing separating the audience from the musicians. Preceding the opera was a one-act comedy in which the favorite ingénue of the company took the leading part. When the curtain rose, this actress was seated at a table reading a letter. It was almost immediately remarked by every one that she was exceedingly nervous, and that what was known to be a light comedy scene was rapidly developing into an emotional one of great intensity. The actress was trembling violently. It all lasted but a moment, then she slipped off the chair to the stage on her knees, wringing her hands and speechless from fright. At that moment a great noise (evidently suppressed until then) broke out in the wings, and a thin red flame shot along the centre sky border. For one second an awful hush prevailed, then, as flame burst forth all over the stage, the audience rose—pandemonium broke loose!



Otto Sarony Co.
MISS MIRIAM NESBITT
Now appearing in "The County Chalmers"

close by or far away, the sudden illness of one of the audience, unforeseen accidents upon the stage, the use of animals in the play, are all causes which may lead to incipient panic. As to horses, once thoroughly rehearsed in their parts, they are as a rule more surely to be depended upon than the actors.

The aftermath of theatre fires shows that the greatest number of casualties occur in the upper parts of the house. Few, if any, of the victims are actually burned to death. Suffocation from smoke and being trampled

We looked back only once to hear the crash of timbers, of breaking seats, to see a hideous mass of people, screaming, fighting, cursing, praying, the men crawling over the women, other women being carried, all in one mad rush for the exits. Then our attention was riveted upon the stage. The actress was still there, crawling on her hands and knees toward one of the boxes. We realized that she was in imminent danger. Every instant we expected to see her thin gown set on fire by the sparks that were now falling in

showers from the burning scenery. The writer and another American made our way into the stage box and called to her. Escape by way of the stage was impossible. At the sound of our voices she realized that help was near; she was now out on the apron and beyond the curtain line, crouched in a corner. The most tragic movement has its comic side. The player of the double bass had, in his excitement, gotten his instrument wedged fast.

"Make a bridge with your violin!" we shouted.

He looked aghast at the idea of sacrificing his violin. "Quick!" we yelled again. "It's a life or your fiddle!"

The actress stretched out her arms to the musician, pleadingly. He gave in and by a superhuman effort we released his big fiddle and placed it between the box and the edge of the apron, and in a few moments she was safe in the street.

By this time the fire had been put out, but the scene at the theatre doors beggars description. At the stage door were huddled together the fifty or more chorus people and supers all in their operatic toggery, nearly frozen. Most of the women were crying and all of the men were swearing in several languages, and some swearing and crying. The people had begun to return to the theatre to look for lost valuables and the manager of the theatre armed the ushers with brooms and had them sweep the débris into the foyer, where it was sorted out and claimed. Everything that men and women wear, inside or outside, was found in the collection. Also several prayer books. One entire gown was found. It seems that the lady who owned this got her very long train twisted about the legs of a man who would not or could not unwind himself, and as she was being dragged toward the stairway, despite her screams, she unbuttoned the gown and managed with a big tear down the front to step out of it, making her escape entire *en deshabelle*. Wonderful to relate, no one was seriously injured. There were a few broken ribs, bruised bodies, cut faces and much torn hair! And bonnets and hats enough to stock a well-ordered millinery or hat shop. Also one complete lady's blond wig and a false beard! Cause of the fire, preparation of red fire for the Damnation of Mephistopheles.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



Hall MISS LILY BRINK
Dancer in Anna Held's company



Otto Sarony Co.
MISS M. GORDON
One of the tea girls in "The Three Little Maids" company



Hall

MISS FRITZI SCHEFF AS BABETTE

This popular grand opera singer recently made her debut in comic opera at the Broadway and scored a marked personal success in the leading role of Harry B. Smith's and Victor Herbert's operetta

The Actors' Home on Staten Island



The Home from the grounds



MR. AND MRS. LEON J. VINCENT (seated)
TOM BURGESS (center)

“SEE the players well bestowed.” Literally, have our leading actors and managers taken Shakespeare’s recommendation, and with loving hands built for their less fortunate brethren of the stage a snug harbor where, after the long, rude struggle, the aged and infirm may seek shelter to await in peace and comfort the closing act in life’s drama, and the fall of the final curtain?

In the midst of the garden patch of Greater New York, situated in a picturesque valley, surrounded by a huge amphitheatre of majestic and well-wooded hills, on Staten Island, stands this beautiful Actors’ Home, and here as “guests” dwell nearly half a score old-time mummers, comrades and brothers in exile, supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of the people of the stage, galled by no restraint, and enjoying the utmost freedom and liberty. For the Actors’ Home is a home in every sense of the word. There is no suggestion of the theatrical almshouse in this refuge where the inmates form one huge happy family.



“DADDY” BAUER
The oldest inmate of the Actors’ Home

They live a life of plenty, almost luxury. They may be likened to guests at an hotel where all have tastes and sympathies in common, where there are no transient guests and no bills to pay. No more interesting little colony was ever gathered together than this picturesque collection of “lean and slippered pantaloons” and players who have reached the “last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history.”

To be eligible for admission as inmates, each candidate must be at least sixty years old, if a man, and fifty-five, if a woman. The average age of the present inmates is sixty-eight years and ten months. The “old man” of the Home, is John G. Bauer, always called “Daddy.” He is turned eighty years of age, but he is still as spry and active as a popular exponent of “juvenile leads.” With his magnificent mane of snow-white hair floating in the wind, he stalks for miles around calling on cottagers and gardeners, and gathering up huge bouquets of cut flowers with which he keeps the home supplied summer and winter. At certain seasons he hunts the woods for wild flowers. Every man and woman on Staten Island has a kindly word and a floral offering for “dear old Daddy.” Bauer is equally well known on Broadway, where his picturesque appearance always attracts much attention. He was a prominent actor for more than half a century.

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

Scarcely less respected is that rugged stage veteran Harry Langdon, once leading man with Booth and McCullough, and another interesting inmate is Fernando Fleury, who achieved almost world-wide reputation, in the days of our grandfathers, as an impersonator of female characters. He is now a gray-haired portly man long past the allotted span of life.

Prominent among those awaiting their final call at the Actors’ Home are Leon J. Vincent and his wife. Vincent was for eighteen years stage manager of Niblo’s Garden, and it was he who produced the famous spectacular piece “The Black Crook.” He is the recognized comedian of the little community, being full of fun and as fond of a joke as a boy. “With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,”

is Vincent's favorite quotation. It might well be adopted as their motto by the happy inmates of the Players' Home.

Then there is Tom Burgess, an old-time circus clown, of whom it may be truly said "A merrier man, within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal. His eye begets occasion for his wit." Not so with poor Dick Parker. He is stone blind. With eyesight failing, he was admitted to the institution nearly a year ago. Since then

"And this their life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Among the women "guests" of the Actors' Home, Miss Sidney Cowell easily ranks as "leading lady." She it is who presides at the pianoforte in the drawing room each evening, or sings dreamy sweet songs to the melody of her guitar upon the piazza. She is a daughter of the late Sam Cowell, an Englishman who sang "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" early in the nineteenth century, and was, in his time, the most popular of vaudeville performers. Miss Kate Singleton, now a white-haired dowager, was once a famous beauty and held high position on the stage. Other old-time favorite actresses who are now inmates of the Home are Mrs. Nick Forrester, Mrs. E. P. Holmes, and Mrs. J. R. Marshall.

No more magnificent testimonial to the whole-hearted generosity and benevolence of American actors and actresses could be imagined than the home they have provided for their aged and destitute. Probably no institution of its kind exists where the hand of charity dispenses its favors in kindlier form. A candidate for admission must be recommended by two recognized managers and two actors and actresses of repute. The application is then considered and passed upon by the Board of Guardians. Upon admission an inmate is assigned an elegant bedroom and is treated in all respects as a guest in a first-class hotel. No tasks are imposed upon him. He is free to come and go at will. Three substantial meals a day are served in a well appointed dining room. There are smoking, billiard, card and drawing rooms at their service. A well-stocked library with thousands of books and all the magazines and papers is provided; and is it necessary to add that one of the most welcome among the monthly publications is THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, which gives these old players so splendid a glimpse



MISS SIDNEY COWELL AND FERNANDO FLEURY (seated)
HARRY LANGDON (center)

he has gradually become sightless. He was originally a banjo player, and for some time manager of the Third Avenue Theatre.

Others are Harry B. Hapgood, an old-time manager, now seventy-eight years old; William Gilbert, formerly of Daly's company; Eugene Eberle, Harry D. Gale, Burnell Runnells, Frank Cleaves, Owen Feree, John Foster, and J. R. Marshall. All these bear names well known to playgoers of half a century ago. They have played well their parts, and now, far from the madding crowd of the Rialto and the glare of the footlights, unwearied by endless rehearsals and the worry of one-night stands, they pass their days in peace awaiting the fall of life's curtain.



HARRY HAPGOOD (left) AND JOHN FOSTER PLAYING POOL IN THE ACTORS' HOME

of the world that once was theirs. The "guests" are also furnished with all manner of wearing apparel, not uniform, but just such as they have been in the habit of wearing, and in addition they are given fifty cents each Saturday, to serve as pocket money.

To the late Louis Aldrich, the President of the Actors' Fund of America, is due chief credit for the establishment of "The Actors' Home." Three years ago he suggested to

Al Hayman, head of the Theatrical Syndicate, that he should inaugurate a list of contributors to defray the expense of providing a home for the aged and destitute in the profession. Mr. Hayman immediately drew a check for \$10,000 conditional on the raising of an additional \$50,000 to be subscribed exclusively by actors and actresses. Within three weeks \$71,000 had been collected. Three months saw this doubled. Ground was bought and the home built at a cost of \$112,000. It was opened and dedicated May 8, 1902. Since then it has been maintained at a cost of \$18,000 a year. And it is not, and never has been, one penny in debt.

The Actors' Home occupies the site of the old Colonel Richard Penn Smith Homestead, about two miles from West Brighton, Staten Island. The house is three stories high, and presents a most picturesque appearance. The walls are of cement, interlaced with dark oak beams. In architecture, it somewhat resembles an old Inn of Shakespeare's time. It is surmounted by quaint gables, and surrounded by broad piazzas, all carefully screened against the attacks of Staten Island mosquitoes.

The grounds are fourteen acres in extent and comprise well-kept lawns and flower beds, fruit orchards and truck gardens, sloping down to a miniature lake, well stocked with fish, and on which are pleasure boats for the use of the guests. On the east side is an "Italian Garden" and terraces, fringed with rose trees.

The house contains fifty large bed rooms, many with private bath rooms, and luxuriously furnished and in the most modern style. It is lighted throughout by electricity. The dining room will easily seat one hundred, and in the drawing room, where each Sunday night entertainments are given by the inmates to invited guests, an audience of nearly twice that number often assembles.

The home is under the superintendence of Sheridan Corbyn, himself an old actor and manager, and whose considerate courtesy and tact have endeared him to his charges.

The proverbial carelessness of the average player as regards the future is strikingly shown by the indifferent attitude of the profession, as a body, to that most worthy charity, the Actors' Fund. Although the Fund is ready and willing—nay, must by its charter—succor or bury any destitute actor among the 26,000 players in the United States, only 700 have shown themselves willing to contribute the \$2.00 which is the small annual membership fee. But member or not, the Fund cares for the sick and buries the dead. Various schemes have been proposed to aug-

ment the revenue of the Fund, which is supported solely by voluntary gifts and benefits, but all have proved failures. The only solution to the problem would be for the managers to agree not to engage an actor unless he was a member of the Fund

WALTER BROWNE.



McIntosh CHARLES RICHMAN
In Victor Mapes' play "Capt. Barrington"



Byron

JIM HOCKLER (Maclyn Arbuckle)

ACT I. Jim: "Come, lad, we'll get you the office and the girl, too"

SCENE IN GEORGE ADE'S RURAL COMEDY "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN" AT WALLACK'S

Maude Adams in her new play "The Pretty Sister of José"



Hall

PEPITA
(Maude Adams)

ACT I. Pepita: "This is Sebastiano!"

A BRIEF critical notice of "The Pretty Sister of José," the play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in which Miss Maude Adams is appearing this season, was printed in our last issue. Pepita, a girl of the provinces, has come to Madrid with her simple-minded brother José, and is tasting for the first time the joys of city life. Because her father was cruel to her mother she is prejudiced against men. She is willing to flirt with men, but holds herself free from serious affection. In Madrid she attracts the attention of Sebastiano, the foremost matador of Spain. She battles against her impulse to love him and is especially bitter when she learns that Sarita, another girl has died because her

love for him was not reciprocated. Pepita treats Sebastiano with contempt, until he, weary of worshiping at so hopeless a shrine, renounces her and departs for a distant city. When he is gone Pepita realizes the depth of her love for him and goes through a period of remorse, anguish and self-abnegation. Upon his return she dances before him to regain his interest, and he, overwhelmed a second time by his infatuation for her, loses control of his nerve, and in the bull ring that day makes a mistake that results in his being seriously wounded. Pepita nurses him back to life, and in the sequel they marry and live happily ever afterwards.



Hall

JOSE
(Edgar Selwyn)

PADRE
(G. H. Hunter)

PEPITA
(Miss Adams)

SEBASTIANO
(Henry Ainley)

ACT III. Padre: "May the Virgin Mary bless and help you!"



Byron, N. Y.

LANCELOT
(Edwin Arden)

MARY ANN
(Eleanor Rohson)

PETER
(Frank Doane)

Miss Eleanor Rohson is reported to have made a great success in this Dickens-like comedy which will shortly be seen at the Garden Theatre in New York. Mr. Zangwill's heroine is a London slavey who falls in love with a poverty-stricken composer and is separated from him by her inheritance of a great fortune, meeting him again later when he is famous and both living happy ever after. The Chicago "Tribune" declares it a play "as sweet and clean and as truly human as the stage has offered in many a day."

SCENE IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S PLAY "MERELY MARY ANN"

Shakespeare's Disinherited Child

IS it not curious that one of the most brilliant triumphs of Shakespeare's genius should be quite unknown to the great majority of his retainers? Is it not incredible that it should be omitted from about all the editions of his works? Allegedly "complete" sets of Shakespeare's plays admit such dubious and dolorous ineptitudes as "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus," and bar out a drama, certainly no less authentically his than these two, and withal so splendid that it ranks among the very highest of his achievements in the minds of those of us who think it his. We can forgive these editors for omitting such an arrant piece of cheap murder drama as "Arden of Feversham," with which the master's hand may have pattered a little, but there is no indulgence broad enough to excuse the slight they put upon both Shakespeare and his readers by banning "The Two Noble Kinsmen."

This is no place to go into an historical argument on the merits of the case further than to say that, against Hazlitt, Hallam, Knight, Ulrici, von Fresen, Furnwall and Rolfe, who were not convinced that Shakespeare had a hand in the work, one can place the names of Lamb, Coleridge, Spalding, Dyce, Schlegel, Hickson, Fleay, Ward, Stack, Lowell, Littledale, Hudson and Skeat, as well as the title page of the 1634 edition (printed only 18 years after Shakespeare's death), which says that it was "written by the mem-

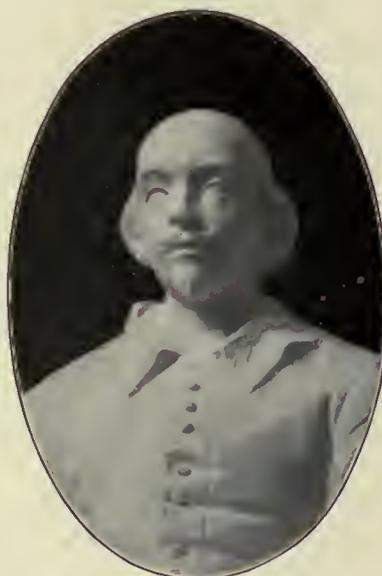
orable Worthies of their time: Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare, Gentlemen." To these authorities we would add confidently the internal evidences of the text.

When I first read the play, I had been steeped for weeks in the work of Fletcher, one of the most sweet and luminous stylists of the world-literature. Shakespeare had been almost mother's milk as well as daily pabulum to me. Irresistibly, then, I was inclined to put an "S" over certain scenes or passages, and an "F" against others. After, and only after, this fascinating detective-exercise, I hunted out what the authorities had guessed, and the consensus of my instinctive feeling with their learned decision, with certain inevitable differences of detail, is both delightful and personally convincing.

Of all stylists, Shakespeare is the most elusive. The one thing you can depend upon his doing is the unexpected thing. And at best that is disconcerting to the literary analyst. As Coleridge said:

"There's such divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style; . . . no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shakespearean idiom."

Once in a thousand pages of literature you will exclaim, "Ah, that phrase is a bit of quite Shakespearean felicity." But your author has simply stumbled into it and you can only define its charm by a helpless feeling that somehow it



Head of the new statue of Shakespeare recently erected at Ejsinore, Denmark, the scene of the tragedy of Hamlet. The memorial was executed by the sculptor, Louis Hasselriis of Rome, and was paid for by public subscription.

happens to be utterly charming. It is this overpowering negative proof that most convinces the reader of the "Noble Kinsmen" that the ineffably fine soul of Shakespeare has sauntered through it. You track him as you might follow the golden spoor of a stage queen by the spangles fallen from her gauzy draperies as she passed.

The plot of the play comes from Boccaccio *via* Chaucer, who made it "The Knight's Tale" of the Canterbury series. In his description of the Temple of Mars, Chaucer proved that he had the epic as well as the lyric touch. It is in the same temple scene of the dramatized version that one reads such majestic lines as surely no Elizabethan could have written save one.

The first scene of the play Lamb gives to Shakespeare, and most fitly, it seems to me. The very stage directions for the hymeneal procession have his flavor. Dyce also gives him this scene in which there are lines it fairly hurts not to quote. The second scene has, for me, also the Shakespearean manner. The third, Lamb gives to Shakespeare, though I had credited it to Fletcher, because its vigor seemed rather the excess of a graceful poet stretching after power, than the natural force of Shakespeare (who can indeed be bombastic, but not exactly thus, I feel). There are many single sentences here, however, that I had marked with an "S," and the final scene I should give him unreservedly, lyric and all.

The first of the Second Act I had assigned to both of them, and was pleased to find that there was a disagreement between Lamb and Coleridge, the former giving it to Fletcher, the latter to Shakespeare. When in the prose talk about the two young prisoners, Palamon and Arcite, the Jailor's Daughter says of their department,—

"I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed—
"the prison itself is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their
"chamber. . . . It is a holiday to look on them."

And when the ardent Palamon exclaims of Emilia,

"She's all the beauty extant!"

you can swear by all the swans of Avon that the King-swan wrote the words.

The next scene brings up a debatable point; when resemblances are too close one sometimes suspects imitation rather than the original brew. It is the similarity between the raving of the Jailor's Daughter (who goes mad in the Fourth Act) and the maunderings of Ophelia, that leads Dyce to charge Fletcher with cold plagiarism; for Dyce thinks the two did not collaborate, but that Fletcher tinkered the play after Shakespeare's death. What, then, is to be said of the almost identity, with Rosalind's lines, of these in Act II.?

"Banish'd the Kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
"A mercy, I must thank 'em for."

Perhaps Fletcher did write this scene, too, and these other lines in it:

"Once he kiss'd me;
"I lov'd my lips the better ten days after."

Either of the two pens might have dripped that honey; but only one pen could mingle homeliness with preciousness as here in the first scene of the next act, where Arcite in the forest where the folk are a-Maying, muses on Emilia as,—

"Fresher than May, sweeter
"Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
"Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! Yea,
"We challenge, too, the bank of any nymph
"That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh jewel
"O' the wood, o' the world!"



Byron

EDWIN ARDEN AND MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN "MERELY MARY ANN"

This scene, too, is full of the audacious word-manufacture in which Shakespeare outdid all others put together: and you find such phrases as

"Chop on some cold thought"; "I ear'd her language"; "a chaffy lord"; "Honour and honesty I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er you skip them in me"; "brave souls that have died manly."

In the third scene recurs Jaques' familiar line, "And thereby hangs a tale." The fifth simply reeks with this undeniable Shakespeare:

"Tediosity and disensanity"; "the very plum-broth and marrow of my understanding"; "You most coarse frieze capacities, ye jane judgments"; "Where be your ribbands, maids? Swim with your bodies, and carry it sweetly and deliverly"; (to a dog) "carry your tail without offence or scandal to the ladies; and when you bark, do it with judgment."

Did the author of the sublime foolery in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" write this, or did he not?

"I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title *Paedagogus*, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine and this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Daedalus, from post to pillar
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer."

Some clue to Fletcher may be found in three or four places where the word "thousand" is characteristically used without an article, the mad-scene among them.

Spalding gives all the last act to Shakespeare except the second scene, where there is more of the mad girl, who would be wonderfully ingenious if she were not so wonderfully like Ophelia. It is the absolute power of certain parts of this act that seems to me to give the final proof of the play's royal parentage. The scene is the temple of Mars,

and the magnificent lines of Chaucer in the same situation are even surpassed by a greater than that "morning-star"—by the very sun of our literature, indeed. Arcite, with his attendants, kneels and prays Mars' favor in his approaching combat with his former boon friend Palamon. This is his apostrophe to war (very timely, too, in these bloody days of Arbitration):

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Great Neptune into purple, whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast fields
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison, who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds,
The mason'd turrets: that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure! [Crash of thunder]
Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly! Let us go!" [EXEUNT.]

Of these lines Lowell said not only that in them Shakespeare expressed the true philosophy of war, but that they were "as unlike Beaumont and Fletcher as Michael Angelo's charcoal head on the wall of the Farnesina is unlike Raphael." These and other considerations numberless impel me to condense the whole matter of the authorship of certain scenes of the play to this. If they were not written by Shakespeare, they were written by some one with a skill equal to Shakespeare's at his best.

RUPERT HUGHES.



Hall

SMOKING ROOM IN THE MAGNIFICENT NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, NEW YORK

An Actor in Wall St.

THE
STAGESTORIES
OF

By Edward Fales Coward

THEY were called "The Three Musketeers of the Rialto." One for all and all for one was their motto. And what was more they had lived up to it for a number of years.

Of this young trio, Ernest Conway was the talented and ambitious actor, Lawrence Crawford, the gifted and no less hopeful newspaper man, who had written a play, while the third was Ralph Desmond, an energetic lieutenant of a theatrical Napoleon. How each was to accomplish his individual aim and ambition was the thoughtful concern of the other two, and they met frequently in a Broadway café to exchange ideas.

At one of these meetings Crawford read to them a play he had just completed. It was called "Veiled Insinuations," and his two friends were enthusiastic about it. It was an admirable vehicle for the display of Conway's talents as a light comedian. The principal rôle Conway thought was the best turned out in years. John Drew, he said, would scream for it, Miller cry for it and Faversham fight for it. There were moments, he declared, when it seemed as if Pinero must have sketched the leading character. Here was an incident that suggested Henry Arthur Jones at his best. Only Clyde Fitch, he insisted, could have devised a certain comedy scene, while for another human touch the genius of Gus Thomas must have been called in.

It must be produced. It would give Crawford immediate rank among the best dramatists of the day. Conway's reputation as an actor would be instantly established, while Desmond would be hailed along the Great White Alley as the daring young manager who knew a good thing when he saw it and was not afraid to produce it even if written by an American author.

The author said he didn't wish to appear lacking in modesty, but he did really think he had turned out a very good comedy. In fact, he knew he had, but was glad to have his judgment backed up by one so competent as Desmond. Whereupon the waiter was again summoned and the beers set up.

"Was it possible to make a joint effort with 'Veiled Insinuations?' They must, but——"

Ah! that little "but," so destructive to youthful ambitions. Could they between them raise enough to try the experiment? For dramatic experiments are costly no matter how simply they are projected, and be it said our enthusiasts were as honorable as they were youthful. No shoestring management for them.

Pencils and paper were produced. As the comedy was a modern one no special scenery had to be prepared. The cast was a small one, and of course the star would throw in his ser-

VICES and divide only as a partner, but to guarantee salaries for at least two weeks they should have \$4000. That would keep them going for six weeks even if business was "rotten." Desmond thought an additional \$3000 for printing, transportation, rent and advertising would be all that was needed in his department. He could get "time" all right and in good houses, too. If they succeeded Klaw & Erlanger or the Independents might switch the Roger Brothers or Hackett to give them a route.

Again they went over the figures. Yes, \$7000 ought to suffice. Now, what were their assets?

Crawford, as the newspaper man, had been able to save very little, but a distant relative had recently left him a \$1000 bond which was then selling above par. Desmond was not much better fixed as all he saved on the road generally went in tiding him over the summer solstice. But he had a friend from whom he thought he could borrow \$1000. Selwyn always got a good salary, but a juvenile lead had to spend a great deal on his clothes and he thought they had better not count on more than a thousand from him.

Three thousand dollars secured and four thousand more to be realized. Where was it to come from?

Among Conway's acquaintances was a young stock broker who had made all sorts of money. Four years before he was making deliveries in the street at \$3 per. To-day he had his own town house, a big country home, yachts, automobiles, in fact, everything associated with a successful financier. He had often urged Conway to take a flyer, declaring that his office was just lined with



F. C. Clarke

"I wish you would place this to his credit," she said



JOSEPH KILGOUR

As George Washington, in Victor Mapes' play "Capt. Barrington"

lead-pipe cinches that could not lose. He spoke with the fluency and authority of a race track tout. Conway had never yielded to his get-rich-quick whisperings, but remembered now that his broker friend had urged him not two days since to take on a good line of U. S. Scissors common, and hold on tight for a ten-point rise.

If the tip was good 400 shares of this sterling industrial, carried by them, would net the

much-desired \$4000. The proposition was thoroughly argued. The new season would open in a few weeks. Time was very limited in which to raise the sum lacking by corraling capitalists. Desmond would soon have to notify his employer if he was going to continue on another season, and Conway too was in a similar fix. Neither could afford to do any bridge burning.

"It's a gamble pure and simple, I know," said Selwyn, "but isn't the stake worth it? If we lose all none of us will be much poorer, and if we pull off the coup we'll have a bully run for our money. I move we take the flyer." The resolution was unanimously carried and Conway appointed a committee of one to put it into execution.

The next day V. G. Ketchem & Co., bankers and brokers, Broad street, had a new account on their books, to wit:

ERNEST CONWAY			
Dr.			Cr.
1903		1903	
July 15,	400 U. S. Scissors Common,	July 15,	Cash \$3,000
	Commission, 50		
	\$20,000		

Mr. Ketchem, alert, suave and encouraging, declared the young actor was doing the wisest act of his career. He had bought at the very psychological moment. The boom was just about to begin. The pool was in fine shape and an upward whirl of at least ten points was due within a fortnight. The trio that evening felt so positive of the future that they began to work out all the preliminaries for the first production on any stage of "Veiled Insinuations." Desmond and Conway both notified their principals that they didn't care to sign as they had made other arrangements for the coming season.

For a few days U. S. Scissors common fluctuated between 50 and 51. It was a rare moment during board hours that

some one of the trio was not fingering the tape. A week passed and no appreciable advance had been made. Ketchem, however, was most reassuring.

But one unfortunate day something hit the market. Standard railway shares sold off sharply, and U. S. Scissors common reached a new low level, 46. The Musketeers were visibly perturbed, but Ketchem said it was simply a bear raid and that when the traders went to cover, the stock would get back all it had lost, and a great deal more too.

Conway, meanwhile, was playing leads with a Newark stock company. In the organization was a charming young Southern girl named Vivian Mason. Her family was well-to-do, but she had a passion for the stage and had made a hit in ingénue rôles. As Conway was gentlemanly, with engaging manners, it was not surprising that between the two there sprang up a community of interest, encouragement and confidence. With his experience and common sense he was able to give her much valuable advice, while she, having just emerged from a world not limited by the four walls of a theatre, occasionally brought home to him the fact that although all the world is a stage, the stage is not necessarily all the world.

Naturally, he told her about the projected starring tour and the syndicated flyer in the street. She showed the greatest possible interest, especially as he hinted that the leading female rôle was quite within her capabilities and that he and his associates were seriously considering her claims. After that there was a new rooster for U. S. Scissors common.

As Mr. Ketchem had previously explained, the recent break in the stock was due to the bears, and it recovered a little; but along came another of those positive recessions which often follows the rally after the break. Scissors dropped to 43 and Conway got a notice from his brokers that his margin was practically exhausted, that he must send in some more by the following morning, or his stock would be sold out.

This cheerful information reached Conway just as the matinee began. It was very apparent to the company that something had gone wrong. Conway's light comedy that afternoon was very "doggy." When Miss Mason inquired the cause,



MISS ADELAIDE NORWOOD
Prima donna, Castle Square Grand Opera Company

Conway told her the whole sad story. He had not yet seen his friends, but he knew their resources as well as his own, and there was no possible way of further protecting their commitment. Their iridescent bubble of hope and cheer had vanished into thin air and "Veiled Insinuations" would have to go back to the trunk.

The situation the next morning in the office of V. G. Ketchem & Co. was not cheerful. There had been a general call for margins all along the line and the response had not been encouraging.

"How is that Conway account?" said the senior partner to his cashier.

"We got a letter from him to-day," he replied, "in which he said it would be impossible to put up any thing more and that we'd have to sell him out."

"Very well, put the order in on stop to sell 400 Scissors common at 42½."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a young woman entered the office and asked for Mr. Ketchem.

"I'm Mr. Ketchem," said the broker, as he advanced.

There was a moment of visible embarrassment on the part of his visitor. Then she said:

"Mr. Ernest Conway has an account here and his margin is almost exhausted. He can protect it no further and is in danger of being sold out. Here is \$1500 which I wish you'd kindly place to his credit. Will it do any good?"

"I have every reason to believe it will save him," said the optimistic Mr. Ketchem. "Am I to make the receipt out in his name?"

"Yes, please, and if by any chance things do improve and he wins out on Scissors, I'd esteem it a great favor if you would kindly pose as a Wall Street philanthropist, and give no hint that any aid came from the outside."

And as Mr. Ketchem with his most impressive bow gave evidence of his willing consent, his visitor gracefully retired. Miss Mason was late at rehearsal that morning and the stage manager called her down hard. Even Conway chided her and said it was a bad break for a beginner.

During the day Scissors sold to the point where Ketchem had threatened to sell the syndicate out. The trio, of course, concluded that this had been done and paid no further attention to the quotations. Meantime, however, a sudden change had worked in the fortunes of the stock and steadily it began to climb. One day, Miss Mason asked Conway if he wasn't going to take his profits in Scissors, that it was thirteen points above the figure at which he had bought.

"Oh, just my luck," he replied, "we were sold out long ago."

"Were you notified to that effect?" she asked.



Hall

MISS GRACE FRANKLIN

Now appearing at the New Amsterdam Theatre in "Mother Goose"

Conway replied in the negative, whereupon she urged him to delay no longer but to call at once on V. G. Ketchem & Co. When he learned that the stock still stood in his name he was effusive in his thanks to his brokers for carrying him over the crisis, and immediately gave an order to sell. The next day he received a certified check for \$9284.67.

Soon the papers announced that a new comedy, entitled "Veiled Insinuations," would be produced, with Vivian Mason in support of Ernest Conway, the new star.

The première arrived and both star and play were hailed with loud acclaim. The play was declared to be the hit of the season. The Musketeers were now on velvet and no one in the company was surprised when the announcement

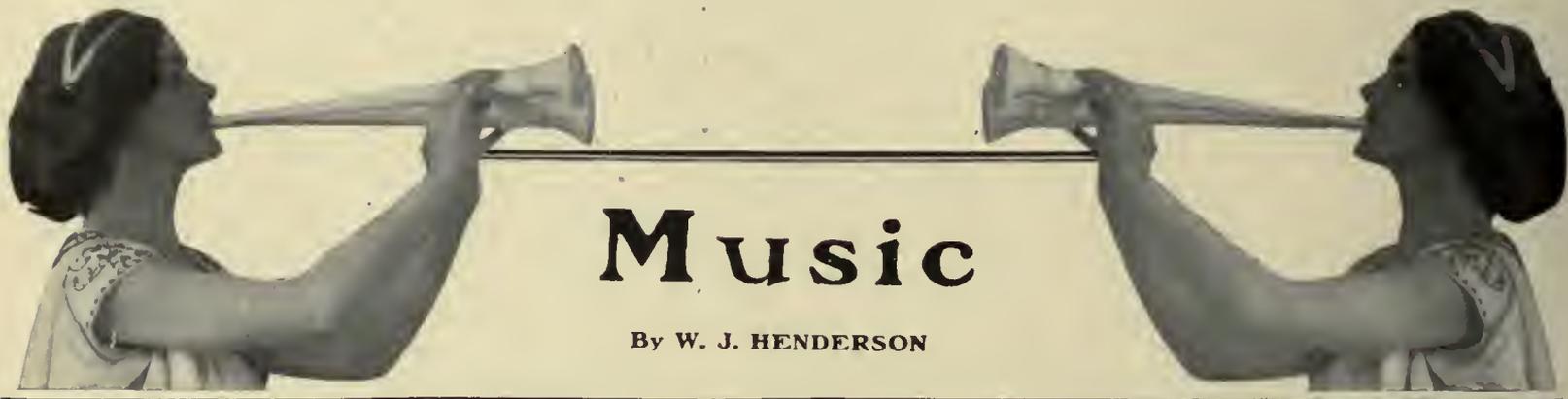
was made that in six weeks the star would marry his leading lady.

Shortly before that interesting event happened Miss Mason requested an interview with the trio. What was the cause? Was she going to break her engagement to Conway? Or was she going to ask for a raise in salary?

The conference convened. Miss Mason said: "Gentlemen, it is an unknown fact to you, but I really own a substantial interest in this show." They looked at her in astonishment. "I had no desire," she continued, "to appear importunate at any awkward moment, but I was the

reason you were not sold out in Scissors," and she related the circumstances. "The money I advanced," she added, "was some I had saved up for my trousseau. I want it now for that purpose. Could you let me have a check for \$1500?" and with that she produced her receipt from V. G. Ketchem & Co.

At the wedding breakfast the whole company was informed of the romantic circumstances under which "Veiled Insinuations" was launched, and no toast was drunk with greater enthusiasm than that to the "Nervy Little Angel of the Great White Alley."



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WITH the closing days of drear November came the opening of the opera season, which in the mind of the average man in the lobby is the one important event in the world of music. Much had been trumpeted through the columns of the newspapers, which are overflowing with the milk of human kindness toward all sorts of player folk, about the wonderful revelations which would be made when Heinrich Conried's personally conducted season of grand opera in this bucolic town should begin its celestial course. It was to be a season of ensemble, of operas rehearsed till all the rough places were made smooth, of performances in which the stage management should glow with human intelligence, and in which singers were to take their proper positions as figures in a vast and convincing canvas of artistic conception.



Up to the present time there has been nothing to show that the reign of the opera star has come to an end. When "Aida" was performed at the beginning of the second week of the season (November 30), the corridors streamed with excited people upon whose lips was a single word "Caruso." They were Italians and they went to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear the new Italian tenor. There were others in that throng who went to hear Scotti, and still others whose minds were intent on the return of the eminently

sacerdotal Polonius Plançon in the orotund rôle of Rumfis, the high priest.

The stars, the stars, the evening stars! They sang together, and the heavens were actively engaged in telling their glory. It was the same thing on the opening night, when Mme. Sembrich reappeared as Gilda in "Rigoletto," with the aid of Mr. Caruso as the Duke and Mr. Scotti as the unhappy jester. The house rang with bravos when Caruso sang the B flat in "La donna e mobile." He deserved far more praise for some other features of his art, but no matter. B flats are more expensive than critical flats and the world wags its head at them with sage approval. Therefore let critics go gnaw their back files and flee unto the mountains of Hoboken where the vaudeville artist roareth.

Mr. Conried has kept his promise to the letter in some matters. He has furnished new scenery for such a shopworn antiquity as "Rigoletto." He has relegated to the limbo of obscurity the ancient Damrosch sets of "Die Walküre," which Mr. Grau pasted together season after season, and has provided new and presentable scenes. He has even played Baron Hausmann to the capital of the Pharaohs, and has given the second scene of the second act of "Aida" a better setting than it has had since the days of the despised Mapleson at the Academy of Music. He has robed the chorus in Verdi's opera in new and effective costumes, and he has stripped the ballet in the same work as no ballet has ever before been stripped in this shameless town. Poor old Kiralfy! he thought he was wicked in the "Black Crook" days, and preachers fired bitter invective at him. He'd be too good to earn his living in New York now. Mr. Conried is working for ART. He knows what the public requires to educate it to higher standards.

Things fell together in "Die Walküre" at the first performance, and at the second they were even worse. Wagner

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MME. TERNINA

The eminent dramatic soprano who is singing the leading feminine role in "Parsifal," at the Metropolitan Opera House.



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ENRICO CARUSO

The new Italian tenor, who has scored a succession of triumphs in New York

used to say that he desired plenty of clouds for the fight at the end of Act II. At the second performance, Siegmund Dippel had actually to push them out of his way

in order to ascend the hill to meet his foe. That is

ART and STAGE MANAGEMENT. In the very opening of the season, too,

Mr. Conried had trouble with his collection of expensive larynxes. Mme. Gadski fell down so hard in the last act of "Die Walküre" that she blacked her eye and relaxed her vocal cords. She was unable to sing at the second performance, and her place was taken, but not filled, by Marion

Weed, a young American singer, who would be highly successful

in Königsberg, Riga (where Wagner once con-

ducted) or Poughkeepsie. Caruso also fell ill with tonsillitis, and his part in "La Bohème" had to be assumed by Agostini, a third-rate tenor, of the extinct Baghetto company.

But let these matters pass, and let it be recorded that Mr. Conried has placed to his credit an admirable production of "Tannhäuser," in which Wagner's directions were faithfully carried out, and that he has introduced to this public an uncommonly fine tenor in Enrico Caruso. Mme. Ternina has returned with all her dramatic art, but with her voice in poor condition and Mme. Sembrich has disclosed a lovely impersonation of Nedda in "Pagliacci." Mme. Gadski has sung Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre" for the first time and has shown a consistent and effective study of the womanly side of the character. In Mr. Vigna, the Italian conductor, we have made the acquaintance of a very competent director, while Felix Mottl has fully justified his European reputation as a Wagnerian conductor. Edyth Walker, an American mezzo soprano, promises highly. Her Amneris was excellent.

Messrs. Colonne, of Paris, and Kogel, of Frankfurt, have conducted concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Neither of these conductors betrayed any inward disturbance by the sacred fire. M. Colonne is a routinier of the first order, and he believes in the efficacy of strongly marked accentuation, of trip-hammer fortes, and of diminuendos more marked than that of last summer's stock market. His reading of the "Symphony Fantastique" of Berlioz was just what should have been expected of a middle-aged Frenchman who knew his business and had never suffered from either delusions or absinthe.

Of Mr. Kogel, let it be said that he came from Germany

and did not try to play Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony more slowly than any one else. A German conductor who does not drag his tempi is a novelty in these days. Mr. Kogel actually played most of the work too fast. Perhaps that is the way he makes sensations in Germany. His reading of the Vorspiel and "Liebestod" of "Tristan und Isolde" was admirable in some respects, though the climaxes were made badly. He conducted Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks with an Orchestra" with fine skill. Kogel is a good routinier, but he long ago ironed out his nerves, if he ever had any. O, temperament! What things are done in thy absence!

Mme. Sembrich gave her one song recital at Carnegie Hall, on November 17, and on the evening of the same day, and again two days later, the Oratorio Society repeated Edward Elgar's "Drama of Gerontius." Of Mme. Sembrich's entertainment it is necessary only to say that it was an exhibition of the highest art, backed by a personality musical through and through. Mr. Elgar's chef d'œuvre endured the ordeal of repetition at the hands of the Oratorians with great dignity. It is one of the works that will probably last for a time. It is of fine texture and loving workmanship. Its beauties will not exhaust themselves in a few hearings.

In the world of light music of course the sensation was the advent of fresh and frisky Fritzi Scheff in the field of operetta. Who does not admire the dainty, buoyant, seductive Fritzi? Who has not always thought when watching her cavorting on the Metropolitan Opera House stage that she would make a real shooting star in "comic opera" Well, she has done it. She has done it in spite of the fact that in her part in "Babette," the operetta constructed for her by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, she has only half a chance to show her cleverness. Mr. Smith set out to write an opera comique and he came nigh unto writing one of grave solemnity. His plot has a serious undercurrent, and his comedy weighs fully six tons to the square foot. It is inspiring to see Louis Harrison in his great act of juggling Smith's literary cannon balls. As for Fritzi, only her own ravishing personality and her piquant manner save her. The success of "Babette" is



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HERR BURGSTALLER

Who is singing the role of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House

purely personal. Victor Herbert's music is all right, of course, and he has excelled himself and a good many others with some of the numbers, especially the quartet of the last act, but the foundation of an operetta is the book. Fortunately, Fritzi herself is a serial with a captivating instalment for every evening and Saturday matinee.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Among the songs in "Babette" which will no doubt become popular are "Letters I Write All Day" and "Be Kind to Poor Parrot," sung by Fritzi Scheff; "My Honor and My Sword," sung by Eugene Cowles, and "There Was Once An Owl" (sextette). These and other songs were repeatedly encored.



The French Opera

... IN ...

New Orleans



FAMOUS the world over as the home of gay revelry and brilliant pageantry, the annual festival of the Mardi Gras and the French Opera have given New Orleans added and unique distinction among American cities, and are inseparably connected with her civic and artistic history.

Deep rooted in the historic past as both these purely local institutions are, time has not weakened their popularity. They have to-day as firm a hold upon public sentiment and patronage as in those earlier times when the city was wholly under French domination and influence. For the visitor to New Orleans there is much to interest

at any time, but now the Opera season has begun the town is decked in holiday garb and will remain in festive attire until Lent. Where else in America are there thoroughfares more picturesque or possessing more points of historic interest than Bourbon, Royal and Chartres streets? Here we are in the centre of the old French city, and carelessly strolling along the "banquette," past the old bookshops with their bright displays of yellow-covered French novels, signs in a foreign tongue meet the eye at every turn: "Café de l'Opéra," "Restaurant de Paris," etc., etc., until one rubs one's eyes, not quite sure if he is not in the French capital itself.

In the very heart of this old French town, and yet only five blocks away from Canal street—the Broadway of the South—stands the French Opera House, an imposing building, and with the exception of the Metropolitan Opera House, of New York, the largest and best-equipped home of opera in America. The French Opera is indeed the centre of social, artistic and musical life in New Orleans. In New York, grand opera is indulged in as the fad of a few millionaires who allow themselves the luxury of listening to the highest paid singers to be found in the world. In the North it is a matter of fad and fashion rather than love of art and music, and although Director Conried promises to remedy this, it is doubtful whether he

can so long as Society controls the purse strings and dictates the policy. It is different in New Orleans, where grand opera is loved for its own sake, and has grown to be one of the cherished traditions of the population. The visitor to the Crescent City is soon impressed by this fact. He realizes how much more opera is part of the life of the people than in any other American community and how much more enjoyable it is than in New York, without being as showy and expensive. This is the result of time, the outcome of years of musical education, because New Orleans has cultivated a taste for opera in the same way that New York cultivates a taste for baseball and becomes expert at it, because everybody understands and appreciates it, plutocrat and pauper, and more especially because a large part of the population understand and speak the language in which the operas are sung. Opera in New Orleans is generally given in French, very rarely in Italian or German, and then only when the artists cannot sing in French. As one-fourth of the population of New Orleans speak French in their ordinary intercourse, and more than half understand that language, it is evident that the opera must be a more popular institution than in other American cities where French is not understood, and to a great majority of the audience the performance a perfect blank, except the music.

The opera in New Orleans is nearly a hundred years old. Davis, a French refugee from the massacre of San Domingo, went to Louisiana in 1790, and soon after began giving theatrical and operatic performances, first in the old St. Philip Street Theatre, afterwards in the New Orleans Street Opera House. The first season in New Orleans was in 1813, ninety-one years ago. Since then, almost without exception, New Orleans has had grand opera every year. The Orleans Theatre, or opera house, was erected by John Davis in 1816. The most famous portions of the old edifice were the ball and



Simon New Orleans

MME. BRESSLER GIANOLI (contralto)

supper rooms connected with the opera house; indeed, the parquette in the latter was frequently floored over and occupied as a ball room, thus furnishing when brilliantly lighted, in connection with the suite adjoining, a *coup d'oeil* not to be surpassed for effect in America. Those were fiery days, when the New Orleans creole was very jealous of his honor and dignity, and the slightest impropriety called for an interchange of cards. The Orleans ball room is said to have been the origin of more duels than any other edifice in the world.

The audience was, in the earlier days, almost exclusively French and creole, and in that ante-bellum period social customs were established which have clung to the opera ever since.

Patrons were required to be in full evening dress. The grand operas of Meyerbeer, Rossini, Mozart, and others of the old composers were required to be performed in the most perfect detail. There were no "cuts" in the score, and in order to give the full opera the performance usually commenced at six o'clock, closing at midnight. In those days the opera was almost the only form of social amusement. Every family had its box, and the opera house was always crowded; but as the city grew larger and richer, the Orleans Opera House was considered too small, and the present fine building, the third generation of opera houses in New Orleans, was erected at Bourbon and Toulouse streets. During the period of nearly a century, almost every famous singer the world has produced and almost every opera of importance has been heard in New Orleans. On its stage, too, the great Patti made her debut and won her earliest laurels.

A feature of the opera house, common enough in Europe, but not seen in America outside of New Orleans, are the *loges grillées*, or latticed boxes. These are boxes covered with latticed windows in front which can be closed if necessary, and are really small rooms where one can have all the seclusion one desires. They were originally intended for families in mourning. The creoles wear mourning for distant cousins, and for a long period. The consequence is that in the families so inter-married one death will put a score of persons in mourning. While dressed in black they did not care to give up the opera; so the *loges grillées* came into use; through them one could hear the opera without being seen. This practice, however, has long since passed away, and the *loges grillées* are now as fashionable as any other part of the theatre, and preferred by those who like comfort more than show.

The Opera House is seen at its best on Mardi Gras night, when

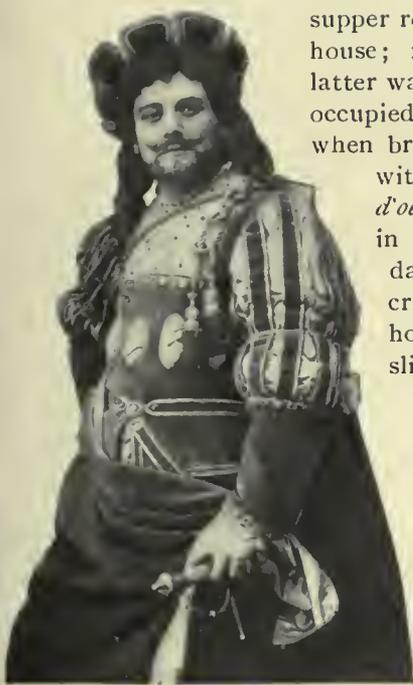
six to eight thousand persons find room in the auditorium and the various foyers. Then the house presents an animated and brilliant spectacle. Beautiful women—the voluptuous beauty of the South—with their glorious eyes, sit in the radiance of the dazzling light, reflecting its own splendor, while it seems as if all the world had been robbed of its flowers, so profusely are the spoils scattered. Yet brilliant as is the opera night, the scene is eclipsed by the grand Carnival Balls which end the opera season and usher in Lent. Then these same floors are crowded with the same beautiful women, still more gorgeously attired; while mingling with them are heroic or grotesque figures, representative of all climes, all ages, an epitome of history and the world, as beautiful, as fantastic. The light, the jewels, the air heavy with perfumes and the odor of the flowers, the passionate music—all this recalls some Oriental feast rather than a scene in prosaic twentieth century America.

The strength of the opera in New Orleans lies in the support it receives from the public. It is regarded by the people of New Orleans as part of one's musical education, and children are taken there to hear the music as soon as they learn their notes. The humblest wage-earner stints himself in order to secure admission to the opera. But the popular support is not sufficient to pay expenses, and appeal has to be made to the richer classes and the Opera Association or Club. The boxes are sold as far in advance as April, seven months before the opera opens, to enable the Director to go to Europe and engage artists. The French Opera Association, with H. Laroussini, President, and G. W. Nott, Secretary and Treasurer, is the great promoter of the opera in New Orleans, and it is due to their untiring efforts that the opera has proven a success. This association guarantees against loss, and runs the opera if no manager is willing to undertake the responsibility.

But in M. Charley the association has one of the ablest managers of grand opera in the country. This year he has been more than fortunate in securing artists. Prominent among these is Mme. Bressler-Gianoli, contralto, whose Carmen is well known in Europe. She is a pupil of the great Italian singer, Signorina Landi, and made a successful debut abroad as Delila in Saint-Saëns' opera "Samson et Delila." M. Mikaelly has a superb tenor voice, and scored a great triumph as Leopold in "Carmen". He is a pupil of Masse, and made his first appearance at Antwerp. Later he sang with Patti in "Barbier de Seville", "Traviata", and "Romeo et Juliette" at Nice.

Then there is M. Garoute, the first tenor, whose best rôle is Raoul in "Les Huguenots". His voice has wonderful range and quality and he is equally successful in "Faust" and "La Juive". He has sung in Europe in "Le Rol d'Ys", "Cavaleria Rusticana", "Paillasse", "Herodiade", "Werther", "La Navarraise", "Samson et Delila".

M. Layolle, the first baritone, is a fine artist who has won a reputation in Europe in "L'Africaine" and "Hamlet". He



Simon, New Orleans

M. MIKAELLY (tenor)



Simon, New Orleans

M. LAYOLLE (first baritone)



has also sung Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and "Walküre" at Geneva with great success.

The orchestra is ably conducted by M. Lagyc, for eight years at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie.

New Orleans boasts of other theatres besides the Opera House. The most fashionable of these is the Tulane Theatre, called after the famous university of that name, and under the management of W. H. Rowles, where lovers of the high-class drama are sure to find good plays. The important stars all recognize the importance of New Orleans as a city where they will find an appreciative and cultured audience. Next door to the Tulane and under the same management is the Crescent, where farce, musical comedy and melodrama hold the boards alternately.



EMILE DURIEN (comptroller)



Simon, New Orleans

M. GAROUTE (tenor)

The Grand Opera House, under the management of Henry Greenwall, where the Baldwin-Melville Stock company perform, usually has crowded houses. This house has historical interest, many of the great American actors of the old days having appeared upon its boards.

The Orpheum, under the management of C. E. Bray, is devoted to modern vaudeville, and is prosperous, and with the Elysium opening in the lower portion of the city, and the Newcomb in the upper, and with the prospect of still another theatre by next season, New Orleans promises to occupy a still more important place in the theatrical world. For half a century New Orleans, has reveled in its traditions of Mardi Gras. Originally celebrated as a festival of the Catholic Church, its



M. CHARLEY (manager)

proportions increased until it encompassed the whole people of the city.

CHARLES STEWART BOOTH.

The above article will be followed by others describing theatrical conditions in important American cities.

Quaint Old Christmas Play as Performed in Germany

A QUAIN old Christmas play has recently been revived at Breslau. It dates back to the Middle Ages, and is in three parts, called respectively the Advent Play, the Christ-child Play and the Wise Men Play. In the first, the curtain rises on the living room of a Silesian peasant's cottage. An old woman enters, broom in hand, and begins to sweep vigorously in preparation for the expected holy guests. Then enter the mistress of the house and her little family. Hardly have they seated themselves than there is a rap on the door and the Angel Gabriel comes in and enquires if the Christ-child, who is waiting in a golden wagon outside, may enter. The Christ-child appears, wearing a trailing white gown, a transparent veil and a wreath of roses, in the centre of which is a dazzling star. In attendance is St. Peter, easily recognized by his bunch of keys. St. Peter questions the mother regarding the conduct of the children. The report being unsatisfactory, an old man with a long white beard is called in to punish them. At St. Peter's bidding he is about to put the naughtiest in his sack, but the Angel Gabriel intercedes, and the eldest child sings a quaint Christmas song to the Christ-child, who then orders some presents left in the wagon outside to be brought in. The pres-

ents are distributed, the old man with the sack disappears, and after another Christmas song the curtain falls.

Act II, or "the Christ-child play," shows the reception room of an inn. A loud knock is heard, and when the door is opened, Joseph, dressed in a peasant costume, and with a box of carpenter's tools upon his shoulder, appears. He asks for a night's lodging for himself and wife, but as he looks poor, the arrogant landlord informs him his house is full. Joseph turns to Mary, and while they are discussing their plight, an angel appears, and leads them off to a stable in the vicinity. Scene II shows a group of shepherds in an open field dividing money. They throw themselves upon the ground to sleep, but are disturbed by singing voices telling them to hurry off to a certain stable. On arriving at the stable they find the door bolted. Then takes place a

transformation scene—the front wall slowly opens, and Mary is seen seated near a manger. Beside her stands Joseph, leaning on his staff, and floating about, above their heads, is a choir of angels. The shepherds, dazzled, fall upon their knees, and then follows the most curious incident of the whole play, Mary pleading with Joseph to help her rock the Child's cradle. He refuses and angels do it. L. M. D.



SCENE IN THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS PAULA EDWARDES in "Winsome Winnie."

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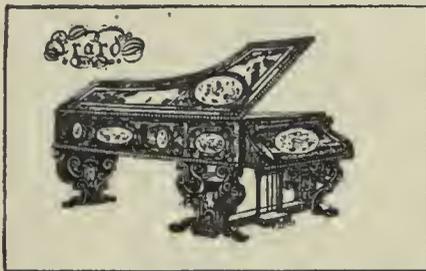
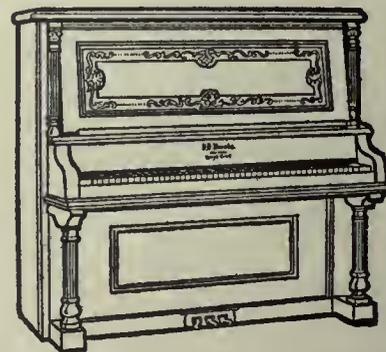
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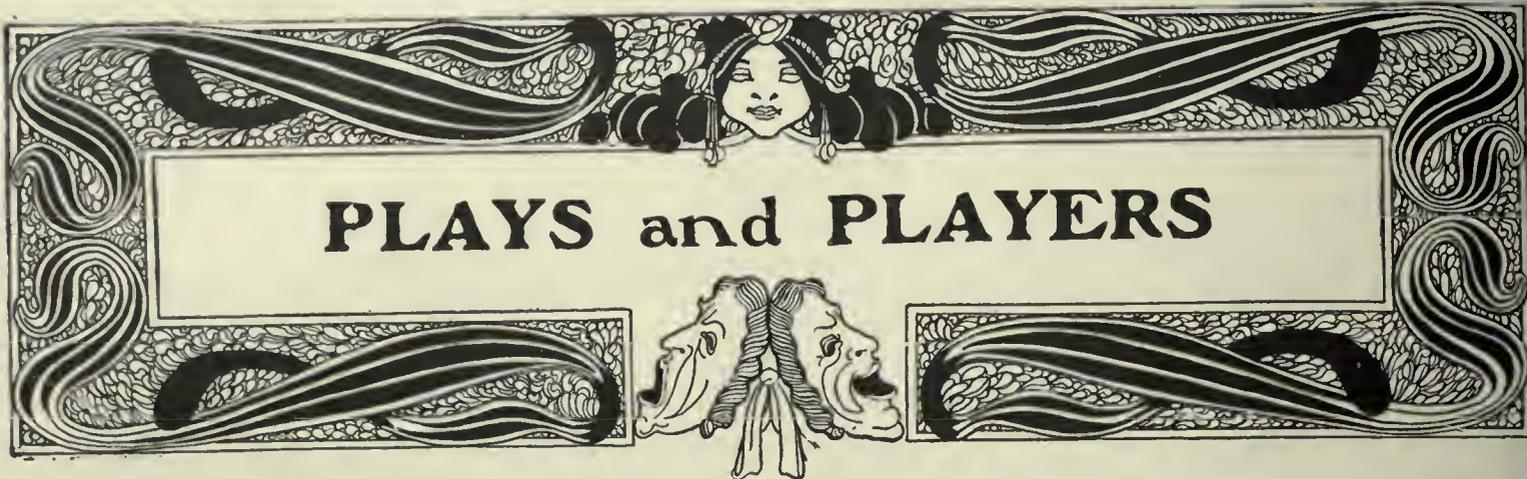
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



MISS MARY MARBLE

A cousin of Joseph Jefferson and grandniece of William Warren, the well-known Boston comedian. Miss Marble made a hit some time ago as the Orphan in Hoyt's play "A Milk White Flag" and later was a member of a stock company presenting the Hoyt farces in San Francisco. For the past few seasons she has been a member of the Dunne-Harlan company presenting musical comedies in the South. Next season she is to be a co-star in a new piece by George M. Cohan.



PLAYS and PLAYERS

NOTICE!

"The Triumph of Love," the play by Martha Morton Conheim which won the prize in our recent play contest, will be produced at a special matinee at Charles Frohman's Criterion Theatre on Monday afternoon, February 8th. The players who will interpret this piece will form one of the most notable casts seen in New York in years. They include Miss Minna Gale-Haynes, formerly leading woman with Lawrence Barrett, and who returns to the stage for this occasion; William Harcourt, Carlotta Nillson, Maelyn Arbuckle, Grace Filkins, Victoria Addison, Harold Howard, R. Paton Gibbs, F. F. Mackay, Stanton Elliott, Grace Heyer, Ann Archer, Stanley Hawkins, Douglas Wood, May Davenport Seymour, George Backus, R. R. Neill, and others. The play is now in rehearsal under the able stage direction of Max Figman. Unusual interest is being shown in the forthcoming performance, and applications for seats are reaching this office daily in great numbers. The usual Criterion prices will prevail and the proceeds of the performance will be handed over to the Actors' Fund of America. All who wish to be present should read the notice that appears at the foot of this page.

IN a season unprecedented for the trashy character of most of its productions the advent of players of the authority and repute of Miss Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner is a dramatic event of extraordinary importance. These two admirable artists represent in their persons the traditions of our stage at its best and their matured art, compared with the puny efforts of would-be imitators may be likened to the dimming of a rush candle by the glory of an arc light. After enjoying their performances in "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "The School for Scandal" and other classics of our drama, the playgoer, thirsty for the really good things



MISS ADA REHAN AS KATHERINE

of the stage, can only regret that their stay at the Lyric Theatre is so short and that New York, with all its boasted wealth, intelligence and culture, does not yet possess a stock company or repertoire theatre where players of this calibre and plays of this quality might be a permanent attraction instead of, as now, an occasional treat.

The Katherine of Miss Rehan—probably the best impersonation of the Shrew that our stage has ever known—is familiar to theatregoers. It is now seventeen years since this actress made her first triumph in the part when her performance astonished the public by its originality, authority, buoyancy and vigor. Her own splendid physique and handsome face filled every requirement of the ideal, and her gradual transformation from the termagant into the loving, submissive wife was delightfully subtle and true to life. Time has, indeed, impaired to some extent the superb figure Miss Rehan once presented as the Shrew. The eyes that once flashed lightnings are now a little weary, the delicious mouth, once curled in haughty scorn, is slightly drawn, and these changes become particularly noticeable when Katherine is subdued and ready to bestow all the charms of lovely womanhood on the victorious Petruchio. But this excepted, it is the same splendid impersonation, and the old Rehan smile came over the actress' feat-

ures when a dozen curtain calls on the opening night proved to her that neither she nor her art had been forgotten.

The Petruchio of Otis Skinner is a perfect performance. The character is not an agreeable one and in hands less competent easily becomes a noisy braggart with whom all sympathy is impossible. But as played by Mr. Skinner, the

SEATS FOR THE SPECIAL PERFORMANCE OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

Reserved Seats for the prize play performance are on sale at the offices of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 26 West 33d Street, New York (Telephone 1749 Madison), and also at the Box Office of the Criterion Theatre. The prices are as follows:

Boxes	\$15.00 and \$12.00	Balcony, next four rows	1.50
Orchestra	\$2.00	" Last three rows	1.00
Balcony, 1st three rows	\$2.00	Family Circle	75c. and 50c.

Tickets ordered by mail must be accompanied by remittance. . . . Seats reserved in order as applications are received

character is at once sympathetic and loveable. Fiery and tempestuous in his struggle with the Shrew, his real genial and kindly nature is plainly apparent to everyone else, and his delivery of the Shakespearean lines is a constant delight to the ear. This actor's elegant speech, superb voice, fine physique and matured art easily place him at the head of American romantic actors.

If Richard Harding Davis had made of his "Ranson's Folly" a distinct comedy or a frank melodrama, he would have achieved an unqualified success with the play. A young army officer, tiring of the monotony of garrison life, declares that he intends to amuse himself by holding up the stage-coach. A wager is made and he leaves on his expedition. We have plenty of situations, scenes of emotion, of comedy, of melodrama, but all without consistency. Robert Edeson is an actor of many-sided qualities, and he should have the courage to make no compromises with obvious imperfections in a play as a whole, even at the expense of scenes favorable to himself as an actor. Miss Sandol Milliken, as the heroine, gives a charmingly natural performance.

Given a clergyman who has himself taught boxing secretly by a professional pugilist, a slip of a sister who is facile in love, a newspaper reporter who gets wind of the happenings, and sedate people susceptible of being involved in a little whirlwind of comedy, and you have the elements of Augustus Thomas' latest comedy "The Other Girl". The success of this play of real comic force, genuine in every way, is indeed comedy relief in a tragic season. Mr. Thomas, on principle, selects subjects of the hour and living characters of the moment. This, of course is true dramatic authorship. Lionel Barrymore, as the prizefighter, played the part with such discretion and naturalness, without a particle of exaggeration, that he saved it from farce and made it true comedy. Richard Bennett, as the newspaper reporter, also struck a new and genuine note. Joseph Wheelock, the accepted suitor of the slip of a girl, gave us a few vastly entertaining moments in which his natural acting helped to complete the sense of unaffected truth throughout the play. Miss Drina de Wolfe after compromising herself with the pugilist, compromises her beauty with a makeup that is ghastly in the extreme, and otherwise misses her points.

"Sergeant Kitty," in which Miss Virginia Earl is appearing at Daly's is a piece with plenty of movement, and military color and martial life make up for any literary or technical deficiencies. Not that the libretto is dull; beside the book of "My Lady Molly" it shines like a diamond of the purest water, for it has flashes of trenchant humor and wit, while its lyrics are smooth-flowing and apt.

"The Medal and the Maid," is of conventional pattern and its forced humor and shop-worn plot will hardly secure for it here the success it is said to have had in London. James Powers and Miss Jeanette Lowrie work hard to amuse, but apart from these principals the performance drags. In the second act Miss Emma Carus made a hit with a song entitled "Zanzibar," the accompanying "business" being the appear-

ance of girls attired as monkeys who roll about the stage.

Miss Amelia Bingham, conspicuous among those who encourage the American dramatist, has turned aside to produce Pierre Decourcelle's "Olympe." The play is staged at the Knickerbocker Theatre lavishly and care has been given to every artistic detail. But it is an uninteresting piece, poorly acted, and the essentially foreign situations and characters at no time strike home.



MISS AMELIA BINGHAM IN "OLYMPE"



Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "SERGEANT KITTY" AT DALY'S THEATRE

Clyde Fitch's methods in playwriting are peculiarly his own. In the details of his work he has a lightness and firmness of artistic touch that distinguish him for skill. In the minor matters of technique he is masterful, but his point of view as to the larger functions of the dramatic art cannot be admired. Novelty of subject and treatment is always desirable, but Mr. Fitch, seeking for the new, loses himself in detail, and is unmindful of sincere and substantial things. His latest play, "Glad of It," at the Savoy Theatre, reaches the highest point of his peculiar skill and the lowest plane of value. He is a scene writer, first of all. Has he a grab bag of scenes written at odd times out of which he draws plays at will? All these incidents and characters are obviously readymade before he really sets about writing a play. Such scenes as a piazza at a hotel-by-the-sea running across the stage, a man making his toilet in a room of the second story of the hotel, women below annoyed by an invasion of mosquitoes, an irruption of the Princeton baseball club, with an incidental endless-chain game, the Princeton yell, all this is pure Fitch. The first scene in "Glad of It" is a dramatization of a department store, with the elevator and the shop girls and usual incidents. The second scene is the dramatization of a rehearsal on the stage of the Savoy Theatre itself. Mr. Fitch has the faculty of giving newness to all that he does, for the scene is better in its way, than the one made familiar by Rosina Vokes, nor is Mr. Fitch servilely imitative, for his eye supplies him with points that are all his own. His pictures of life are accurate, veracious and genuine. His figures are always animated and live. You have seen them before, but not always on the stage. This is an indisputable merit. That particular fish of fable which changed its glistening colors so beautifully as it died,

may serve as a kind of prototype of a play like "Glad of It." As soon as the colors cease to glisten and change, the fish is dead. There has been no substance. Everything has been incidental. Characters by the score have passed out of the action of the play before it ends, and practically nobody is alive when the curtain falls.

Chauncey Olcott, at the New York Theatre, is slightly out of his customary orbit, but his qualities are genuine enough for audiences anywhere. His new play, "Terence," a dramatization by Mrs. Nash Morgan, is primitive, but the action is kept animated by clever stage devices, and the personality of Olcott amply covers deficiencies. A hero in disguise as the driver of a coach, a rascally lawyer and lost estates, a villain in the opposing lover, and a maiden seemingly beyond the reach of the humble suitor in disguise are not elements that lead us to expect more than an entertainment that may serve mainly as a medium for Olcott in lovemaking and singing his way to the approbation of audiences. The play accomplishes its purpose. Some of Mr. Olcott's songs, "The Girl I Used To Know," "Tic, Tac, Too," "My Own Dear Irish Queen," are worth hearing.

"The Virginian," produced at The Manhattan Theatre, is a dramatization of Owen Wister's novel of the same name by the author and Kirke La Shelle. The story is that of a love affair between an Eastern woman of refinement, a school teacher, and a Western ranchman. This is nothing new in dramas of the kind, but the play is worth seeing. Dustin Farnum gave a spirited and accurate characterization of the principal figure in the drama, and Frank Campeau as Trampas, and Guy Bates Post as Steve, sustained the sincerity of a performance notable in its depiction of Western life.

One begins to lose faith in the astuteness and acumen of our local managers when a musical comedy of the pattern and character of "My Lady Molly" is seriously put forth for public support. What could have persuaded Mr Frohman that the least interest would be stirred by Geo H. Jessop's tedious book and Sydney Jones' uninspired score is one of those problems too many times asked this season. It is not that the piece recently heard at Daly's was worse than many of its kind. It was its hopeless mediocrity that bored to distraction. The setting, England 1750, was handsome and the principals talented, but the material was not there. "My Lady Molly" was a pale reflex of "Erminie" with a heroine of the Henrietta Crosman type, masquerading in male attire to be near her love. This rôle was invested with dainty grace by Vesta Tilley, but her introduced songs, however inappropriately projected, were the one bright spot in a dreary waste of prolonged gabble. Adele Ritchie made a pleasing figure as Alice Coverdale and Belle Robinson's skilful and magnetic feet twinkled with constant regularity. Very pompous was Sydney Deane as the hero, but there was dignity and character to David Torrence's sketch of Sir Miles Coverdale. As an Irish Cadeaux, Richard F. Carroll merited praise for his agile dancing and the verve and briskness of his acting.

It is gratifying in this season of inept mediocrity to occasionally find a piece, which, if not luminously brilliant, is at least direct, clean and amusing. Had the critical fraternity not been so frequently deceived this year and its

spirit of pessimism so encouraged by failure after failure "Harriet's Honeymoon" would undoubtedly have been hailed with greater manifestations of wholesome approval. But be that as it may, Leo Dietrichstein's new comedy at the Garrick pleased a considerable part of the theatre-going public while it is further likely to prove a useful and profitable medium for the display of Miss Mary Mannering's engaging if not too subtle art. While impugning nothing to Mr. Dietrichstein's originality, it must be confessed that he has carefully and with profit studied the models of the German farce writers, Von Schonthan, Kadelburg, Von Moser and Blumenthal. The action, complications and character sketches suggest that lengthy series of farces which enjoyed such long time furor at Daly's. Mistaken identity is its starting point. An American couple is stranded at Kyrnhalden. The groom has lost his pocketbook, which is found, of course, by another who assumes his personality. The treatment, however, of this time-worn device is compelling in its humorous strength, nor is there too violent

a wrench to the imagination to give it force. The situations flow naturally and the necessary explanations are vividly and promptly expressed.

Miss Mannering is the wife who resents the intrusion of the Wall street spirit into her honeymoon. The varying moods with which the rôle is invested give her an opportunity to pretty well span the gamut of human emotions. She is prettily petulant, engagingly spirited, where she assumes to be a prima donna for purposes of raising the wind, and fairly moving in the serious situation where she



MISS EDITH FASSETT

Recently seen as Ariel in Warde and James' production of "The Tempest"



believes her husband false. But the creation is by no means perfectly composed and many of her moments suffer from abrupt transitions and hurried treatment. Arthur Byron shows what a sterling actor he is by an alert and graphic impersonation of the newly-married husband, who can not divorce himself from the stock ticker. The familiar figure of the pompous Dogberry-like police official was drolly painted by Thomas A. Wise, while Henry Kolker brought real distinction to the masquerading Prince of Saxenhausen. Adolph Jackson, Edward See, Louise Nollister and Lillie Hall in minor rôles were all in the picture.

Sincerity and untheatrical pathos seem to find their best vehicle in simple stories. "Merely Mary Ann," Israel Zangwill's play, to be seen at the Garden Theatre, is a case in point. A country girl, the slavey at a London boarding-house, silently adores a young composer who does not make his fame and fortune as fast as he would, and whose promises to pay the landlady finally cease to be effective. In casting about what to do and where to go he considers Mary Ann's suggestion that she would go with him and continue her loving cares. Her absolute innocence becomes plain to him and he repents of his momentary thought. In the meanwhile, a fortune of millions is left to the girl. She is as ignorant of the significance of so much money as she is innocent of evil. He is too proud to accept her love now, and leaves without bidding her good-bye. She is heartbroken. Six years later they meet again, he now famous and she refined, but still simple of heart, and love has its fulfillment in promised marriage. The fourth and last act, is absolutely undramatic, and betrays ignorance of the indispensable methods of the art. It is acted story pure and simple and dreary beyond words. The other acts, however, are full of delightful incidents and charming episode. Miss Eleanor Robson, as the lovelorn maiden, possesses a voice of liquid pathos, and she gave expression to emotion so truly at all times that no note of artificiality crept in anywhere.

Her performance is something to see, for so true an artist can go

far and her progress will be interesting to follow. Zangwill himself is occasionally meretricious, trivial and tricky. The countess with "nothing to count," for example, is atrocious. Zangwill has overdrawn Mary Ann, but Miss Robson reconciles us to that prodigy of innocence. While Mary Ann scrubs, makes the fire, waits on the table, and blacks the boots, she is not typical in the mat-



MISS LOUISE CLOWES

Last season with Mrs. Fiske. Now playing with Roht. Downing in "Hon. John North"

ter of untidiness and comic awkwardness. She is an ideal slavey, and the performance is unique. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the plot, the second and third acts contain ample variety of scenes. A scene with the music publisher whose commercial instincts torture the composer, is well conceived and played. Edwin Arden did not give to the composer the temperament inherent in it. Lancelot, the adored, for that matter, is a good deal of a cad, and by no means the complement of Mary Ann. Miss Ada Dwyer, the landlady; Miss Crews, as Rosie, her daughter; Herbert Carr, as the commercial publisher; all contributed characters that to the simplicity of the play added fidelity to life.

"Little Mary," recently seen at the Empire, and the latest example of the humor of James M. Barrie, failed to please the jaded palates of New York playgoers. The truth is, the piece promised a great deal which was not realized. Only a humorist could conceive the idea that a successful play could be written around that necessary but most vulgar organ the Human Stomach, and there can be no doubt that Mr Barrie was laughing at the public expense when he presented it as a serious theatrical proposition. Miss Jessie Busley, always artistic, was interesting as the young person charged with a mission to reform the stomachs of the upper ten.



Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "AN ENGLISH DAISY" AT THE CASINO

Scenes in the Stage Production of "The Virginian"



THE VIRGINIAN
(Dustin Farnum)

RALDY
(Frank Nelson)

STEVE
(Guy Bates Post)

TRAMPAS
(Frank Campeau)

HONEY WIGGIN
(Jos. Callahan)

NEBRASKY
(Bennet Musson)

Act I. The quarrel between Trampas and the Virginian



Act II. The Virginian wins Mully (Agnes Ardeck)



Act III. Trampas peers into Mully's cottage to see if the Virginian is there



Exterior of the Iroquois Theatre

Promenade Foyer. The greatest loss of life occurred on the top of the staircase on the right which leads to the upper galleries

The Lesson of the Chicago Fire

READERS of this magazine who saw the article in our last issue entitled: "Are All Our Theatres Safe?" were doubtless struck by the extraordinary coincidence of its appearance in print almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the appalling theatre fire in Chicago which cost no fewer than 587 human lives. Our January number was put on sale in New York on Wednesday morning, December 30, at 9 o'clock. The Iroquois Theatre was destroyed by fire at 3.45 o'clock on the same afternoon. Our article, it is almost unnecessary to add, was written and printed a long time before. In fact, it had been prepared for the Christmas number, but was crowded out. To many readers its appearance in print at a so timely a moment was regarded as a mere accident, yet it was more than that. It was the voice of the spirit of prophecy foretelling the coming holocaust. Although the horror occurred in Chicago and our warning concerned only New York, the disaster might have happened here just as well, the conditions in many of our theatres—as pointed out in the article—being practically the same.

The story of the Chicago horror, in brief, is this:

The magnificent new Iroquois Theatre, situated on Randolph street, was opened to the public on November 23, 1903. The new temple of the Drama was generally conceded to be the most beautiful theatre in the West and its spacious and imposing stairways and immense stage, presumably equipped with all the latest improvements, inclined all to class it with the safest. It was owned by William J. Davis and Harry J. Powers, the resident managers, and by A. L. Erlanger, Samuel F. Nixon, J. Fred Zimmerman and Marc Klaw. The splendid playhouse was one of the strongholds of the theatrical Syndicate in Chicago.

The theatre was opened with Klaw and Erlanger's spectacular extravaganza "Mr. Bluebeard," seen here at the Knickerbocker Theatre the season before, and this was the bill on that fatal Wednesday afternoon five weeks later when happened a calamity without parallel in the history of this country. It was Christmas week and there was a special Wednesday matinee at reduced prices. The great theatre was packed from parterre to roof, the spectators being mostly women and children. All went well until the

second act when the lights of the auditorium are extinguished to render more effective the Moonlight Scene. The members of the double octette were singing "In the Pale Moonlight" when suddenly a bright flame shot out near the top of the proscenium arch. It was noticed by the audience who began to move uneasily in their seats and a few started to grope their way through the darkened aisles. On the stage the frightened chorus girls were ordered to keep on singing—though it was seen many were trembling—and the orchestra leader made his musicians play louder. Smoke now issued from the wings and sparks commenced to fall. Eddie Foy, in his make-up as the comic Sister Anne, came forward and urged the audience to be calm, insisting there was no danger. As the comedian spoke a great flame lit up the whole stage and a shower of sparks fell about him. Then some one in the balcony shouted, "Fire!" That was enough. In an instant the audience was on its feet and the death rush had begun. Frantic efforts were now being made on the stage to lower the so-called "asbestos" curtain which, if successful, would have shut the stage off from the auditorium and so localized the fire. But to add to the horror of the situation the "asbestos" curtain stuck fast when three-quarters way down thus instantly creating a fierce draught which drew the flames from the stage—now a raging furnace—into the auditorium, where its long fiery tongues scorched and singed the doomed spectators as they fled in despair through the darkness seeking exits they could not find.

Most of those in the orchestra stalls succeeded in making their escape, but in the two galleries flight was impossible and the harvest of death was complete. The ushers had long since deserted their posts, the few exits available were either concealed behind heavy plush curtains or closed with "new fangled levers" no one knew how to open, and when, finally, some of these exits were forced open those in the van, pushed on by those behind, were pitched headlong over the slender rail to find death or injury in the alley below. Other unfortunates, meantime, had fled to the stairs but, as is usually the experience in stampedes, the leaders tripped and the others fell on top of them until the pile was ten feet high. And so this fighting, screaming and squirming mass

of humanity suffered in the darkness and horror until the black smoke, the flames and poisonous gases came to mercifully put them out of their agony. The official count of the dead is 587. No pen can picture those shocking scenes on the darkened stairways when the end came, dying mother clasping dying child, husband seeing wife burning like a torch before his very eyes, the cries of the tormented rising shrill above the crackling of the flames. It must have been a vision of the fabled Hell. The tragedy is now ended. Six hundred lives have been snuffed out, six hundred homes made desolate. As we wrote in our last issue, little dreaming how soon the realization was at hand, "Peril lurks close behind Pleasure and many thousands have gone to the playhouse seeking amusement only to find a horrible death." The past is past. Nothing can bring back those lives. All we can do is to punish those whose criminal carelessness made the catastrophe possible and to guard against a repetition of it in the future.

As the official inquiry into the causes of the disaster proceeds it becomes painfully and plainly apparent that there was the grossest carelessness. It has been shown that the asbestos curtain was a cheap grade material easily consumed, that only 6 out of the 26 exits were in working order, and that those 6 exits were concealed by curtains and had no red lamps to guide the way out, that there was no fire alarm in the entire house, no automatic sprinkler on the stage, no flue to carry off smoke and flame, men absent from duty, green substitutes in charge of dangerous lights and so on until one stands aghast at how any manager, if aware of these facts, was willing to incur the risk of inviting audiences into his theatre. Let the full responsibility for this carelessness be placed where it belongs and an example made of those who have violated the law and destroyed innocent life. But let the punishment fit the offence. To merely impose a fine would turn the investigation into a ridiculous farce. At the time of the Opera Comique fire in Paris in 1887 Leon Carvalho was at the height of his power as an opera director. Although the subsequent inquiry revealed not one-tenth part of the negligence shown in Chicago, Carvalho was held responsible and sentenced to three months imprisonment. He was acquitted later on appeal, but the tragedy ruined him.

It is the usual experience that disasters of this kind are followed by great public excitement, the newspapers angrily demand reform, the theatres suffer from lack of patronage, the authorities display great activity, and the managers show themselves eager to remedy defects. But this show of zeal never lasts. The disaster is forgotten in a week, the theatres do as little as they can, gradually neglecting the most ordinary precautions, the public does not give the matter a thought, and everything goes on as merrily as

Iroquois Theatre ABSOLUTELY
FIREPROOF

RANDOLPH Bet. DEARBORN and STATE STS., CHICAGO
IROQUOIS THEATRE CO., PROPRIETORS
WILL J. DAVIS, and HARRY J. POWERS,
Resident Owners and Managers

Week Beginning Monday, December 7th, 1903
EVERY EVENING INCLUDING SUNDAY
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES
SPECIAL MATINEE NEW YEARS DAY

KLAW & ERLANGER Present
MR. BLUE BEARD
The Great Spectacular Entertainment from Theatre Royal,
Drury Lane, London.

By J. HICKORY WOOD and ARTHUR COLLINS.
Adapted for the American Stage by JOHN J. McNALLY.
The Lyrics, unless otherwise indicated, by J. Cheever Goodwin.
Music, unless otherwise indicated, by Frederick Solomon.
Ballets by Ernest D'Auban.

Produced under Stage Direction of Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn.
Business Direction of Jos. Brooks. Edwin H. Price, Manager.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES, MUSIC AND INCIDENTS.
ACT I.

Scene 1—The Market Place on the Quay, near Bagdad. (Bruce Smith.)
Mustapha plots to separate Selim and Fatima and sell the beautiful Fatima to the monster Blue Beard. Blue Beard arrives; purchases slaves, Sister Anne falls in love with Blue Beard and spurns Irish Patshaw. Blue Beard seizes Fatima and takes her on board his yacht.

Opening Chorus—
a. "Come, Buy Our Luscious Fruits."
b. "Oriental Slaves are we."
c. "We Come from Dalmatia."
d. Algerian Slave song and chorus.

aa. Grand Entrance Blue Beard's Retinue. Medley Ensemble.
bb. Song—"A most Unpopular Potentate." Blue Beard and Chorus.

a. "Welcome Fatima."
Song—"I'm As Good as I Ought To Be." Blanche Adams.
Finale—"Then Away We Go."

Scene 2—On Board Blue Beard's Yacht. (Bruce Smith.)
Fatima with Selim attempts to escape from Blue Beard's yacht but is prevented. Selim jumps overboard.
Opening Chorus—"There's Nothing Like the Life we Sailors Lead."
Duet—Miss Rafter and Miss Adams.
Medley—Blue Beard.
"Beautiful World it Would Be." (Harry Von Tilzer.) Harry Gilfoil.

Courtesy, Jefferson Theatre Program Co., Chicago
Programme of the fatal performance of "Mr. Bluebeard"

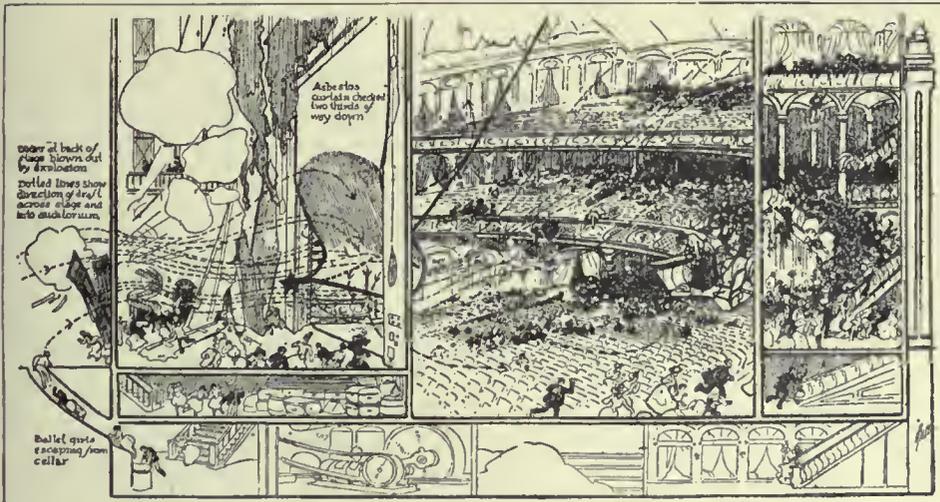
before until a fresh horror occurs to teach us all another lesson. THIS TIME LET US NOT FORGET!

Former fire commissioner Sturgis, on the eve of leaving office last month, made these startling statements:

"Three-fourths of the theatres in New York are worse fire-traps than the Iroquois Theatre. In case of fire the loss of life would be fully as great. There is not a theatre in New York in which the law is not violated nightly. I have obtained a number of convictions against theatre managers, but the fine is only \$50, and the deterrent effect is not great. The exits in New York theatres are built to afford exits for the seating capacity only. At the performance of 'Parsifal' I saw 1,000 persons standing—more than were seated in the auditorium. None of the existing laws applies to theatres built prior to 1885. All such are veritable death traps. New York's next fire horror will be far more startling than that in Chicago."

The first questions that arise in the public mind are: Which are the death trap theatres nightly doing business in New York? Why did Fire Commissioner Sturgis wait until leaving office to denounce them?

For obvious reasons dangerous theatres can not be mentioned by name in a magazine. The city authorities know which they are as well as we do. For the same reason we can not give a list of the theatres which are absolutely safe, for it would be very apparent that the houses not included in the list were the fire traps in



From the New York World
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COURSE TAKEN BY THE FLAMES

question. It was comical the day after the Chicago fire to see some of the daily papers wasting their space interviewing the theatre managers here as to whether they thought their respective theatres safe. As if any manager were going to admit his house was dangerous. Each, on the contrary, was very positive that such a calamity could not possibly happen in *his* house. And yet among the managers interviewed were those of the very theatres that are dangerous. Why are these dangerous theatres allowed to remain open? If the Mayor of Chicago has the power to close ALL those houses that have not complied strictly with the LETTER of the law—a sweeping measure fully justified—why should not the Mayor of New York close certain houses which every intelligent person can see for himself are dangerous? The law regarding the construction of theatres dates only from 1885 and is not retroactive so that theatres built previous to that time escape being subjected to regulations new theatres have to comply with, but law or no law the mayor has the power to act if a building is notoriously unsafe and known to be imperilling nightly hundreds of citizens. The lessons taught by the Chicago fire are these:

First.—EVERY THEATRE SHOULD BE COMPELLED TO HAVE AN ASBESTOS, OR PREFERABLY, A STEEL CURTAIN, completely isolating the stage from the auditorium and to be lowered after each act.

Second.—EXITS SHOULD BE NUMEROUS AND ALL IN WORKING ORDER. They should be fastened on the inside only with a wooden bar easily removed and they should all be opened at the close of the performance so the audience may become familiar with different modes of egress. Preferably, certain sections of the house should be encouraged to make exits at their respective exits so as to avoid the jam at the main door which is a familiar scene at the close of every performance. In addition to these precautions, the police department should be asked to furnish each theatre with five men for every evening and afternoon performance. There should be one policeman in front of the house to keep the main entrance free and



MISS VIOLET DALE
Now appearing in "A Chinese Honeymoon"



Byron

LEW DOCKSTADER IN HIS FLYING MACHINE

This popular minstrel was seen recently at the Victoria. In his new show, which is an elaborate affair with funny dialogue and gorgeous scenic effects. Sitting in his airship "Pickle" he sails through the sky surveying the countries of the earth in rapid succession.

open, and one policeman on each floor up stairs. A policeman is trained to act in emergencies and would not be likely to lose his head like a boy usher. The fire department which now sends a detail of two men should be asked to increase this number to at least six, two men on the stage and the other men distributed about the auditorium, near the fire escapes, etc. The firemen on the stage should have charge of the apparatus for lowering the asbestos curtain, instead of intrusting this important duty to a stage hand who would probably run on the first alarm of fire. At the Paris Opera House there are no fewer than fifty firemen distributed about the house and protecting the audience.

Third.—AN INDEPENDENT LIGHTING SYSTEM FOR STAIRWAYS AND EXITS. Candles, or lamps burning vegetable oil. Gas and electricity usually fail in emergency.

Fourth.—SCENERY, WOODWORK AND ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA OF THE STAGE MADE INCOMBUSTIBLE by chemical treatment.

Fifth.—ABOLISH "BOXED-IN" MAIN ENTRANCES AND "BOXED-IN" PARTERRES. Intended to keep out draughts these wooden partitions, sometimes fitted with glass, would prove deadly barriers in case of panic.

Let Mayor McClellan insist on these measures of precaution. Do not let us wait until a calamity here forces us to act. Let us remove the suspicion that the only reason such measures have not been insisted upon before is "graft."

William Paul Gerhard, C. E., in his excellent little book "Theatre Fires and Panics," a copy of which should be in the hands of every manager, says:

"The public generally is not able to and does not discriminate between safe and dangerous theatres. If the older theatres can not be made safe, particularly as regards the exits, they should be closed up by the authorities. All theatre regulations should be compulsory and the building, fire and police departments should have power to stringently enforce them. The law should clearly define the responsibility of architects and builders and of the theatre managers in the matter of theatre safety. In the case of new theatre buildings it does not suffice to have them well planned and well constructed. There should be,

after the opening, regular inspections to make sure that the laws are not violated after the new building has passed the final examination of the authorities. The theatre license should be subject to revocation at any time for violation of the law. Such inspections should be made much oftener than once a year. In Vienna they occur four times a year, in Paris inspections are made every month by a committee of safety consisting of a police commissioner, an official from the city fire department, and an architect. In London monthly inspections are required. These inspections should be made not only in day time but likewise in the evenings during a performance. It is best to make inspections without any previous announcement and the results should be published without fear or favor in the daily newspapers.

"For the safety of theatres it is essential that they be continuously watched. In the words of M. Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera House, 'the strict, minute, and incessant watch and inspection of all parts of a theatre constitute the chief defence of theatres against fires.'

"A century ago it was decided in France that firemen were the proper persons to do this. At first they were present on the stage merely during the performances; subsequently it was decreed that firemen should be on watch in the theatre during the day and the night. If the employment of fire-watches is left to the discretion of theatre managers, persons are sometimes engaged for this duty who are incompetent, or, if competent, they are required to perform other duties besides, and being thus overworked, fail to efficiently accomplish the object sought for. Fire-watchmen should be well acquainted with the building, the whole theatre staff should be under their control, and they should be vested with authority to interfere in case of violation of the theatre regulations.

"In the large Paris Opera-House there are always twenty-five firemen on duty, and during performances their number is doubled. In the Vienna Opera-House there are ten men on duty. In the Berlin theatres strong fire-watches, composed of the most experienced men of the fire-brigade, are stationed in the building during performances, and a special

police patrol is stationed in front of the house to keep the crowd in order, and to see that the exits are kept open and unobstructed. During all performances a detachment of firemen should be stationed on the stage and should watch not only the lighting arrangements, the fire-works, the firing of fire-arms, but also have charge of the fire-extinguishing and life-saving appliances, and see that they are kept in order and ready for use. At the close of each performance an inspection of the whole theatre should be made by the fire-watch, attention being paid in particular to the heating and lighting apparatus, to the decorations and scenery, and to the dressing-rooms.

"All these precautions have a tendency to awaken public confidence, and in case of a fire a panic is not so apt to occur. Indeed, there are several instances of well-built and well-managed theatres on record where, during a performance, fire broke out which ultimately destroyed the building, but where the whole audience left the theatre quietly and in good order, and where no accident of any kind occurred."

The Chicago disaster quickly stirred the authorities here to action. Mayor McClellan, with commendable energy, called a special meeting of the New York theatre managers at City Hall and received from each a guarantee that such changes in the construction of their respective houses as were suggested by the Building and Fire departments would be faithfully carried out. All the local theatres have been required to fireproof their scenery and to see that their exits are in good working order and easily opened. Certain houses have been blacklisted and at least one well-known theatre has been condemned. This is as it should be. But it must not be a temporary show of zeal. It is the duty of the city fathers to safeguard our large theatre-going public.

A. H.



MISS ISABELLE EVESSON
Now playing the leading role in "In
Palace of the King"

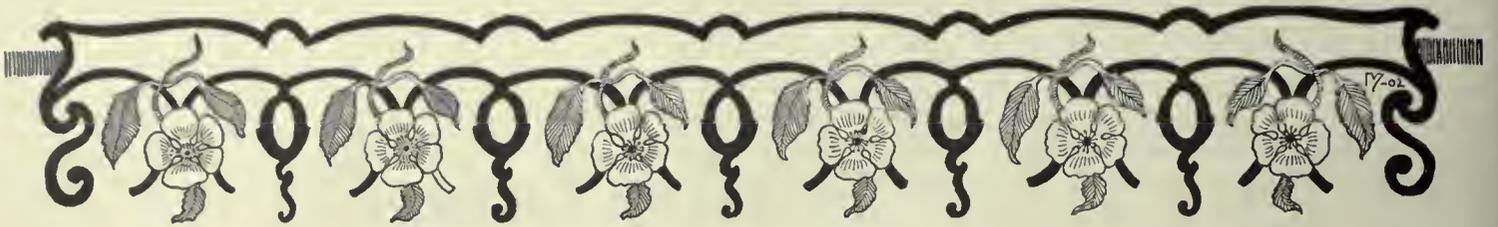


THE POET
(Arnold Daly)

THE FATHER-IN-LAW
(Herbert Standing)

THE TYPEWRITER
(Louise Closser)

SCENE IN BERNARD SHAW'S SATIRICAL COMEDY "CANDIDA," RECENTLY PRESENTED IN NEW YORK



NAT C. GOODWIN

Nathaniel C. Goodwin—An Interview

Chats with Players No. 24

"I DON'T like it. I never did. If I can't make enough to retire in ten years I'll jump into the river." Nathaniel C. Goodwin, — America's leading comedian insists on being called Nathaniel now he is 45,—sat at the rear of the stage and looked gloomily at the tall, thin figure of his new leading woman. By some unfortunate fate most of this actor's leading women have been tall and thin.

He is short himself and if he were not entitled to respect as one of our foremost players, one might be frank, and describe him at once as "roly-poly." It is difficult and unconvincing to make love to a woman taller than yourself. Mr. Goodwin shrank farther into the depths of his fashionable overcoat, and away from a world he didn't half like this morning. His mildly florid face reflected alternately protest and resignation. His reddish hair, honey-colored a woman admirer once called it, the shade of hair that has been ascribed to genius, showed slightly thin at the top. He passed his hand restlessly over it once or twice as he talked.

Apparently Mr. Goodwin was not "fit" this morning. He had been one of the guests at an after theatre supper given by his wife, Maxine Elliott, the night before, at Sherry's and rehearsal had been called for ten at the Victoria Theatre.

"I don't like the environment" he said, when asked why he didn't like the stage. "I'm forty-five years old. If I can't leave the stage when I'm fifty-five, it will be strange. Then I will enjoy myself, get up when I like, go to bed when I like, and have all the out-door sports I want. I'll go to the theatres, of course. I couldn't stay away from the theatre, but I'll go to watch the other fellows."

The comedian grew thoughtful. His features relaxed. His curious down-drawn mouth opened slightly. Fine wrinkles formed about his eyes and the gray eyes themselves brightened. That was the simple mechanism of the Goodwin smile, warranted to put the dullest audience in good humor at sight.

"And then" he said, with boyish enthusiasm, "I may rewrite my book. You know I wrote one once. I called it 'Short Talks with Goodwin' and I gave my views—Oh, I gave them!—about people I had met and plays I had seen, and what I thought about things in general. A publisher offered me \$15,000 for it, and yet they say publishers are not generous! I worked a long time on that book but when it was finished and I read it the last time, I decided that I had

been too personal and I tore it up. A man who is before the public cannot afford to have too many enemies. When he has earned the right to be a mere private citizen, it doesn't matter so much. So I may rewrite the book after I am fifty-five."

But long before Mr. Goodwin leaves the stage, he will build a theatre and it will have the name of its owner spelled out in as brilliant electric letters above the entrance as Sarah Bernhardt has over her playhouse in Paris.

"I will build it in New York, of course," he said. "I will give the public what it wants, at least what it wants from me. It is plain that what it expects and demands from me is comedy with a touch of the serious here and there and it shall have it."

There was, as he spoke, no suggestion of the resistless Goodwin smile. The drooping mouth, that never takes an upward curve even when he laughs, was firmly set. Then a shade of protest passed over the whimsical features.

"I would play Shakespeare once a season, for a few weeks at least, as a mental dissipation." The down-drawn lips could be stubborn when they chose.

"I don't believe that the public is tired of Shakespeare. As well say it is tired of music or love or life itself, for Shakespeare is all of these. It sums up life. True, the taste for Shakespeare must be cultivated, but what way of cultivating it is better than to see it properly presented? Properly, I say, with the idea of interpretation first, and the setting subordinate, very subordinate, in fact."

"The public taste" he continued, "is veering away from magnificent spectacles. The high water mark of theatrical extravagance has been reached. The tide is receding. The future of the drama is plain. It will grow better all the time. The plays will be better. The acting will be better. There



MR. GOODWIN AS NATHAN HALE



Photo Byron, N. Y.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"

will be less of dazzle and more of merit. More attention will be paid to reading and less to 'sets.' The day of gorgeous stage pictures is passing."

"Excuse me one moment." Mr. Goodwin rose and joined the leading woman and her mother. He placed the hand of a comrade upon the arm of each and said:

"Play Romeo and Juliet when you are with your company and your friends, but when you are alone play Lady Macbeth." Then he came back to the bench at the rear of the stage.

"Did you hear my advice to her?" he said. "I was serious. I must always explain when I am serious. People are always looking for a covert joke when I come around. It's sad to be known as a joker. I told her to play Juliet in public, and Lady Macbeth when alone. That is the way to study and to grow in your art."

Someone had dared to say that Nat Goodwin is not a student, that he is a superb actor because he can't help it, that he is "an artist by the grace of God."

"Not study?" he said. "I studied the rôle of Bottom as hard as a sophomore studies his Greek. This part in 'My Wife's Husbands' I have studied for three weeks, working like a galley slave. But I'm glad that the machinery of my acting doesn't creak. Then in a single volley, he fired at us these theatrical epigrams: The highest art is to conceal art. Subtlety is the key-note of the best acting. The funniest people are the most serious. Acting is sending a message across the foot-lights and getting one back."

"You know when you receive the return message" he explained, "but you can't tell any other human being how you know it. The difference between the good actor and the bad is a matter of these messages. The bad one never gets the return message or if he does, doesn't know it."

Edward Milton Royle, author of the play in rehearsal, now looked expectantly at Mr. Goodwin, and the star threw off his overcoat and walked to the front of the stage. Mr. Royle, who until now had been energetically and somewhat critically conducting the rehearsal, now took a seat in the front row of the orchestra. It was the orchestra leader laying down his baton while the great tenor sang his solo unguided by flourish and unchecked by softening hand.

Was he really acting? Was not the real Nat Goodwin fuming, chafing and mentally wriggling under the scolding of a real, marplot sister? He shifted and fidgetted and frowned. He was painfully embarrassed, dreadfully nagged. Could it be merely acting? It was the sister who proved that it was. Although she had been carolling gaily in the wings, she seemed now a woman frozen. "Stage fright?" whispered someone. "No, Goodwin fright" answered someone else

The "sister" yielded her place and the leading woman



Photo Rousch

MISS LEILA BENTON

Now appearing in "The Medal and the Maid"

entered. Mr. Goodwin makes love to her deliciously, but she, too, seems stricken. When the scene is over she is overheard saying to Mr. Goodwin.

"Your acting drives me to desperation. You seem to make no effort at all but you bring out every point, and I work so hard and don't do anything!"

"Tut! Tut! You're doing well. Why I'm old enough to be your father. Thirty years on the stage, you know."

He came to the rear of the stage again and resumed the interview. He made no comment upon the awe with which his acting had inspired the actress. It was one of the commonplaces of daily rehearsals to him. Women who are pert to the stage manager and the author freeze into instant submission before the art of this player.

Personally there isn't a more approachable, ultra-democratic man than he whom the London critics proclaimed: "The American of Americans and the comedian of comedians."

Mention of his London success brought the sudden, quizzical, always welcome Goodwin smile. "I had to go to London to find out I was an actor. They are not personal over there" His mouth set again in a serious line. "They don't make a living joke of a man and refuse to let him be anything else."

He denied that he made a hit as a heifer's left hind leg in "Adonis." He denies, in fact, that he was ever identified with any part of the anatomy of that bovine.



MISS TERESA MAXWELL

As Francesca da Rimini (Ward and James Co.)

"They have confused me with Golden and Dixey" he said, "They were the haunches and shoulders, not I. I played Captain Dietrich."

The true story of the beginning of his career Mr. Goodwin told briefly: "I was born in Boston. I studied for the stage for two years before I went on. I began when I was thirteen. I was utility man at the Boston Museum. Then I gave readings, serious ones, Shakespeare. It was then that I learned to like Shakespeare. I played at Niblo's Gardens, when I was about eighteen. It was there that I hit upon this comedy encased in seriousness that the public has kept me at ever since."

A man's likes, it has been said, are the key-note to his character. Nat Goodwin likes automobiling and all outdoor sports. He likes, too, such indoor sports as are offered by the Lambs of whom he has been Shepherd. He likes country life and so owns "Jackwood," one of the most charming country estates in England. He admires beauti-

ful women, so has married one of the most beautiful. He is fond of his friends, and he has many of them, of whom, probably, Joseph Jefferson is foremost. He likes the classic drama. Witness his fondness for Shakespeare that harsh critics have declared fatuous.

It is a pity that this master of comedy is childless. And behind that fact lies the pathos which he himself declares crowds upon the comedy of life. He had a son who died while still an infant, and the actor touches his auditors to tears at those rare times when he talks of the boy who died and the hopes and ambitions that went out as a candle flame in the wind.

"All ready for the second act!" Mr. Goodwin stands listening and waiting for his cue. His features are stern. He is anxious about the future and for the fortunes of this farce comedy with which he intends to finish a broken season. He exemplifies his own paradox "The funniest men are the most serious."

ADA PATTERSON.

TRAGEDY

THEY think of me as born of love alone,
Such as Paolo for Francesca, or
The love of Juliet for her Romeo;
They think of me as by the side of one
Whose life is hate—who knows not aught of love—
And seek for me in sable cloth and tears,
Brooding beside the awfulness of Death.
But when I don the robe of Comedy,
They laugh and think of me no more—
Nay, this is only half my life's disguise—
A hidden tear behind the smile; the song

Above the aching heart—the stifled sob;
A red rose where the white rose chills the soul;
And when throughout the night and day I rove,
Now as a dancer with such weary feet,
Dancing as tho' the hours were fraught with joy;
Now as a singer with such burning grief,
Singing as tho' the world were harmony—
They laugh to see me laughing,—and perchance
The sudden tear should well beneath the smile,
They laugh, unthinking, when they see me weep.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Figaro, O. L. Mills '05 Bartholo, J. V. Blanchet '05 F. H. Warren La Jeunesse, N. Wertheim '06 C. H. L. N. Bernard H. I. Cobb '04 R. M. De Acosta '04 Un notaire, A. F. Hurlhurt '07
Rosina, J. E. Henderson '05 Don Basile, K. H. Gibson '04 L'Eveille, G. E. Eversole '07 Almaviva, W. M. Shohl '06 Un alcade, L. B. Robinson '07

The dramatic performances of the "Cercle Francais" at Harvard take the lead in University theatricals. The society was established some years ago by James H. Hyde, its object being to propagate the love of French in Harvard University, and the annual play is only one of the means taken to effect this purpose. There are also lectures, studies, etc., throughout the entire college term, but the play is the one time in which the students air their French before the public, and the performance is always a great Society event. The play is presented in Boston, Cambridge and New York.

HARVARD STUDENTS IN BEAUMARCHAIS' COMEDY "LE BARBIER DE SEVILLE"

The Pioneer Uncle Tomers

BY ONE OF THEM

UNDOUBTEDLY the most successful and popular American play which has yet been written is "Uncle Tom's Cabin", the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous story. It has been played uninterruptedly ever since it was first produced, fifty years ago. There are actors to-day who, for the last twenty-five or more years, have played nothing else. Acting in this play has with many actors become an industry and quite ceased to be an art. In the single summer of 1902, there were sixteen companies in this country playing the piece under canvas. I was asked a short time ago how much longer the play would be popular. I answered that it would continue to be popular long after the death of the last man who ever saw a slave.

The original cast was as follows:

Uncle Tom, G. C. Germon; St. Claire, G. C. Howard; Gumption Cute, C. K. Fox; Eva, Little Cordelia Howard; Topsy, Mrs. G. C. Howard; Fletcher, G. W. L. Fox; Harris, Mr. Siple; Legree, N. B. Clarke; Eliza, Mrs. W. G. Jones; Cassy, Mrs. Bannister; Ophelia, Mrs. E. Fox; Emmeline, Miss Barber; Marie, Miss Landers; Wilson, Mr. Toulmin; Perry, W. J. Lemoyne.

The early performers in the play were not called Uncle

Tomers as they are to-day. That name was given to them in later years when the country became flood-

ed with companies playing this piece, and advertisements in the dramatic papers read "Uncle Tomers Wanted."

An advertisement in the *New York Herald* in 1853 announced:

NATIONAL THEATRE—TO COLORED PEOPLE:
NOTICE—On and after Monday, August 15, a neat and comfortable parquette will be prepared in the lower part of the theatre for the accommodation of

RESPECTABLE COLORED PERSONS

desirous of witnessing the great drama of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

the front seats of which will be reserved for females accompanied by males, and no female admitted unless with company.

The Howard family were the first actors to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They staged the adaptation which had been made from Mrs. Stowe's book by George L. Aiken. They opened with it in Troy, New York, where it had a run of over three months. From there they took it to the National Theatre in New York, where they gave their first performance on July 18, 1853. After the New York run, they took the play on tour. I joined the company as advance

agent in 1855, replacing Hank Parmelee—the first agent that went out with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company—who was on the sick list.

George C. Howard acted St. Clair and he made an ideal Southern planter. On and off the stage he invariably wore a black broadcloth frock coat with brass buttons, and he always had on lavender trousers. So, when he was around the hotels and on the streets of the towns where we were playing, people who had seen him at the theatre would recognize him at once and would say, "There goes Eva's father." Mrs. Howard was Topsy, and there has never been any one yet to equal her in the character. Little Cordelia, her daughter, was a born actress.

I have never seen anything more natural and beautiful than the way in which she played Little Eva. She required no training for it; it came natural to her. Many a time I have seen a big crowd following her when she was out on the streets or at the stores shopping with her mother. They wanted to get a peep at Little Eva with her long golden hair.

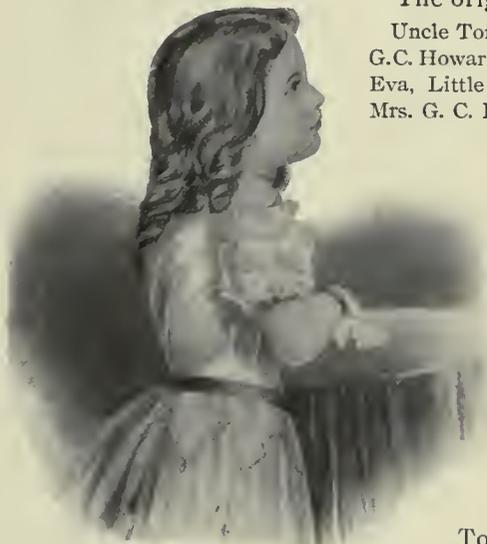
The rest of the cast had in it Greene C. Germon, who acted Uncle Tom; George L. Fox, who afterwards became the famous pantomimist Humpty Dumpty, played Phineas Fletcher; his brother, Charles K. Fox, took the part of that droll individual, Gumption Cute. George Harris was played by Samuel M. Siple, and Eliza by Mrs. W. G. Jones. N. B. Clark was Simon Legree. W. J. Le Moyne, who was with the Howard family when they first produced the play at Troy, created and acted the part of Deacon Perry. When I was with the Howards, George L. Fox doubled and took this part and also the part of Phineas Fletcher. Sometimes when George L. Aiken, the author of the version, was with the company he would play either George Harris or George Shelby.

Some of those old time players are still living. Cordelia Howard is now residing in Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Howard, her mother, is still alive and a hearty old lady. Mrs. W. G. Jones, though upwards of eighty years old, is still on the boards to-day, and playing with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company. W. J. Lemoyne is still acting. All the other members of the old company are dead, but Hank Parmelee is still living.

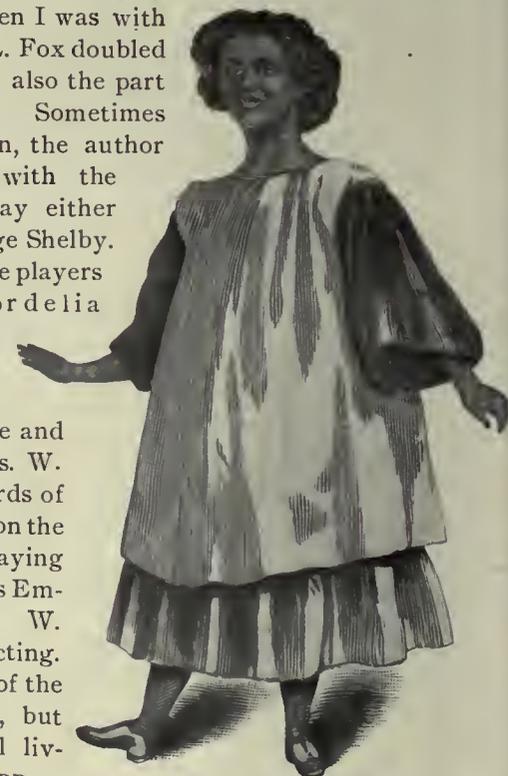
DR. JUDD.



GEORGE C. HOWARD



CORDELIA HOWARD
The first "Little Eva"



MRS. G. C. HOWARD AS TOPSY

Scenes in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco Theatre



Photos Byron, N. Y.

MISS CROSMAN

KATHERINE FLORENCE (Lady Julia)

Act I. Mistress Kitty with her Irish hrogue and Irish wit plays havoc with the hearts of the officers and gallants at Georglan, England's fashionable watering place.



EDWIN STEVENS

JOHN KELLERD CHARLES HAMMOND
(Julia's husband) (Lord Verney)

Act II. Kitty and the imprudent Lady Julia are surprised in Lord Verney's room but take refuge inside the curtained bedstead and finally escape, thanks to a clever stratagem.



Act III. Kitty in the hallroom triumphs over the ladies of quality who had plotted to snub her.

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

NO. III. "PERDITA"

"L A!" said Lady Halliday, at the Oratorio, to her friend, Miss Vizard. "Can it be that his Royal Highness is ill?"

"'Tis the megrim," Lady Orford whispered to her escort.

All eyes were fixed upon the royal loge where stood George, Prince of Wales, behaving most singularly. After holding his playbill before his face, he drew his hand languidly across his forehead, and moved his fingers over the edge of the box, as though writing.

Not a dozen paces away sat Mary Robinson, of Drury Lane Theatre, to whom the Prince was signaling, in a pre-arranged code, that the letter received by the actress two days before, and signed "Florizel," had truly emanated from him. By George's side stood my Lord Malden, Cupid's messenger since the beginning of the royal infatuation, dating from Mrs. Robinson's appearance as Perdita.

Despite this proof of the sincerity of the prince, she declined to arrange a meeting. Beautiful and childish, admirers by the score had flocked about her and she had given them no heed, as much from disinclination as from delicacy. She tells us, in her memoirs, with an artlessness that savors of artfulness, of her two children, of husband's neglect and the continuous importunities, towards her, of the rogues whom Mr. Robinson deemed his friends. With conscious virtue, she narrates her rejection of a Lord Lyttelton, but it appears that none of her piratical suitors, except his Royal Highness, attracted her. At best, hers had been a negative, lackadaisical fidelity. Undiscouraged by rebuff, George continued to urge his suit and finally sent, by Lord Malden, a miniature of himself. On one side of the case was the inscription:

"Je ne change qu'en mourant."

On the other—

"Unalterable to my Perdita through life."

This persistent attention made her husband's neglect appear all the more glaring. From the ashes of her hearth she reared a Castle in Spain. The more she moped, the more she thought of the prince, and, from thinking of him, she grew to love him—rather, to love her idealization of him.

A meeting was arranged. She and Lord Malden were to dine at an inn on an island between Brentford and Kew, from which they were to cross to Kew palace, at dusk, when a handkerchief was waved.

The night was idyllic, the dinner superb, and Malden as obsequious as though she were a princess royal. "The First Gentleman of Europe" was the most accomplished wooer of all time, and so won Mrs. Robinson's heart that, thereafter, she considered him as more of a god than a prince. From that evening she was a different woman. She seems to have gloried in her association with her royal admirer; no thought of shame appears in her memoirs. She separated from her husband, surrendered her children, retired from the stage, without a sigh. The relation became so notorious that the newspapers printed scathing comments, crowds so blocked shop doors, when she was within, as to imprison her for hours. At Ranelagh the press of people became so great that she was forced to leave. Yet no girl was ever so thoughtlessly happy, no queen was ever half so imperious.

Mr. Smith tells us that—

"The colour of her carriage was a light blue, and upon the centre of each panel a basket of flowers was so artfully painted that, as she drove along, it was mistaken for a coronet."

Seemingly, her tide was never to ebb. At a birthnight ball the prince sent two roses, which he had received from the hands of a peeress, to Perdita, who sat in the Chamberlain's box. Soon His Highness was to come into his establishment when Perdita was to be nobly cared for; meanwhile, she was given a bond for twenty thousand pounds.

But, when she least expected it, the tide ebbed and flowed.

"We must meet no more," wrote George, from Windsor Castle. Distracted, she set out for Windsor in a pony phaëton, with a child of nine years as postillion.

"For God's sake, ma'am, bide with me," said the innkeeper at Hounslow. "Every coach that has passed the Heath these last ten nights has been attacked,"

It was then nearly dark.



From an engraving

MRS. ROBINSON

Scenes in Augustus Thomas' Comedy "The Other Girl"



Hall ELSIE DE WOLFE FRANK WORTHING LIONEL BARRYMORE
Act I. Dr. Bradford refuses to allow Kid Garvie to burn money



Act III. Dr. Bradford and the Kid meet the morning after



FRANK BURBECK SELENA FETTER DRINA DE WOLFE JOSEPH WHEELOCK, JR. RALPH DELMORE JOSEPH WHITING
Act III. The explanations at the breakfast table

"Death by my hand or another's," said Perdita. They drove on and the little postillion, by spurring the horse, managed to make the footpad miss the bridle rein. Then began a race—the highwayman for the coach and the coach for the Magpie Tavern, which was reached in safety.

But who can resuscitate a dead love? George protested fidelity, but Perdita wrote, for future generations: "The prince persists in withdrawing himself from my society."

Mr. Robinson, as weak as his wife, wished her to return

to him; she wished to return to the stage, but the stage would not have her. The mistress of royalty is famous; the cast-off mistress, infamous.

Heartbroken, failing physically and seven thousand pounds in debt, hers was a pitiable plight. For the surrender of the royal bond, she was allowed an annuity of five hundred pounds. Shortly thereafter she lost the use of her limbs and, shattered in mind and body, passed the time away by writing meretricious verses.

AUBREY LANSTON.



Byron, N. Y.

JAMES K. HACKETT AND CHARLOTTE WALKER IN "THE CROWN PRINCE"

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen

My Dear Mr. Charles Richman:

Never having seen you, it may seem odd that I should write to you, for I am a Matinee Girl in name only, as here at boarding school we are not allowed to attend the theatre and only on rare occasions am I able to enjoy the drama which I adore. Even on those occasions my aunts choose plays like "Ben Hur" or "Magdala" and it is quite as bad as Sunday school.

But I have several of your photographs. Indeed I have a collection of my favorite actors' pictures and I like to study the different faces.

Sometimes I wonder if they would still be my favorites if I should ever see them act or if, maybe, I might then prefer the ugly ones? I should judge that you like dignified parts best. I can't fancy you as Romeo climbing down the balcony or over the wall for to do those things one must be

quite airy—and you do not look airy to me. You should see some of our big girls getting over the high jumps in the gymnasiums. They are lovely girls, but they can't jump well. Still, jumping isn't necessary for a womanly girl to know, do you think?

And Claude Melnotte, Romeo and others of those dressy characters in plays seem rather silly when you come to think of it and I really admire you more—because I imagine you would not choose such parts. I have never been in love but once and then it was the captain of a football team. I never met him either!

I have read in the THEATRE MAGAZINE (such a lovely magazine! all the girls take it) that you are appearing in a play in which you take two parts, one of which is a Revolutionary hero.

I feel sorry for you for I do not like



Miss Millicent Moone



Charles Richman

the uniforms the soldiers wore--nor do I like the dress of the Pilgrim fathers. The men of the Revolution always look so short waisted and a short waisted hero seems quite impossible. Still there was Napoleon, who had no waist at all!



JAMES NEILL

Popular actor on the Pacific coast who has recently been playing in Honolulu

I admire clothes that fit like those in the magazine advertisements—in fact I like the men in the advertisements, they seem so much more sensible than if they wore frills and feathers. I should think you would like to play dignified parts in which you could forgive erring ones—a minister or even a judge—not a relentless one; but one who would let people go and give them good advice. I do not fancy that you are very conceited for you have width across the eyes and that signifies brains and you have a chin which indicates domestic-

ticity; but I do not suppose a successful actor could be domestic as they have so many divorces. A divorce decree is to an actor what a college degree is to a man! That is rather good, isn't it? I often think of things like that when I am writing letters and sometimes say them in ordinary conversation. The girls here say I could write plays.

I hope you will never try to do Hamlet, but of course my hoping so will not stop you if you have once been seized with the Shakespearean microbe. But Hamlet was such a

bore! I can't imagine why great actors like Mr. Nat Goodwin and Mr. Edmund Russell choose the part I hope you do not have to make frilly sentimental speeches in your plays. Such things are so silly! Some of the girls here like the silliest poems and recite them too at the teas in their rooms which is worse. Because one can't make fun of them when they are giving the teas. They have no real love for the Drama nor for Art!

I should like to study for the stage if I were allowed, but I should have to take another name. My aunts would be furious if they knew that I were writing you this letter. I am not allowed to write to boys so am sending this enclosed in another letter to a girl I know in New York who has a room filled with posters—in which she smokes cigarettes. She is a Bohemian and she is awfully pretty—but she has a good heart and that is why I am sending this letter in her care knowing that it will reach you. Other girls that I know, uglier and more particular, would never send it. I hope that I shall see you act some day on the stage. If I ever do I shall sit in the first row and will wear violets pinned on my muff.

Good-bye from your unknown friend,
 —Seminary for Young Ladies, MILLICENT MOONE.
 —on the Hudson.



MISS EDYTHE CHAPMAN
 (Mrs. James Neill)



Byron, N. Y.

Scene in Mildred Holland's new production "The Triumph of an Empress," in which she appears as Catherine the Great of Russia. The play will be seen shortly in New York.



Byron, N. Y.

The Handkerchief scene in "Othello." Iago (Winifred Goff) takes the handkerchief from Emelia (Rita Newman)

Joseph Sheehan as the Moor and Gertrude Rennyson as Desdemona in Act IV of "Othello"

Desdemona pleading with Othello

Grand Opera in English

IT is now a matter of ten years since Henry W. Savage, a real estate dealer of Boston, found himself the owner of a theatre in that city, the Castle Square. That was the immediate cause of one of the most interesting developments in our theatrical history. Mr. Savage, although ignorant of the business—and possibly because he was ignorant—organized a stock operetta company. He applied ordinary, good business sense and methods to his venture, and, being fortunate in that rare instinct which enables an *entrepreneur* to divine the wishes of a public before the public itself is quite sure of them, found a success at the very beginning which has never since failed him. This little operetta company of ten years ago which in time came to be known from one end of the country to the other as the Castle Square English Opera Company has now disappeared; not, however, before it had done admirable work in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, in each of which cities by a stay of a year or more it came to be regarded as a local institution. But its direct descendants are very much in existence, performing functions profitable alike to the public and to their proprietor.

As years went on, Mr. Savage, in obedience to the changing taste of his public, gradually increased the scope of his company's work.

To the operettas of Audran, Von Suppé, Sullivan and the like, he added operas of greater substance: "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Martha," and then

such as "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet" (all in English) and "Der Freischütz," until he broke through the magic ring which surrounds the Wagnerian music-drama and gave performances in English of "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Die Meistersinger." By this gradual process he constantly improved his company, chorus, orchestra and soloists, and simultaneously educated his public up to a better appreciation of the higher class of opera. In time, it came that the

Castle Square Company had two organizations, one for operetta and one for grand opera. Then came the creditably courageous season of grand opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House, speedily followed by the disintegration of the Castle Square Company, on the one hand into numerous organizations for the performance of modern comic opera and musical comedy; on the other, into the Savage English Grand Opera Company which has made for itself a most important place in the musical economy of this country.

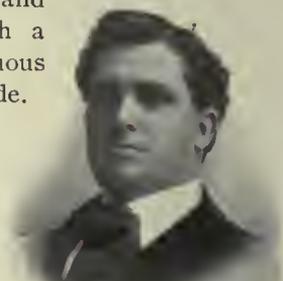
It is much the fashion among those whose mental and musical horizon is limited to the yellow brick walls of the Metropolitan Opera House to dismiss the work of the Savage English Grand Opera Company with a sneer. No more fatuous mistake was ever made. To be sure, Mr. Savage can not furnish at a maximum admission of one dollar such singers as Mr. Grau did and Mr. Conried does at five, to say nothing of an influential subsidy from the stockholders. Necessarily



MISS GERTRUDE RENNYSON
As Elsa in "Lohengrin"



WINIFRED GOFF (Baritone)



JOSEPH SHEEHAN (Tenor)



FRANCIS J. BOYLE
As Mephistopheles in "Faust"

the work of this traveling company must not be judged by Metropolitan standards. But a company which gives pleasure to a public ten, perhaps twenty times as large as that which patronizes Mr. Conried's enterprise and accomplishes this end, not only by good, honest and adequate performances of the classics of the operatic stage but by the presentation of interesting novelties, is not to be dismissed in a word. Moreover, when such

unmixed with mistakes, to accomplish this, but it may fairly be said that he has done it. He has always had a good, vigorous, fresh-voiced chorus. He has at length succeeded in getting an adequate orchestra with two capable conductors, Messrs. Emmanuel and Schenck, to direct it.

His principal singers have always been capable, conscientious artists, quite equal to the demands made on them. Only two for-



MISS RITA NEWMAN
As Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana"

a company is the sole means in a country of imparting to the vast general public a knowledge of the masterpieces of operatic art, its value as an educational factor is seriously to be reckoned with.

This success must be due to general excellence of performance as well as to a varied and interesting repertory. The musical intelligence of this good land is not confined to the patrons of Mr. Conried's enterprise. Heaven help us if it were! Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis and other cities of that class are quite as keen as New York. Mr. Grau several times discovered that fact to his loss when on tour with his company and Mr. Savage has never allowed it to escape his calculation. He has aimed to organize a good, solid, well-balanced ensemble. It has taken years of experiments, not



N. E. EMMANUEL ELLIOTT SCHENCK
Conductors.

eign voices are noted in the organization, and these are among the male principals. The chorus is all-American for the first time in American grand opera history. It was no less an authority than Mme. Schumann-Heink who recently observed that "the great voices of the future must come from America." Mr. Savage had long since realized this prophecy. From the Savage company have gone forth singers to gain fame in distant lands. At the Grand Opera in

Paris Josephine Ludwig, a St. Louis girl, for three years with this company, has been winning bravos during the past six months. In St. Petersburg Yvonne De Treville, another of Savage's former English Grand Opera girls, is the favorite at the Royal Opera. Among the prima donnas in this country formerly with the company are such well-known



PIETRO OHERADI
As Don Jose in "Carmen"



MISS MARION IVELL
As Amneris in "Aida"



MISS JEAN L. BROOKS
As Arline in "The Bohemian Girl"



MR. MARSANO
As Telremund

singers as Grace Van Studdiford, Maude Lillian Berri, Maud Lambert, Clara Lane, Gertrude Quinlan, Jennie MacNichol, Amy Whalley and a host of others. The company still includes a number of the best singers that started with it several years ago, among whom should be mentioned the popular tenor Joseph Sheehan, Winfred Goff, the baritone, Francis J. Boyle, the basso, Gertrude Rennyson, soprano, and Marrion Ivell, the young contralto whose *Carmen* has attracted favorable critical notice. Among Mr. Savage's new singers winning fame for the first time in America are Jean Lane Brooks and Antoinette LeBrun,

sopranos, Rita Newman, a mezzo-soprano, Pietro Gherardi, the tenor, Remi Marsano and Alber Wallerstedt, baritones, Harrison W. Bennett, the basso, and several younger singers.

The repertoire this year includes Verdi's "*Othello*," "*Aida*," and "*Il Trovatore*"; Wagner's "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tannhäuser*"; Gounod's "*Faust*" and "*Romeo and Juliet*"; Puccini's "*Tosca*"; Mascagni's "*Cavaleria Rusticana*"; Donizetti's "*Lucia di Lammermoor*"; Bizet's "*Carmen*"; Flotow's "*Martha*"; and Balfe's "*Bohemian Girl*." We are also promised Puccini's new "*Mme. Butterfly*" and possibly Charpentier's "*Louise*." WILLIAM E. WALTER.

A Chat with Signor Caruso



SIGNOR CARUSO IN "*MANON*"

ONE of the sensations of the present opera season, apart from the production of "*Parsifal*," has been the American début of Signor Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor. This is his first visit to the United States, but he has sung in Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres and other South American cities, he is famous in his native Italy, and last year he made the conquest of London.

Signor Caruso makes his home in New York with some fellow countrymen and there the writer had a little chat with him the other day. As soon as one enters the house America is left outside. All is Italian, from the pretty black-eyed maid with her gold hoop ear-rings, who opened the door, to the artistic furnishings and bric-a-brac.

Caruso welcomed us in the affable Italian manner. He is very broad shouldered, with splendid chest development, and almost his first remark was to complain that the American newspapers have persistently described him as short.

"Am I short?" he exclaimed, drawing himself up. And standing beside a friend several inches shorter, he added indignantly: "I am five feet nine; is that short? I do not make use of devices for increasing my height either, no high heels or inner heels."

The singer has the black hair and eyes and the dark complexion usually associated in this country with Italians, nor is this strange since he comes from Naples, the most musical part of that land of song.

He laughingly assured us that he had learned three sentences of English since his arrival.

"The theatres here are very fine," he said. "The audiences are unusually intelligent, and the women—beautiful, oh, most beautiful!" He clasped his hands as if in ecstasy. "They are so enthusiastic, too. Even more so than in Italy. It is a sign of intelligence."

"Are you gratified at your success here?"

"Could I be otherwise. Everybody—press, public, has been most kind."

"What are your favorite rôles?"

"I have none. I do not believe in favorite rôles. An artist, to be an artist, should sing all rôles—always provided they are well written and really good music—equally well. He should throw himself into them, become the character,

or else"—an expressive shrug—"he is not an artist."

"Do you sing any of the Wagnerian rôles?"

A characteristic shrug followed the question.

"I have sung *Lohengrin* in Italian, nothing else. The Wagnerian rôles are not for me. I do not wish to ruin my voice. My compass is so" [he measured a distance of two feet] "the Wagnerian tenor rôles are all written here" [another gesture, indicating the upper third of his compass]. "If I sing only up there, what happens? No, they are not for us Italians. When I am forty-five or fifty, perhaps, then I will sing them. It will not matter then if I spoil my voice."

Caruso has already appeared in New York in the operas "*Rigolletto*," "*La Bohême*," "*Tosca*," "*Aida*," "*I Pagliacci*," and "*La Traviata*," and three times in Philadelphia.

Among the operas whose tenor rôles Caruso has sung are Franchetti's "*Germania*," in which he appeared at the initial performance in Milan a year ago last March; Cilea's "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," produced in the same city last winter with great success; Giordano's "*Fedora*," and the opera "*L'Arlesiana*."

The tenor is very clever at caricatures, and was very willing to dash off the accompanying caricature of himself for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Signor Caruso could not become enthusiastic over our climate. "It is not the cold, no, nor is it dampness, but these terrible and continual changes, every day different. Nor do I like your heated houses. They are too warm. And New York is so noisy—an *inferno*."

He has reason to regret our strenuous life, for very recently on his way to take a train a trolley car ran into the automobile in which he was seated, there was a great shattering of glass, and he was painfully cut on head and wrist. "I sang that same night in Philadelphia in '*Lucia*,' but it was very painful," he added plaintively.

We shall not have him with us much longer, as he leaves in February to sing at Monte Carlo. ELISE LATHROP.



A caricature of Signor Caruso, drawn by himself



Copyright, Aime Dupont

Miss Foerusen



Miss Berndorf



Miss Marcia Van Dresser



Miss Hofman

SOME OF THE FLOWER GIRLS IN "PARSIFAL"

The Truth in Regard to "Parsifal"

By W. J. HENDERSON

THE world of music centered itself in "Parsifal" last month. Heinrich Conried fulfilled his promise to wrest the monopoly of this unique work of art from Baireuth. The Wagner family raged and the Berlin Wagnerverein imagined a vain thing. Nothing could prevent the production but the refusal of competent artists, stage managers and conductors to do the necessary work. There was no refusal, and the record stands that Anton Fuchs, who made the Baireuth of to-day what it is; Carl Lautenschläger, the mechanical magician of the famous Prince Regent Theatre of Munich; and Alfred Hertz, a conductor who had no fraternal bonds to shatter, brought the enterprise to a triumphant issue.

The initial performance took place on Christmas eve, 1903, and since that time the exhibition has been given with scheduled regularity on each Thursday night. At each disclosure the opera house has been crowded with a curious throng made up partly of habitual music drinkers, partly of people who regard it as their duty to find out what's going on in town, and partly of deluded curiosity seekers from Harlem, Hoboken and way stations, all filled with a faith in the statements of press agents, critics afflicted with Wagneromania and hysterical ladies who once visited

Baireuth. It is both amusing and pathetic to see an audience sitting with bowed heads at the performance of this Kiralfy spectacle of holy things. If Wagner had really hurled into the world a work of genius, a masterpiece, in this, his swan song, I, too, should cry "Ave Imperator"; and bow the knee; for no man worships more devoutly at the shrine of Wagner than I do. But it seems to me that there is something defective in the vision which fails to penetrate the tinselled garb of processions, ballet, transformation scenes, steam and purple light and to discern the emaciated and anæmic form which is beneath.

"The story of "Parsifal" has already been told at length in this magazine. It needs no repetition here. But let us briefly recount the elements of this music drama. We have a king who has yielded to seduction and received an incurable wound, red and revolting, which may be exhibited at will by laying back a flap in the bosom of his robe. This, we are told, symbolizes the gnawing tooth of conscience. We have a prophecy that this wound shall be healed by a guileless fool enlightened by pity. We have a wicked magician with an enchanted garden full of Tenderloin ladies, whose business it is to lead good young men from the path of virtue. One of these is Kundry, who when she is well a saint would be, but when ill and under the hypnotic spell of Klingsor, the devil a saint is she. It was she who despoiled the Grail King Amfortas.

Now Parsifal, by observing in Act I the ceremony of the unveiling of the Grail and the Lord's Supper—the latter lugged in by Wagner to awe pious minds—and manifesting no curiosity about it all, demonstrates that he an innocent fool. Kicked out of the castle, he falls straight into the lures of the magic garden and when the transformed Kundry, now doing her celebrated temptation act, smothers his lips in a kiss 45 seconds long, he is miraculously enlightened, so that when Klingsor attempts to pin him with



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HERR KRAUS AS "LOHENGRIN"

the sacred spear, originally captured from Amfortas. He catches the weapon on the fly, makes a cross on the air with it, and brings on the transformation scene. The beautiful flower garden turns to ashes of roses and Act II ends.

In Act III Parsifal finds his way back to the Grail country and meets Kundry, who is now a penitent. He baptizes her and she washes his feet and anoints him. More claptrap to awe the pious. It has nothing to do with the story. Parsifal is conducted to the Grail castle again, once more sees the Grail brought in, and this time by touching the wound with the holy spear cures the sufferer.

The scenic attire of the opera is superb and the production on the whole is the most magnificent ever accorded to a lyric drama in this country. In several respects it is better than the original at Baireuth. The flower girl scene is far better done here, for over yonder Cosima Wagner has trained each of the girls in such detail that the whole lot of them are mere marionettes.

Mme. Ternina has added greatly to her artistic renown by her splendid performance of Kundry. No one yet knows what Kundry is, because she is three distinct personages in the three acts, and no one can explain any one of them. Learned disquisitions have been written, but they have demonstrated the futility of Wagner's plan. To explain Kundry critics have had to dig up all the old legends having the slightest bearing on the matter. Of course this only helps to convince reflective minds that Wagner made a mighty poor play when he wrote "Parsifal". A drama, to be good, must be self-explanatory.

Mr. Burgstaller, despite his Cosimatic postures and gestures, sings Parsifal with such communicative style and with such temperamental force that he is irresistible. Mr.

Van Rooy attends capably to the wailings of the suffering king, and Mr. Blass recites the tedious stories of the ancient Gurnemanz as if he really believed in them.

Finally something really ought to be said about the music, for after all Wagner was a composer. It is both difficult and easy to believe that this music was written by the composer of "Tannhäuser", "Die Meistersinger", and the other great works. It is difficult to believe it because of the utter lack of the native fire of inspiration found in the other scores. It is easy because of the continual echoing and paraphrasing of the thoughts conceived for the making of the greater works. This is the product of a man at hard labor. It is unquestionably the work of a genius, but not a work of genius. But it is a tremendous popular success, and it is like Katisha's left shoulder blade, in that people come miles to see it.

The December concerts of the Philharmonic Society were conducted by Gustave F. Kogel, of Frankfurt. His revelations were made at the

first entertainment in Beethoven's C minor symphony, the prelude and finale of "Tristan und Isolde" and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel". At the second he conducted the Brahms C minor symphony, Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture, and Liszt's "Les Preludes". Mr. Kogel proved to be a substantial, intelligent reader of scores. Nature constructed him on a practical plan and designed him for a long and contented life.

Therefore she did not make him neurotic or poetic. He caused the Philharmonic musicians to play with vigor and precision. He hustled them through the Beethoven symphony at a lively gait, but he did the "Tristan" music admirably. The soloist in the first of his two concerts was Adele aus der Ohe, who reappeared here after a considerable absence. She played the second piano concerto of Tschai-kowsky. She was in a strenuous mood and smote the keyboard unsparingly in the first and third movements, but she played the second with more restraint and with intelligence.



ADELE AUS DER OHE (Pianiste)

The Philharmonic rehearsal of January 8 and the concert of January 9 introduced to this public the London conductor Henry J. Wood. His *pièce de resistance* was Tschai-kowsky's fifth symphony. The work has never been interpreted here with more poetry, more detail of light and shade, more eloquent power in the climaxes. It was a reading which fully explained how Mr. Wood has succeeded in arousing English enthusiasm for the music of the famous Russian master. The solo performer of the entertainments was the American violinist, Maud Powell, who played the Saint-Säens concerto in B minor. Miss Powell's performance was distinguished by beautiful and opulent tone, brilliant technic and thorough appreciation of the music. She is to-day the first of women violinists and there is little of feminine weakness in her playing.

One of the most interesting incidents of the past month was the performance at the Kneisel Quartet concert on January 5 of Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins. The players were Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Theodorowicz, the second violinist of the quartet, and they were supported by a small body of strings, led by David Mannes. Such beautiful Bach playing is rarely heard and the treatment of the cadenza by the two artists was a masterpiece of technic and interpretation.

At the opera in addition to "Parsifal" Sembrich's appearances in "Traviata", "Lucia" and "Il Barbiere" commanded warm praise.

W. J. HENDERSON.



Gessford, N. Y.

MISS MAUD POWELL
Well-known American violinist who has scored
great success here and abroad

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



PHOTO. HALL

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MISS FRITZI SCHEFF as "Babette."

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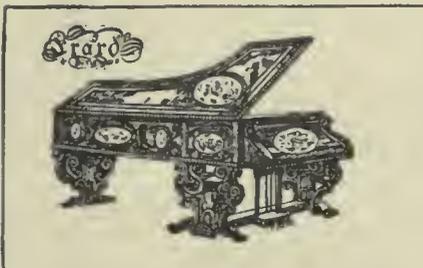
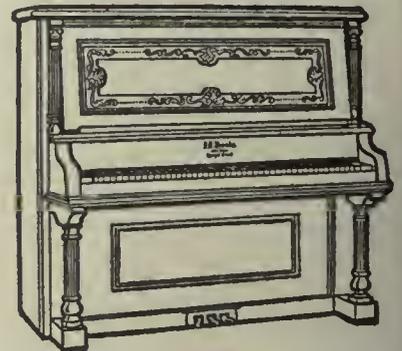
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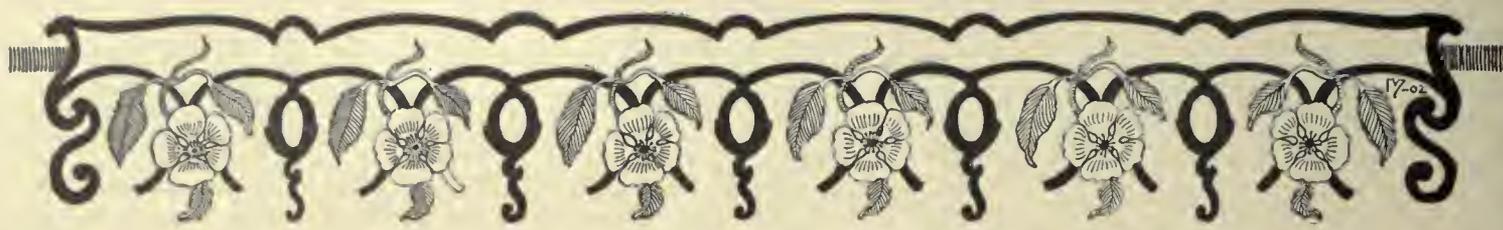
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

JOHN FORBES ROBERTSON AS HAMLET

There is considerable public curiosity to see this distinguished English actor as the moody Dane at the Knickerbocker Theatre on March 7 next. Those who have seen his performance of that most complex of Shakespeare's characters declare that he incarnates Hamlet as no other living English-speaking actor has done, and that his interpretation ranks with the great interpretations of the past.



PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE drama by Martha Morton Conheim, "The Triumph of Love," which was awarded the prize in our recent play competition was produced at the Criterion Theatre, on February 8th last, and full particulars of the performance are given on another page. In view of the criticism that the prize play aroused in some quarters, F. Marion Crawford, one of the judges, addressed the following letter to the *Morning Telegraph* of this city:

In the matter of the prize play, the "Triumph of Love," I do not feel that I am in any way called upon to defend the choice made by Mr. William Seymour and myself. The task we accepted was not an easy one. Between two and three hundred plays were sent in for the THEATRE'S competition, from which we were expected to select the one which, on the whole, seemed most suitable for production, precisely in the state in which it came into our hands. It is obvious that after our choice was made, it would have been unfair for us to make any suggestion whatsoever to the author of the successful play.

Out of the whole number of plays sent in, seventeen were selected for me to read; and I read them with the utmost care and impartiality. Of these seventeen, Mr. Seymour and I set aside five, which we considered to be distinctly the best; of these five, which we then read over the second time, we selected two as being distinctly better than the other three; we then read those two a third time, and agreed without the slightest discussion that the one which most nearly fulfilled the required conditions was the "The Triumph of Love." I say this to show that the selection was not made hastily.

No one will venture to say that Mr. Seymour is not a competent judge of plays from a theatrical point of view. It was more especially my duty, I understand, to judge of the literary merits of the work chosen. With regard to this, I have nothing to say as to my own competency.

I would draw attention to the fact that there was never any difference of opinion between Mr. Seymour and myself. Our duties, voluntarily undertaken, undoubtedly ended when our choice was made. Those who doubt that this choice was wise may possibly obtain the privilege of reading between two and three hundred plays for themselves, in order to form an opinion; but no one has the right to doubt that it was conscientious and impartial.

I have no hesitation in saying for myself, and I believe that I am safe in saying for Mr. Seymour, that if we had to choose again, we should maintain that our final selection was the only one possible under the conditions.

With regard to the performance at the Criterion Theatre, it would be most unbecoming in me to make any criticism of the play, and I think that the performance itself was extremely creditable. No one unacquainted with the practical side of theatrical matters

can understand how very hard it is to do justice even to the best play in the world, when a single performance of it is to be given; when the actors taking part in it are most of them playing engagements at the other theatres; when unforeseen accidents make it necessary for new interpreters to be found for some of the minor parts, at two or three days' notice, because those who had attended rehearsals so far were suddenly called away from town with their respective companies; when scenery, properties, and the like, have to be got together more or less hastily; and when a great many of the people concerned, but not visible to the public, look upon the whole affair either as a nuisance or as a sort of outing, or theatrical picnic. It is an extremely severe test of any dramatic performance; and I have no hesitation in saying that, on the present occasion, the actors and all concerned deserve high praise for the general smoothness of the production.

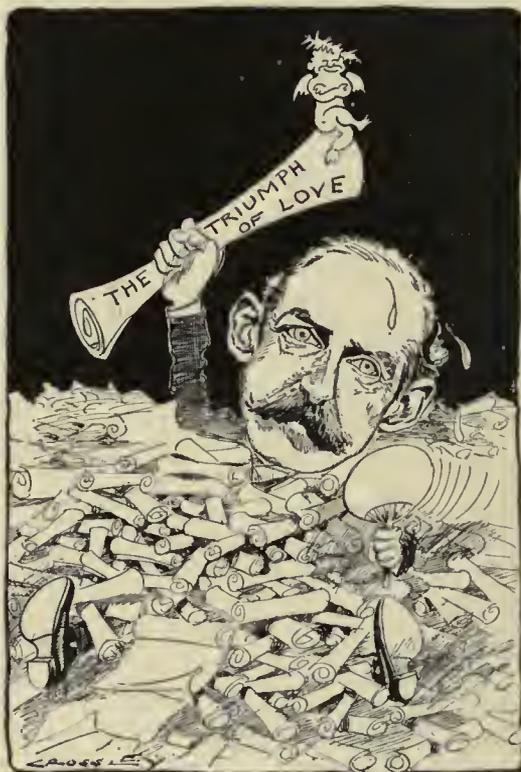
Some of the critics have expressed, more or less wittily and ironically, a certain amount of pity for me, as having been obliged to go through so much material before making a choice, in expressing my

thanks to those who were really sincere in taking this view, I should like to say that I am not at all to be pitied. It was not an easy task, as I have said, but it was emphatically an interesting one, an honorable one—a task which any man of letters should be glad to undertake, both for itself and for what he must learn in fulfilling it conscientiously.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Misdirected energy is not a crime, nor is inadequate art necessarily a heinous offence. If the spirit is earnest and sincere, the result, if not all that might be wished, should still call for encouragement. It is not in the power of every star to satisfy all in Shakespeare; but one who invests enthusiasm and capital in an honest desire to do justice to poetic ideals, ought, at least, to be treated with tolerant courteousness. All of which is preliminary to the fact that Miss Viola Allen lately seen as Viola in "Twelfth Night" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has failed to satisfy some of our erudite Shakesperian critics. That perennial howl has again gone up that cuts have been made and transpositions adopted. It is time it downed. If the integrity of the verse is retained, not added to or altered, who shall declare that dramatic cogency is not gained by the doing away of frequent shift of scene? There are no liberties taken in the text of Miss Allen's version that are not justified by sound dramatic sense. Few who know well this exquisite comedy will, however, other than agree that in the performance there is an essential quality of atmosphere lacking. But why not be grateful for the nourishing crumbs a conscientious daughter of Melpomene has been good enough to cast upon our all too bare dramatic table?

The production is a beautiful one, not too ornate and invested with a coloring artistically attuned to the poetry of the action. The garden of Olivia's palace is a magnificent set, whose value would be much enhanced by better lighting. Rich and handsome are the costumes, and graceful and tuneful the musical settings of the songs and the incidental accompaniment. At all time is the eye pleased, and on no occasion is the mental ideal rudely jolted. And yet the representation is wanting in a something that carries conviction. One explanation lies in the fact that the tempo is altogether too slow. Many of the principal performers retard in an exasperating fashion, killing the effectiveness of many a scene. The comedy touches lose their spontaneity, and the action halts. It is admitted that Miss Allen makes a very pretty picture as Viola. Her impersonation is fraught with picturesque move-



Courtesy Morning Telegraph

F. MARION CRAWFORD

As judge in the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S recent play competition, overwhelmed by the vast number of arriving manuscripts.

some are the costumes, and graceful and tuneful the musical settings of the songs and the incidental accompaniment. At all time is the eye pleased, and on no occasion is the mental ideal rudely jolted. And yet the representation is wanting in a something that carries conviction. One explanation lies in the fact that the tempo is altogether too slow. Many of the principal performers retard in an exasperating fashion, killing the effectiveness of many a scene. The comedy touches lose their spontaneity, and the action halts. It is admitted that Miss Allen makes a very pretty picture as Viola. Her impersonation is fraught with picturesque move-

ment and much technical facility. But the soul of one of Shakespeares's most idyllic characters eludes her. The yearning romantic poesy of the rôle, the witchery of its dainty humor and its pathetic psychology are expressed with a certain hardness of touch that offsets the intelligence of the study. It is a sound characterization but uninspired. John Blair's Malvolio is expert in its detail, but lacking in that egotistical dignity that should bring the pathetic note into positive prominence. The Sir Toby of Clarence Handy-side is heavy without unction, while anything more absolutely modern in its spirit and execution than Miss Grace Elliston's Olivia it would be hard to imagine. John Craig reads Orsino with romantic fervor, and Percival F. Stevens, who staged the revival, is unceasingly acrobatic as Fabian.

If the late Frank Norris had lived, he would probably have become one of the greatest writers of fiction this country has yet produced. Before his untimely taking off he created at least two splendid monuments to his memory. The finest of these is "The Octopus"; the other is "The Pit." Both books, with a gift and power of descriptive writing equal to Zola at his best, are racially of the soil, presenting American problems, exposing national weaknesses and vices, and picturing vividly American types and manners. "The Octopus," incomparably the superior in its marvellous word pictures, its subtle character drawing and general human interest, deals with the vast wheat fields of the Far West, the farmer who grows the grain and his struggles against the powerful railroads controlled by grasping, conscienceless capitalists. "The Pit" presents another and similar phase of American life—the grain speculator in the great commercial centres, wrecking domestic happiness in the mad race for wealth and power, in an insane attempt to monopolize the gifts of Nature. Here, surely, are fruitful themes for dramatic treatment, splendid material for a great American

play. Whether "The Octopus" will ever be dramatized is uncertain, but W. A. Brady is now presenting a stage version of "The Pit" with some measure of popular success. This is said in justice to the management, for it is incontestable that the piece is attracting and apparently giving satisfaction to large audiences. How many of these auditors come solely for the elaborate pit scene in the fourth act is another question. For, to be truthful, there is nothing in the play except this one scene which is well done and sufficiently novel and exciting to be regarded as sensational. With its frenzied mob of brokers howling the sinister chorus of Jadwin's ruin, this one tableau is certainly thrilling enough. Of course, it is not drama, only noise. But the average theatre-goer does not stop to analyze. He recognizes true drama and feels its power when it is given to him, and when he gets only noise, he accepts that as a substitute, perhaps suspecting something is still missing. And when he reflects, as in this case, that he has had to endure three talky, dreary, nothing-doing acts before the big situation is reached, he is more than ever convinced that it is only make-believe drama. If Frank Norris were to see this work of his as presented on the stage, assuredly his ghost would walk. He certainly never created those flashily dressed, loud talking, ill-bred persons who quarrel and gabble nonsense throughout the first three dreary acts of this play. That Chicago was willing to accept such as types of her fashionable society is remarkable. Of the philosophy of the novel, of its wonderful word pictures, remarkable character drawing; nothing whatever remains. The story is awkwardly told, the dialogue is common-place, and the action undramatic and slow.

Wilton Lackaye is seen as the Chicago speculator who neglects his wife to corner wheat, and only realizes what happiness he has jeopardized when his business rivals beat him at his own game, and he is a ruined man. This char-



Photo, Byron

Forrest Robinson

Adelaide Prince Cyril Scott

SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "GLITTERING GLORIA" AT DALY'S



Hall, N. Y.

Dave Braham, Jr., and Miss Mary Vokes in "Checkers," a dramatization of Henry M. Blossom, Jr.'s story, which has proved one of the popular successes of the season.

Robinson did all he could as a noisy pistol-flourishing Texan. Miss Adele Ritchie was not in very good voice, and gave a colorless performance of the title rôle. Adelaide Prince, an admirable actress, was miscast as the wife; so also was Phyllis Rankin as the fiancée. The Hengler Sisters do some graceful dancing apropos of nothing, and there are pretty girls in the chorus.

There is one act in "The Younger Mrs. Parling" and a bit of acting in that act, apart from the excellent art of Annie Russell, which make the whole play worth the while. Haddon Chambers, in adapting or paraphrasing Henri Bernstein's "Le Détour," has missed it in his depiction of the surroundings of Jacqueline Carstairs, afterwards Mrs. James Parling. The environments of the girl are typically continental in the original. Virtue thriving in contact with vice is not impossible, and certainly not very uncommon in some countries; but in London, to which city the scene of the action is transferred, it is so uncommon that the subject and the character would require a different treatment from that given to it by Mr. Chambers or, perhaps, by M. Bernstein. The story, in brief, is that James Parling marries an honest girl whose mother is not what she ought to be. Jacqueline is received into the Parling family, where she is so constantly reminded of the elevation conferred on her, and so sickened by the cant and persecution of the members of the household and of the visitors that she determines to throw up virtue, practiced as a game, and to follow the lead of her mother by running away with a lover. To be consistent, the character would have to be played in a key different from what it is. The Younger Mrs. Parling is justified in abandoning her husband and his family, but not

acter Mr. Lackaye portrayed with his customary authority and artistic thoroughness. He presents Curtis Jadwin in the hour of triumph as a virile, resourceful, dominating figure, and again as a crazed, pathetic object of overwhelming misery and despair, when finally he is crushed by his own ambition.

As musical comedies go now-a-days, "Glittering Gloria," the piece by Hugh Morton and Bernard Holt, imported from London and now on view at Daly's, is fairly good entertainment. There is not much glitter about it, but everything is relative, in the show business as elsewhere, and when we say the piece is entertaining it means that similar exhibitions which have gone before were deadly dull. The most commendable feature of this piece is that it actually has a plot with continuous complications which are sufficiently interesting to hold one down in one's seat. The situations, it is true, creak with age, but they are amusing. Two young men—one married, the other engaged—are infatuated with a chorus girl known as "Glittering Gloria." They fall over each other in paying her attentions, and the purchase of a diamond necklace by the husband results in all sorts of trouble, for the wife is concealed in the shop at the time the purchase is made. The efforts of the husband to explain away and unload the necklace on some other admirer of the fair Gloria, are productive of a good deal of fun, especially in the second act where, in Gloria's flat, both admirers have to hide in trunks to escape the indignant wife and fiancée. A bull dog, who runs amuck at the sight of a red necktie, is the principal actor in this scene, and is largely responsible for the tattered appearance of the young men when they are finally rescued from the trunks. The piece is well acted. First honors must go to Ferdinand Gottschalk, who was exceedingly droll as a rural solicitor in love with Gloria. Percy F. Ames was capital as the dude, and Eugene O'Rourke gave a most amusing character sketch of a British baggage master, his telephone song, "Cordelia," making the hit of the evening. Cyril Scott was satisfactory as the husband and Forrest



MACLYN ARBUCKLE

From a drawing made by himself for the THEATRE MAGAZINE

in abandoning herself. It is not a question of morals, but of psychological development. The character itself has not a proper beginning or a proper end. In the second act, however, both in true sentiment and just indignation, Miss Russell is herself, forceful in character, thoroughly convincing and satisfactory. To E. A. Eberle belongs the credit of an uncommon bit of character acting. As Samuel Parling, the father, he is the most polite, restrained, conscientious, preachy old bore that ever dominated a family. As a stage figure Samuel Parling is new. The season has had its compensations in the successes of actors in fine characterizations, and Mr. Eberle's performance must be accounted as one of the best. John Mason, as James Parling, had to play well within the lines of an ungrateful part, and his conscientious art was manifest in his self-restraint, naturalness and close adherence to an awkward, uncompromising, unattractive, unsentimental prototype. Mrs. Gilbert, as the submissive wife of the elder Parling, showed that her skill has not deserted her. The play is more interesting by reason of its satire than by the logic of its plot. Miss Olive Murray furnished an excellent bit of character acting in the part of Susan Parling, the daughter, a sly creature, the product of too much parental watchfulness and preaching. She marries a man without loving him in order to be free to receive the attentions of a married man whom she does love. The contrast between the natural purity of Jacqueline and the secretly cultivated iniquity of Susan provides a number of the most telling episodes in the play.

In its new habitat at the Garden Theatre, "The Secret of Polichinelle" promises to renew the strong hold it had on the public favor when summarily removed from the Madison Square. Pierre Wolff's graceful three-act comedy belongs to that school of which Labiche's "Les Petits Oiseaux" is the most representative type. A mild and normal exhibition it is of paternal and maternal devotion, augmented and strengthened by the introduction of the grandchild. As a study of character in which the personages are depicted with splendid detail and rounded out into a perfect whole, the comedy in its translation by Miss Mildred Aldrich compares but poorly with what Sydney Grundy did for the Labiche piece under the title of "A Pair of Spectacles." Whether it is the fault of the players or the effect of the translation, the social status of the Jouvenels is by no means fixed. It is difficult to imagine any fearful results from the so-called *mésalliance* of young Jouvenel and the pretty flower-maker. It is unnecessary to add that the French author did not resort to an English wedding to overcome that paragraph in the French code which makes a marriage without the consent of the parents void if incurred before the son reaches the age of twenty-five. That is, of course, only a Puritanical invention. It is a small point, but it is characteristic of the entire production. The wooing of the charming divorcée, Mme. Santenay, by that inevitable friend of the family and man of the world, M. Trevoux, is at best but moderately exhilarating. Who cares a rap for the feeble chattering of the loquacious Mme. Langeac or the

ineptitudes of her chaste daughter? Why did they always select their friends' home for their amatory and colloquial debates? Why does the translator make the daughter address her mother in French, while all the other characters are speaking English? Wm. H. Thompson, made up as Dumas fils, plays the father whose would-be sternness ignominiously pales beneath the warmth of his genial heart. It is a cheerful performance, especially the scenes with the grandchild, wherein he shuns all the amiable meannesses of most grandfathers, but the fussiness is overdone at times. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh gives a sweetly touching performance of the equally doting grandmother, and Grace Kimball imparts social distinction and sartorial splendor to the rôle of Mme. Santenay. W. J. Ferguson is his usual self as Trevoux, and scores his every point. The child is humanly, but rather noisily, played by Master Barriscale. Florence Conron is nothing if not discreet as the young wife, and Frank Patton is sympathetic as the erring son. The stage settings of the first and third acts are unusually crude and cheap.



Hall

ANNIE RUSSELL

JOHN MASON

"The Younger Mrs. Parling" at the Garrick



Walery, Paris

ROSARIO GUERRERO

This young Spanish pantomime dancer recently seen in "The Red Feather" will be starred here shortly in an elaborate production of "Carmen," a novel feature of which will be a realistic Spanish bull fight with live bulls and horses.

in extraordinary fashion with modern farce comedy, a strange jumble of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "What Happened to Jones." The only genuinely amusing thing about the whole affair is that the audiences seem to enjoy it hugely. They take the grotesque situations and dialogue all seriously, and, altogether missing the satire, declare it the "best thing Jim Hackett has yet done." The truth is, it is the worst stuff this dashing, picturesque young actor has ever appeared in, and the sooner he comes out of the woods and returns to the fold the better for his own interests. By the bye, what has become of the ambitious "Alexander the Great" production announced by Mr. Hackett last Summer?

Carrying coals to Newcastle is unprofitable business at all times, and Miss France Hamilton, an ambitious young actress with apparently more money than judgment, no doubt regrets by now that she undertook to present Ibsen's "Doll's House" at a matinée at the Manhattan Theatre, the home of Mrs. Fiske, the best Nora the American stage has seen. Miss Hamilton's failure was complete. Her acting as the child-wife was artificial, unreal and uninteresting, particularly in the lighter scenes, and while she was more successful in the more serious scenes, she never once seemed to grasp the possibilities of the part. John Keller, an excellent and well-trained actor, made a personal hit as the black-mailer Krogstad, but otherwise the cast calls for no comment.

It is always a pitiful spectacle to see a player who has already attained a certain position in his profession wasting his time, his training, and experience on a piece which obviously was intended only to catch the nimble dollar. A case in point is James K. Hackett, who is now appearing in a theatrical hodge-podge by George H. Broadhurst, called the "The Crown Prince." The piece, which did not come nearer to New York than the West End Theatre, is described as a satirical romantic comedy and anything cheaper, more idiotic or childish, it would be difficult to imagine. It is romantic melodrama mixed up

We may be always sure of the imaginative quality, of refinement in many forms, and of touching sentiment in anything to which is attached the name of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. In her new play, "That Man and I," these familiar qualities are evident. If her touch were not so delicate and her treatment so refined, it might well be said that the play is too primitive. A man who is devoted to his sister finds that her innocent love has been betrayed. After her death his constant thought is of the unknown man. We are made to feel that he would take revenge upon him should he ever meet him. The child grows to womanhood, and he discovers her seducer in a friend whom he had always trusted and loved. He would have slain him at the moment of the discovery, but he realizes that he would destroy the happiness of the girl, now so dear to him, about to find her own happiness in marriage with a young man with whom he can trust her. This is the outline of the story itself, but the action of the play requires episode and some bits of comedy which relieve the sombreness indicated in the simple plot. Robert Hilliard acted the part of Dick Latimer with a restraint and precision of art that advances him in public esteem. On the whole, the little play abounds in touches of true sentiment, and all who visited the Savoy Theatre were repaid; yet the slightness of the material and a certain crudity in the treatment will prevent the play from gaining a wide popularity.

The play in use at present by Miss Virginia Harned, "The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes," was furnished by that actress's husband, E. H. Sothorn. It is, further, distinctly a family affair, for the author does not leave the theatrical fold for his inspiration, going to Shakespeare for no inconsiderable part of his material, and employing as his people of utility characters in "As You Like It." It is no reproach to Mr. Sothorn's skill that he has sought to entertain by these means. He is not at fault in his theatrical contrivance. He gets his momentary effects securely and promptly. Miss Harned has her opportunity as Rosalind, and justifies Mr. Sothorn's confidence in her grace, her art and her comeliness. That the play serves as an entertainment is the highest praise that could be given to it. Some of the features of the plot are improbable and almost absurd, but they serve the purpose and do not deprive the action of a sufficient sustaining interest.

Owing to the early date at which this magazine goes to press, comment on the performances of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Greet's players, of "Much Ado About Nothing" by the Century stock company, and of "The Yankee Consul," is deferred.



GUY BATES POST

Now appearing in the part of Steve in "The Virginian." Mr. Post has been seen in a number of prominent roles and has shown versatility and power in each. His most recent hit was as the American officer in "Major Andre." His work is marked by dramatic force, intelligence and artistic finish. He may be looked upon as one of the most promising among the younger generation of American actors.



From Le Theatre, Paris

SARAH BERNHARDT

Act IV. The examination of the Sorceress by the Officers of the Inquisition.

Sardou's New Drama "The Sorceress"

THE most important theatrical event in Paris recently has been the production by Sarah Bernhardt, at her own theatre, of Victorien Sardou's latest play, "The Sorceress." This drama, completed when the veteran playwright had already reached the ripe age of seventy-three, the French critics are unanimous in ranking immediately after his masterpieces, "Patrie" and "La Haine," and in the same category as those other great Sardou plays, "La Tosca," "Théodora," "Gismonda" and "Thermidor."

The drama deals with the persecution of so-called witches under the Spanish Inquisition in the sixteenth century when, according to Voltaire, a hundred thousand innocent persons were burned alive at the stake in Europe on the charge of dealing in the black art.

The action of the play takes place at Toledo in 1505, at the time of the persecution of the Moors in the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic. A Moor condemned for sorcery has been hanged. The following day the corpse has disappeared. Who has dared thus to defy the law? An investigation is opened, and the peasants denounce as a witch a beautiful Moorish woman named Zoraya (Sarah Bernhardt). Don Enrique, captain of the guard, interrogates the woman. She holds in her hands plants and herbs, and relates that she is the daughter of the physician of the last Moorish king, and that her father taught her the healing properties of certain herbs. She uses this knowledge to relieve the sufferings of the poor. Is this witchcraft? In Don Enrique's breast anger against the sorceress soon gives place to admiration and love for the woman.

The scene changes to Zoraya's house. She is impatiently awaiting the coming of her lover. Don Enrique arrives. He seems nervous and uneasy. Finally, he says he is being spied upon and reminds Zoraya of the edict which prohibits union between a Spaniard and a Moorish woman on the penalty of the stake. He departs and wedding bells are heard outside. "What is that?" asks Zoraya. A child re-

plies that the bells celebrate the marriage of the Governor's daughter to Capt. Don Enrique.

Thus betrayed, Zoraya thinks only of revenge. On the night of the wedding and while the guests are toasting the young couple, she slips into the nuptial chamber. Don Enrique enters to join his bride and Zoraya suddenly confronts him, telling him that she has put his wife into a hypnotic sleep. Then, gradually, she retakes possession of Don Enrique and the two lovers flee together.

They are arrested, and now comes the great scene in the play, the thrilling scene of the trial for witchcraft before the Holy Inquisition. Zoraya is dragged before the awful tribunal, accused of the crime of witchcraft. Then Don Enrique is brought in. Zoraya has now to choose between her life and her love. If she confesses to being a witch, he will go free, as he can plead to being bewitched. If not, he must die. She confesses.

The scene changes to a public square, the place of execution. Zoraya enters in the center of the grewsome procession, radiant, as she marches to her death, at the thought that she has saved her lover. The executioner is about to apply the torch when the Governor appears. His daughter is still in the hypnotic sleep, and he promises to pardon Zoraya if she will awaken her. Zoraya does so and the Governor keeps his word. But the ferocious populace, thus robbed of a spectacle, claims its victim. They attack Zoraya as Don Enrique is escorting her from the city, and she and her lover fall to the ground together. Zoraya always carries on her person a vial of deadly poison. She drinks from it and passes the rest to Don Enrique, and the two lovers die in a last embrace.

The drama is described as well constructed, rapid in action, poetic and picturesque in the opening scenes, and cumulative in interest until it is reached the thrilling and pathetic fourth act, one of the strongest Sardou has ever written.

New York Sees the Prize Play



(1) William Harcourt—(2) Minna Gale-Haynes—(3) Carlotta Nilsson—(4) Maelyn Arbuckle—(5) Max Figman (who staged the play)—(6) Robert Whittier—(7) Davenport Seymour—(8) F. F. Mackay—(9) Louise Delmar—(10) George Backus—(11) Harold Howard—(12) Sydney Rice—(13) Isabel Waldron—(14) Grace Filkins—(15) Douglas J. Wood—(16) Victoria Addlson—(17) Grace Heyer—(18) R. R. Neill

THE PLAYERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE PRODUCTION OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

Prize Drama Successfully Produced and the Rights Secured by a Manager

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE's prize play, "The Triumph of Love," by Martha Morton Conheim, was presented at a special matinee at the Criterion Theatre on February 8 last, and was favorably received by a large and brilliant audience. The cast was as follows:

Lenore Everard	Minna Gale-Haynes	Tom Sutton	Sydney Rice
Miriam Selwyn	Carlotta Nilsson	Dr. Selwyn	George Backus
Mrs. Tyrrell	Grace Filkins	Mr. Tyrrell	Douglas J. Wood
Mrs. Grace Forrester	Grace Heyer	Mr. Fish	Harold Howard
Mrs. Selwyn	Isabel Waldron	Mr. Livingston	Malcolm Duncan
Mrs. Larkin	Victoria Addlson	Mr. Wendell	W. J. McNees
Mrs. Leroy	Louise Delmar	Mr. Larkin	Edward Earle
Miss Adelaide Thompson	Marlon Fairfax	Mr. Jordan	R. R. Neill
Joyce	Davenport Seymour	Mr. Webster	Henry Conklin
Colonel Deering	William Harcourt	Mr. Adams	Royal Dana Tracy
Noah Quale	Maelyn Arbuckle	Mr. Westover	Bennett Phelan
A. Balthasar Everard	F. F. Mackay	Mr. Canning	Dudley E. Oatman
Hector Forrester	Robert Whittier	James	Ellis N. Harris

The theme of the play is the obligation of union and the right of the survival of love between a man and woman who have given to each other heart and soul. The dramatist has not sought to demonstrate that woman is above social law or that she should possess peculiar exemption, but that the man has no right to survive in prosperity at the expense of her happiness and existence. This seems a daring proposition, and, indeed, it would be an impossible one if it were aimed at the structure of society; but it concerns only individual rights and obligations, and from that viewpoint the moral is sound. It is the very first lesson taught to mankind, for that matter. A man's responsibility is not less than that of a woman. He must share the blame and find compensation with her in fidelity and love.

The main action revolves about the love between Lenore Everard and Colonel Deering. They are betrothed and are to be married. He is a candidate for high political office. The scandalmongers of society unjustly attack her character in so far as the attentions of other men are concerned, but she has compromised herself in no uncertain way by having a confidential friend pawn her jewels in order to furnish the

man she loves, without his knowledge, with money to conduct his campaign. The scandal becomes dangerous to the political ambitions of the man, and the leader of the party insists that he must provide against defeat by marrying Miriam Selwyn, a young woman of irreproachable character. Lenore Everard had married, as many women do, by mistake and without love, and her worthless husband's dissipations soon left her a widow. Her father-in-law, Mr. Everard, stands by her in her troubles when she is set upon by society, and also when Colonel Deering, yielding to the demands of the political leader, throws her aside and is about to marry Miriam Selwyn. Lenore is a fascinating woman who exerts an unconscious power over men, with the result that Forrester, one of her admirers, infatuated with her and without encouragement from her, shoots and desperately wounds Colonel Deering. This tragedy opens the eyes of Miriam to the relations between Lenore and Colonel Deering, Lenore being unable to control her feelings publicly. While recovering from his wound, Colonel Deering returns to his better nature, foregoes political ambition, and the action ends with the reunion of the two lovers; love has triumphed.

The play, as will be gathered from the foregoing brief synopsis, has deep human interest. It is intellectual and dramatic in treatment, and moral in purpose. The dialogue has distinct literary quality, and contains many striking passages. Quale has this to say of the espionage of the world over our actions.

"You may try to deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive the world. My boy, the world is the most perfect secret detective organization that has ever existed. Our maids, our valets, our friends, our enemies, all work together, forming an indisputable chain of evidence. Why, the world knows a man's end before he knows it himself. A wife's shame before her husband, a banker's defalcation before the depositors, a merchant's bankruptcy before his creditors. The world knows to-day who will win at the next election, and we can only *work* and hope."

Lenore says:



Byron, N. Y. MACLYN ARBUCKLE WILLIAM HARCOURT
Act I. Col. Deering [Mr. Harcourt]. "I'll marry Lenore Everard!"
Quale [Mr. Arbuckle]: "Then, by God, I'm done with you!"



MINNA GALE HAYNES MR. HARCOURT
Lenore [Mrs. Haynes]: "You may make me suffer, but you cannot degrade me"

"I have never in all my life told a deliberate lie; I have never thought evil or wronged a human soul. If a man could say that, he would be a good man."

"Yes," replies Everard, "but goodness in a woman is of a finer quality—an indefinable something—like the freshness of a flower before a hand has touched it."

Here are some epigrams:

Waiting is a young lawyer's principal occupation in life, first for clients and then for fees.

On the stage a woman portrays emotion and does not feel it; in real life she feels emotion and does not portray it.

I believe a woman should be all a man is not; man the mental, woman the moral superior, we strike a perfect harmony.

Men preach high morality in women, and practice to make it impossible.

There are few men who do not have some tie difficult to break before they settle down and marry.

Conversation is like a garment, put on to suit the occasion.

When a man and woman take the law in their own hands the time inevitably comes when they must fight the world.

I've been on the brink, but I've never toppled over.

A woman must not only be pure, but above suspicion, and she must not always be seen with the same man. Better to have a number; then they can't say which one it is.

We must not destroy the fruit of our life by plucking the blossoms. A man whom the world despises may be redeemed, but he who despises himself is hopelessly lost.

Miriam Selwyn is a striking figure in the play. She is innocent of knowledge of the world, domestic, with ideals, with a sense of duty, but untouched by emotion. If there had been a serious conflict between the woman of the world and the girl of the fireside, sympathy with Lenore might have been impaired; but, as it is, the unsophisticated girl is not crushed by the catastrophe of the action, and really symbolizes the innate purity of Lenore. Only the love of the one is governed by the sense of duty; the love of the other has been tried in the fire of passion. The one has not been drawn into the whirlwind of misery; the other has come near to ruin. The performance of the play, with its many character bits in addition to the leading persons of the action, required an unusually large cast, as will be seen by reference to the list of actors engaged in it, all of whom volunteered their services; and THE THEATRE MAGAZINE takes this opportunity of thanking them. Minna Gale Haynes, affectionately remembered by the theatre-going public as leading woman



MRS. HAYNES WILLIAM HARCOURT CARLOTTA NILSSON ROBERT WHITTIER GEORGE BACKUS
Col. Deering shot by Forrester at the reception of the National Club

DRAMATIC SITUATION AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"



Byron, N. Y. MRS. HAYNES F. F. MACKAY
Act IV. Mr Everard [Mr. Mackay]: "Lenore, come home." Lenore [Mrs. Haynes]:
"My home is here."

with Lawrence Barrett, appeared as Lenore in all the radiance of her mature beauty. Her acting was quiet, effective, artistic, and marked by modesty, refinement and ideality. She was conscious as to the sincerity and natural purity of the woman, and she struck the true note for the part. Carlotta Nillson played the simple part of Miriam with the same firm temperament and delicate method that brought her into instant public appreciation when she played in "Hedda Gabler." Grace Filkins, as Mrs. Tyrrell, reproduced the animated and frivolous woman of society with artistic nicety. Maclyn Arbuckle played the part of Quale, the political leader, with that authority and tact which is needed in a character concerning which audiences have a definite idea. William Harcourt was efficient as Colonel Deering, with whom, it is true, there is little sympathy until, at the close of the action, he returns to a sense of justice and manhood.

F. F. Mackay was seen as the father-in-law, and Davenport Seymour, a niece of Fanny Davenport, was attractive as the maid Joyce. Grace Heyer looked handsome as a fashionable society woman, and the Misses Louise Delmar and Victoria Addison took similar rôles discreetly. Miss Marion Fairfax did well in a smaller part, and Isabel Waldron, an old favorite, assumed with dignity the rôle of a society matron. Sydney Rice, after only two days' rehearsal, gave a creditable performance of the part of Tom, and Robert Whittier was satisfactory as the envious Forrester. George Backus played well the rôle of a young physician, and Douglas J. Wood was adequate as a man of the world. Harold Howard assumed the leadership among the crowd of fashionable young clubmen, the other rôles being satisfactorily filled by Messrs. Malcolm Duncan, W. J. McNees, Edward Earle, R. R. Neill, Henry Conklin, Royal Dana Tracy, Bennett Phelan and Dudley E. Oatman. Ellis N. Harris made a good footman. More than passing mention must be made of the admirable manner in which the play was staged by Max Figman. Having to cope with all kinds of difficulties, inevitable on such occasions, he overcame them all, and it was largely owing to his excellent generalship that it was possible to give a smooth performance.

Every one, dramatists, actors and the general public,

expressed themselves as delighted with the performance. There was great applause throughout the performance, and at the end of the third act the enthusiasm was such that the author was compelled to come forward, and Mrs. Conheim delivered one of the best speeches ever heard from the stage. She said that the dramatist, unlike the sculptor, the writer or the painter, was not able to finish his work himself, but must entrust its interpretation to others. She thanked therefore, the players who had volunteered their services to interpret her work, she thanked the THEATRE MAGAZINE which had given her the opportunity for a hearing, she thanked Max Figman for his intelligent stage direction and Charles Frohman for lending his beautiful playhouse, ending with this quotation from the German philosopher, Nietzsche: "When the author lets his work speak, he should be silent." Bronson Howard writes:

"I wish to thank you for a very delightful afternoon. I owe THE THEATRE MAGAZINE acknowledgment of work for the stage in America."

James H. Hyde, vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, writes:

I want to congratulate you on the play and its production, and also on the effort to create a further interest in original national dramatic literature."

F. Marion Crawford, writes:

Mr. Seymour and I selected the best acting play from a great number and should choose the same over again.

The play will now go to a higher tribunal for a final hearing, for we are happy to be able to announce that immediately after the trial performance the play was secured by a well-known manager who will make an elaborate production of it at the beginning of next season. The public, that great anonymous and impartial judge, will decide whether or no this play was worthy of presentation, and we will abide by that decision. With a fine production, adequate scenery and ample rehearsals—conditions impossible to secure for a hurried trial performance, we are convinced that this prize drama will make a deep and lasting impression. In any case we have accomplished what we undertook. We have produced the best play submitted in the competition. A play no manager would consider has had a public performance through our instrumentality, and as a result the author has found a manager and secured a production.



Byron, N. Y. MACLYN ARBUCKLE WILLIAM HARCOURT
Act IV. Quale [Mr. Arbuckle]: "Your's is the story of a splendid career ruined by a woman."

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

No. IV. THE BLUE EYED BELLAMY

BIG, blue eyes, golden hair, a lithe figure and Irish blood, made George Anne Bellamy as lovely as Hebe.

Ten years younger than Margaret Woffington, Anne was Peg's acknowledged rival, on and off the stage. By birth and training, the Bellamy was Woffington's superior, but as an actress, slightly her inferior.

The illegitimate daughter of Lord Tyrawley, afterwards British Ambassador to Russia, George Anne spent her childhood in a French convent. When his lordship deserted her mother, the girl lived in England. She early evinced mimetic power, and became accustomed, as she grew older, to enact such roles as she knew in company with her associates. Rich, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, overheard one of these performances, and was so delighted with the quality of Anne's voice that he proposed to her a career on the stage. She accepted and, as she says, "blazed forth with meridian splendor."

From the first, she was well received socially, under the patronage of Lady Cardigan and the Duchess of Queensbury, who, doubtless, aided her with her wardrobe.

"Dresses of theatrical ladies," says Anne, in her "Apology" for her life, "were at this period very different. Empresses and queens were confined to black velvet, except on extraordinary occasions when they put on embroidered or tissue petticoats. Young ladies appeared in the cast (off) gowns of ladies of quality."

The story of her life teems with dramatic happenings.

"Among those who paid me the greatest degree of attention," she says, "was Lord Byron, a nobleman who had little to boast of but a title and an agreeable face; and Mr. Montgomery, since Sir George Metham. As I would not listen to any proposal save marriage and a coach, Mr. Montgomery honestly told me, at the beginning of his devoirs, that he could not comply with the first, as his only dependence was on his father whose consent he could not hope to procure, and as for the latter, he could not afford it."

Lord Byron, less chivalrous and more in accord with the world's idea of a lover, sought to coerce.

One Sunday morning, when Anne was at home alone, a

gentleman called with word that her friend, Mrs. Jackson, was waiting in a coach, at the end of the street, to speak with her.

"Whatever can she want?" asked Anne.

"I know not," said he. "We were driving together and she asked me to deliver the message."

Gloveless and hatless, Anne sped from the house with the gallant at her heels. There stood a coach and four with postillions alert.

"Dear," said Anne, poking her golden head through the coach window.

"Whip 'em, m'lads," hissed the gentleman, lifting her on to the seat and slamming the door.

"Not the least harm is intended you, ma'am," he said, when Anne screamed "Lord Byron is prepared to make the most honorable advances."

But in the wake of the coach, came Anne's brother, returned from over the seas in time to witness the kidnapping. No sooner was she within her captor's house than young Bellamy was pounding at the door. Being a lusty fellow, his arguments were conclusive and she was rescued.

Shortly thereafter, she visited Dublin, and was received in the exclusive circle gathered about Lord Chesterfield, the Viceroy. At a dinner given by a Mrs. Dudley, a young man just returned from the *grand tour*, boasted of an improper acquaintance with George Anne, whom, in reality, he had never seen. The hostess, without reproving him, sent for the young actress, whose character was then

unassailable. When Anne came, she noticed a coolness from all save this one guest, who was so attracted by her beauty that he could only simper and languish. At the first opportunity, he enquired, in a whisper, of Mrs. Dudley, the young lady's name.

"Surely you must know her," said the matron, in a voice that carried the length of the room. "I am certain you know her; nay that you are well acquainted with her."

Somewhat disconcerted by Mrs. Dudley's tone, he denied that such was the case.

"Fie! Fie! Mr. Medlicote," she said. "What can you say for yourself when I tell you that this is the dear girl



From an Engraving ANNE BELLAMY

whose character you so cruelly aspersed at dinner?"

George Anne's Irish blood often overcame her habit of restraint and at such times, she was regardless of place or occasion. At Dublin, in the presence of the Viceroy, she soundly smacked a young nobleman who had taken advantage of his seat on the stage to kiss her behind the ear as she passed. At Covent Garden Theatre, she became exasperated because the visiting King of Denmark sat in the royal loge, asleep. Crossing to the box, she cried: "Oh! most noble lord!" a play upon the line required of her.

"'Tis a splendid, lusty voice, ma'am," said the King and went to sleep again.

It was natural that Anne and Peg should war. In advance of a production of "The Rival Queens," George Anne sent to Paris for three beautiful gowns, in which to

enact Statira. Margaret became furious, when she beheld her rival's splendour, and took her to task.

"How dare you be so impertinent," she said, "as to outdress me? Never, *never*. do you hear, are you to wear that robe again!"

"I am sorry to have wounded you," said Anne, suspiciously demure. "I will not wear the robe."

True to her word, she brought out the second costume, more splendid than the first, and Peg, at sight of it, fell upon her, tooth and nail, knocked her down and began pummelling her with the hilt of a property dagger, crying:

"Nor he, nor Heaven, shall shield thee from my justice.

"Die, sorceress, die! and all my wrongs die with thee."

And Peg had never seemed so consummate an actress.

AUBREY LANSTON.

The American Theatre of Tragedy

SOME day, perhaps, the United States government will build in Washington a national theatre which will establish and maintain a high standard of American drama, but it will never have a theatre more closely associated with national tragedy than the obscure old building famous in history as Ford's Theatre and which is now the scene of the routine work of a branch of the War Department, giving no hint of the enthusiasm which shook its walls when the great lights of drama shone from its stage, or of the horror which thrilled the country when, on Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, a shot fired in one of its boxes plunged the nation into mourning.

The old structure was originally a Baptist church, but apparently was not successful as a place of worship, for its congregation left, and the building was unoccupied for a long time. About 1857, John T. Ford, assisted by a dozen or more prominent citizens of Washington, who each contributed about a thousand dollars, transformed it into a theatre. An excellent stock company was established, all the great artists of the day played engagements there, and it became the leading theatre of the city. One of Forrest's most notable engagements was played at this house; it lasted a month, and was followed by an engagement of Hackett the elder. But the brilliant career which now seemed assured for the theatre came to a sudden stop, for the performance of Miss Laura Keane, in the celebrated comedy, "The American Cousin," which was so tragically interpreted, was its last. The same night President Lincoln was shot as he sat watching the performance, and the life of Secretary Seward was attempted.

Ford's Theatre was closed, of course, after the assassination, and was purchased by the government. But though its career as a theatre was ended, its career as a scene of tragedy was not. Twenty-eight years later, on the morning of Friday, June 9, 1893, while the five hundred government clerks of the Record and Pension Office of the War Department were at work, the front part of the interior of the

building suddenly collapsed, killing twenty-eight persons and injuring more than a hundred. The immediate cause of the collapse was the weakening of the foundations of one of the columns, brought about in making repairs in the basement; but the building had long been known to be unsafe, and its disgraceful condition and the criminal risk incurred in housing men in it had repeatedly been urged in Congress. The danger of collapse was so obvious that the economical members had consented years before to having the very valuable medical library of the army removed to safe quarters, but the five hundred clerks were left to take their chances. One provident clerk, realizing the likelihood of a disaster, had many months before devised a plan for escape, and he actually put it into execution, and so saved his own life and the lives of several fellow clerks.

Since the catastrophe there have been some attempts made to have Congress remove this old building of sinister association and erect a memorial on its site, but they have had little prospect of success, and Ford's Theatre, patched up within, and unchanged without, is still in active service, at once the most interesting and uninteresting theatre in Washington.

JEREMIAH O'CONNOR.



Ford's Theatre, Washington, as the historic building appears today.



As Henry V.



As Richard III.



As Cyrano de Bergerac



As Baron Chevrial

Richard Mansfield—Actor and Man

“**W**HATEVER shall I do with my unfortunate boy, Dicky?” wrote Mme. Rudersdorf to a friend.

Brilliant Mme. Rudersdorf, one of the foremost teachers of vocal music in Boston, was considerably worried about her son, Richard, whom in moments of extreme tenderness or exasperation, she called “Dicky.” He was an unusual boy whom the average mother would have voted “trying.” Mme. Rudersdorf was not an average mother. Born in Heligoland, that rocky island possession of Great Britain in the North Sea, young Mansfield lent some verity to the theory that our natures partake of the characteristics of our natal surroundings. There was a rugged unshakeableness about the boy, and a tendency to temperamental outbreaks which recalled to his mother the storms that swept the cliffs of her one-time northern home. Mme. Rudersdorf understood, but his tutors were not so canny. “Clever, but impossible!” was their verdict, and one after another, in startlingly regular succession, they resigned their charges. “What can be done?” asked Mme. Rudersdorf. Their answers were the same. “He is not bad, only strange. The elements are ungovernable. So is he.” The tutors were of opinion that he would never acquire an education, but despite them, he did. It was largely by absorption, for he was kept travelling in England and on the continent, much of his boyhood. Some knowledge of painting absorbed in Italy, some technique of music acquired in Germany, and in England a loving understanding of Shakespeare. At the school in Derby he played Shylock at a class-day exhibition when the Bishop of Litchfield grasped the boy’s hand and said: “Heaven forbid that I should urge you to become an actor, but should you, you will be a great one.”

It was when uncertain as to her choice of a profession for her son that the singer wrote her friend, “Whatever shall I do with my unfortunate boy, Dicky?” Music, she concluded was an exacting and not always tender mistress. She considered the East Indian service, and gave some thought to the relative merits of medicine and the law. She inclined most to painting and the lad did paint with some promise. He went seriously to work with palette and brushes in South Kensington. But fate led him from South Kensington to Boston where he obtained a clerkship in the wholesale house of Jordan, Marsh & Co. Disliking commercial life, he

essayed journalism and for a time was a dramatic critic. He was severe to the players and was dubbed by them “the merciless.” Before long he resigned his position because the owner of the newspaper had asked him to praise a player he thought incompetent.

Back to England went young Mansfield, with his lofty ideals and spirit in revolt. That was the Dark Age in his life history. “For seven years” he said, “I starved. Yes, literally and actually starved. You may not believe me, but it’s true.”

In the worst of those days, it is said by those who know, a hot potato saw double service, first to warm his freezing hands; second to comfort his empty stomach. He was a bit of a musician then as now, and he was engaged to play one night at St. George’s Hall. Weakened by long privation he lost the engagement because he was too weak to sit erect on the piano stool. Later, he joined a barn-storming company at a salary that was princely in his eyes, £3 (\$15) a week.

Seven years after he returned to America. The mark of his privations was upon him. It was manifest in the leanness of his young frame, the asceticism of his thin lips and bulging brow and determined eyes and chin, and the doggedness, alternating with truculence, of his nature. He made his American debut with Mme. Dolaro in “Les Manteaux Noirs” at the old Standard Theatre in New York. Alone, friendless, he came upon the stage without a single welcoming “hand” and although his work was clean cut and virile, he left it without any testimonial to his merit. In those days personality was not so important an element in theatricals as now. Soon after this came the opportunity that was to prove the turning point in his career and lead him to success. A. M. Palmer engaged him for the small part of Tirande in “The Parisian Romance,” and pending rehearsals the young man went to Baltimore to play the Lord Chancellor in “Iolanthe.” While dancing in this operetta he sprained his ankle, but finished the performance and took the train for New York that night, in response to a telegram from Mr. Palmer, announcing that rehearsals began next day. A cabman dropped him at his East-side boarding house in a swoon from the pain of his sprained ankle, but he was at rehearsal at 10 o’clock next morning, his foot in splints.

The play was read and J. H. Stoddard, who had been



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS VERE GERALD
Playing a prominent role with Charles Hawtrey in
"The Man From Blankley's."

cast for the part of the lecherous old Baron Chevrial, frowning with Jovian severity, said: "I refuse to play the part. There is nothing in it."

"I'll play it, Mr. Palmer!" Young Mansfield hobbled forward, his eyes a flame with dramatic enthusiasm and personal ambition, "I think I see something in it. Let me play it."

The young actor's voice was firm and his eyes steady, but his hands quivered with emotion. Manager Palmer looked after Mr. Stoddard's retreating figure, then back at the eager young man. "You may try," he said. Thus the door of Opportunity opened for Richard Mansfield. His Baron Chevrial placed him instantly among the foremost actors of America.

Mr. Mansfield was born in 1857, therefore the actor is in his forty-seventh year. The Mount Pisgah of a man's life, the peak from which he views with equal clearness the desert wastes of the past and the promised land of the future, is forty-five years. The philosophy of the man who stands upon this altitude is interesting.

"The best wish I can give to women is: 'Love. Not too much, nor too little.'"

Asked for a motto for the actor, he said: "Tell your audience what you are going to do, do it, and then tell them you have done it." The wealth of emphasis, attended with a fleeting, quizzical expression in his eyes, rested upon "Do it."

"Love your work. Then you will do it well. It is its own reward, though it brings others. If you like your work, hold on to it, and eventually you are likely to win. If you don't like it, you can't be too quick in getting into something that suits you better."

Of audiences he says: "Yes, to be sure. It is the thing we play to. It is the sombre shadow on the other side of the footlights. It is a black mass, a monster. It seems to me to be waiting there to devour me. I suppose some day it will kill me because I have nothing more to give. The monster waiting there every night has to be fed. Some-

times I think it is insatiable. I give and I give and I give, and it sits there intent, waiting for more."

Asked to name his favorite rôle, he replied:

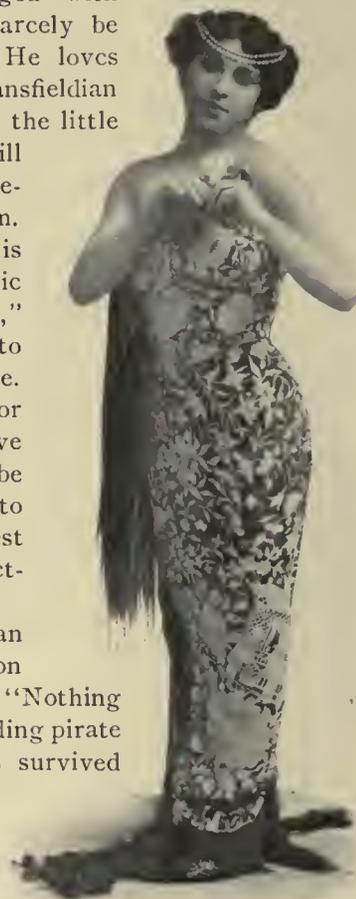
"Do you ask a father to determine his favorite child? Characterization, the realization of a new role, is mental pregnancy and delivery. It is absorbing, holy, joyful and painful. It is born of study, anxiety, labor, pain. The parent loves that child best which is last on his knees, or in his arms. Does it not occur to you that the serious, conscientious artist loves that role best which he is acting?"

Mr. Mansfield was well advanced in bachelorhood when he married Miss Beatrice Cameron who was his leading lady. Hers is a distinctively feminine personality whose gentleness conforms, while an Amazonian type would conflict, with her husband's forcefulness. The winter home of the Mansfield's is the white stone mansion at No. 316 Riverside Drive, New York. Their summer home is a baronial-like place near New London, Conn. In summer he lives a great deal out-of-doors, and gives much time to rowing and swimming. His winter exercise is a long daily ride on his favorite black saddle horse, "King Cole," or his bay, "Liberty." His habits are most methodical, and his daily life that of the busy student and man of affairs. He dines early, at 4.30 and after dinner retires to his study for his "hour alone." He believes that every man or woman needs so much seclusion, at least sixty minutes, for pulling himself together and taking, so to speak, an inventory of his mental belongings.

It is at the quiet, after-theatre suppers in his own home that Richard Mansfield—the man—is seen at his best. The work-a-day hours are over. He drops the professional mask, and is urbane, diffuse in conversation, tender. An hour before, at the theatre, he had been a living thunderbolt, a human dynamo terribly charged with energy. Such a force could scarcely be restrained—except to children. He loves them, and the high wind of Mansfieldian authority is instantly tempered to the little ones of his company. If they are ill he amuses them. If peevish or homesick he plays with and sings to them.

Mr. Mansfield says frankly he is tired of acting. "I love dramatic art but detest theatrical business," he says. He is ardently devoted to the idea of an endowed theatre. "When American millionaires do for the dramatic stage what they have done for the musical, art will be free," he says. I would be glad to give up acting and spend the rest of my life, at a small salary, directing such a theatre."

This great man of the American stage still possesses a trait in common with the boy born in Hælegoland. "Nothing rests nor amuses me so much as reading pirate stories," he says. That taste has survived since the time Mme. Rudersdorf artlessly wrote: "Whatever shall I do with my unfortunate boy Dicky?"



Otto Sarony Co.

PEPITA ARAGON—Spanish Dancer



Copyright, Aime Dupont

Mme. Gadski and her little daughter



Copyright, Byron, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield and their little son



Copyright, Aime Dupont

Mme. Louise Homer and her infant son

Race Suicide on the American Stage

IF President Roosevelt wishes to know where in this country Race Suicide is to be seen at its best (or worst) let him look for it in our theatres. The number of American actresses who are mothers is in almost ludicrous ratio to the number of women on our stage. It is much smaller than that of European actresses. The large majority of American actresses are childless, whereas in Europe it is the minority of women players who are not mothers. It is not within the province of this magazine to inquire into the reasons for this difference. We can only insist on the truth of our statement that the American stage is as barren, comparatively, as is upper Fifth Avenue, the most beautiful and most childless thoroughfare in America.

The fact that the American actress has to travel more than her European sister, no doubt has much to do with her shirking the responsibilities of motherhood, but there is also another reason, or so called business reason.

"Have your photograph taken with your baby? Isn't that bad business for a leading woman?"

So spoke a manager to one of the happy actress mothers whose pictured face close to a small replica of her own, illumines this article. And with the manager spoke stage tradition, the same deep-rooted prejudice that in many instances still forbids husband and wife to play in the same company.

The public doesn't like to see a man making love to his own wife on the stage, complains the manager, and the husband and wife separate professionally and in some notable cases, a personal and marital separation has followed later. Don't destroy the illusion, he begs, and sometimes he is obeyed. The illusion is preserved and the home circle broken.

Occasionally, some fair rebel routs the manager. The actress who was warned that the accompanying photograph would disillusionize the public that had delighted to see her wooed by stage moonlight on mimic lawns before "prop" mansions, season after season, replied with delightful feminine inconsequence:

"But I want everybody to know about baby. She is the sweetest child in the world." Which is proof enough that a stage mother is very much like any other mother.

In the world of grand opera, we find Mme Louise Homer, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Schumann-Heink, all taking as much pride in their children as in their exquisite voices. Mme. Schumann-Heink is a mother of eight, and the incomparable Sembrieh, also, had two sons both of whom are dead, one quite recently. But these opera mothers form striking exceptions in the long list of childless prima donnas.



Drina de Wolfe and her little boy

Mme. Gadski takes her little ten year old daughter, Miss Lotta Tauseher Gadski with her on all her journeys. Miss Lotta rides horseback, dresses for dinner and has perfect, grown-up, society manners. Mme. Louise Homer is perhaps the most old fashioned and charming mother among those singers who have children. She has an eight year old daughter, Miss Louise and a boy Master Sidney, aged one full observing year. The contralto prima donna breakfasts with her daughter and takes her for a walk in the park before school. Then Mme. Homer returns and gives her loving attention to Master Sidney, who is

one of the prettiest of the fashionable babies to be met in the daily perambulator promenade on Riverside Drive. Mme. Homer dresses and undresses her children herself.

"I see more of my children than society mothers can"



Mrs. Otis Skinner and her daughter

Mansfield, aged four, who shares the dominant traits of both father and mother. His facial resemblance to each can be traced in the photograph of the family group taken at their country home near New London. His character already shows a curious mingling of his father's extraordinary force and his mother's exceptional gentleness. Mrs.



Little Paullne Hall, Jr., and her mother

she said. "There is no reason why an opera singer should not. We sing twice, at most three times a week, and when we are at rehearsals, the children are at school. When we sing at night they are asleep. Of course I have no time for society. My family and my music fill my life."

On the dramatic stage the proportion is equally small. Mrs. Richard Mansfield, formerly Miss Beatrice Cameron, has one child, Master George Gibbs

Forbes Robertson is the mother of beautiful little Maxine Elliott Robertson, aged two years, a reposeful, dark-eyed little beauty, who resembles her aunt so closely that she is known in the double household at 316 West End Avenue, as Maxine II.

Miss Henrietta Crossman, in private life Mrs. Maurie Campbell, has two sons, one aged twelve, the other eight, and it is no uncommon sight to see these rosy cheeked youngsters, escorted

by a nurse, watching their mother act at a performance.

Little Miss Josephine Royle, daughter of Selena Fetter Royle, was warmly welcomed, when eight years after their marriage, she was added to the anxieties, as well as the joys, of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle. For it is a serious matter to leave baby behind, when the father and mother go a starrng. But life on the road is impossible to babyhood and as Mademoiselle must be left, there are strong emotional scenes at parting, scenes at which Baby Josephine, being without dramatic education, marvelled, until she forgot them in the wrapt contemplation of her thumbs and toes.

Pauline Hall, Jr., is the way Miss Pauline Hall McClellan, is known to her intimates. When she grows a big girl, she will travel with her mother, the original and loveliest American Erminie. Now she remains with relatives and a trusted nurse in the unhappy times when her mother is on tour.

Miss Drina De Wolfe, in private life, Mrs. Charteris De Wolfe, has seen little of her baby for a year. Just now he is at Lakewood, N. J., with his grandmother, where she visited him before the opening of the "The Other Girl" company in which she is playing.

The weeks or months on the road are more heart-wrenching times for the mothers than the children left behind, for children are eating, drinking, sleeping, frolicking young animals at best. Their affectional power matures with their growth. But the mothers have the full register of emotion. Soubrettes have been known to be transformed into tragedy queens, for the nonee, at the beginning of the season on the road, because of the little one placidly adapting itself to changed conditions at home. And then the pathos of the return! That dainty dancer, Josephine Cohan ran into the nursery, seized six weeks old Master Fred Niblo from his crib, and cried with joy at seeing him again, whereat young Master Fred turned his protesting back on the agitated stranger and howled lustily for his black nurse. The young mother burst into tears and shook a small white fist at the unnatural infant.

"I'll teach you, you bad, bad boy, to forget your mother," she sobbed.



Selena Fetter Royle and her baby

THE ACTOR'S FATE

THE actors are in sorry plight,
If what they say is true;
Small houses rule 'most ev'rywhere,
And managers are blue.
Unless the public quick wakes up,
And doles its shekles out,
The theatres must close up their doors;
Of this there's little doubt.
What, then, will be the mummer's fate?
Let's in the future peek;
New lines of occupation they
Will forthwith have to seek.
Thus "Raffles" will return again
To cope in worldly strife,
Yet let him crack but safe or skull,
And he'll be fixed for life.
Ye "Little Mary" now on tour
Will cure stomachic ills,

And lure you by her winning art
To buy her compound pills.
The "Crichton" will by day set forth
His skill in 'lectric bells,
While every evening he'll be found
A waiter up at "Dels."
"Legree," who whips poor "Uncle Tom,"
Will mend his cruel ways,
In whipping cream for chocolate hot
He'll peaceful end his days;
While "Mary Ann" will "merely" quit
Her hard-gained Lancelot,
And find a peace in making beds
And fires, her one-time lot.
"Virginia's" son no longer 'll punch
The cow, the children's friend,
But 'hind the L-r, the punch he'll mix
Of rum and milk, a blend.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Richard Harding Davis' Play "Ranson's Folly"



Byron, N. Y.

LIEUT. RANSON (Robt. Edeson)

Young Lieut. Ranson, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., finding garrison life unbearably dull, wagers that he will hold up the stage coach with a pair of shears.



A dance is being given by Ranson on the evening of the same day. Suddenly word is brought that the army paymaster has been held up and shot. Ranson is placed under arrest.



MARY (Sandol Milliken)

Ranson is a prisoner under guard. He suspects the post trader, Cahill, of having done the shooting, but because of his love for Mary, the trader's daughter, he urges her father to escape.



CAHILL (Harry Harwood)

The trader, realizing that Ranson's love for his daughter is honorable and that his disgrace will stand in the way of her happiness, attempts to shoot himself, but is prevented by the Lieutenant. Finally the real culprit, a genuine highwayman, is discovered, and the play ends happily.



Octave Mirbeau

Has an Author Absolute Property in His Brain-Work?



Richard Wagner

THERE have been two prominent instances lately of works presented on the stage not only without the permission of their respective authors, but in spite of the vigorous protests of the author or his representative. One recent and well-known case is that of the opera "Parsifal" produced here by Heinrich Conried in spite of the protests of Richard Wagner's widow; another is that of Octave Mirbeau's successful play, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," which was recently presented in Moscow, notwithstanding the fact that the author had prohibited its performance. As far as "Parsifal" is concerned, there is no doubt as to the legality of Mr. Conried's position. Richard Wagner failed to protect his opera in America; therefore, legally, the work is technically free in this country. But abstract ethical justice is often higher than the actual laws of nations. Because Wagner failed to copyright "Parsifal" in America and thus deprived his heirs of legal redress in the event of unauthorized performances of his work in this country, is it, therefore, morally right to appropriate an author's property against his will, simply because the laws of the land do not afford the said author protection? In practical everyday life do we forgive the burglar when, through our own carelessness, a door has been left unlocked? Richard Wagner did not wish the opera presented outside of Bayreuth for a term of years still unexpired. Whether the composer was selfish or narrow in making these restrictions, is not the question at issue. It is this: Had Wagner the right to act as he saw fit in regard to his own property? Many persons are of the opinion that our existing copyright laws are unjust in having a time limit, and insist that an author and his descendants should enjoy perpetually the fruit of his labors in the same way that a man who has acquired land or built a house enjoys his property. Victorien Sardou, the famous French dramatist, insists that the author is more entitled to so enjoy his work, since any one who has the money can build a house, whereas no amount of money can create a Shakespeare, a Balzac, or a Dickens. In other words, it is argued that the descendants of famous authors, copyright on whose works long ago expired, should rightfully be enjoying royalties from their progenitor's labors, and that if the world takes delight in the books of certain authors, the world should be willing to pay for its enjoyment. The late Emile Zola was a warm advocate of perpetual copyright, he claiming that the property created by the brain is as sacred as property created by the hand and fully as entitled to the protection of the law. Five celebrated authors, one famous lawyer, and two distinguished actors have written their views on this interesting question for "The Theatre Magazine," and these opinions are presented herewith:

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.



For us Frenchmen the question of an author's ownership of his own productions is no longer debatable; it was long ago settled in accordance with Alphonse Karr's famous dictum: Literary Property Is Property. To my way of thinking, literary productions are more in the nature of property than any other kind of property; more so than a garden or a house, for instance, which is built on land that already exists out of materials that also already exist. Anybody can build a house. It is simply a question of money. But where are the persons who can create a Hamlet or a Tartuffe? So much for the principle of the ownership of literary property. Now another important consideration—the author's rights in his property. It goes without saying that the author, being the owner of his own work, possesses all the rights pertaining to property, and, in the case of a dramatic piece, has the right to decide how it shall be presented on the stage. It cannot be admitted for an instant that the theatre manager or the translator who have failed in their part—traduttore traditore—changing by suppressions the very character of the work, introducing modifications and making additions, can infringe in any way on the literary ownership of the author whom they have misused. The same holds good as regards the bad acting of a play. In a word, in answer to the question whether a literary or musical work is the property of the author, the translator or the theatrical manager, I do not hesitate to declare that it is exclusively the property of the first named.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

PAUL HERVIEU.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

In the first place, a literary work, which an author has created after days, weeks, months or years of labor is the most personal sort of property that can possibly exist. It is a property that did not exist before the act of the author created it, which owes its existence exclusively to him, into which he has put brain and heart, often his very health, a part of the vitality which we all possess and which enables us to prolong life. The person who, because of a defect in the law, robs the literary creator of his creation, commits an act, which if it were punishable in the courts, would place the guilty person in the category of criminals. In the second place, the translator or adapter of a piece, who alters the original work without the author's permission, is in my opinion, guilty of an act that is worse than stealing. He may be the cause of detracting from the literary reputation of the author whom he pillages. He can drag down, along with himself, his victim to intellectual degradation. It is a clear case of premeditated fraud. An honorable trade mark is used to cover wares of a cheaper and noxious quality.



PAUL HERVIEU.

CLYDE FITCH

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.



I cannot see how there can be any question as to the rights of an author over his own production, unless he disposes of those rights, or fails to protect them. If an author fails to take advantage of the laws made for his own protection he deserves to pay the penalty for his ethical laziness. If an author loses any right over his own production he has my deepest sympathy, unless he has proved himself incapable of properly exercising his rights; which has happened.

CLYDE FITCH.

BRONSON HOWARD.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

The following suggestions have no direct bearing on the honesty or dishonesty, the rights and wrongs, or the commercial interests, involved in the production of "Parsifal" in New York, under the present half-developed laws of artistic and literary property. But these immediate questions seem to be entirely overshadowed by the great principles of right and justice of which Richard Wagner made himself the enemy, by a clause in his will.

Wagner did a very great wrong to his fellow man, when he requested that a masterpiece of art should be seen and heard nowhere in the world, except in a small German village, and, therefore, only by such people as have money enough to travel to that place. It seems strange, that a man, being so great an artist, should express such a narrow and selfish wish; and his memory should not be protected from the severest censure, even by the reverence which the world has for his genius. Indeed, the more we revere his genius, the stronger should be our indignation; more than any lesser man, he should be condemned. The pious references to the "Sanctity" of Bayreuth, of which we have heard so many, sound much like the nasal cant of conventional hypocrisy. We all know and pity the royal lunatic who built the theatre; and the next previous art-worship of the Bavarian court was of world-wide notoriety - its devout reverence for the sanctity of the dancer, Lola Montez. Shakespeare, himself, had he lived half a century later, would hardly have "sanctified" a theatre connected with the Court of Charles the Second; and it took a full century, ending with the names of Goldsmith and Sheridan, to relieve the English stage of its moral stench. To pretend that the one name of Wagner can make Bayreuth a semi-religious mecca is a logical absurdity. Germany has exploited her artistic piety a little too strongly; she might do well to drop this mawkish sentimentality and consider the deep wrong her great composer did to art, thus trying to keep other great artists from following his bad example.





Photo, Hall, N. Y.

JOHN DREW AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS LOUISE DREW
WHO MADE HER DÉBUT ON THE STAGE TWO SEASONS AGO, AND NOW APPEARING IN "THE WHITEWASHING OF JULIA"



FLORENCE ROBERTS

This actress is a great favorite with theatregoers in the West, her popularity being fully equal to that of Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mrs. Fiske in the East. Her repertoire includes "Zaza," "Magda," "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," "Camille," "Sapho," etc. She is pictured above as Silvia in D'Annunzio's play "La Gioconda" which she was the first to do in the English language.

But even deeper than the wrong which the selfishness of Richard Wagner did to his own art, and to art in general, was the wrong he committed by throwing his enormous influence against the cause of artistic and literary property. He made himself a stumbling-block in the world's progress. Many earnest men, in Europe and America, are working towards one great universal principle: a man should have absolute property in his brain-work, as in anything else, protected by criminal penalties and civil damages, not a mere artificial ownership created and limited by "Copyright" laws. We hope, in the end, to make all restrictive copyright statutes unnecessary by doing full justice to artists and writers, and to their heirs. But the selfishness of Richard Wagner is now the most formidable obstacle in our way.

Long after the firm establishment of land ownership, it was found necessary to make laws against perpetual entailment, on account of the selfishness of testators. Wagner compels us to grapple with a similar proposition, while we are still struggling with a general principle. Possibly it will be all for the best, to be forced to deal with it at once; for Wagner has shown us in advance the evil to be guarded against, as Buck Fanshaw waltzed in and put down a riot with his spanner before it was started. But no thanks to Richard Wagner, for this prophetic promptness, from those whose work he has doubled. It may be said with certainty, that when this great work is finally accomplished, no such "will" as that of Wagner will stand in any court; it will be set aside, in this country at least, as is every will providing for the entailment of real estate.

BRONSON HOWARD.

MOUNET-SULLY.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

It seems to me that so long as the copy-right on a work has not expired, this work belongs absolutely to its author and he should be consulted concerning its translation, how it should be staged and who should form the cast. This view has so entered into our habits here in France, that even in the revival of one of Victor Hugo's plays, we consult his literary executor, M. Paul Meurice. So there is all the more reason why a living author should be consulted concerning everything bearing on his work. Nothing should be done without first obtaining his permission, for it is not only his material interests which are affected, but also and above all his moral interests, his reputation as an author, the position which he is to hold in the opinion of posterity. Looked at from this stand-point, the author's rights are beyond question.

MOUNET-SULLY,



COQUELIN CADET.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Of course an author has supreme control over his own literary creations. It is—I was going to say idiotic—childish to hold any other view. Without his permission, nobody has the right to translate, dramatize or play his works. Nobody would think of claiming the right to rub out anything in a picture, to touch it up, to spoil it, even after the canvas had been sold and the painter dead. What holds good concerning a picture, a piece of sculpture or any other sort of art work, should also hold good concerning a dramatic or other literary production.

COQUELIN CADET.



JULES CLARETIE.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Every presentation of a dramatic work done without the consent of the author is a blow at material property. Every falsification in the translation or the interpretation of a play is a blow at moral property. An author has the right to be neither translated, betrayed nor calumniated—betrayed by a translator, calumniated by an actor. This principle is so true, that in France, the author of a play may, if he likes, withdraw his piece from the boards if he considers that the manager has badly staged it or that the players are not equal to the proper acting of it. He is the complete master of what has emanated from his brain, from his own brain and conscience. Anything that goes contrary to this idea is plagiarism and defamation.

JULES CLARETIE.



A. H. HUMMEL.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

If, as the great German philosopher, Schopenhauer, said: "It is quite certain that the works of great geniuses are the heritage of the world at large and should not be held in escrow for the benefit of a select few," there is on the other hand scarcely less to be said in favor of those who, either as the creators of such works, desire to personally, or for their heirs, reap all the emoluments that may, in a business way, accrue. We thus have here a moral antinomy, both branches of which seem equally true, and yet, contrary to all rules of logic, are contradictory to each other. Richard Wagner's masterpiece, "Parsifal," is a case in point. It is a work of genius if ever there was one; and as such, it is the common



Scenes in the Comedy "The Secret of Polichinelle"



Byron, N. Y. **TREVoux** (W. J. Ferguson) **JOUVENEL** (W. H. Thompson) **MME. JOUVENEL** (H. O. Dellenhaugh)
Rapture over the grandchild's picture.

ACT I. M. and Mme. Jouvanel have matrimonial aspirations for their son Henri, but he has already secretly married a little flower-maker and the young couple have a little boy. The old parents are overwhelmed at the discovery, but their affections immediately go out to their unknown grandson.



ACT II. Mme. Jouvanel secretly goes to the attic home of her son to see her little grandchild; so does M. Jouvanel, neither knowing of the other's visit.



HENRI (Frank Patton) **LITTLE ROBERT** (Master Chas. Barriscale) **MARIE** (Floreuce Conron) **MME. SANTENAY** (Grace Kimhall)

property of mankind, just as the Scriptures or Shakespeare's plays. For, although in his moments of inspired effort a genius may not be, and probably is not conscious of any intention of conferring a boon upon his race, yet there is no question but that the product of his exalted mind is designed in the wisdom of Providence to be a lever to raise the commonplace intellects of the rest of humanity to a higher plane. Therefore, I believe it is wrong for anybody, even the author himself, to step in and say, "Only those whom I elect shall be privileged to hear or read this work; to all others it shall remain as if it never existed."

But this is precisely what Frau Cosima Wagner, the great Meistersinger's widow, undertook to do with "Parsifal." She felt she was right in locking "Parsifal" in Bayreuth where in a hundred years it could not possibly have had the uplifting effect upon humanity that one night's performance in a metropolitan city like New York, with the widespread publicity incident thereto, was bound to achieve. Wherefore Mr. Heinrich Conried must be applauded for having, as it were, unlocked this great treasure to give it to the entire world.

And yet, with all this sentiment of gratitude, the question unavoidably obtrudes itself, "Was it just to deprive Frau Cosima Wagner of the emoluments which the exclusive right to produce "Parsifal" would have given her?"

Mr. Conried himself would probably be the last in the world to answer this affirmatively—if the widow had possessed any such exclusive right. There was no international copyright law to prevent him or anybody else from producing the opera here. It was on sale, so Wagner's proprietary right had been abandoned. Mr. Conried is reported to have, on purely sentimental or moral grounds, offered the widow an almost fabulous sum to gain her consent to the transplantation of "Parsifal" to New York. Be that as it may. She indignantly rejected the offer; so what Mr. Conried, after this refusal, did, was open to anyone else.

Only within comparatively recent years has there been any copyright

law at all. Before that the only barrier to piracy of works of the intellect was a moral one which could not be enforced in a court of law or equity. Acts of literary piracy were merely frowned down upon, pretty much the same as, in this age, a debt of honor is repudiated. But that was about all. And this seems still practically the state of affairs as regards the recognition of copyrights among the nations. None the less, had Wagner not authorized the sale of the work, the

score and the music, thus dedicating "Parsifal" to public use, he would have continued in possession of an inherent proprietary right, which would have descended to his heirs, and the product of his creative brain would have been, and properly so—a pecuniary heritage to his descendants. "Parsifal" then could no more have been sung here without the actual permission of the great Master or his heirs, than the taking any of his other personal belongings without actual consent would have been legal. For a long time, the memorizing of plays was approved in this country, but in the year 1881 the State of Massachusetts ended once and for all any such mis-appropriation. "As well might the courts approve the conduct of a burglar who stole a manuscript from an author's table, as to justify a proceeding which robs an author of the right of his brains," was the utterance of Supreme Court Justice Devens. And in another instance, Judge Morrell said: "It was as much an infringement of the authors common law right of property as if his manuscript had been feloniously taken from his possession."

Thus, if Wagner had taken the precautionary measure to protect himself in his proprietary rights in "Parsifal," by not selling the opera to music publishers, the law would have given him and his widow and heirs the same protec-

tion which Sardou, Ibsen, Grundy and every foreign author of note now has of producing their plays at only such places and at such times as best pleased the whim or caprice of the playwright. Wagner's omission means a vital, throbbing, judicial and literary profit to the entire civilized world.

A. H. HUMMEL.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

Clever comedian now appearing at the Broadway in "The Yankee Consul."



Miss Emma Carus singing the "Zanzibar" song in "The Medal and the Maid," aided by twelve pretty girls dressed to look like monkeys.



AMELIA BINGHAM

Scene in Pierre Decourcelle's play "Olympe." The piece was unfavorably received in New York and is now on tour.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Miss Millicent Moone

MY DEAR MR. ROBERT EDESON:

You will not remember my name, of course, because we have never met. Still, I can't help thinking that, if we had, we'd be excellent friends. One of my aunts saw you in "The Little Minister," and I have a girl chum here at boarding school who once danced with your friend, Richard Harding Davis. I don't believe a word of what they say about celebrated people being a disappointment when you meet them personally, do you?

Dear Mr. Edeson, won't you please tell me which is your favorite character? I have read "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Davis' novel, also his "Ranson's Folly," and I don't mind telling you that the former is my preference. The hero, Bob Clay—isn't Robert a pretty name for a hero?—is so gentlemanly and romantic. And then, all those medals he has won! I don't blame Hope for admiring him. Is it true that Mr. Richard Harding Davis always draws his leading men characters the image of himself?

Do you like to play Lieutenant Ranson as well as you did Bob Clay? I shouldn't think you would. Ranson isn't serious enough to be a real hero, do you think? And besides, it seems unnatural that a New York man of his tastes and experience should really fall in love with an unrefined Western girl like that Mary Cahill, even if she does put on sweet and ingenuous airs—of course, I know it is only in the play.

By the way, I often wonder how it affects a sincere and gentlemanly actor, such as I can tell you are just from your photographs, to be constantly playing hero parts with those great actresses like Maude Adams and Amelia Bingham? I suppose they are just lovely. But then, after all, there is

nothing real in it all, is there? Do you not sometimes sigh to yourself when remembering that "Life is real, life is earnest," as Longfellow says? I do.

You may be interested to know that I am in the art class, and have made some very successful copies of colored pictures in the *Art Amateur*. I have heard that you spend all your time, when off the stage, in drawing and painting. How I should like to sit to you for my portrait! But, of course, that's out of the question, as my parents do not allow me to meet actors.

One reason why I write to you, knowing I may do so in perfect confidence, is that I want to ask your advice as to a stage career for girls? I have read what Clara Morris and others say on the subject, and feel encouraged to think I might succeed, if they did. I always was a natural actress, only the opportunity has never been given me to express my temperament. We girls are getting up an amateur performance of "As You Like It," and I am cast for Celia. It is only a small part. I should have preferred Rosalind. If I ever went on the stage professionally, though, I shouldn't want to play Rosalind, nor any part in Harry B. Smith's and Reginald De Koven's operas where it would be necessary for me to wear tights. My people wouldn't hear of it. In fact, I have never mentioned to them, as yet, my predilection for the dramatic career. But I should love to know what you think about it.

Hoping to see you soon at a matinée, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
MILLICENT MOONE,
—Academy for Young Ladies,
—on the Hudson.



Robert Edeson



Decoration over the proscenium-arch of the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia.

The Theatres of Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIANS are grievously misunderstood by strangers. No better illustration of the fact is available than in the story of their theatres. "If a play succeeds in Philadelphia, it will be received with favor anywhere," remarked a noted actor many years ago, and the statement is true to-day, in a lesser degree. Actors and managers say that audiences in the Quaker City are cold and hard to please, and the success of their enterprises uncertain. They seldom realize that this critical spirit is the fruit of a century and a half of brilliant stage history, conservatism and culture, and that the clientèle of each playhouse is more or less distinct from those of the others. In the latter respect, the theatres of

Mrs. Jefferson found her baby, Joe, imitating Fletcher's poses. He had mastered the statue man's attitudes before he could pronounce the names of the subjects he represented. As with most children of actors in those days, Joseph Jefferson was probably "carried on" whenever a baby was required in a play. There is a record that he figured thus in a performance of "Pizarro" a year before his formal début, at the age of four, with Thomas T. Rice in Washington.

The old Chestnut Street Theatre has passed into history and its site is occupied by an office building. A mile to the Westward, fashion rules among the hotels, clubs and residences of Broad, Chestnut and Walnut streets, and here the modern theatres of Philadelphia are to be found. An observer among the spectators at once realizes the reasons for their coldness and critical spirit. The city

has no floating population worthy of mention, and the eighteen playhouses are supported by a million and a quarter of people who go week after week, become well posted in theatrical affairs and are consequently hard to please. A spirit of exclusiveness, inherited from Welsh and English ancestors and nurtured by Quaker influences, finds expression in the formation of restricted circles which extends to the playhouses, as well as social and business life.

Take the Broad Street Theatre, for example. Built by the Kiralfys for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, it seemed to be unsuccessful from the start, except when Colonel John A. McCaul housed his opera company there. Then Nixon and Zimmerman conceived the idea of buying it and furnishing amusement for the fashionable set. To-day a "Broad Street Theatre audience" means a brilliant assemblage, liberally recruited from exclusive society and with a repetition of the same faces week after week. The same distinction extends to its list of attractions. John



J. FRED. ZIMMERMAN, SR.
Manager Chestnut Street Opera House

Philadelphia are unique among American places of amusement. Two famous theatrical families, the Jeffersons and Drews, are intimately connected with the story of the Philadelphia stage. For years they resided and played in the Quaker city, and there the living representatives served their apprenticeships behind the footlights. Their names merely suggest the list of noted players which the city claims as her own. Edwin Forrest grew to manhood, lived and died in Philadelphia. Adelina Patti, Ada Rehan, Francis Wilson and John Sleeper Clarke were among a host of others who contributed to the stage history of the city.

An old house still stands at the southwest corner of Sixth and Spruce Streets in which Joseph Jefferson, the fourth of his line, our Rip Van Winkle and "Dean of the American Stage," was born February 20, 1829. The Jeffersons—the child's father, mother, sister, and his half brother, Charles Burke, played at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, on Chestnut street above Sixth street. In those days "Fletcher, the Statue Man" posed as heathen gods, with whitened face and classic draperies. One day



FRANK HOWE, JR.
Manager Garrick Theatre



Entrance to the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia

Drew, Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothorn, E. S. Willard and Annie Russell have not acted elsewhere in Philadelphia for years.

The Chestnut Street Opera House, on Chestnut street, near Eleventh street, is another leading playhouse and in a broader sense. It is the second of the six Philadelphia theatres controlled by Nixon and Zimmerman, and the headquarters of J. Fred Zimmerman, the leading manager of the city in point of seniority. Built for a music hall, the ample stage of this playhouse accommodates those of the best attractions which demand scenic pictures on an extensive scale. Here it is that Henry Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, N. C. Goodwin and Forbes Robertson appear, and Easter Week is given over to the Mask and Wig Club, the theatrical organization of the University of Pennsylvania.

Another interesting example of distinctions in Philadelphia is furnished in Keith's New Chestnut Street Theatre, in the next block. B. F. Keith first gave Philadelphians the "continuous" in the Bijou Theatre on Eighth Street. While very popular, the playhouse did not draw many people from Chestnut street, the chief promenade of the city. So Mr. Keith invaded the fashionable shopping district by erecting his new million-dollar playhouse. Besides being one of the largest and safest theatres in the city, Keith's is a veritable palace after the style of the French Renaissance. Marbles and mural paintings, rich hangings, sculptures and pale lights are somewhat bewildering at first with their elaborate designs. A salon in white and crystal is traversed while passing into the auditorium. The music room and women's parlors are models of luxury. A series of mural decorations were done by William McL. Dodge, whose paintings in the Congressional Library in Washington attracted so much attention. Opened two years ago last November, Mr. Keith's new theatre has become one of the fashionable resorts in the city.

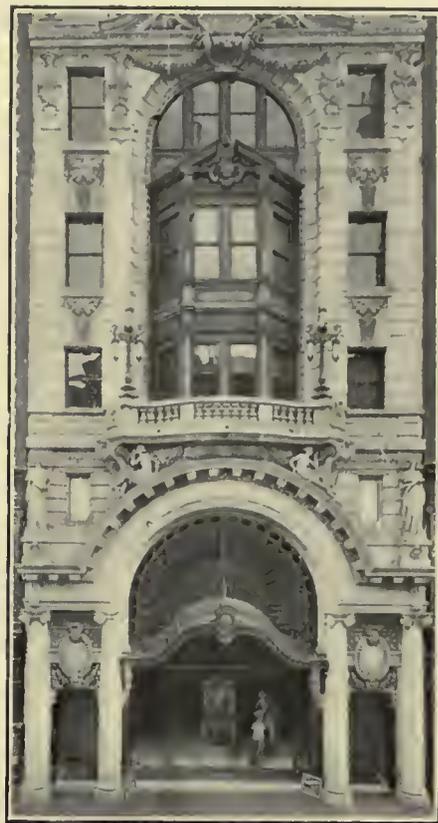
The Chestnut Street Theatre, another playhouse controlled by Nixon and Zimmerman, is close at hand. Although its history extends over a period of nearly half a century, it is still very popular. In the 60's, its stage was occupied by such players as Lucille Western, the Broughams, Couldock, W. E. Sheridan, Charles Santley, W. J. Ferguson, Frank W. Sanger and E. L. Davenport. For years it was the home of a resident stock company controlled by William G. Gemmel. Francis Wilson—a Philadelphia boy—there laid

aside \$100 a week, which he was earning in minstrelsy for \$15 a week as a "legitimate" actor. He made the change in 1878, appearing first as Cool in "London Assurance." At present, musical pieces and lighter forms of drama occupy the stage of the playhouse.

The Garrick Theatre is the next in order—a new place of amusement which is unique in its construction and policy, thanks to its manager, Frank Howe, Jr. While attempting to comply with the rigid building laws in Pennsylvania, a peculiar ground plan

was adopted which makes the Garrick Theatre the safest in Philadelphia. Entering from Chestnut street, the patrons pass through a vestibule in red marble and a Gothic chamber, thence down a corridor which leads around the walls of the stage to a portal behind one of the boxes. The main front of the building is on a street in the rear. The wide and somewhat shallow auditorium, decorated in green and gold, is surrounded on three sides by streets and an open court. The Garrick Theatre presents the best attractions, and in consequence its patrons are the best people of every class. Everything is fish which comes into Manager Howe's net—from Richard Mansfield in German comedy and Viola Allen with a Shakespearian revival to the frothiest of musical comedies and extravaganzas.

Mr. Howe's other playhouse, the Walnut Street Theatre, this year rounds out a century of existence as a place of



Keith's new Theatre, Philadelphia



Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia



Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia

amusement. A circus at first, the building was transformed into a theatre in 1820 and is still a place of popular resort. A performance of "Young Norval" was given there November 27, 1820, the leading rôle being filled by "A Young Man of the City," aged 14 years. So great was his success that during subsequent performances his name—Edwin Forrest—was printed on the programs. From that day until his last appearance before a Philadelphia audience in 1871, a year before his death, the Walnut Street Theatre was intimately associated with the name of the tragedian. His residence still stands on North Broad street.

The country mansion which he gave to the venerable members of his profession, is at Holmesburg, a suburb of Philadelphia, and forms the actor's most lasting monument.

Around a corner from the Walnut Street Theatre is Musical Fund Hall, with an auditorium which is a marvel in acoustics and has resounded in former years to the voices of Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni, and Mme. Anna Bishop. Here Adelina Patti gave her first concert. The diva's half brother Ettore Barili, was for many years a music teacher and choir singer in Philadelphia and taught the little Adelina how to use her wonderful voice. The concert in Musical Fund Hall was given September 21, 1854. Adelina Patti, according to the bills, was an "extraordinary phenomenon" "not yet eight years old, yet styled 'La Petite Jenny Lind.'"



MRS. S. CAMERON BURNSIDE

Well-known Philadelphian, and now a member of David Belasco's forces

Several of the other playhouses must be passed with a brief mention. These are the fireproof Auditorium, the National Theatres, old and new, the beautiful Park and popular Peoples, controlled by Frederick G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, a young and rising manager, and Forepaugh's and the Standard Theatres, the playhouses maintaining stock organizations. Much of interest centers, however, in the old Arch Street Theatre, on Arch street near Sixth street—the "House of Drew." For thirty years Mrs. John Drew, the elder, was its proprietress. Here John Drew, her husband, appeared in "Handy Andy" and "The Irish Emigrant." The elder Drew was a Dublin man and had no superior in Irish rôles. Old theatregoers still talk of the tears which rose in their eyes when he sang "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," during the performances of the latter play.

Twenty years later—on March 27, 1873, to be exact—John Drew, the younger, made his debut in his mother's theatre. It was a benefit performance for his sister, Georgie Drew (Barrymore), who had been an actress seven months. "Cool as a Cucumber" was the play. "John seemed so cool," remarked his mother afterwards, "that I was thoroughly

disgusted with him." Ten years ago, on January 25, 1894 Ethel Barrymore made her first appearance behind footlights in the same theatre. She played a small part during a revival of "The Rivals" by her grandmother. Miss Barrymore and her cousin, Louisa Drew, spent much of their childhood in Philadelphia. Their grandmother's house on North Twelfth street had a hospitable welcome for theatrical folks during many years. Both young women were educated in the Convent School of Notre Dame, Philadelphia. Other players equally well known served at the Arch Street Theatre. Ada Rehan became a member of its stock company shortly after her début in Newark, N. J., in 1873. A story is told that the actress' name "Crehan" became "Rehan" through the mistake of a man who printed the programs. In the old playbills of the Arch Street Theatre the name is usually "Rehan," but not infrequently "Crehan."

Philadelphia is essentially a manufacturing city, with widely scattered centers of activity, so that the theatres distant from the business section become factors in the situation. The largest of these is the Grand Opera House on North Broad street. Built by John F. Betz, a wealthy brewer, for musical productions, the theatre served as a home for the Gustav Heinrichs and the Castle Square opera companies and as a vaudeville, stock and "combination" house. It remained, however, for Gustavus A. Wegefarth, the present manager, to bring complete success to the enterprise.

Another noted outlying playhouse was the Girard Avenue Theatre, on Girard avenue, near Sixth street. For more than a decade it was one of the most noted "stock" theatres in the city. George Holland gave standard plays there ten years ago with a company which included from time to time Mrs. John Drew, Amelia Bingham, John Malone, Creston and Wilfred Clarke, Frederick Paulding, and the manager's brothers, E. M. and Joseph Holland. Margaret Dale, leading woman in John Drew's company, obtained her early stage experience under Mr. Holland's tutelage. The Girard Avenue Theatre lies in ruins, having been destroyed by fire a few months ago.

ASA STEELE.



G. A. WEGEFARTH
Manager, Grand Opera House



Marceau NORMAN HACKETT AS PAOLO
In Wagenhals and Kemper's production of "Francesca da Rimini."

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



PHOTO. BY SARONY

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MISS ADA REHAN as "Lady Teazle."

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How to Solve What Appears to Many to be a Difficult Problem

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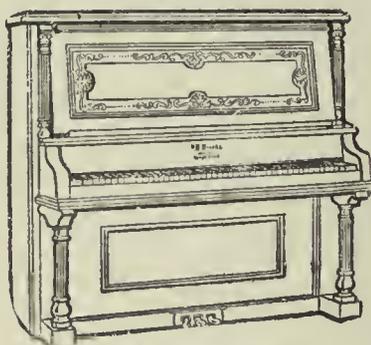
The Boardman & Gray Piano

is another almost universal favorite. It was first established in 1835, and is to-day to be found in thousands of homes. Pianists accord the Boardman & Gray the most lavish praise.

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is another exceedingly popular make. It has a delightfully sweet and resonant tone. The workmanship is superior and the cases very handsome.

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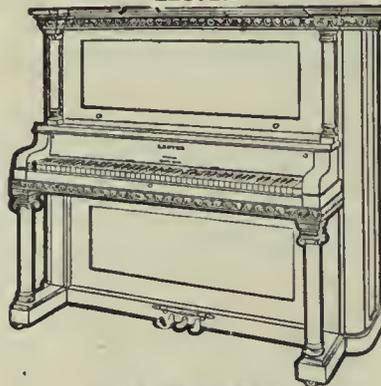
is astonishingly popular. It is a wonderfully active seller, orders coming constantly from all parts of the United States. It is exceptionally rich in appearance and highly melodic. It is guaranteed for 10 years. It is the equal of many \$300 pianos.

CALDWELL



\$185
\$10 Down and \$6 a month

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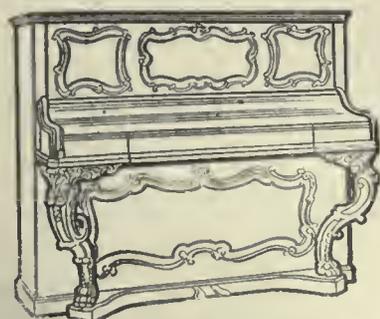


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THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 38

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS OPHELIA

Gertrude Elliott is a younger sister of Maxine Elliott, and the wife of John Forbes Robertson, the English actor, who is now visiting America



PLAYS and PLAYERS

TO the Shakespearean scholar and to the layman, whose appreciation of the great bard is at best perfunctory, John Forbes Robertson's presentation of "Hamlet" at the Knickerbocker Theatre is unequivocally commended. It is one of those intellectual achievements that stir the acute and stimulate the imagination of the dullest, for there is always a temperamental magnetism about this polished actor that is compelling in the hold it has upon those in front. Yet it would be untenable to argue that his is the perfect realization so long desired. There are elements in its composition which do not comport with certain well maintained traditions, so long accepted, that they have become recognized as essentials; but for exquisite refinement, superb dignity, polished elocution, plastic grace and sustained intellectuality it must rank with those few impersonations that are recognized in dramatic history as satisfying embodiments of the greatest figure in theatrical literature. A small book might be written about Mr. Robertson's Hamlet. It is not possible to review it in absolute detail, but its salient defects and beauties may be briefly summarized. The reading is almost modern in the colloquial medium used. The text from this fashion gains point and lucidity; but in the soliloquies the elocution is so frequently hurried that the introspective quality of the Prince is obscured, and the motive for his delay seems to spring more from wearied indifference than from the workings of a sensitive soul unequal to the performance of a great deed laid upon it. His antic disposition has almost the airiness of the light comedian, while the cynic bitterness of his utterings too positively cloaks the hideously tortured heart and mind of a son called upon to revenge his father's foul, unnatural murder. So, further in the interview with the Ghost, the awe-struck note is not sounded to its greatest depth; nor would it seem that in the scene with the mother the passion, accumulated from corroborative proof of the black deed of his father's taking off, has sufficient sweep.

But even if these shortcomings are recognized, and some will hold them to be fatal to a true portrayal, there is so much of special beauty and intelligence in the performance that the intellect is always refreshed and the senses pleased. Outwardly, the high forehead, the flashing, expressive eye, the sad but gracious smile, and the pale cast of thought o'er-

shadowing all, unite in presenting an almost idealistic picture of the Moody Dane. And what a treat is the elocution so crisp and pure; the tones and modulations of the voice, splendid particularly in its lower register, how varied and fluent; how picturesque and eloquent the gesture and pose, how absolutely free in every detail from anything approaching theatricalism or affectation. In truth, a creation and realization of the highest artistic purpose. Of particular points calling for special praise may be mentioned: The first meeting with Polonius, in which sarcasm and humor are blended with perfect finish; the interview with Ophelia triumphant in its harried regret and anguish; the greeting of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, so unerring in its perception of their espials; the masterly unmasking of their further duplicity in the episode of the recorders; the romantic fervor of the graveyard scene, and the mortuary climax pregnant with a pathetic dignity and feeling of the most moving kind. Sane, clear and illuminative, Forbes

Robertson's Hamlet should be studied by all lovers of Shakespeare and missed by none.

The production scenically is entirely adequate, if a trifle worn, but the supporting cast is only fair in spots and lamentably weak in others. Those whose work is worthy of commendation are Arthur Harrold, whose Horatio is sound and sincere; Jennie A. Eustace, who repeats the success she made as the Queen with E. H. Sothorn; C. Aubrey Smith, whose Ghost combines impressiveness with sonority, and Ernest Cosham and S. Thompson, who bring unction and humor to the grave diggers. Miss Gertrude Elliott's Ophelia smacks of artificiality, and Ian Robertson is but mildly effective as Claudius. Of the rest—silence!



Marcean
MISS MARY MANNERING
As she appears in the comedy, "Harriet's Honeymoon," now being presented on the road.

Those dramatic enthusiasts who like their Shakespeare served in all the simplicity of the Elizabethan method have been getting it that way in New York recently, and, in the vernacular of the day, "got it good." It is a fine thing to be able to rise superior to those adventitious aids which appeal so strongly to the vulgar herd. Those who prefer one of Sweet William's merry comedies enacted without change of scene, and with a five minutes' exception for three uninterrupted hours are only a trifle lower in the artistic scale than those who assert that the only way to truly absorb the spirit and

drink in the essence of his poetry and philosophy is to read him in the closet.

All of which is to say that Ben Greet's method, after the euriosity, for about ten minutes, has been gratified, is a dreary, monotonous and tedious system of theatrical procedure. In their secret souls probably nine-tenths of those who witnessed the performances felt as much, and longed for a return to the modern and more garish methods of the Philistines.

The chief argument advanced by those in favor of the non-scenic theory is that the attention is not distracted by beautiful scenery and costumes at the expense of the words; and that, by the elimination of scenic changes, the time so saved can be devoted to an almost entire rendering of the original text. Are these arguments sound? With no change of scenery to mark the geographical differences, there is on the contrary a constant tax on the mind to differentiate the seacoast of Illyria from the scene in the palace, since one follows directly upon the other. This condition happens so frequently that to those not familiar with the regular continuity of the comedy there is almost uninterrupted confusion. The lay mind does not have a chance to give perfect attention to the text. Nor is the entire script—interrupted for but five minutes—such a feast of unalloyed joy. There is little of the book that one wants dispensed with, but a continuous bombardment of words for three hours—no matter how beautiful—will pall and wear upon even an enthusiast. When the stage setting, too, is limited to a few stiff, straight-backed chairs, it robs the picture of graceful pose and harmonious groupings.

Out! out! an interesting fad, this Elizabethan simplicity; but a fad, and a destructive one, too, to artistic verisimilitude.

The performance, as a whole, was well balanced and expert. There were some particularly good characterizations, notably: the Sir Andrew of John Sayer Crawley, one of the best of modern times; the spirited but discreet Feste of Cecil A. Collins, and the sterling authority which George Riddell brought to Antonio. Capable and amusing was B. A. Field as Sir Toby, and Miss Alys Rees read well as Olivia. C. Randall Kennedy pumps with inarticulate fervor as Orsino, and as Malvolio, Mr. Greet plays in the broadest spirit of traditional burlesque. In view of her great achievement in "Everyman," much was expected of Edith Wynne Matthison as Viola. That she failed to realize the witchery, spirit, romance and pathos of the character, is a lamentable fact. Pitched in a key of positive dolor, the intelligence and beauty of her elocution could not prevent at times the impersonation from becoming monotonously ineffective.

Theatre-goers who are fascinated by the horrible on the stage, those lovers of the abnormal so physically constituted that they can stomach the putrescent atmosphere of a charnel house, and even find delight in gazing on decomposing cadavers, may find much to interest them in Richard Mansfield's remarkable impersonation of Russia's monster King, the Czar John IV., better known as Ivan the Terrible. On the other hand, sane, healthy-minded persons are as likely to be repelled by the shocking figure presented by the actor, and this



LORD WYKEHAM (Mr. Miller)

KEN (H. Hassard Short)

ESTHER (Miss Dorothy Hammond)

Ken confessing he used Lord Wykeham's name

HENRY MILLER IN HIS NEW PLAY, "MAN PROPOSES" AT THE HUDSON



WRIGHT LORMER

An actor from the West, who will make his first New York appearance at the New York Theatre, April 4, in a play entitled, "The Shepherd King," a romantic drama founded on the Biblical story of David

all the more that the tragedy itself has no dramatic or literary value, and as a play is as dull as it is lugubrious. As a character study, it is without question a wonderful piece of acting, eclipsing in power and terrifying realism anything Mr. Mansfield has yet done, but from character studies of this kind, let our stage be spared! No good cause of art is served by such exhibitions; at most is an actor's personal ambition satisfied.

Imagine a decrepit, half-demented old man in the last stages of senile decay, his face wizened and hollow like a grinning skull, the flesh a greenish hue, beardless, but covered with large warts from which sprout long, straggling hairs, saliva dripping from his toothless gums, and his hands and legs shaking from palsy—such is the cheerful picture presented to the spectator for his entertainment. Some time ago, Mr. Mansfield told the writer that he was weary of portraying monsters, and for that reason had abandoned his plan of presenting Stephen Philip's tragedy, "Herod." Henceforth, he said, only the noble and beautiful in life would attract him. Evidently it was the man speaking, and not the artist. The actor who had made the first triumph of his career as the lecherous old Baron Chevrier could not resist the temptation to score again in a rôle somewhat similar.

This piece deals with attempts of the Russian nobles to depose the Czar John IV., and was the first of a trilogy of historical dramas written by Count Alexis Tolstoi. It never attracted much attention, even in Russia, where performances of it

were until quite recently forbidden for political reasons.

The play has no connected story, no conflict of emotion, no human interest, and no impression at all is left on the beholder save that of the loathsome despot. Mr. Mansfield has undoubtedly achieved another great personal success, and added to his extensive repertoire (already a well-stocked chamber of horrors) a creation which is, perhaps, beyond the technical skill and power of any other English-speaking actor. The ruthless tyrant's diabolical cunning, his sadistic cruelty, his thirst for human blood, his explosions of terrifying rage, his seemingly sincere remorse and superstitious, craven fear—all these various sides of Ivan the Terrible's character are depicted with all the power, art and skill of a pastmaster in character studies. But it is at best a ghastly performance, soul-harrowing and painful, and surely the talent of so fine and finished an artist might be enlisted in something not only more worthy, but more pleasant.

"Man Proposes," the piece in which Henry Miller is appearing, belongs to the milk-and-water drama, the essential requirements of which are the total elimination of virile ideas or originality; dialogue and sentiment chaste enough to be fit for the virgin ear of the demure school-girl; commonplaceness; absence of strong emotions—in short, nothing suggestive of the real drama of life. Such a model Ernest Denny, an English playwright, appears to have taken when writing "Man Proposes," which at best will serve Mr. Miller to eke out an abortive and disappointing season. The piece has to do with two brothers and a girl, and the main theme is the ancient one of mistaken identity. The younger brother is a scapgrace, who, masquerading as his elder brother, Lord Wykeham, wins the affections of the girl. The real earl arrives on the scene incognito, and immediately falls in love with the same girl. The plot thickens (although at no time acquiring greater consistency than a pallid consommé), and there is a scene in the third act where the brothers straighten matters out which has some resemblance to a situation, but it is all very thin for an evening's entertainment, particularly with seats at \$2 per. Mr. Miller is at home as the lord, and walks gracefully through a rather colorless part. Hassard Short is too intense as the brother. The girl is played by Miss Dorothy Hammond. This actress has an attractive personality, but her performance is lacking in sincerity.

A new play with a new star is a combination that is usually avoided by prudent managers. At the Garrick Theatre we have this combination. Katherine Kennedy, new to New York, is playing in "The Ruling Power," a drama by Elwyn A. Barron. The use of hypnotism as the pivotal idea of the action of a play is not entirely new, but that any one should hope, author, star, or manager, that an audience can be entertained for hours by morbid pathology, is a new manifestation of a misunderstanding of the func-



HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

Mr. Blossom was born in St. Louis, in 1868. He has travelled widely and for the past ten years has made literature his profession. His first published work was a love story told in the form of fac-simile letters, bills and newspaper clippings, called "The Documents in Evidence." It was brought out in 1893, and had wide popularity. "Checkers," a hard ink story, was his next effort, and this was so favorably received that the young author was tempted to try it in stage form. The play was finished and successfully produced last Spring. "The Yankee Consul" is the result of a second dramatic attempt.



Hall

ESTELLE EARLE

ORRIN JOHNSON

KATHERINE KENNEDY

DAVENPORT SEYMOUR

FRANK LANDER

SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT OF "THE RULING POWER," AT THE GARRICK.

tions and limitations of the drama. People do not go to the theatre necessarily merely to be amused, but they do go to be entertained. They are not entertained by seeing a man brought in on a stretcher, after having been tossed from a swerving automobile, falling under the mesmeric influence of a physician who is called in, and thereafter, through four acts, giving an exhibition of "innocent" brutality toward his own wife. Eleanor Harwood, the wife, played by Mrs. Kennedy, suffers agonies in "gowns made by Barbour" and hats "made by Brendel." Her heart is wrung by a number of incidents, but they are all of the same kind, and there is no cumulative action in the play at all. It is practically the same thing throughout. Of course, there are opportunities for "acting," but if there is anything on the stage more abhorrent than mere acting, it has yet to be found. There can never be any real acting in a play unless that play contains action, and this play has too little of it. Inasmuch as the fault is with the play, it would be unjust to Mrs. Kennedy to say that she was not natural and capable. The play is entitled "The Ruling Power," which, the world over, in spite of kings and principalities, is commonly held to be Love. It is the love of the wife that finally overcomes the influence of hypnotism. Orrin Johnson played the hypnotic imbecile of a husband admirably.

A gaudy weed, swaying in the wind, upon which at times perches a song bird that sings daintily; a kaleidoscope of colors to delight a child—this is "The Tenderfoot" theatrical entertainment for the atomies of mankind. What cares the rounder for what he sees on the stage, when that which he sees off the stage, between acts, interests him more? What, forsooth, if the next morning he wot not of what he has beheld the night before? That is a part of his amusement,

speculating, with laughter, on his experiences of the immediate past and totaling up his expense account to verify his vague remembrances, trying to reconstruct a chain of events by means of reckoning up his change. It is a brave world for the rounder who "goes to the theatre to be amused," and who, if he remembers anything, accounts it as rare humor that when Professor Zachary Pettibone's donkey retired demurely from the stage the poor beast had attached to his rear an automobile number. The "book" of this operatic comedy, at the New York Theatre, is by Richard Carle. Richard Carle is also the Professor Zachary Pettibone. He is also the owner of the piece and its stage manager. This reaching after omnipotence and omniscience, even though it be in a small field, is rarely entirely successful. It also leads to delusions of grandeur which are never dispelled so long as the box-office yields satisfactory returns. The real authors of these comic operas, or operatic comedies, are the costume makers, the ballet masters and the song writers. That "The Tenderfoot" is up to the standard of the present market may, perhaps, not be denied; but, unfortunately, that standard is declining all the time. A musical comedy like this, being successful from the box-office point of view, and being without art or truth, is a seeming victory for the theatrical anarchist.

The favor that has attended the production of "The Yankee Consul," book and lyrics by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., music by Alfred G. Robyn, is proof enough that theatre-goers are surfeited with idiotic so-called "musical comedy," with its everlasting sextette of faded blondes and lisping youths, and coarse horse play, and welcome a return to first principles, that is, to clean, sane operetta, with intelligent plot, melodious music, clever lyrics, in short, the classic form. The music Mr. Robyn



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS GERTRUDE MCKENZIE

Now appearing in "The Wizard of Oz"

Botti and an unusually well-drilled chorus. Mr. Savage has given the piece a sumptuous setting.

Considering all that was promised, the Century Players did not quite realize the high standard fixed for them. In extenuation, it will be admitted that the stage of the Princess Theatre is too limited for their mere physical requirements; it was necessary to cut down the scenery in a way very sacrificial to perspective and effect, while, no matter how accomplished the individual players may be, it requires a firm and artistic hand to blend them into a homogenous and smooth-working company. Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," is such a simple, straightforward effort that mediocrity may not cloak itself in the veil of subtle reading or new interpretation. Tradition firmly fixed exacts a performance of smooth, interpretative merit. In this respect the Century Players disappointed. Their performance was sluggish and unpolished. The movement was heavy and the sparkling wit snapped but intermittently. It was a perfunctory rendering, lacking in imagination and gracious appreciation of its noble worth. As Beatrice, that joyous embodiment of feminine good humor and raillery, that delightful characterization of a woman healthy in mind and body, Miss Jessie Millward acted with the abundant technique which comes from long training in sound schools. It must be admitted that she received but feeble inspiration from William Morris, whose Benedict was

has written for "The Yankee Consul," while pleasing, at no time rises above the dull level of mediocrity. The days when the score of the operetta was deemed more important than the book have long gone. Where now are our Pinafors, our Grand Duchesses, our Erminies? Is it because the reward does not tempt composers of real creative power, or must we forever be content with the mere musical hack who simply rehashes a

hundred airs, all know by heart and instantly recognize? Mr. Blossom's book is not so good but that it might be better. That, too, is a long way from the standard set by the late W. S. Gilbert, but it is superior to many of the librettos that pass muster nowadays. The real backbone of "The Yankee Consul," however, is the Consul himself, admirably played by that most natural comedian, Raymond Hitchcock. He is immensely funny as an American official stationed in San Domingo, where he has all sorts of adventures with the natives. Mr. Hitchcock is well supported by Miss Flora Zabelle, an exceptionally pretty young woman, who dances and sings well, and also by Miss Rose

soggy and severe. Boyd Putnam's Don Pedro was haply gay and spirited, and Theodore Robert's Leonato instinct with dignity, feeling and repose. As Hero, Florence Rockwell was somewhat colorless, and Frank Hatch as Dogberry was only conventionally effective. The best reading and the best performance in detail of every kind was Geo. C. Boniface's personation of Friar Francis. The scenery by John H. Young was well painted and handsome, and the costumes were rich and in excellent taste. The allegory which preceded and in which Art, Tradition and Progress indulged freely in platitudes, might have been profitably dispensed with.

The French Opera Company of New Orleans, which recently visited New York, hardly came up to the expectations formed of this well-known troupe. Their non-success was largely due to an unfortunate chain of circumstances, such as lack of sufficient capital, which resulted in no performance on the third night of the engagement. "La Juive" was the opening bill, and, introducing such excellent singers as MM. Mikaelly and Gauthier, it was a pity to see the efforts of these artists marred by an inadequate orchestra and imperfectly drilled chorus. On the following evening, Mme. Bressler-Gianoli made a distinct success as Carmen, and we hope to hear her here again. The singers as a whole were above the average, and several among them are well-trained artists, both from the vocal and dramatic standpoint.

As a supplement to Bernard Shaw's delicious study of character, "Candida," that enterprising young manager and thoughtful actor, Arnold Daly, recently presented "The Man of Destiny," by the same author. The full value of this little piece was somewhat obscure, coming as it did after two hours of dialogue written so much in the same vein. The constant explosion of paradoxical verbal firecrackers and keenly analytical torpedoes was bewildering. It was a strain on the grey matter, for one had to follow with the rarest attention every word if he would enjoy to the full the grasp of the satire and the plenitude of the philosophy. How weak and vulnerable the strongest man is, especially at the hands of charming woman, was the study, with Napoleon at the age of twenty-five as the central figure. Mr. Daly's composition of the character was admirable. The externals were carefully presented, and the subtle changes in the moods of the man, who would dominate by sheer strength, were delineated with splendid variety and telling force. The lady as presented by Miss Dorothy Donnelly, lacked some of the exquisite charm which Shaw's brilliant stories called for, but it was an agreeable and careful effort. Later on, Miss Grace Merritt, a pretty girl who gives promise as an actress, essayed the same part with success.



FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

A clever and popular comedian, recently seen in "Glittering Gloria" at Daly's



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS EDITH ST. CLAIR

Copyright, J. Schloss

MISS ELIZABETH WOODSOW

MISS ANNA SUTHERLAND

White

THREE AMERICAN BEAUTIES RECENTLY SEEN ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.

Mr. Carnegie and the Endowed Theatre

ANDREW CARNEGIE, multi-millionaire and philanthropist, has declared himself frankly in the matter of the proposed endowed theatre. He says that when a theatre needs help it is a sign of weakness.

In this we quite agree with Mr. Carnegie. The drama in America is pitifully anaemic, and as urgently in need of sustenance as our libraries and hospitals. Mr. Carnegie declares further that he does not believe in endowed theatres because they are not a success, and never can be. The only way to endow a theatre, he adds, is to buy tickets at the box office.

It is evident from the foregoing that Mr. Carnegie uses the word "Success" only in the sense of invested capital producing profits. From this standpoint, even the Comédie Française must be accounted a failure, for its books have at times shown a deficit. And yet the Comédie Française, the first of the endowed theatres, is not only the most famous playhouse in the world, but one of the glorious institutions of France which her sister nations may well envy. Enjoying an annual subsidy from the State of \$48,000, in addition to a monumental building free of rent, it has never paid in the commercial sense, and, without the financial assistance it receives, would probably have to suspend operations. It was not expected to pay. That is why it was endowed. Yet even Mr. Carnegie must admit that what the Comédie Française has done for the art education of the French people and the development of the French drama is incalculable, and he is well aware that the House of Molière owes its prestige to the plays which it has been enabled to produce and the genius which it has been enabled to encourage by means of the financial assistance it has received for the last two hundred years. Mr. Carnegie might as well say that the Postoffice Department of the United States is an absurd institution because it is run at a loss at times. What of our public schools? How is the sordid business man going to arrive at the exact number of dollars and cents they bring into the country? If education pays, why should not the individual pay for it?

Perhaps Mr. Carnegie may contend that the French people are a more art-loving people than we are. Granting it, then the need of an endowed theatre is all the more imperative. The continental races are more artistic for the very reason that they are born and bred in an atmosphere of art, in lands

where art and literature are cultivated and fostered by endowment. How comes it that Mr. Carnegie, so firm a believer in the endowment of libraries, cannot realize what a potent educational factor would be a theatre conducted on academic lines, where there would be standards of correct speech and taste, accurate costuming, and where the younger generation might become acquainted with the great classics of the English-speaking drama?

Mr. Carnegie must himself see that on this question he stands with a small minority among enlightened people. The only persons who have publicly agreed with him thus far are Mr. Marc Klaw and Mr. Daniel Frohman, the latter expressing the surprising opinion in the *New York Herald* that "the endowed theatre is only a fad for wealthy people." On the other hand, Sir Henry Irving, Augustus Thomas, Mme. Modjeska, Ben Greet, Henry Miller, Richard Mansfield, Clyde Fitch, Bronson Howard, E. H. Sothorn, Wilton Lackaye, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Recorder Goff, Heinrich Conried, Julia Marlowe, and Edwin Markham, are convinced that in the endowed theatre alone lies the salvation of the American stage.

"The dark age of English dramatic literature seems to be at hand," says Bronson Howard. "If we do not have some kind of an endowed theatre soon, either by popular subscription or the gift of wealth, the English dramatic classics will be lost to us. The average business man, more than fifty years old, who goes to the theatre, is familiar with them, but his thirty-year-old son and his daughter know nothing about them. All the beautiful masterpieces of English dramatic literature, from Shakespeare's time down to the middle of the nineteenth century, have been utterly neglected for the last ten or twenty years. I can't believe that we shall let these gems be lost. The only way to preserve them is in an endowed theatre."

In face of ignorance, prejudice, indifference, the light will ultimately prevail. The National Art Theatre Society, which to-day numbers 1,050 members, will undoubtedly succeed in its object—that of erecting and endowing an ideal repertoire theatre devoted to adequate performances of the great classic and standard plays. It may take five years, it may take ten, but the Society is already rendering splendid service in the cause of the higher drama by educating and stimulating public opinion in the desired direction.

A. H.



Photo, White

THE CENTURY PLAYERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

From left to right, J. W. Albaugh, as Claudio; Theodore Roberts, as Leonato; Miss Florence Rockwell, as Hero; William Morris, as Benedick; Boyd Putnam, as Don Pedro; Miss Jessie Millward, as Beatrice; Henry Stockbridge, as Balthazar; and Martin C. Alsop, as Don John.

Do Audiences Demand Happy Endings?

WHAT is the object for which the average person, or speaking locally, the American Optimist, goes to the play? Not for instruction of the head, not for expansion of the mind, not for elevation of the soul, least of all for the propagation of art. He, she, or it—especially it—buys permission to sit stiffly hemmed in for three hours on one chair with the dire determination of being amused.

Amusement is but a synonym for diversion, this for pleasure, this again for satisfaction, this finally for "having a good time." The most deadly method of ensuring a good time is to see "The Six Little Stenographers," words by John Smithson, music by Smith Johnson. All through "The Six Little Stenographers," A. O. laughs loudly and applauds assiduously.

The piece happily ended, A. O. hies to a public eating house, partakes hopefully of seething Welsh Rarebit, ice cream, and boiling coffee; then dramatically and gastronomically delighted, smiling wends the homeward way. On the morrow ensues an exchange of precious thoughts, concerning that immortal masterpiece, "The Six Little Stenographers," which harp th' extremest chords of vocal eloquence from "The greatest thing you ever saw!" to "The greatest

thing you ever seen!" For the play was full of jokes, and at the last each of the (or "them") six stenographers, who could sing and dance "real cutely," vowed eternal troth to a sweet young man certain to make a fortune by selling skates to the Filipinos.



RUDOLPH CHRISTIANS

The Prussian Royal actor, who is now playing with Ferdinand Bonn at the Irving Place German Theatre, New York. Herr Christians is a popular member of the Berlin Royal Theatre and is generally seen in romantic parts. Five years ago he was especially brought over to New York by Mr. Conried to play the King's Son with Agnes Sorma in "Koenigskinder."

Whatever the qualities of a piece, the aforesaid American Optimist demands a "happy ending," by which is generally meant the promise of at least one marriage. If a post-matrimonial sixth act were added, by way of epilogue, our sanguine friend would be obliged to acknowledge that what had seemed a happy ending was really the ending of happiness. But bless you! who ever, in this land of easy divorce, thinks of that unplayed sixth act?

Mr. Shakespeare, always writing for popularity and cash, gave "Measure for Measure" an ending apparently happy. In the sixteenth century it was not harder to humbug an audience than it is now, and nobody knew better than Mr. Shakespeare that neither Angelo's union with Mariana nor Claudio's with Juliet could in the run of nature prove a condition of bliss, since no man ever brings felicity to a woman he weds against his will.

He, Shakespeare, was fully aware that the average person of his own day went to



MISS GRACE MERRITT

Clever young actress recently seen as the dispatch-stealing lady in "A Man of Destiny."

the "Globe" for diversion, pleasure, satisfaction. When it was inexpedient to gratify the "happy ending" delusion by means of earthly marriage, William cogently calculated that the next best thing was to despatch the lovers to the vague realm whence "no traveller returns" and therefore cannot betray the result of marriages made in heaven. He, William, never scrupled as to the manner of satisfying the spectator: the most highly renowned, and, in popular opinion, most perfect of love dramas concludes with a glorification of suicide—the "selfslaughter" which the convenient William elsewhere brands "cowardly and vile."

The solutions of "Egmont" and "Kabale und Liebe" show how Goethe and Schiller also understood that, if fate prevented the union of loving couples here below, then the poet's business was to arrange as he might their translation to another sphere, where they could be supposed to celebrate a honeycycle of a billion centuries.

Gratification less direct is offered by the conclusions of dramas like "Le Roi S'amuse" and "La Dame aux Camélias." However, the spectator is pleased with Blanche's sacrifice and Marguerite's on the altar of love. Did Marguerite Gautier not perish in poverty, but continue to live in luxury with

de Varville, then would A. O.—and his foreign kin—be left unsatisfied, would not have had a good time. Spanish honor decreed it impossible for a maiden to wed the slayer of her sire. And who would not stand by such a sentiment? Nevertheless, pliant old Father Corneille figures out a rosy hope that bold Rodrigue will return, after conquering the Moors, to clasp beautiful Chimène in his arms. Even such tragedies as "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth,"—no tales of soft amours,—though they may arouse inward conflicts, are sure to be sealed with public approval at the curtain's final fall. But how go home contented after witnessing so much bloody violence? Because, in the canting popular phrase, "poetic justice is done." Well now, Mr. Shakespeare never believed nor wrote that any passion for justice consumed the heart of the average person—for whom his plays were made. No, the endings of "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth" create a pleasant emotion because they satisfy an instinct far stronger in man than thirst for poetry or hunger for justice—appetite for revenge.

All manner of things that in real life we class under folly, error, vice, or crime, and frowningly profess to abhor as such, at the theatre we regard with indulgent complacency or even approving pleasure. And how could it be otherwise, viewing the purpose of our presence at the play? What do we live for, if not the gratification of our wishes, our appetites, the attainment of satisfaction? So let us, like A. O., relish these happy endings dished up by Shakespeare, Corneille, Dumas, John Smithson. Let us have a good time, and enjoy the supper of seething Welsh Rarebit, ice cream, and boiling coffee.

LIONEL STRACHEY.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's New Drama.

A NEW tragedy by Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, is now in rehearsal by Eleanora Duse and will be produced shortly in Milan. Entitled "Jorio's Daughter," and a story of passion, superstition and fanaticism, it bears a strong family likeness to Sardou's new drama, "The Sorceress," described in these columns last month. Mila, daughter of a magician, is believed to be a witch. Persecuted by the fanatical peasants, she takes refuge with a wedding party and the young bridegroom, Aligi, takes her part, driving out her pursuers. Love is born of this friendship. Aligi leaves his bride and goes with Mila into the mountain to tend his sheep. Their love is still platonic, and Aligi is thinking of going to Rome to obtain a release from his marriage, when his father appears and makes improper advances to Mila. Enraged, Aligi kills his father and he is condemned to die, but Mila saves his life by taking the guilt on herself, she declaring that she had bewitched the parricide. And Mila dies, none suspecting the sacrifice, not even the man she loves.



Hall

ARNOLD DALY AS NAPOLEON IN "A MAN OF DESTINY"



No. 1. THE BOX OFFICE MAN.

Photos by Joseph Byron, N. Y.

EARLY last August the treasurer of one of the Broadway theatres was opening the front door of the closed playhouse when a friend accosted him.

"What! Going to open the house already?" asked the friend.

"Well, not exactly," replied the ticket seller; "we don't open until the end of September. I'm just filing my orders for seats."

All of which means that the "box-office man" was breaking into his vacation because of the eagerness of the New York public to obtain good seats for the new plays of the forthcoming season. This treasurer had over a hundred orders for the opening performance, some of which came from Europe, where patrons among the resorts of Norway or Switzerland were already planning their autumn enjoyment at home. Some of the orders were for



Byron, N. Y.
Familiar scene at the box-office window

seats for every performance, and nearly every one was accompanied by a check making the payment far in advance. Still others asked this treasurer to request other box-office men in the chain of houses of his management to do the same at their respective ticket offices.

In cities of lesser size, where theatre-going is considered a luxury, or where the appearance of some star of great popularity is the family's solitary dramatic event in the entire play-going season, this procedure may seem amusingly odd. But the average New York theatre-goer takes his amusement seriously. It is, indeed, part of his regular life. To miss the new plays, the openings of the principal houses, or the recurring appearances of the big stars, would be entirely out of keeping with the social order of things, according to his view. Then, too, even in the summer when the playhouse has become a burden and the alfresco show is the vogue, there still comes that never-resting, always predominant and irresistible desire that is so potent in the movement of the New Yorker—the answer to that question which always comes with the lighting up of the electric signs, "What shall we do to-night?" So it is this custom which brings to the box-office its first activity of the incoming season.

The box-office is that part of a theatre with which the public

comes most in contact, and, as is the case with most things used daily by the public, is little understood as far as its inner working is concerned. Laying aside any of the frequent discussions about the theatre and its mission, to the man who has to shoulder all the expenses of the enterprise it is the box-office that tells the story. Architecturally it is a very small place, and it is often stuffy, except in the case of the new theatres where a great deal of attention has been shown to the construction and fitting up of these places where tickets are sold. The principal part of a box-office is the little window where the theatre-goer faces the man who has the piece of pasteboard which, when purchased, secures both admission and a seat.

The personnel of the box-office comprises two men. One is the treasurer of the theatre, who is generally, if not always, the principal ticket seller. He has an assistant and he has been an assistant himself. In a great many cases the assistant has been a head usher, and, as the biography of many managers would show, this position has also been the starting point of some of the best-known and most successful men who stand high in the theatrical business to-day. While, of course, there is a manager or a representative of the management always about the front of the house, it is the ticket seller who has most to do with the buying public. It is he who takes their money, and, as a rule, he is the man to get all the business of the evening, whether it be something pleasant to say about the "show," or the melancholy recital of a wail that seats are behind a post. In course of time, he becomes a diplomat—a diplomat of silence. A famous



Byron, N. Y.
Box-office man laying out his stock of tickets

manager once said: "If a patron comes to you and makes a complaint, and is reasonable about it, give him the best end of the argument. If he is unreasonable, be polite, but silent."

After the ticket seller has returned for the opening of the season and filled all his orders, his first step for business is to secure his tickets. One big concern in the east prints nearly all the theatre tickets used. This printing house has the diagrams of all the houses, and so well is each handled that only a day usually expires between the sending of a telegraphic order for a set of tickets and their shipment from the factory. The tickets are printed in sheets, cut by machinery, and put up in bundles according to location—orchestra, orchestra circle, balcony, and gallery, there being a different color for each section. If two theatres adjoin, the ticket sellers generally make an arrangement to have different colors that will not conflict, so that the door-keeper of one house will not admit those persons who have made a mistake and intend to enter another. The tickets are boxed according to weeks, and it is the custom to keep from four to six weeks ahead.

The ticket seller invariably counts the tickets as soon as they are received, for they are cash as far as he is concerned. It is the standing offer of the firm printing the tickets to give a prize to any ticket seller finding an error in their work, and so careful are they in the execution of these tickets that it would be difficult to find any instances of where the prize has been collected.

The sale of seats opens a week before the engagement in some theatres, but it is more apt to be on the Thursday preceding the Monday of the opening. Before the sale opens, the seats for the newspaper critics are taken out and turned over to the press representatives. These are always the same seats, and a record is kept of them in the treasurer's book. They are punched to show that they were not paid for, this being done to make the final count come out correctly. Next, the orders for seats are looked after, and to those who have sent checks the seats are mailed, while regular patrons are notified that their seats are ready. However, none are ever released from the box-office until the day of the sale.

In this regard it is interesting to note that every good ticket seller knows his regular patrons. He is aware of the desire of a certain gentleman to have his seats always in the first row, another who likes to sit in the first row of the circle because



Byron, N. Y.

The polite box-office man showing a purchaser the location of his seats

it is raised, and still others who have preferences as to locations or distances from the stage. In every prominent New York theatre there will be found at every opening night people who have had the seats for opening nights for as long a period as twenty years. Ticket sellers have come and gone, but the book with these desired seats is still kept in the safe, and the preferences carefully adhered to. It is the wise ticket seller who makes friends this way, not only for himself, but for his management, for there is in the make-up of every man or woman just enough vanity to feel pleased when they hear the box-office man say, as they step out from a long line of people:

"Why, how are you, Mr. So-and-So? Here are your regular seats."

And if it is helpful, and there is every reason that it should be, to have your audience in a good humor, the actor owes it to the ticket man for starting the audience off comfortably before the overture begins.

When the sale begins, the box-office man places his tickets for the performance of that night nearest to him, while at his side are those of the next four weeks. In some theatres large racks are constructed that lift and lower, and which contain the tickets properly racked for six weeks to come. With a big success the treasurer and his assistant will sell to a line all day, and each person will want seats for a different performance. Some theatres are entirely sold out this way long before the night of the performance, while others depend largely on a window sale at night. It is always said that the ticket seller that can handle successfully the long line that is buying between a quarter to eight and the opening-up



Byron, N. Y.

Door-keeper at the Empire Theatre, New York, with the urbane Mr. Shea, house manager, on the left, and a page opening the door leading to the auditorium.



Morcean.

KATHERINE KENNEDY

Wife of a New York business man, and who recently made her debut at the Garrick Theatre, in a new play, entitled "The Ruling Power."

time, is the man of skill. His buyers are in a hurry, and he has to keep every wit about him. A good ticket seller usually holds his position for life. The salary is about \$2,000 a year.

It looks very easy to sell tickets, but it isn't. The good ticket seller has a number of things to look after. Among these is the dressing of his house. He sells along from side to side and through the center with the idea always in front of him to have his house looking well. If he is selling out, it is easier. Sometimes he has difficulty in getting rid of the high-priced seats. Here is where his skill comes in, for there is as much skill in selling tickets as there is in selling silk. If you go into any store to buy something for a dollar, the shop-keeper is a very bad salesman if he does not politely persuade you to buy a still better article for a dollar and a half. So the ticket seller who really understands his business is proving it if he can get you to buy a two-dollar seat when you only intended to buy one for a dollar.

Here is where his exchange checks come in. He has above him in a rack a series of slips of stiff pasteboard, on which are printed the word "Exchange," and amounts ranging from 25 cents to a dollar and a half. These are used after this manner: A man may buy a seat for a dollar, and, after going in, change his mind and want a two-dollar seat. The stub of the dollar seat has already been dropped in the tin box at the door, and represents that much money in the house. The buyer pays another dollar, returns his door check and gets an exchange check for a dollar, with a two-dollar coupon. The treasurer retains the stub of the ticket, for this is equivalent to two dollars when the count is made. When the exchange check is dropped

into the box, it adds to the dollar stub already there another dollar, and the seat is paid for. The man at the window also sells what he calls "hard tickets," and what the public knows as "general admissions." But the selling of these does not bother him, for when no seat is attached there is no discussion over the diagram with the prospective purchaser. And in this regard every ticket seller prefers a man buyer to a woman, for the latter will always linger over the diagram picking out seats with that same ease that she would a silk dress, with an impatient crowd of women back of her anxious to do the very same thing.

The box-office is kept open from nine in the morning until ten at night. The treasurer, in addition to his ticket selling, also keeps his books, in many instances attends to the banking and paying of money, besides the nightly work of making-up his statement of the night's business, with added information giving the advance sale for the next performance. It is this statement that tells the manager which road he is taking, the one that leads to long runs and prosperity, or the one to the storehouse and another deal with an author.

The counting of the house is made about nine o'clock, or a little after, each evening, when the ticket seller turns his window over to his assistant. He first gets his count in the rough. All of the tickets not sold are taken out of the rack, counted according to prices, and the number marked on the bundle. To this lot are added the stubs of tickets where coupons have been torn off for exchanges or given out with passes. This is what the box-office man calls his "deadwood." On a slip of paper he then writes down the number of seats he has in the theatre and the price. From these numbers, which represent the capacity of the house, he subtracts what he has in his "deadwood." The result is multiplied by the price of the seat in each location, the

figures added, and he has about struck a total of the money taken in that night. Then, in the presence of a representative of the attraction, the boxes at the various doors are opened and the tickets counted.

The treasurer's statement is sent to the manager, and the one he keeps in his book shows this business in detail. From it the manager not only learns what business he has done, but he can tell what his show is drawing. For, say what they may about commercialism, the box-office is the thermometer. If a play opens Monday night to a certain amount of money, and this amount goes up Tuesday, why does not it show something? At any rate, it shows what the people want. WELLS HAWKS.

(To be continued.)



Hall

THOMAS W. ROSS

Clever young character actor, who has met with great success this season as "Checkers," in Henry M. Blossom, Jr.'s dramatization of his popular story.



As Alice, of old Vincennes



As Lady Leinster



As Iris

Virginia Harned—A "Material" Actress

(Chats with Players No. 25)



WE telephone each other every night after the play, at half-past twelve." The speaker was Virginia Harned, in private life Mrs. Edward H. Sothorn. She and the writer were discussing marriage in its relation to art, especially the histrionic art. The actress believes that every artist must settle for herself the question whether marriage fosters or hinders her art. She insists that it is an individual question.

"After all you will do what you are to do," she said with a thoughtful smile, thus setting herself down as a fatalist, which, with charming candor, she admitted she was.

Her own marriage has been triumphantly successful, a very model of a marriage, that makes the necessary absences of herself and her star spouse from each other poignantly painful.

"These separations are the tragedies of stage life," said Miss Harned. Then, with the quick, child-like change of mood of the artist, she added: "But we telephone each other every night after the play, at half-past twelve. We talk from New York to Philadelphia, or Washington, or Chicago. Whenever we are within reaching distance we have our midnight chat."

"What about?"

Miss Harned dimpled and blushed a little. "Usually not very romantic subjects," she answered. "Each says to the other: 'How are you?' We ask each other, 'What sort of a performance did you have?' And by that time Central is sure to say: 'Time's up,' and I can hear the jingle of some more

money to propitiate the telephone company. We always pay about three times before we have finished our chat."

Unlike that other star with a luminary for a husband, who said she had not learned dramatic art from him because it cannot be taught, Virginia Harned says she owes more than she has the power to estimate to her first three years in Mr. Sothorn's company.

"Such foolish stories as they tell about our first meeting!" She laughed girlishly at the remembrance.

"One newspaper said that after that meeting I said: 'I'm going to marry that man.' The facts aren't half as interesting.

"I had been playing in 'A Long Lane' at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The play was not a success. It only ran for five weeks, but it helped me. I had a good part, that of a comedy actress, and the last week of the engagement I was asked to go to Mr. Daniel Frohman's office. I was there ahead of time, as happens with aspiring young women, but early as I was, Mr. Sothorn was there before me. There had been an accident at New Rochelle, and he was injured, so it happened that the first time I met Mr. Sothorn he was on crutches. Mr. Frohman introduced us, and, turning to Mr. Sothorn, said:

"Do you think she is too tall?"

"Stand up!" said Mr. Sothorn. I obeyed, but I 'scrooched' down as much as I could without attracting attention.

"What is your height?" Mr. Frohman asked.

"There and then I told a dreadful fib. My height is about five feet six inches, and I told them—I don't remember what, but ever so much less.



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OTIS SKINNER as Charles Surface.

"Do you think she is too tall?" Mr. Frohman asked again.

"No, I think I can hold up my head as high as that!" And for that answer I blessed Mr. Sothern.

"But my mind was taken up with art and an engagement. He seemed to me embodied art. I did not think of him as a man until afterwards.

"I was engaged as his leading woman. But it was odd—wasn't it?—and most unpoetic, that the first time I saw 'E. H.' he should be on crutches, and that the first time he saw me I should tell him a dreadful fib about my height!"

Although Miss Harned insisted that it was a matter of individual opinion—this question of the marriage of artists—what she did not say, quite as much as what she did, proved her an advocate of the marital tie.

"We are all human, and it is human to love, and if we love, marriage is the only way."

So she summed it up.

In the exquisite green and white and silver drawing-room on the second floor of the Sothern home, No. 37 W. 69th St.,

was a tall pearl and silver vase, from which flamed a dozen jacqueminot roses. When the interviewer was summoned to the library above, she found sitting before the fire, her hand shading her eyes from the firelight, her feet upon a leopard skin, a jacqueminot rose humanized.

Virginia Harned's beauty is of the imperishable sort. So intensely vital is this young woman that she glows as the jacqueminot. She is so thoroughly alive that she will always be young. One cannot imagine anything but a great grief aging her. And yet her beauty has a delicacy of its own that will bear as close inspection as does a flawless alabaster vase. Her complexion is of purest white and softest pink, "laid on" by Nature's own, nice hand. Her eyes are blue as the heavens on a cloudless day. Her blonde hair, in pretty disorder because she had obligingly tumbled out of the bath to see the writer, was pure gold in the firelight. Her wrists and throat were perfection. She is the only American woman I ever knew who wears a kimono gracefully, and hers, a soft mingling of the blue of her eyes, the pink of her cheeks, the embroidered flowers and birds looking like real visitors from the Orient, a poet might rhapsodize over.

"Yes, it is nice," she said, with the one part stateliness and nine parts girliness that make up the chatelaine of this handsome home near the park. This was in answer to a word of praise; then she broke out with:

"If I were such a material woman as the critics say, why don't I stay here and eat and drink and sleep and enjoy this home, instead of going about the country playing one-night stands? I could do it, if I chose, but it wouldn't content me. If 'E. H.' could be at home always, yes, I could be very happy here, but when he must be on the road, I would rather be active, too.

"What do they mean by a 'material type?'" she persisted. "A woman who likes luxuries? Yes, I like them, but I could very easily do without them. I think the critics have called me 'material' because I have played some 'material' parts, but I have played some that were not. For instance, in 'The Sunken Bell,' and I don't think Lady Ursula was very 'material.' Even Iris was not 'material,' if by that term they mean gross. She was only weak and luxury-loving and easily influenced.

"Perhaps they mean temperamental. But there are women of temperament who are not coarse, and I suppose materialism implies coarseness. What is temperament? Something indefinable. We all know it when we meet it, but I don't think any one has fully defined it. The impulsive person has temperament. The emotional person has it. It is not magnetism, for I have known persons who had magnetism, and yet who had not a particle of temperament. Sarah Bernhardt has temperament tremendously, but, oh, how she guides and directs its forces with her intellect! The actor who has temperament without technique is very badly off, and temperament without balance is liable to drive its owner far astray.

"After all," she continued, "a woman is not all one quality. That is what I have told Justin McCarthy and other authors when we have talked about plays. Don't harp on one note. Write a character in half a dozen keys, and you have a woman. She has the material element, and the spiritual and the intellectual. The man who loves her would not have her always any one of these. She is one at a time, according to mood and circumstance."

By one of those tricks of birth, Miss Harned is a Boston girl, although she bears the indelible stamp of the South. Her parents were born in Alexandria, Virginia, and they gave to their younger daughter the name of their native State. She was educated in part in Boston, but for three years attended a school in London. She went on the stage ten years ago, "from necessity," she explained, "but it was more pleasant than most necessities, for I had always liked the stage.

"Ten years of hard work, of one night stands, and, largely, of hotel life!" Her slippered foot played hide and seek absently with the leopard skin, and the blue eyes behind the screening hand were gravely reminiscent.

"My first part was Nisbe, in 'A Night Off,' and my first success, the critics said, was as Drusilla Ives in 'The Dancing Girl.' I don't know how many parts I have played. Dear, dear! ever so many!

"I liked Iris at first, but I got deadly tired of her the second year. She got on my nerves. I forgot my lines. It was dreadful. I am a young woman. If I were a veteran in 'the profession,' there might be some apparent reason for it.

"I wrote Mr. Frohman, and he put on 'The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes.' Neither Mr. Sothorn nor myself thought it a great play, but poor 'Iris' had been so hauled over the coals that we thought the public might like the change from a gloomy tragic play to something light and fantastic. That was all we ever claimed for it—that it was a light, clean, dainty fantasy. We did not ask any one to accept it as a great play."

This young actress—now a star herself—believes firmly in the starring system.

"This is a country where personality counts more than anywhere else in the world," she said. "I believe 'C. F.' (Charles Frohman) is right. He says a player becomes a star because he would be a leader in any other walk of life. The successful star has the inborn gift of leadership, the faculty of dominance. 'Some people are born to lead,' says 'C. F.,' 'and some not,' and I agree with him. America is peculiarly the country for stars. It is the actor they want in America. In London they have actor managers and manageresses, but in America they want stars. The ideal condition will be when the star is able to play three or four new parts a year.

"I give all my time to my dramatic work and my home," she went on. "I have no ambition to be a society woman. I could not, if I would, for only clever people amuse me. I'm easily bored, and when I'm bored, I show it; so you see I'd never be a social success. I gave a supper last night to a lot of clever people, and I enjoyed it very much; yet you see the result. I was so tired that I've been in bed nearly all day."

The actress yawned as she sank back into the depths of the arm-chair, and she sat in meditative silence watching the flames as they played in the polished grate. And as the reflected glow cast golden glints on her luxuriant hair, and heightened the pink and white color of her alabaster-like beauty, once more I was reminded of the jacquemint rose.

ADA PATTERSON.



Photo, Byron

ROSE BOTTI HARRY FARLEIGH RAYMOND HITCHCOCK SALLY McNEEL

SCENES IN THE "YANKEE CONSUL" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

THE GLORY OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE



BY
JULES CLARETIE
 DIRECTOR OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS
 and
 MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

The following is part of an admirable article written by Jules Claretie for the Mannual of the National Art Theatre Society, which is now in the press and given here by courtesy of the Society. It shows what endowment has done for the glory and advancement of the French stage, and constitutes a powerful argument in favor of the establishment of a National Theatre in this country.—EDITOR.



M. DE FERAUDY
 Character roles

THE Comédie Française is not, as generally believed, governed by the decree of 1812, known as the decree of Moscow, a decree essentially modified, moreover, by the decree of 1850, whose preparation was the work of eminent juriconsults. The Comédie has lived gloriously since 1680 under the rule established by Molière himself and his co-workers, a rule recognized by Louis XIV., and which has made vital since the seventeenth century the democratic principle of Association so widely applied in the nineteenth century.

The number of associates, the division of profits according to talent, the internal government of the Society, had all been admirably regulated by the founder of a House which is the glory of French dramatic art. An institution which has resisted the tests, and even the attacks, of two hundred and twenty-three years, is of the kind to be respected and admired. Molière was not only a great writer, but, as we see, a great organizer. The decree of Moscow is merely the codification of the uses and customs established by him, which aimed to recompense, according to service, every associate in the common task.

In the whole range of State institutions, the Comédie Française ranks with those that do most for the honor of France. To-day, while some Frenchmen are criticising it, the foreigner is vainly attempting to imitate it. The Administrator has a request for the rules of the Society from the King of Greece, who wishes to found an Athenian House of Comedy, and the King of Portugal is demonstrating his desire to establish a theatre on the basis of the Comédie Française. Every year brings similar demands. Outside of France they would imitate what we have the habit of criticising in France itself.

Not one of the many works published abroad concerning the Exposition of

1889 has failed to place the performances given by the Comédie Française in the front rank of the attractions which then made for the triumph of Paris and France. For our theatres, as for our writers, it may be said that Justice,—and posterity,—begin at the frontier. "The Comédie Française," says Emile Augier, "has, after the French Academy, the honor to be the only institution of the old régime, which deserved to survive it. It counts two centuries of existence—a longevity rarer and rarer among us. It is not only a national, but a historic monument, which is intimately bound up with the history of our literature."

At all times the Comédie Française has had to face attacks, now because it was making too much money; now because it was making too little, but ever it has gloriously kept on its way. One could fill a library of a century past setting forth the crises and proclaiming

the decline of the Comédie Française. This decline was a topic in the days of Prévile: they were still talking of it in the times of Talma. They wrote about it in the times of Samson, of Régnier, of Provost. They repeated it in the days of Rachel. One should read in Laugier's "The Comédie

Française since 1830" the lamentations of long ago. "The Comédie is ruined! the Comédie has no longer a troupe!" Yet it counted then among its Sociétaires—Samson, Ligier, Beauvallet, Geffroy, Régnier, Provost, Brindeau; and among its women, Desmousseaux, Manté, Anais, Plessy, Brohan, Melingue, and Rachel.

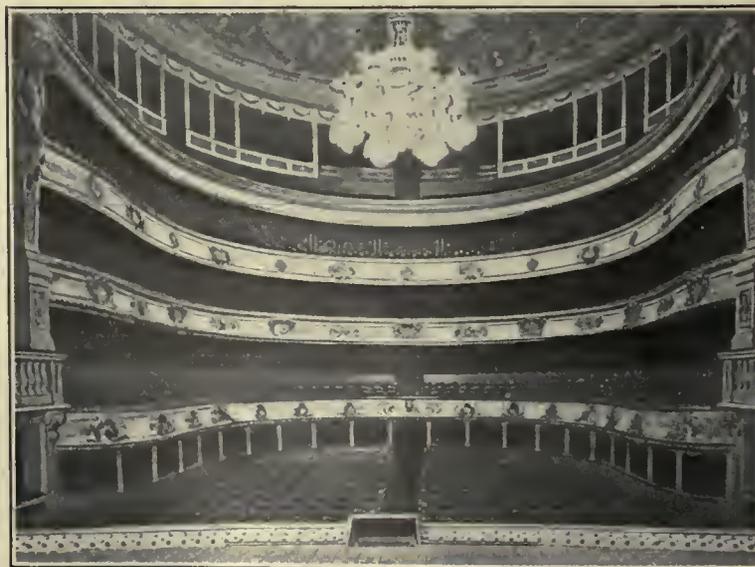
So it went: blame always. Blame if the portions were large: the Comédie Française, according to some, should not be a money-maker. Blame if the portions were small: theatres that are



JULES CLARETIE
 The Director is appointed by the government at a fixed salary



M. TRUFFIER
 Comio roles



Interior of the Théâtre Français as it appears since the fire in 1900



COQUELIN THE ELDER
Who may return to the Francals

only 600,000 francs. They reach, they exceed, 1,600,000 francs to-day. Retiring pensions and relief charges have increased. Their present total, 157,247 francs, is more than double the endowment of 100,000 francs, which has shrunk to 73,000 francs as the result of successive conversions. It may, indeed, be said that the subvention is a minimum: even an unsufficing minimum, compared with the total charges of the great House.



MOUNET SULLY
Tragic roles

a minister, who delegates to an Administrator named by him the various powers with which he is vested. Its subvention, then,

poor should not be subventioned, as others declared. The truth is, "that immense bee-hive which we call a theatre" should be prosperous. The first necessity of a theatre is that it should not show empty benches. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the associates contented themselves with portions ridiculously small. To-day, new custom helping, the artists must be given, at one stroke, the honor which attracts and the money which retains them.

The general expenses of the Comédie have grown with the years. Fifty years ago they were only 600,000 francs. They reach, they exceed, 1,600,000 francs to-day. Retiring pensions and relief charges have increased. Their present total, 157,247 francs, is more than double the endowment of 100,000 francs, which has shrunk to 73,000 francs as the result of successive conversions. It may, indeed, be said that the subvention is a minimum: even an unsufficing minimum, compared with the total charges of the great House.

Besides the Comédie is an institution which must not be confounded with the other subventioned theatres. It is in the hands of the State in the person of

of our high schools derive from the Comédie direct lessons which appreciably benefit them, surely the other classes of the Parisian population who are admitted free of cost to the evening performance (not counting the official free performances) enjoy in their turn a recreation which keeps them away from the cafés-concerts.

It has always been a matter of reproach that the Comédie was somewhat neglecting the classics in favor of the modern

does not take the guise of pure benevolence like those of the other theatres. In bestowing it on the Comédie the State has taken guarantees: reserving to itself the right to direct it, with divers other advantages and compensations.

On its side, the Comédie propagates and spreads the traditions of the beautiful and of the great in art. By the number of seats that it gives away, and which, one year with another, runs from 130,000 to 150,000, representing a sum of from 600,000 to 800,000 francs, the Comédie believes it earns the right to say that it helps the diffusion of literature. If the students of rhetoric who yearly to the number of 2,052 attend gratuitously the Thursday matinees—an innovation of the present administrator—if the pupils

of our high schools derive from the Comédie direct lessons which appreciably benefit them, surely the other classes of the Parisian population who are admitted free of cost to the evening performance (not counting the official free performances) enjoy in their turn a recreation which keeps them away from the cafés-concerts.

It has always been a matter of reproach that the Comédie was somewhat neglecting the classics in favor of the modern



COQUELIN THE YOUNGER
Comedian



MME. BARETTA-WORMS



MME. CECILE SOREL

Leading comedy roles



M. LE BARGY
Young leading roles



Associates of the Comédie Française in 1864.

From left to right, are—Geffroy, Maubant, Mlle. Judith, Coquelin, Mme. Guyon, Mlle. Dubols, Maillart, Samson, Bressant, Mme. Brohan, Delaunay, Mlle. Figeac, Mme. Lafontaine, Mme. Arnould Plessy, Mlle. Favart, Lafontaine, Mme. Joussain, Leroux, Aug. Brohan, Got, Mlle. Nathalie, Monrose fils, Regnier, Talbot, Provost, Mlle. Bouval.



M. MAUBANT
(Tragedy)



M. WORMS
(Famous leading man now retired)



M. LAMBERT FILS
(Young leading roles)



MME. REICHEMBERG
(Famous ingenue now retired)



M. FEBVRE
(Character roles)

repertoire. Aside from the fact that the moderns, because they are alive, demand the playing and exploitation of their works, it is plain that, the more the modern repertoire of the Comédie grows, the less easy it is to exploit the classics. It is, however, not true that tragedy, for instance, is kept on the shelf. Never has it been played oftener than it is to-day. The figures speak for themselves.

"The necessity of keeping the old repertoire on the boards side by side with the new plays is one of the glorious conditions of the Théâtre Français, but at the same time it is one of its burdens," said the Administrative Committee on April 6, 1852, replying to the periodical complaint. "Masterpieces interpreted by the most perfect talent should not be performed too often if their charm and their repute would be conserved. Variety in

the repertoire is as necessary to the actors, whose talent it makes supple and whose success it multiplies, as it is to the public whose pleasures it changes, while opening to their understandings the whole range of our dramatic riches."

These riches, let me repeat, have augmented from year to year. The plays of Hugo, de Musset, Augier, Dumas and Pailleron have been added within the past forty years to the list of long ago. Two theatres would scarcely suffice to keep the treasures of the Théâtre Français on the billboards. Amid all the material difficulties of its task, it is notable, however, that the Comédie does its duty to art. Of these difficulties, not the least, as I have said, is that the Administration must look out for the sure payment of its retiring pensions, whose total grows and threatens to grow still more. Certain artists are reaching the limit of their powers and

must soon withdraw their share of the common fund, which is one of the resources of the annual budget. To reach a satisfactory result, the greatest prudence is, therefore, necessary.

Sometimes the Comédie is blamed for not opening its doors to young authors. The answer is easy. First of all, the Théâtre Français has brought out a considerable number of new authors, and the history of dramatic art is there to prove it. In the second place, it is less in the line of the Comédie Française to make experiments than to be the conservator of talent. Can it indeed be reproached with inactivity in the search for novelty when one of its latest programmes bore three works in verse by young poets of different schools, to-wit, "Les Romanesques" of M. Rostand, "Le Bandeau de Psyche" of M. Marsolleau, and "Le Voile" of M. Rodenbach? Besides, the Comédie has in its portfolios, "Frédégonde," a five-act drama in verse, by M. Dubout, an author whose work has never been seen on any stage; "Le Faune," a comedy in verse by a new author, M. George Lefevre; a piece by M. Pierre Wolff, a newcomer; a comedy by M. Paul Hervieu, and still other works by new authors. And it must be remembered that the Théâtre Français can only exceptionally turn to these experiments, because each one makes it harder to honor its deep obligations to the repertoire, old and new.

"The first theatre in France," wrote Alexander Dumas, the elder, "exists to keep green the memory of our olden glories, and to bring into relief our new glories, but it cannot offer a channel wide enough for the multitude of dramatic attempts which are still groping their way in the night of art. Four pieces that succeed occupy the stage for a year."



M. GEORGES BERR
(Comedy roles)



M. LAUGIER
(Leading roles)



Public Foyer of the Théâtre Français



Hall, N. Y. Ben Greet as Malvollo B. A. Field as Sir Toby Millicent McLaughlin as Maria John Sayer Crawley as Sir Andrew Aguecheek

"Twelfth Night" as Shakespeare saw it played

Ben Greet's experiment of presenting Shakespeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night," in the simple Elizabethan manner, that is, without change of scene and practically without intermission, did not have the same success which attended this English manager's production of the old morality play, "Everyman," and, in spite of expert players, the performance, a detailed criticism of which will be found on another page, was pronounced tiresome. The play, which is supposed to derive its name from the fact that it was given at a Twelfth Night entertainment, was first acted on February 2, 1601, in the Middle Temple Hall, London. The Elizabethan Stage Society of London has given the play in its original setting in the same hall of recent years, and Mr. Greet's production follows closely the same primitive lines. There is only one setting, the scene representing a large room scantily furnished, and with a curtained centre hack. The difficulty the players have to contend with, in trying to convey to the audience the illusion that this bare room is in turn a seacoast, Olivia's house and garden, the Duke's palace and then the street, may be imagined. Musicians, also in the Elizabethan manner, are perched in a loft on the stage and perform during the progress of the play, and on each side of the proscenium arch an Elizabethan halberdier or "heef-eater" stands solemnly on guard.



THE DUEL SCENE

Edith Wynne Matthison as Viola



Kitty Blanchard and Kate Claxton, the original two orphans.

This picture is of particular interest in view of the present revival of the famous French melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with an all-star cast. The play was first acted in America at the old Union Square Theatre, New York, on December 21, 1875, and the cast was as follows: Maurice de Vaudrey, Charles R. Thorne; Count de Linieres, John Parselle; Jacques Frochard, McKee Rankin; Pierre, F. F. Mackay; Marquis de Presles, W. J. Cogswell; Countess de Linieres, Fanny Morant; Sister Genevieve, Ida Vernon; Sister Therese, Hattie Thorpe; Picard, Stuart Rohson; Marianne, Rose Etyluge; Louise, Kate Claxton; Henriette, Kitty Blanchard; La Frochard, Marie Wilkins. Kate Claxton has been playing the same part on and off for the past thirty years, and is still appearing in it on the road.

At present the theatre plays more than four pieces yearly, when some of them do not succeed, but it would do very well with one if it was a brilliant hit. It is not, therefore, on the Comédie that young beginners should count. It has, however, been blamed, not only for shutting itself tight against artistic experiments, but at times for favoring literary revolutions. When Baron de Taylor opened the stage door of the Rue de Richelieu to the dramas of Victor Hugo, the classic party cried out through their satirists: "The Théâtre Français is on the verge of decay." They compared the Français to the Ambigu, saying of Baron de Taylor: "Thanks to him the comedians will soon not know how to play comedy, and they cannot yet play melodrama."

One may read in the "Souvenirs Dramatiques" of Alexander Dumas a chapter entitled "The Subvention of the Theatre," wherein the author of "Henry III." refutes, in line with M. Thiers, the argument of the classic school against the Théâtre Français.

The classic school, represented by M. Charlemagne et Fulchiron, an old-time tragic author, whose name is preserved for us in "Les Guèpes" by Alphonse Karr, hurled several reproaches at the Comédie Française.

"The first reproach," said Alexander Dumas, "is that they no longer speak French at the Théâtre Français, and this reproach is specially directed at M. Victor Hugo!" At that

time, too, M. Auguis declared that art should pay for art, that it was not the business of the deputies to mulct the departments for the pleasure of Paris,—the argument which one may find so wittily refuted by M. Thiers in the Parliamentary Debates.

Among the publicists who pinned their faith to M. Thiers for pleading the cause of the Comédie, it is amusing to meet Felix Pyat,* whose argument is eloquent and convincing. "The Théâtre Français is a national monument," he says, "and the question whether it should be subventioned by the Government is solved by the example of the past. There must be an immutable sanctuary to which dramatic art may safely confide its master-works. There must be a depository for the wealth of the French language—consequently, a large subvention, a generous and in every way liberal assistance. All the governments which the Comédie Française has seen succeed each other agreed upon sustaining it."

We must take care lest our comedians, tempted by the promise of higher pay, be not swept along with the industrial current which is carrying away the arts, and long for a freedom which would bring them great if fleeting profits, but would ruin one of the institutions of which our country is justly proud.

The examples of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin have been evil. The railroads and the speculative managers are dangerous tempters. Our artists often fall in with the commercial view which seems so real on its face, forgetting the honors and the security which belong to the position of Associate. "I should be making such and such a sum if I did not belong to the Comédie Française," they say. They forget that the Comédie is the ideal theatre, *where young artists are made, and where the old are re-made.*

The Comédie remains in fine the cynosure for the admiration of foreigners, and, perhaps, also the envy of rival theatres. Within the past six years it has borne up against the loss of such artists as Delaunay, Thiron, Barré, Maubant, Madame Madeleine Brohan and Madame Joussain; the deaths of Madame Samary and Madame Montaland; the disappearance or silence of the accredited master-dramatists of the House, Emile Augier and Dumas. It has exhausted the répertoires of Hugo and de Musset, so full of resources fifteen years ago. It has sought to bring forward new authors and

new actors. The administrator has put his trust in young actors who have since attained authority as well as success before the public. The Comédie lasts because it is lasting. Molière has not alone left us master-pieces; he has left the indestructible act of Association which has made the fortune of those for whom, while dying, he stood up to play. Thus he exemplified the devotion every Associate owes to an institution ever young despite its existence of over two hundred years of literary glory bound up with the history of our country.



From the Tatler

UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

Considerable excitement has been caused in London by a recent sale, for the sum of £131, of what is believed to be quite a new portrait of Shakespeare, of which it is claimed that it was painted while he lay on his deathbed.

* Felix Pyat, famous Socialist

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

No. V. UNFORSEEN DÉNOUEMENTS

IN the eighteenth century, the policy of a theatre was dictated by its patrons and not by its manager. The prices charged, the plays produced, the actors hired, the rules of the house, were arranged by the public. To quarrel with the popular judgment was to assure the destruction of the interior of the theatre. The playhouses of London were sacked, time and time again, because managerial pride exceeded managerial discretion.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1763, says:

"On Tuesday, the 25th of this month, a printed paper was industriously dispersed in the Taverns, Coffee Houses, etc., complaining of the Managers of the Theatres refusing admittance at the end of the third Act of a Play, for half price: And at Drury Lane theatre, in the Evening, upon drawing up of the Curtain, when Messrs. O'Brien and Holland began the Play, they were interrupted: upon which, Mr. Garrick came on the Stage and attempted to speak; but an uproar immediately began; and the Ladies withdrawing, the Benches were torn up, the Glass Lustres were broke and thrown upon the Stage, and a total confusion ensued, which prevented the Play from going on; and about nine the House was cleared, the Money being returned."

The next morning, the *Public Advertiser* published an address from the managers, who promised a speedy decision; that night Garrick yielded, knowing that if he refused to yield, a riot would be the inevitable result.

In 1747, a remarkable commotion was brought about by a license granted to some French strollers to appear at the Haymarket Theatre, in place of English actors who had been deposed.

Word was spread that vengeance was at hand, and a crowded house resulted. The authorities sent two Westminster judges, Deveil and Manning, with a detachment of troops, to preserve order. As soon as the theatre was well filled, a man in the pit called for a song entitled, "The Roast Beef of England." Everybody responded, ending with lusty huzzas, whereupon Justice Manning took the audience to task.

"I am here," he said, "as a magistrate, to maintain the King's authority. Colonel Putney, with a full company of the Guards, is without to support me in the execution of my office. It is the King's command that the play be acted, and any obstruction is in opposition to the King's authority. If there is a disturbance, I must read the proclamation.

after which all offenders will be secured by the troops."

"Sir," said a gentleman handsomely dressed in blue and gold, and wearing a sword with a gold hilt, "the audience has a legal right to show its dislike to any play or actor. The common law of the land is nothing but the ancient usage of the people, and the judicature of the pit has been acknowledged, time immemorial. Since these actors are to take their fate from the public, the public is free to receive them as best pleasures it."

At that moment the French and Spanish ambassadors, with their wives, and Lord and Lady Gage, entered the stage box. The curtain arose and discovered the actors standing between two files of Grenadiers, with fixed bayonets. The pit stood up as one man.

"Sir," thundered he of the gold sword hilt to Justice Deveil, "since you own to the command, explain this outrage!"

"Sir," said the uneasy justice, "'twas by no direction of mine."

"Then order them off," cried half a score of voices.

"Shoulder firelocks!" said the officer commanding the detachment, in response to a sign from the justice. "Forward, to the left wheel, march!"

And away went the Grenadiers, amid catcalls and hoots. Fifes, flutes, horns, drums, fiddles, appeared amongst the audience as by magic, and such a din arose attempt was made to begin that the actors retired. An the performance with a dance by twelve men and twelve women, but bushels

of peas rained upon the stage, and the dance was abandoned.

"Gentlemen," said Justice Deveil, standing upon his chair, "if you persist in this opposition, I must read the proclamation, but if you will permit the play to go on and be acted throughout this night, I promise, on my honor, to lay your dislikes and resentments to the actors before the King, and I doubt not a speedy end will be put to their acting."

"No treaties!" yelled the crowd. "No treaties!"

"Bring me a candle," said the justice, "and bid the Guards make ready."

But a gentleman seized his hands, saying:

"For God's sake, sir, do nothing rash! Can you not see the unanimous resolve of the house? Sir, if troops appear here,



From an old engraving

AN UNPOPULAR ACTOR BEING PELTED WITH POTATOES

'twill be the death of many of us, and the blood'll be on your head."

At this, Devcil, turning pale, owned defeat and left the theatre. The ambassadors and Lord and Lady Gage followed, and the curtain was rung down.

Two years later, the Haymarket Theatre was sacked to satisfy the rage of an immense crowd gathered to see "The Bottle Imp," which was a hoax planned by the Duke of Montague. His Grace had caused an advertisement to appear, stating that "on the 16th of January, a conjuror would jump

into a quart bottle, at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket." When the Imp failed to appear, the spectators made a bonfire of the benches, draperies, scenery, and effects. A general of the army had his handsome sword stolen from his hip, many lost their wigs—a good wig was worth ten pounds in those days—and dresses were torn from fair backs.

In all this—without pointing a moral—we may trace the influence of the punch bowl. To be sober after sundown was to risk one's good repute as a gentleman and a man of spirit.

AUBREY LANSTON.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Miss Millicent Moone

My Dear Mr. John Drew:

Wasn't it a shame? I came awfully near seeing you last week. I mean, of course, behind the footlights, and then just missed it. I went home to a cousin's wedding and saw it announced that Charles Frohman would "present" you in Captain Dieppe. My brother knows lots of actors and says they call it "Capt. Dippy." Was it as bad as that? But I wouldn't have cared if it had been rotten. Oh, excuse me! I ought not to use slang. Well, just as

I'd arranged with a chum of mine—a girl, of course—to sneak off to the matinée, mamma found a friend of hers who was going East, and so I was bundled off here, back to school, twenty-four hours ahead of time. Now, wasn't that mean? And we were going to buy \$1.50 seats, too! I guess Mr. Frohman will be sorry he lost that \$3.00, for they say the season has been very bad; and that he and others want all the money they can get for their business.

I know if I saw you act I'd enjoy you immensely. I adore that bored expression you always wear. It suggests a thorough man of the world. And the way you fix your hair is so smart. I think you are awfully fortunate to have saved so much hair as you have, when so many younger men, if not as talented as you are, are compelled to wear false fronts. Do you use any patent tonic? I had a discussion with a friend about that. I said you didn't, and I argued that if you did there would be a great big picture of you having

your head scrubbed on every elevated station in New York.

Of course, I read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and so I'm well up in theatrical happenings. I hear that the original training Augustin Daly gave you to keep off Broadway affects you even to this day, and that you are never seen in bar-rooms or standing in front of the Casino telling your brothers-in-art what a good actor you are. That's awfully nice. I think modesty is a splendid virtue in man, as well as woman. I try to cultivate it. My brother says you're a great society pet, and that you have the entrée to all the best houses; that you call lots of scions of our oldest families by their Christian names. One day when I was driving in the Park, I saw you on your cob. I thought you looked just too cute for anything. A friend of mine told me she saw you once in a play in which you wore just the same kind of clothes. She's seen you a lot, but says she thinks you need a change of parts. For five years now, she declares, you've done nothing but prevent foolish and thoughtless young wives from taking the irreparable step. Those are her own words, for I don't exactly know what she means. She says she would like to see you naughty just once on your own account. But though I'm very fond of her, I think she's gone out so much she's become cynical.



JOHN DREW

But the picture of you on that cob lives in my memory yet, and what I'd love would be to have Mr. Frohman present you in a sporting comedy, in which you could appear on a pony in a polo match. They say you play very well, and have never yet broken your pony's ankles. Don't you think it a good suggestion? And I have not the slightest doubt that all the members of the Meadow Brook Club, your friends, would come up and take the place of ordinary supers.

They say you are awfully good to your family and relatives, and that one year there was hardly a member of your company who was more distantly related to you than as a first cousin. Were they easier to manage than real actors? Oh, by the way! do you know where I could get one of your lithographs—I mean that one of the vintage of 1890? Does Mr. Frohman look upon it as a mascot that he still puts it out? I shall see you next fall surely, even if I have to have the measles to get away from this stupid place.

Very sincerely yours,

MILLICENT MOONE.

—Academy for Young Ladies,
—On-the-Hudson.



NEW INVENTION FOR COMPOSERS

An interesting discovery in musical technique has lately drawn the attention of musicians to William Thaulé, an American composer who has invented a machine called "The Melodigraph," which can be attached to a piano or organ, and all music recorded by it can also be reproduced by an automatic, mechanical process, and thus the composer can at once judge for himself the effect his work will produce. The first patent for this invention will be issued by the Imperial patent office in Berlin, where the inventor resides. For more than a hundred years composers have tried to invent a machine that would write down the music instantly as played on the piano. But Mr. Thaulé is the first who has been able to solve the problem and to give to the world a device of inestimable value.



Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl



The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

At last! at last! I am actually playing a real part in a real company!

How long have I waited for this day! It has been the dream of my life to be an actress ever since that day I first entered a theatre to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

How I envied the child who played Eva! When I returned home, I went about trying to be as good as she was, and even simulated her ill-health to such an extent that Aunt Nan dosed me with cod liver oil, which brought about a speedy recovery.

But every time I saw a play, I unconsciously modeled my behavior after one of the characters. I was never just myself. These changing moods must have been very trying to Aunt Nan, who was struggling to bring me up in the way I should go, but she never scolded, not even when my passion for imitation resulted seriously. Once, after seeing a performance in which an actress fell backwards and rolled quickly down a flight of stairs, I was moved to do likewise. This nearly dislocated my spine, and I spent several days on the sofa, swathed in arnica bandages.

My one childish game was "Theatre." I got up juvenile performances, which took place in empty barns, the admission being six pins or one penny. I learned recitations galore. When I entered High School, my class formed a dramatic club, and, being ambitious, engaged Mr. Cranton, an old and well-known actor, to direct us. We gave several performances under his direction. One night he patted me on the shoulder and said, "Do you know, I shouldn't be surprised if you had the real stuff in you." I was so happy I cried. That settled it. Those few words of encouragement were all that was needed to confirm my resolution to become an actress.

Uncle John raised an awful row, but Aunt Nan managed him beautifully. She always does, though Uncle John never suspects it. She advised him to humor me for a while, for she expected I'd be married before they realized I was grown up, and all this simply because Harold Gorham, a rich young classmate of mine, had called several times and sent me flowers whenever our club gave a performance.

"Married!" I echoed, indignantly. "The very idea! Any girl can get married; but I intend to become a great actress."

How to go about it, that was the important thing! I had no money of my own, and Uncle John had nothing but his salary, and I couldn't expect him to support me any longer. I decided to appeal to Mr. Cranton. I had read of celebrated actors who took talented pupils and taught them free of charge. But when I explained my plan to Mr. Cranton, he was not in the least impressed, and said he did not care to take private pupils. I insisted, almost pleaded. I offered to sign a paper promising to pay him any sum he would name, once I was a great actress.

He laughed. "I'm too old a man to take such a long chance as that. No, the only way to become an actress is to go upon the stage and act."

"That's exactly what I'm dying to do, but how?"

"If you were in New York—," he began.

"But I'm not," I said, with some impatience, "and I have no way of getting there, either."

Mr. Cranton smoked on in silence.

"You said I had ability," I said, finally.

"That's the worst of it," he answered. "If you had no talent, there might be some hope of discouraging you, for it's a long, hard road, my dear."

"I'm not afraid, and I want to try."

Mr. Cranton at last consented to give me a note to the manager of our best local theatre, asking him as a favor to allow me to go on as an "extra." That, Mr. Cranton said, would at least teach me how to stand still.

I went on as an extra for nearly a season, receiving a dollar a performance, and with the money I earned in this way I bribed Mr. Cranton to give me more lessons.

How he made me work! Whenever I was not employed at the theatre, he

arranged that I should play with the various amateur clubs of which he was director. I soon realized that he was right about my experience as an "extra" being valuable. The traveling companies always provided the costumes and I had to put away every trace of self-consciousness before I could gain courage to appear in some of the clothes given me. The evening dresses were usually designed for a woman of heroic proportions. I was seventeen and only of average build, so I spent most of my time pulling the dress up on my shoulders, and as for boy's suits, —I always felt as if I must get into them with a shoe-horn.

I saw many fine performances in this way and a number of the best actors and actresses. The actresses never noticed me, although the actors, many of them, were willing enough to chat if none of the ladies of the company were about, but if one of the ladies appeared, the conversation immediately ceased. I did not notice this at first, and thought how much more kind and friendly the gentlemen of the companies were than the ladies. But directly I noticed their change of manner, I never allowed any one to speak to me. However, they used to laugh and joke with the other girls. I do not know why those other girls went on as extras; they said they never expected to become actresses. Aunt Nan hated to have me dress with them, and she thought of asking the manager to give me a room alone, and consulted Mr. Cranton about it! He threw up his hands. "Good God Almighty, woman, they'd laugh in your face! In the theatre you are assigned your dressing room according to your rank and position, and as far as your niece's position goes, she simply doesn't exist, that's all!"

Then suddenly and unexpectedly I began to exist. I was born, so to speak theatrically, and I am now a whole week old. Last Tuesday, as

I had no extra work, I was at home practising the fall which



From a drawing by Pal

"I advanced timidly, not knowing what to do"



JULIA WEMPLE



Palk Studio MISS IDA LEVICK

Playing the part of Queen Elizabeth in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," in succession to May Robson

out in quick gasps. I ushered him into the parlor, and when he had partly recovered his breath, he said:

"My name is Cranz. I'm acting manager for James Darcy, who is playing at the Star. One of our ladies is very ill. She played last night, but can't possibly go on to-night. The manager of the other theatre suggested you might help us out. Now, can you get up in the part and play it to-night?"

"Oh, yes!" I answered, breathlessly. I would have promised to learn Hamlet if he had asked me.

"Very well," he said, rising to go. "I'll notify the company, and you come down to the theatre as soon as possible."

He hurried out, and I flew to the kitchen to tell Aunt Nan. Then I dashed upstairs to dress. This was a matter of only a few seconds, and in fifteen minutes I started for the theatre. On the way I kept getting more and more nervous, until it seemed to me that if the car did not hurry I should have to get out and push it. At last I reached the Star, and then I had an awful time finding the stage entrance.

I found the whole company assembled on the stage. They looked sulky and ill-tempered, except one young woman, who nodded and smiled at me, and an extremely blonde young man who seemed absolutely indifferent to everything.

In the center of the stage, down by the footlights, was a solitary gas jet, and in front of this light was a small table, at which were seated two men, one busy eyeing the different members of the company critically, the others turning over the pages of a manuscript play.

I was hopelessly bewildered, and stood gazing around, not knowing what to do. Nobody moved. The girl who had nodded to me came up and said: "That is the stage manager sitting at the prompt table down by the bunch light. You had better report to him." Everything seemed to fail me, but I groped my way forward, the words, "Prompt table and bunch light," repeating themselves over and over in my mind. The next thing I was conscious of was a voice saying in a strictly business tone: "Ah! you are the young lady who has come to help us out. Here's your part. Now, ladies and gentlemen, Second Act, please!" Then, turning to me, "You don't go on until the middle of the second act."

My hands shook so I could scarcely hold the part. My heart beat furiously and I was dimly conscious of a dreadful feeling of nausea. My voice sounded as if I were speaking miles away. I only hoped it would come back when I wanted to use it, for one of the things Mr. Cranton insisted upon was that I speak clearly and distinctly.

When my cue came, I advanced to the center of the stage and discovered that the indifferent blonde young man was my son. The play was an Irish-American drama. The second man seated at "the prompt table down by the bunch light" was the star! I had no scenes with him, so he lounged in a chair watching the rehearsal and gazing at me with an injured look as if I were trying to do him harm instead of a favor. My part was that of an ill-tempered, autocratic old lady, who disinherits her son, but in the last act begs for forgiveness and the

had once so nearly been my undoing. I was calmly rolling down our front stairs when the door bell rang. I jumped to my feet and opened the door. There stood a puffy, nervous, little man in a tightly-buttoned overcoat and silk hat.

"Does Miss Wemple live here?" he asked.

"I am Miss Wemple," I answered, wondering who he could be.

"God bless my soul!" he exploded. "You're nothing but a child!"

I blushed for I was in one of my old school dresses and my hair was hanging in a braid down my back.

"Oh, no!" I assured him, "I am quite grown up. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, if you'll let me."

Every word was exploded

privilege of holding her grandson. It was not a long part, only three scenes, so the rehearsal was over very quickly.

The stage manager looked at his watch. The company looked at him. He called out: "You are dismissed for an hour, ladies and gentlemen. Get your lunches, then kindly report here again at one thirty."

The company filed out like a band of school children dismissed for the day. The stage manager turned to me and said in a disheartened tone: "Try and get as many of those lines as possible before one thirty, then we'll go over it once or twice and do the best we can for the night's performance."

He and the star then left the theatre. I trailed along behind, feeling very much ashamed and ready to cry. I never thought of getting anything to eat, but went as rapidly as I could to Mr. Cranton, who boarded near the theatre.

Mr. Cranton and I went at the part hammer and tongs. First, I studied the lines, then he read the cues. We did this over and over again, so I should be absolutely familiar with them. Fortunately, I am what is known in theatrical parlance as a "quick study." Then Mr. Cranton acted the part for me. It seemed fearfully exaggerated, but he insisted that, on account of my youth, I must do it that way, and particularly in that class theatre. When I returned to the theatre, I was absolutely sure I knew every word and remembered every piece of business. This gave me confidence.

After the rehearsal, during which the company's manner had gradually thawed, the star came to me and said, "You're a clever girl."

As he turned away, the friendly girl stopped and whispered reassuringly, "Don't let him frighten you—his brogue, I mean; his bark is worse than his bite."

"He wasn't frightening me," I answered. "He said something very nice."

"Don't tell that to any of the rest of the company, for they won't believe you."

"Why?"

"Never mind, I mustn't tell tales. What is your name?"

"Julia Wemple."

"Your own, or stage?"

"Both."

"Oh! You see, our stage manager is such a pig! He never introduces anybody. My stage name is Rachel Milford. My real name is Elsie Smith, but everybody calls me Indian."

While I was wondering why they called her Indian, I said:

"I want to thank you for being so nice to me when I first came in to-day."

"Was I nice?" she replied, airily. "I didn't mean to be. That is, I'm just as I always am. I used to have a few manners before I came out with this crowd, but they're so ill-tempered and sour, I'm getting as bad as the rest."

"No, indeed!" I protested, "you're entirely different."

"Well, I hope so," she smiled. "But you must have heaps to do, so I won't keep you." Then, drawing off a few paces, she looked me over critically. She went on: "You can't wear Mortimer's clothes; she'd make two of you. I suppose



MISS ETHEL POWERS
Now appearing in "The Village Postmaster"



MISS FLORA ZABELLE
As Bonita in "The Yankee Consul"

"No," I answered.

"I consider that most unprofessional," she said with asperity. "Besides, it's in our contracts to lend all costumes in case of an understudy."

I said nothing, remembering the stage manager's injunction. After a pause, she continued: "Aren't you going to wear a wig?"

"No. Miss Milford advised me to powder my own hair."

"Miss Milford!" she echoed, sarcastically. She gazed stonily into her mirror.

"Yes," I said; "Miss Milford has been very kind to me."

"Oh, she can be very kind when she wants to be!" she said, "but don't place any dependence upon her. She is a very treacherous girl, and I feel it's my duty to warn you."

Everybody I spoke to seemed to feel it was their duty to warn me against somebody else. When my hair was done up, I took my things and went into Rachel's room. There was another girl dressing there, but Rachel did not introduce me. I learned later that they were not on speaking terms, although thrown together so intimately as to occupy the same room. The girl's name was Miss Fay. Rachel seated me in a chair and asked for my "liner." I had no idea what she meant, so she began rummaging among my things until she found my black pencil, which she tossed aside scornfully. "That'll never do," she cried; "I'll borrow some from one of the boys." Then she bounced out, and went and knocked at one of the rooms occupied by the actors.

During Rachel's absence, Miss Fay went on making up. Every now and then she would stop laboring over her face to execute a few dancing steps around the room or to throw a hand-spring. She was an acrobatic, dancing soubrette, and did her specialty in the play. All these antics in pantomime without addressing a word to me were comical in the extreme, and I had difficulty in keeping a straight face. Presently Rachel returned with her hands full. She installed me at her dresser, and after cold creaming my face all over, she began drawing lines on it with various colored grease paints. Whenever she drew a line she stood off to see the effect. Sometimes she erased it altogether and drew one in another place, and then rubbed them in with her fingers until I began to feel like a crayon portrait.

"This must be a lot of trouble for you, Miss Milford," I sputtered.

"Not at all," she said. "I love to make people up."

The lines all on, she showered my face with powder until I looked like a clown. Then

you haven't a wig either, have you?" Her interest in me was evidently friendly.

"No," I answered. "I couldn't hire one."

"It's good you didn't," she prattled on. "Hired wigs are always such tacky-looking things. I tell you what you do: buy a box of cornstarch and powder your own hair, and if I were you, I'd wear my highest heels. Come early to-night, and anything you need or want to know come to me, and I'll help you out."

We moved toward the stage entrance. I spoke of the trouble I had finding it. She smiled and said: "The architects of theatres always do that. It reminds me of one of those maze pictures—'This is the theatre, find the stage entrance.'"

We parted. It was now after four o'clock. Aunt Nan was terribly worried because I hadn't been home and had had no lunch. She made me some tea, but I could not eat. My mind was too preoccupied thinking what I should wear. My silk dress was all I had. I ran over and asked Harold Gorham's mother to lend me her lace shawl and new bonnet, and all the rest of the afternoon Aunt Nan kept running around after me, begging me to eat, asking if I knew "my piece," and wondering if she could buy a seat, until I thought I should go mad.

I started for the theatre at six o'clock. Rachel Milford had told me to come early. Besides, I was too excited to stay at home another minute. Not a soul was at the theatre when I arrived except the back doorman. I did not know where to go, so I waited. Presently Mr. Griffiths, the stage manager, arrived. He seemed annoyed at finding me there before him. I asked him where I was to dress.

"You can go in with Mrs. Cranz," he said testily. "Miss Mortimer, the woman whose part you play, used to dress there. By the way, Mrs. Cranz is the wife of our manager, the gentleman whom you met this morning. Just thought I'd tell you this so you could be on your guard and not say anything you didn't want repeated."

At that moment Mrs. Cranz came in, and after her Rachel Milford. Rachel asked at once, "Where is Miss Wemple to dress?"

"With Mrs. Cranz," I ventured.

Mrs. Cranz looked at Rachel, but Rachel only shrugged her shoulders. I followed them down a flight of humpy stairs into a smelly cellar. Mrs. Cranz went ahead and vanished into a room. I turned to Rachel and said:

"I brought the cornstarch."

"That's right. I suppose you know nothing about making up for a part like this?"

"Very little," I admitted.

"Well, get your dressing sacque on," she said, "and come into my room, No. 3, and I'll line your face for you."

I went to my own room, No. 5. Mrs. Cranz was already undressed and was seated at the dressing place. There was no room on the shelf for my things and only two hooks. I hung my clothes up as best I could. Then I waited. Finally my room-mate moved her things a few inches and I crowded my things into the allotted space.

Mrs. Cranz surveyed my belongings.

"Didn't Mrs. Mortimer send you her keys?" she asked.



MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS
Who has succeeded Sandol Milliken in the role of Marie Cahill
in "Ranson's Folly."



MISS SUE BELLE MEAD
Now appearing in "Arizona."

she took a little brush and swept nearly every trace of it off. Next she put on my rouge, after which she powdered my hair, and when I looked in the glass I was a very nice-looking old lady of forty-five or fifty. It was wonderful!

All the time Rachel was trying experiments with my face, Miss Fay, still ignoring us completely, proceeded to "make-up" her eyes. This was a most fascinating process. First, she held a battered-looking spoon filled with black cosmetic over the gas jet. As the cosmetic melted, it filled the room with a sickly odor of cheap perfume or burning grease. When it was melted to the consistency of a thick soup, she scooped it up on a short, pointed stick and applied it to her lashes in such a way that when it cooled it left a large lump of cosmetic at the end of each lash, and made her look as if she had strung black beads around her eyes. While

she decorated her right eye she stretched down the left corner of her lower lip, and vice-versa, as if to balance her face, for, of course, any movement of the eye-lids would cause the hot cosmetic to splash down on her cheek and ruin her make-up. I made up my mind to do my eyes like this the first chance I had. Rachel's eyes were not done that way at all. She had scarcely any cosmetic on the lashes and the lids were just smudged with dark blue.

I went back to my room to finish dressing, and found Mrs. Cranz piously reading a little book with a large gold cross on it, entitled "The Key of Heaven." I was very sorry Uncle John was not there to see that, for he thought awful things about stage people. Presently she looked up from the book and asked if I were a Catholic.

"No," I answered.

"To what denomination do you belong?" she inquired.

"I don't know," I replied, ingenuously; "Aunt Nan never sent me to any church."

"Well, of course," she sniffed, "I could not expect every one to have my religious advantages. I have three children in the convent."

"Really!" I exclaimed politely. "Isn't that very expensive?"

"One mustn't stop to think of expense," she replied, "when it's a question of the good of one's soul, but excuse me now, I must read my Meditations. I always do that between fifteen minutes and overture. I never allow anything to interfere with my religious duties."

I was awfully glad she stopped talking, because I wanted to try to compose my mind. I finished dressing before they called "overture," and I am very much afraid that Mrs. Gorham's lace shawl interfered slightly with my pious room-mate's Meditations. I caught her several times covertly watching me, and that shawl, every thread real lace, evidently produced a deep impression.

I can't remember how that evening passed, nor how I did my part; it is all a confused dream, yet I know I was not nearly so frightened by the audience at night as I had been by the company at rehearsal. No one said a word to me about my part except Rachel, and she whispered, "You're all right." After the performance, Mr. Cranz called me out of my room and said:

"Miss Wemple, you'll have to go on to-morrow night, and possibly all the rest of the week. Miss Mortimer is no better, and her physician holds out very little hope of her being able to go on, and Mr. Darcy refuses to 'lay off.'"

I was delighted, of course, that I had proved satisfactory, as his little speech implied; but when I entered the dressing room Mrs. Cranz remarked lugubriously:

"If it was my company, we'd lay off, but Mr. Darcy is too eccentric."

I began to think Mrs. Cranz was extremely disagreeable. When I came upstairs on to the stage, Aunt Nan, Uncle John and Mr. Cranton were waiting for me. We all left the theatre together, and as soon as we got on the car, Aunt Nan beamed on me. She squeezed my hand and said:

"You did perfectly grand, Julia! You were the best one in it, and everybody said so, didn't they, John?"

"It's all d—d nonsense!" retorted Uncle John.

It was all hours before I got to sleep that night.

Next morning I did not wake until after ten o'clock. I found Aunt Nan gazing at me from the foot of the bed with the reverent air with which one regards a great celebrity. As soon as I was fully awake, she said, breathlessly:

"It's all in the papers, Julia, every word!"

"Oh, let me see!" I started to jump out of bed.

"No, darling, you must lie still, and Aunt Nan will bring you the papers and your breakfast."

I am ashamed to say I obeyed, and let poor Aunt Nan trot up and down stairs waiting upon me. But it was so good, and just the way I had heard our best actresses did. I felt more like a real actress at that moment than I had the night before, and while Aunt Nan was down-stairs I pretended I was a great star, who had played Juliet the night before and was too exhausted to get up the next morning, so my maid had to serve my breakfast in my room. Oh, lovely!

The papers! I simply could not eat my breakfast trying to read all the nice things they said of me. Whole columns, with great big headlines. Then I realized that it was local pride in the city to which I belonged that had inspired two-thirds of the articles. I did not feel nearly so buoyant after that.

At the theatre that night, Mrs. Cranz entered the dressing room, carrying in her hand the "Key of Heaven." She remarked sarcastically:

"So, I suppose you feel very proud after all the fuss the papers made about you?"

"I felt pleased, of course," I answered, shyly.

"It must be very nice," she went on in an acidulous tone, "to stand in with the newspaper men of your city."

"But I don't know any of the newspaper men," I protested.

"Oh, my dear, everybody says that!" she said, with a horrid smile of incredulity.

I was so angry that I could have thrown something at her.

Miss Mortimer did not improve, and Thursday night they asked if I could go on the road with them. I nearly fainted with joy. Mr. Cranz had a talk with Uncle John, and he finally gave his consent. Aunt Nan was awfully upset at first, but I told her it would not be for long.

On Friday night, a large, healthy-looking man came up to me on the stage and asked me how many trunks I would have.

"I don't know," I stammered; "how many ought I to have?"

He tried hard not to smile, but could not help it.

"People generally carry two, a hotel and a theatre trunk; but you may only want one."

Rachel advised one trunk. I might not stay with them long, and, as I had only one stage dress, she suggested putting everything in one trunk and always having that sent to the theatre. I found the property man and asked him how much I must pay him. He laughed again.

"Oh, that all goes with my job! The company don't have anything to do with hauling their baggage."

When the company left, Aunt Nan cried so hard she couldn't go to the station.

I was so delighted to be going "on the road" that I could not even feel very sorry at leaving Uncle John, although I tried hard. I simply would not allow myself to think of Aunt Nan. At last the train started, and away I went into a new, strange life, in company with new, strange people.

(To be continued.)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
Now appearing in "The Pit."

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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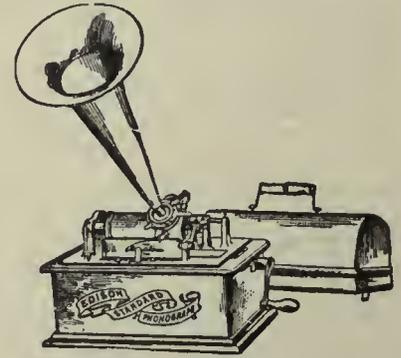
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THE THEATRE

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NEW YORK, MAY, 1904

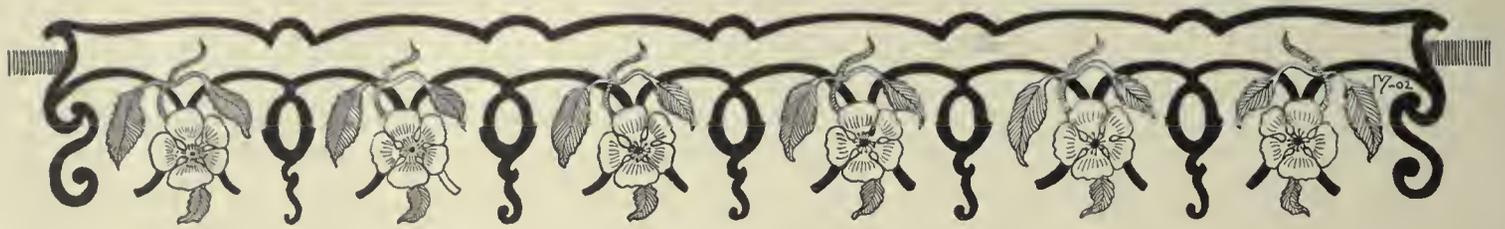
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo Bennett

CLARA MORRIS AS SISTER GENEVIEVE IN "THE TWO ORPHANS"

This picture is particularly interesting from the fact that it shows this distinguished American actress in what is likely to prove the last rôle she will play on the stage, with which she has been prominently connected for considerably over a quarter of a century. It is exactly forty years since Clara Morris first made her theatrical début. Coming from the West, she soon secured recognition in New York, and in such rôles as Camille, Miss Multon, etc., etc., for many years held undisputed sway as America's leading emotional actress.



PLAYS and PLAYERS

PERHAPS there is no easier criticism than to describe a play as old-fashioned after it has outlasted a generation or two of men. The mere matter of age does not make a play old-fashioned, nor does it necessarily make anything in the whole field of art old-fashioned if it be genuine. Is the Apollo Belvidere old-fashioned, or the Venus De Medici? It is only when the spirit and sentiment are obsolete, or the form is disused, that the play ceases to be modern. "The Two Orphans," by d'Ennery and Cormon, is as fresh to-day as it was thirty years ago. The revival of this play, after the lapse of many years, by A. M. Palmer, who originally introduced it to the American stage, is interesting chiefly in that it is practically a new play to a new generation of playgoers, and that its cast is almost entirely made up of so-called "star" players. To those who remember the old Union Square production, the latter means little or nothing. Thirty years ago the piece was as well, if not better acted, and yet the unforgettable performances of Marie Wilkins as Mother Froehard, Charles Thorne as the Chevalier, and Kate Claxton as Louise, did not at the time give those players any special distinction. They were merely good stock actors. Other days, other manners! To-day the competent actor is a "star," and

real histrionic genius is left to devise a new adjective to crown its greatness when Fame comes to place the laurel on its brow.

But to return to our mutttons, it is proof enough of the sterling qualities of this old French melodrama that so many prominent players, as are in this present cast, can measure themselves with D'Ennery's art and yet have not the right to claim they are superior to it. The play itself is based on such elemental sympathies that it stands out as an inimitable thing. The story will belong to D'Ennery for all time. It is pure melodrama, and yet it has about it an external romanticism as potent as its romanticism of emotion. Of indelicacies there is not a trace. The play is wholly sympathetic and has a vitality that can survive even bad plays. As now given, it is a fine performance taken altogether, although it might well have a little more of the old-fashioned melodramatic swing in some of its passages. Melodrama is not a thing of restraint. The polite and unimpassionate etiquette of the twentieth century is foreign to the year 1785.

It is interesting to witness the extraordinary and affectionate welcome that is nightly bestowed upon Clara Morris, who has returned to the stage in this play after a long absence. The performance of Elita Proctor Otis is an achievement, for in her



Hall

MARGUERITE GAUTHIER
(Margaret Anglin)

ARMAND: Dead! Oh, my God!

ARMAND
(Henry Miller)

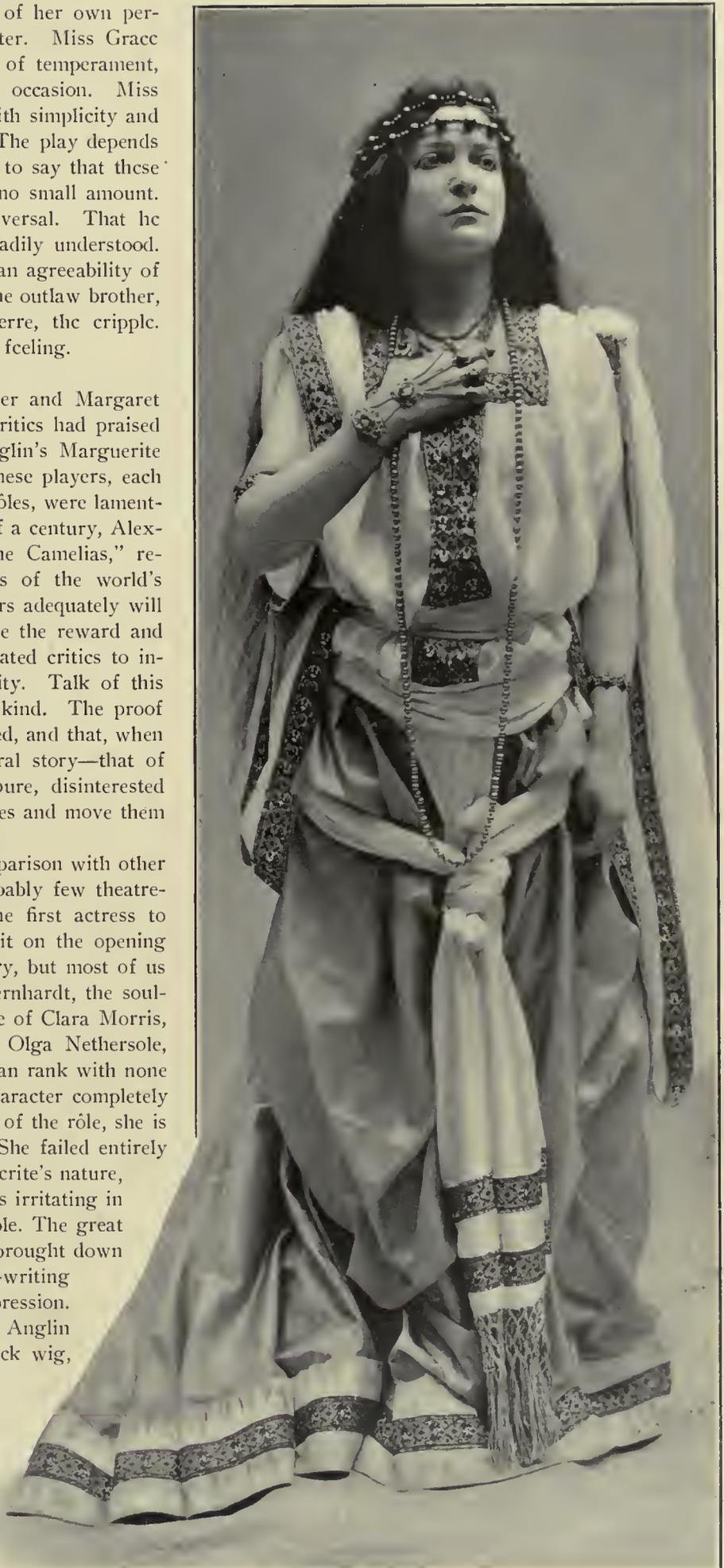
"CAMILLE" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

study of Mother Froehard she sinks every trace of her own personality which does not lend itself to the character. Miss Grace George as Louise makes manifest the possession of temperament, and makes a step forward in her career on this occasion. Miss Margaret Illington, as Henriette, plays the part with simplicity and force. She also has gained by her opportunity. The play depends in considerable measure upon the two sisters, and to say that these two answer the demands of the play is praise of no small amount. Kyrle Bellew's popularity is undisputed and universal. That he played the Chevalier with finished art may be readily understood. Charles Warner, a most accomplished actor, with an agreeability of wickedness about him, which gives a piquancy to the outlaw brother, plays Jacques Froehard, and James O'Neill, Pierre, the cripple. Annie Irish played the Countess with dignity and feeling.

The performance of "Camille," by Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, was a double disappointment. Western critics had praised highly the former's Armand Duval and Miss Anglin's Marguerite Gauthier, but it must be frankly said that both these players, each of whom has gained distinction in less important rôles, were lamentably and hopelessly at sea. After the lapse of half a century, Alexander Dumas' famous piece, "The Lady with the Camelias," remains to-day one of the most noteworthy plays of the world's drama, and to be able to act its principal characters adequately will ever be the goal of ambitious players, and at once the reward and test of dramatic genius. It is idle for superannuated critics to inveigh against the piece on the score of immorality. Talk of this kind is foolish and phariseism of the narrowest kind. The proof that "Camille" is a great play is that it has survived, and that, when competently played, its dramatic and highly moral story—that of a vicious, depraved woman redeemed through pure, disinterested love and self-sacrifice—never fails to hold audiences and move them to tears.

Each new Marguerite inevitably challenges comparison with other and famous Marguerites, past and present. Probably few theatre-goers alive to-day remember Eugénie Doche, the first actress to play this celebrated rôle, and whose triumph in it on the opening night in Paris, in 1852, is now a matter of history, but most of us are familiar with the luxurious Marguerite of Bernhardt, the soulful Marguerite of Duse, the passionate Marguerite of Clara Morris, and the fine performances of Helena Modjeska, Olga Nethersole, and Janc Hading. Miss Anglin's interpretation can rank with none of these. Finished actress though she be, the character completely eludes her, and if she herself has the correct idea of the rôle, she is incapable of communicating it to her audience. She failed entirely to show the lighter and voluptuous side of Marguerite's nature, and acted throughout in a dull monotone that was irritating in the extreme. Most of the time, too, she was inaudible. The great scenes in the play, in which other actresses have brought down the house, went for naught, notably the letter-writing scene, which failed to make the slightest impression. Usually an attractive woman on the stage, Miss Anglin made herself look hideous by wearing a jet black wig, this, probably, being an attempt to fit Dumas' own description of his heroine. There were, however, so many other points in which the actress did not fit the description, that it was hardly worth while bothering about the hair.

Mr. Miller's Armand was on the same dull level of mediocrity. Physically unsuited to the part of the love-sick French



Hall

MISS MAY BUCKLEY

As Saul's daughter in "The Shepherd King"

youth, whose spotless soul has not yet been contaminated by contact with Parisian vice, Mr. Miller committed the artistic blunder of failing to off-set this defect by "making up" for the part. He came on just as he appears every day, hair brushed on the side—a style sometimes seen in France, but certainly no Armand would be guilty of it—and with clothes cut in the fashion of 1904. There was thus no dramatic illusion from the start, nor did Mr. Miller's acting at any time offer compensation, for it was heavy and conventional throughout.

When it is seriously urged against a Biblical play, in which the chief character is a shepherd, that it is ridiculous and a defect to have him first appear bearing a helpless lamb in his arms, that play is safe. Critical shafts of this kind can darken the air and leave the play unharmed. "The Shepherd King," as presented by Wright Lorimer and his company at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has the unreserved approbation of every mind susceptible of truth and sincerity modestly urged. A young man, unknown to the theatre-going public of New York, ventures to produce a worthy play, and is subjected to criticisms of the most trivial sort. It is a beautiful and costly production, and if only the externals were there, small praise could be given. If the play were wholly meretricious, it could not succeed. The subject of the madness of Saul and the rise of David is not a new one to the dramatists. Alfieri, in the Italian drama, has treated it in elaborate and pious verse. Rückert, in the German, has given it a somewhat more romantic treatment, but in both cases the action is paralyzed by the long speeches. The present play has been constructed more

with reference to the theatrical opportunities, and, indeed, is called a romantic drama. If the romanticism were trivial, and if the dignity of the subject were disregarded, the play would fail of its proper effect. David, in the beginning, at the home of his father, is loved by a bondmaid. As he ascends to his destiny in the life of the nation, he loves and is loved by Merab, the younger daughter of Saul. Reasons of state and the ambitions of Michal, the elder daughter of Saul, seem to require the union of David and Michal. The bondmaid perishes for love as she interposes her body to receive the javelin thrust by Saul at David. Thus, the action largely concerns this complication of love; but it does not depart from the higher requirements of the Biblical story. If any criticism could rightly be made, it would be that the theatrical opportunities are not always followed. Wright Lorimer as David is absolutely free from any of that disturbing self-consciousness that so often vitiates the assumption of a character in which dignity and sweetness and simplicity, qualities of the original, should remain absolutely dominant. If the construction of the play is dramatic, and possibly a bit theatrical in outline, if not in performance, Mr. Lorimer's acting of David is natural and unobtrusive. Charles Kent plays Saul impressively and with dignity. Miss May Buckley as Michal, and Miss Nellete Reed as Merab, the two daughters of Saul, played the contrasting natures admirably.

"Saucy Sally," by F. C. Burnand, is a good example of a well-constructed farce, its various incidents, however preposterous, growing consistently out of premises firmly established and accepted. It may easily be said that this diverting piece



DAVID
(Wright Lorimer)

MICHAL
(May Buckley)

PHALTI
(Edmund Breese)

MICHAL: "A reward for thy alertness"

SCENE IN THE BIBLICAL PLAY, "THE SHEPHERD KING"



MR. HAWTREY

FANNY BROUGH

JULIA BOOTH

The great voyager telling his mother-in-law astounding tales of his adventures

CHARLES HAWTREY IN "SAUCY SALLY" AT THE NEW LYCEUM

lately presented at the New Lyceum by Charles Hawtrey and his associates, is reminiscent of comical complications that have been seen in farces from a French source. Nevertheless, the individual humor of Burnand is distinct and genuine. A man, in order to marry the woman he loves, and, in particular, to propitiate his mother-in-law, professes to have been a great voyager and tells astounding tales of his adventures, which the mother-in-law puts into the form of a book. In living up to his reputation, he has to defend many inconsistencies, and, having promised himself to another woman, he finds himself, from the beginning of the play, in a state of comical activity. This is heightened by the arrival of a real Captain of his name, and a real ship called the "Saucy Sally." There is no arguing against the comicalities of this piece. It is excellent entertainment of the light order. Mr. Hawtrey, with his natural and persuasive methods, established himself in further favor with the American public.

After a series of unfortunate experiments this season, Willie Collier seems to have found at last a piece which fits his peculiar talents as entertainer. In "The Dictator" he will undoubtedly regain that popularity which a long run of unsuccess threatened to jeopardize. His new vehicle is frankly farcical, and being less pretentious than other pieces by the same author, is more likely to win lasting favor. It is decidedly amusing, and those theatre-goers who attend the play only to be entertained could desire no better fare. Brooke Travers and his valet have fled from New York, believing they have killed

a cabman, and the first act finds them on the steamer which has just dropped anchor in the harbor of Porto Banos, Central America. Among its passengers is the new American consul, who, for a consideration, passes his credentials over to Travers. The second act shows the American consulate, and here Travers confronts the perils that awaited the real consul—an enraged sweetheart, betrayed revolutionists, etc. He is fully equal to the task, and keeps his assailants at bay by threatening to summon an American warship, making a bluff of so doing by wireless telegraphy. To his own surprise, the warship arrives in the nick of time, and everything ends happily. Mr. Collier is admirably suited to the title rôle, his dry humor and quick, audacious manner keeping the spectators in a constant ripple of laughter. Edward Abeles is droll as the craven valet, and John Barrymore made a hit as the wireless operator. Robert McQuade, Jr., contributes a life-like portrait of a fire-eating Central American general.

A new play, "Love's Pilgrimage," by Horace B. Fry, whose one-act play, "Little Italy," brought him distinction, was produced at a special matinee at Wallack's Theatre recently. One of its purposes was to give an opportunity to Miss Carlotta Nillson, a young actress of remarkable temperament, who is also capable of communicating feeling in a suppressed method of acting. In this special and necessarily hasty production, Miss Nillson lost nothing in the esteem which she gained in "Hedda Gabbler." Mr. Fry's play was ineffective, except the last act, which came too late to save it.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf," a so-called "musical cocktail," mixed by no fewer than three authors, is the latest attraction at the Casino, and, judging from the large audiences it draws, the piece has hit the public fancy. The weakness of the book is compensated for by a bevy of exceedingly pretty girls, known as the English Pony ballet. They dance gracefully, and, being on view all the time, are the life of the piece. The so-called Radium dance is a novel yet simple effect. The stage is plunged into absolute darkness, and against this opaque background skip with ropes ten or twelve girls, whose dresses have been steeped in some phosphorescent chemical.

Among the curious theatrical manifestations of Spring was the production at the Savoy of "The Superstition of Sue." A young man, engaged to be married, determines, without adequate reason or proof of sincerity, even in a comical spirit, to commit suicide. He has not the courage to take his own life, and he seeks to have it taken by others. Undeniably, many of the incidents were exceedingly comical. There was an entirely successful and amusing incident in which the would-be suicide gets a pugilist to tell him of how he accidentally killed a man in the prize ring, and tries to force him to administer the same blow. The diminutive aspirant for death slaps his burly instructor in the art of fighting in the face, and exhausts every effort to provoke him to the fatal blow. This little bit, as played by Jack Webster, was diverting. Otherwise, the farce was overloaded with unassimilated junk.

Ibsen has again broken out during the past month. The

Century Players, at the Princess Theatre, presented "Rosmersholm," a play in four acts which had not yet been seen in America, and Wilton Lackaye, at the Lyric, gave a special matinee of "The Pillars of Society." To those who believe that Ibsen is the playwright who has brought the dramatic message of the age, "Rosmersholm" must be a delight. Problem piles upon problem at every turn of the page, and the heroine, Rebecca West, is half a dozen personages. Florence Kahn was the Rebecca. It was a more than earnest effort, but robbed of its true worth by a theatricalism and artificiality more than reprehensible in one so young and endowed with natural talent.

Of the performance of the "Pillars of Society" little good can be said. That production, too, suffered from inadequate preparation, and even as conscientious and careful an artist as Mr. Lackaye was caught stumbling over his lines. Under these circumstances, it will suffice as a matter of record to mention that the matinee took place on April 15.

At the Majestic, "The Wizard of Oz" is again drawing large audiences. Several new musical numbers have been introduced, and the piece goes with vim. Hardly necessary is it to add that those inimitable clowns, Montgomery and Stone, are still strong features of the cast. The West End Theatre is growing steadily in popularity, due to the astute policy which takes up to Harlem some of the best attractions seen on Broadway. Within the last few weeks the following pieces have been seen in this handsome 125th Street playhouse: "Foxy Grandpa," "In Old Kentucky," "Sis Hopkins," and Ward and Vokes in "A Pair of Pinks."

IN MEMORIAM: DAN DALY

ACROSS the garish Stage, in painted guise,
I watched thee frolic forth thy antic part,—
As if forgetful save of thy strange art,—
And, serpentine, earn the eager eyes
Of those the specious spectacle supplies
With gilded, gay grotesqueries to start
The Hours' leaden feet. But in my heart

I wept: for I had caught with swift surmise
The sad, self-slaying mystery of thy mirth
And riotous revelry. While sons of Earth
(Their hallow hopes laid low) fall faint, or hate
The longing Life that knows no sweet respite,
Flaunting thy rollicking in the gruesome face of Fate,
Thou taugth men blithely to brave the blackest Night. J. D. LOGAN.



Hall

Comedian John Hyman in his toy automobile, and the English Pony Ballet

SCENE IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUF" AT THE CASINO



MISS FRANCES BELMONT

Appearing as Cecile in Charles Hawtrey's production of "Saucy Sally." In London this coming season Miss Belmont will play leading rôles with Mr. Hawtrey.



EDWIN BOOTH AT 19

Collection William Seymour

Collection A. M. Palmer

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AT 35

HAD there been no Edmund Kean in England, there probably would have been no Edwin Booth in America; for the historic quarrel between Kean and Junius Brutus Booth was the ultimate cause of the latter's setting sail for Virginia, after a bitter feud between the two tragedians.

Born in London May 1, 1796, Junius Brutus was descended through his father, Richard Booth, an attorney, from the famous orator, John Wilkes. After receiving a college education, he studied law, and turned his attention to the navy; but finding neither of these to his liking, he became an actor, despite the protestations of his family. He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Silvius in "As You Like It," and at once became a public favorite.

Edmund Kean, who was then playing at Drury Lane, had, up to that time, been without a rival on the London boards. There was such a striking resemblance in person and manner between the two actors that the friends of Kean accused Booth of imitating Kean, and the dispute waxed so fast and furious that Kean became alarmed for the result. He resolved to crush his rival, and with that view craftily induced the manager of Drury Lane to offer Booth such strong inducement that the latter broke his contract at Covent Garden and consented to play in support of Kean, leaving the patrons of Covent Garden furious at what they termed a desertion to the enemy. He played Iago at Drury Lane to Kean's Othello, but in the scene where they come together, Kean was so successful in eclipsing Booth that the latter again broke his contract and

returned to Covent Garden, when took place the most terrible theatrical riots that have ever occurred in London.

Mr. Booth was billed to play Richard III. The house was filled with friends and enemies, and through the shouts and hisses that came from the pit, the play progressed in pantomime. Efforts were made to quell the noise; a placard was raised—*Grant silence to explain*—but to no avail! Another placard—*Can Englishmen condemn unheard?*—but at midnight, when the house was cleared, Booth was still unheard, and feeling grew more tense because of the rumor that Drury Lane had sent representatives to ruin the performance. War among managers and lawsuits were the natural outcome, and Booth's printed apologies for his desertion from Covent Garden were scattered through the house. On March 1, the play was repeated; cries filled the place—"Booth forever"—and counter cries—"No Booth;" placards were again raised—*He has been punished enough; let us forgive him; the*

Pit forgives him. After this, prejudice abated somewhat, the public realizing in part the excessive jealousy of Kean.

But the effects of the quarrel were telling, and resulted in Booth's sudden determination to sail for America. On January 18, 1821, he married Mary Anne Holmes, and it was while on a trip to Madeira with her that he took passage, landing at Norfolk, Virginia, June 30, 1821. Here his career was practically begun again a few nights after in "Richard III." He had no letters of introduction, and there were some doubts whether he was the real Booth or some impudent adventurer.



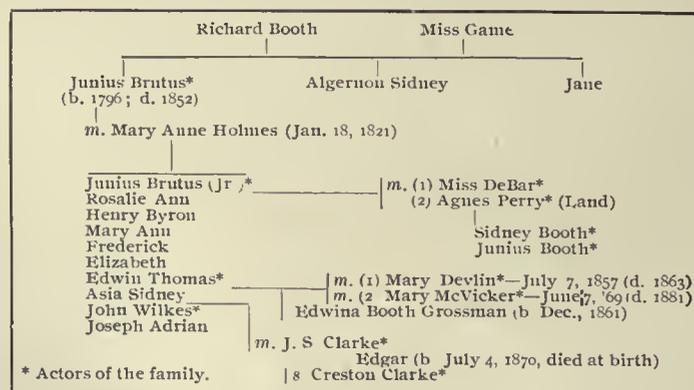
Collection of William Seymour

JUNIUS BRUTUS, JR.

EDWIN

JOHN WILKES

THE THREE ACTOR SONS OF JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE



Collection of William Seymour
At 35



At 25



Copyright Falk
HIS LAST PORTRAIT



At 30



Collection Col. T. A. Brown
At 45

EDWIN BOOTH AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE

After appearing in New York, Booth toured the South as far as New Orleans, and it was while in Charleston that Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., was born. He had ten children, only three of whom adopted the stage as a profession. In 1822, he purchased "The Farm," about twenty-five miles from Baltimore, and throughout his life, whenever opportunity was favorable, he came there for rest and quiet. Here it was that Richard Booth, his father, arrived from England this same year.

The following years saw Booth, now stamped as a great tragedian, spending a great part of his time between Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston. In 1827, his life was endangered by a lunatic, who rushed upon him with an axe, but was held from violence by the actor, who "fixed" him with his eye. The next year Booth undertook the management of a New Orleans theatre, and on February 19, 1828, having perfected himself in several French plays, he presented Racine's "Andromaque," playing Orestes with great effect. His ability to play in the French language is thus commented upon by a writer of the time: "His accentuation was so perfect, and every peculiarity of French acting so minutely observed by him, that the astonishment and delight were general. At the close he was loudly called for, and cries of 'Talma! Talma!' saluted him amid every sound of applause and approbation."

Domestic trials now weighed upon the tragedian in the death of three of his children. Signs of mental derangement also became manifest during his tours. He was once saved from drowning after having thrown himself into the sea, prompted by a wild idea that he was carrying a message to a friend. He was taken to Charleston, where an engagement was pending, and during his stay there, he broke

his nose, thus disfiguring his face, and adding a twang to his otherwise rich voice.

During these travels, Booth managed to make intermittent journeys to "The Farm." Here Edwin was born on November 13, 1833, well omened by a night of meteoric showers, and here our greatest Hamlet grew up, obtaining a superficial education, and becoming an absolute comfort to his father. It was in 1849 that Edwin made his first appearance as Tressels while Junius Brutus was giving "Richard III" in Boston; and he likewise appeared as Edgar in "King Lear." Then, in 1851, while in New York, an evening came when the elder Booth suddenly complained of indisposition, and sent Edwin to assume his rôle in "Richard." The story goes that he was not really ill, but wished to test his son's ability. The experiment, in any case, was

a success, for after its first disappointment, the audience received Edwin's Richard with great applause.

Then came further signs of the father's mental breakdown. While playing "The Merchant of Venice" one evening, curtain calls failed to bring forth the elder Booth, and not until the moment for Shylock's entrance did he reveal himself, secluded in some dark scene-closet on the stage. His last performance was given in New Orleans on November 19, 1852.

He then set sail in a steamboat for Cincinnati, and died on board Nov. 30, his last words being, "Pray, pray pray!" His remains were carried to Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where a stone erected by Edwin, some years later, marks the spot. To this lovely cemetery Edwin Booth paid regular pilgrimages during his lifetime. There are the graves of his father, his mother, and most of his sisters and brothers. A short distance from the entrance

*Yours Affectionately
J. Wilkes Booth*

Collection Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Rare autograph of John Wilkes Booth



Collection Col. T. A. Brown
Edwin Booth and his second wife (Mary McVicker) and daughter, Edwin Booth Grossman



MISS MARGUERITE CLARK
Now appearing in "The Babes in Toyland"

one comes upon a plain marble shaft, standing on a high pedestal formed of rough-dressed granite blocks. The eye is arrested by the name BOOTH in large letters, near the base of a marble column. The side next to it bears on it a bas-relief pedestal of Junius Brutus Booth. A laurel wreath surrounds it. Beneath are these lines:

Behold the spot where
Junius lies,
Oh, drop a tear where
Genius dies,
Of Tragedy the mighty
chief,
Thy power to please sur-
passed belief.
Ilic Jacet—the match-
less Booth.

Though himself non-sectarian, the elder Booth was known as a Jew, because, writes his daughter, Mrs. Clarke, he conversed

with rabbis and learned doctors, and joined their worship in the Hebraic tongue. Indeed, this is natural, since the family was of Spanish Jewish extraction.

With the death of Junius Brutus, interest at once centered on his son Edwin, who was destined to become, at no distant date, the principal tragic figure on the American stage. The then reigning theatrical monarch was Edwin Forrest. Comparing the two players, William Winter says: "Forrest, although he had a spark of genius, was intrinsically and essentially animal. Booth was intellectual and spiritual. Forrest attained his popularity and the bulk of his large fortune by impersonating the Indian chieftain, Metamora. Booth gained and held his eminence by acting Hamlet and Richelieu."

It was in California that Edwin Booth's brilliant career began. There it was that he acted Hamlet and Iago for the first time, and where he received the news of the death of his father, whom he idolized. Under the management of his brother Junius, he appeared at a San Francisco hall in farces and burlesques: essaying later Petruccio and finally Richard III, which latter rôle proved his first substantial success. San Francisco rang with the praises of this performance, and, when shortly afterwards he acted Hamlet at his own benefit, his triumph was complete. After an adventurous trip to the islands in the Pacific and Australia, he returned East, playing in Baltimore, and thence traveling through the South. He took the public in Boston by surprise with his Sir Giles Overreach in April, 1857, and then, coming to New York, he increased his repertoire with the rôles by which he is remembered.

Edwin Booth was married to Mary Devlin on July 7, 1860. Soon afterwards he sailed for Europe, and in September, 1861,

he appeared at the Haymarket as Shylock. While in London, Edwina, now Mrs. Grossman, was born. The strong feeling in England over the pending Civil War hastened Booth's return to America, where, in New York, his Winter Garden engagement began. But, along with successes, misfortunes crowded. On February 21, 1863, Mrs. Booth died, leaving a great void in the player's life.

On November 25, 1864, "Julius Cæsar" was specially presented at a benefit for the erection of a Shakespeare statue, now standing in Central Park, New York, and on this memorable occasion, the three brothers, Junius, John Wilkes, and Edwin were in the east.

Not a month had elapsed after the hundredth performance of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden on March 22, 1865, when the mad act of an unbalanced mind sent the Nation into mourning and Edwin Booth into temporary seclusion. The assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth on April 14, 1865, must ever be looked upon as a frenzied act that was contrary to the real nature of the man. His first appearance as an actor was made in the traditional part in "Richard III," and his final appearance on the boards was made as Pescara in "The Apostate"—a benefit given to John McCullough. He was very popular with his associates, and those who knew him have described him as a man of prepossessing carriage, high strung, a thorough artist, whose love for the dramatic was shown in the whole progress of the final tragedy. Had his life been normal, it is believed he would have surpassed Edwin in power and scope. Clara Morris, in whose company he acted, writes of him: "Like his great elder brother, he was rather lacking in height, but his head and throat and the manner of its rising from his shoulders were truly beautiful. His coloring was unusual, the ivory pallor of his skin, the inky blackness of his densely thick hair, the heavy lids of his glowing eyes, were all Oriental, and they gave a touch of mystery to his face when it fell into gravity, but there was generally a flash of white teeth behind his silky mustache and a laugh in his eyes. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the sex was in love with John Booth, the name Wilkes being apparently unused by his family and close friends."

Hunted on all sides after the assassination, and making his way into the country, despite a broken leg, he was finally shot. The last words of the distraught man were: "Tell mother I died for my country I did what I thought was best."



MISS VERA MICHELEINA
San Francisco girl who will be seen shortly in "The Mau from China"

This tragedy preyed upon Edwin Booth's mind so much that it was long before he could be persuaded to return to the stage. But on January 3, 1866, he reappeared as Hamlet, that classic representation which has never, as yet, been surpassed.

The following year, a long-cherished idea of the great actor was consummated in the erection of Booth's Theatre on Twenty-third street, in New York, and its opening on February 3, 1869, marked his appearance as Romeo to the Juliet of Mary McVicker, whom he married on June 7, 1870.

The life of Edwin Booth is filled with successes that have now become the greatest traditions of the American stage. Though as a manager he lost financially, the force of his art rebuilt his fortunes thrice for him—a worthy example to be held up to those who discountenance the idea of an established home for "legitimate" drama. "Remember," is the saying,

"Booth made and lost three fortunes on Shakespeare."

The second Mrs. Booth died on November 13, 1881, and the grief-stricken husband made another trip to Europe, touring the continent. The years that followed in America witnessed Booth's association with many noted men and women of the stage: Ristori, Salvini, Modjeska—to mention a few—but his deepest bond was with Lawrence Barrett, whose career was indissolubly linked with that of Booth's from Sept. 13, 1887, to Barrett's death on March 20, 1891. In 1888, The Players was opened, the clubhouse being a gift of Booth's to his fellow actors.

Booth's last appearance on the stage was as Hamlet at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, April 4, 1891. His strength gradually failed him, until, on June 8, 1893, the great American actor passed away.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



EVA DAVENPORT

MARIE DRESSLER

MARIE CAHILL

THE THREE FUNNY WOMEN OF THE STAGE

THERE are three women on the American stage who are conceded to be genuinely and irresistibly funny.

A prominent New York dramatic critic, who is nothing if not a humorist himself, has solemnly declared Marie Dressler, Marie Cahill and Eva Davenport to be the only actresses in this country who possess the divine gift of being able to make people laugh.

Marie Dressler, as everybody knows, made her reputation in vaudeville, and made a tremendous hit in a burlesque of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," entitled "Tess of the Vaudevilles." More recently she has been making people laugh in the burlesque "Sweet Kitty Swellairs." Marie Cahill, funny as she is, was fourteen years on the stage before she attracted any particular attention. Then suddenly she made a hit with the song, "Nancy Brown," in "The Wild Rose." This was so successful that she was starred later in a piece called "Nancy Brown," and founded upon the song. Eva Davenport, who is at present appearing as the Spanish widow in "The Yankee Consul," came to this country years ago, singing leading rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Patience" and "Pinafore." Later she was leading woman with Sam Bernard in "The Marquis of Michigan."

Nat. C. Goodwin, also an acknowledged humorist, has said: "To be funny, one must be serious." All three of these funny women of the stage agree with this philosophy of Fun. Harry B. Smith, still another local jester, has written: "It is other people's troubles that we laugh at on the stage."

This is likewise true. Recall the stage situations at which you have laughed the most. You laughed at "Why Smith Left Home," because Smith was well-nigh smothered under a mountain of visiting relatives. You laughed at "The Secret of Polichinelle," because everybody is in trouble. You laughed at the Yankee Consul because the Consul is in grief as often as he is in his cups, which is all the time.

Marie Cahill, who sang "Nancy Brown" into success after the song had failed on the lips of a half-dozen male comedians, did so by making it two or three shades more lugubrious than the rest had done. An added tinge of sorrow in this line, a more helpless shrug at that, and Miss Cahill made the song famous and herself a star.

"How to be funny?" said Miss Cahill, recently. "That is a difficult question. Some players are funniest when they try to be serious. I succeed in being funny chiefly by studying people in real life and reproducing natural humor as closely

as possible by artifices. I always strive at quiet in my fun-making. One critic said I possessed 'the art of being funny still and still being funny.'

"Contrast is my greatest aid. Have you ever seen Mr. Gillette in one of his dramas with all sorts of lightning playing about his head and death threatening him from all sides? What does he do? Lights a cigar, calmly steps out of it, and the audience goes crazy with enthusiasm. The same methods are effective in comedy. I prefer above all else a scene where every one is raging about the stage, and, apparently, leading up to a startling dénouement. Then, I like to step out, say something flippant, and hear the people laugh. It is pleasant to hear the people laugh."

Eva Davenport's recipe for fun-making is brief, but comprehensive. "I am funniest when I am the most serious. When I try to be funny people think I am sarcastic, and say, 'Oh, what a disagreeable woman.'" That a woman need not make a scare-crow of herself to be funny on the stage, this actress is convinced.

The remarks she doesn't mean are addressed to an invisible dog, presumably hidden under the table. Once a bull-terrier appeared from somewhere after one of Miss Davenport's private monologues gravely addressed beneath the table-cloth, and a woman at the other end of the table cried, "Oh, I always thought your dog was a joke."

Marie Dressler says: "When everything else fails, I get my voice down to the audience and make a face."

Miss Dressler's "faces" are famous. She can make more grimaces than any woman on or off the stage. A. P.



Hall A. M. PALMER REHEARSING "THE TWO ORPHANS"

This veteran manager, who directed the destinies of the Union Square and Madison Square Theatres when these famous playhouses were at the height of their prosperity, and whose name is indissolubly connected with the history of the American stage, is now house manager of Charles Frohman's Herald Square Theatre, New York. Mr. Palmer's name has again come forward prominently recently as director of the present revival of "The Two Orphans." He is seen here rehearsing the melodrama on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, after the long interval of thirty years which has elapsed since he first rehearsed the piece at the Union Square Theatre.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Millicent Moore

My Dear Mr. Sothorn:

Stranger as I am, I hope you'll not think me unmaidenly, but right before me, on my desk as I write, is a splendid photograph of you as Hamlet. Those gorgeous big eyes of yours are looking at me with such pathetic earnestness that immediately springs up to my mind those words of the poet Gray. We had them the other day in our literature lesson: "Dear as the light that visits those sad eyes." What is it that

gives them such a wistful cast? It surely cannot be a pose? I should be horribly shocked if I found that were the case. For while we hear lots about the artistic earnestness of the younger actors, my brother says: "Sothorn's O. K. He's the true gazabe, and is trying to make good in high-class stuff; while the rest blow a lot of hot air for the sake of getting the reading notices, and don't in their pinheads know the difference between Barney Shaw and Theo. Kremer."

My brother expresses himself in rather a vulgar way, but lots of his friends tell me his judgment is very keen. I really must confess that in all my collection your photograph is my favorite one. We are not allowed here at school to have actors' photographs in our rooms, but a special dispensation was made in favor of yours, because I have selected as the subject of my end-of-the-year thesis, "Hamlet, Was He Mad or Sane?" I think it's a very cute subject, and I selected it, too, all by myself. How I wish you might send me some of the conclusions you have reached in studying the part. But I know, of course, you are very much occupied, and I can hardly expect it of you.

Had you played "Hamlet" this season, I'd have been allowed to see you. But when I said, "May I not see 'The Proud Prince?'" my brother interfered and said, "Nay, nay, Pauline! 'Tis not for babes." And so mother wouldn't let me go.

I can't believe the piece is other than perfectly proper. I don't believe you would present anything indelicate. And yet they say you once wrote a comedy about a pair of garters. The world is so censorious. "Be thou as chaste as ice." You see how thorough my study of Hamlet has been.

It will interest you to know that after our Shakespeare class the other day, we took a vote as to who was the best Prince of Denmark. The ballot stood: For E. H. Sothorn, 16; for Walker Whitesides, 1; for Corse Payton, 2. The two girls who voted for Payton are twins and live in Brooklyn. They think he's just elegant, but from his photograph which they showed me, I should say his style was more of the pert and aggressive than the introspective and poetical which you typify.

It just made me too delighted for anything to read in last month's THEATRE MAGAZINE that, never mind how far you might be from each other, every night you and Mrs. Sothorn have a heart-to-heart talk over the telephone. How I envy the Central on that wire. I think it's very generous of you to write plays for your wife when you're so busy. I suppose, if you practice at it real hard, some of these days you'll be a real playwright.

Sincerely,
—Academy for Young Ladies,
—On-the-Hudson.



Schloss EDWARD SOTHERN



Morrison As Svengali in "Tribby"

As Curtis Jadwin in "The Pit"

In "The Children of the Ghetto" Schless

Wilton Lackaye Talks of the Actor's Art

(Chats with Players No. 26)

PEOPLE talk a great deal about the psychology of acting, when acting is in reality a trade. It is merely a matter of muscle." Mr. Wilton Lackaye made this disillusioning statement as calmly as he had bade the writer "Good evening" a moment before. He was seated in his dressing-room in the Lyric Theatre. It was the night before the opening of "The Pit," and 500 raw supers were being rehearsed for the sensational pit scene. Mr. Lackaye delivered his opinion to a running accompaniment of impatient raps upon the door, and questions distressingly irrelevant to the interviewer, commonplacely matter—of course—to the actor whose poise was admirable. He was a big, quiet dynamo, using not one-thousandth of his tremendous reserve power.

"Rat! Tat!"

A tall youth entered and pointed to the almost dismembered pocket of his coat. "Is my pocket torn in the right place, Mr. Lackaye?" he asked, breathlessly.

"How would it be torn naturally?" asked Mr. Lackaye. "Downward! That's right."

Exit the youth to struggle with supers in the pit scene.

"What part does psychology play in acting?" we asked.

"Very little," answered the actor. "It is involved more or less in the study of a part, but you or I might know exactly what kind of a picture we wanted to draw. Our idea might be as original as Whistler's, but it would require a Whistler to execute it. Execution is the thing. Trained muscles are the greatest part of acting. You want to show anger. You frown, draw down your lips, thrust out your jaw. That is muscle. You want to express horror. The staring eyes, the shrinking figure. Muscle! Grief, love, revenge, benevolence? Muscle! Muscle! Muscle!"

"Rap! Bang!" at the door again.

The intruder was in mad haste. The stage manager came in leading a tiny

Ethiopian, brave in blue and buttons, and gorgeous in perfectly-fitting, white gloves.

"Will he do?" The stage manager swung the bijou African round on his heels.

Mr. Lackaye made a smiling survey.

"Yes," he said, "he'll do."

Exit the stage manager and the bangle Othello.

"The psychology of acting is perception," he went on. There are a few people who see, but many who do not. We will say that I pass a man on the street. He is a type I am about to play. I look at him. I see him. I note how he walks, how he carries his head, how he looks at passers-by, how he dresses. Or I may never see the type except by my mind's eye. I read my part. I think about how the man would look, how he would say this or that. Slowly he evolves. I have the eidolon. That is the psychology of acting, getting the eidolon—seeing the image."

"Bang!" Another knock.

"Come in!"

"Mr. Brady wants to see you!"

"Tell him I'll be there in a minute."

"I have paid a great deal of attention to make-up," he continued, while Mr. Brady waited with his pitters. "Many actors think little about it. Some don't use it at all. Joseph Jefferson doesn't. He never makes up. But in my opinion, 'make-up' plays a large part in an actor's success."

"How large a part?"

"When he comes on properly made up, he has played his prologue. I ascribe much of my success, as Svengali, to my make-up. Probably the best-known of the formulæ of acting is, 'Curves are the lines of beauty; angles are the lines of strength.' A character like Svengali, strong, unscrupulous, determined, has no curves. Nature has been overkind to me in the matter of curves, so I needs must eliminate them. I made up my



WILTON LACKAYE, JR., AND HIS FATHER

eyebrows to form peaks. There were two angles. I made up deep, pointed shadows under the eyes. Two more angles! I selected a long, pointed beard. Another facial angle. My hair I combed to form a pointed crest, giving me still another angle.

"To reduce my figure to Machianellian lines was a harder task. I ordered a coat that fit me as snugly as a corset."

He drew his coat across his chest, squeezing it tight about the waist, and lo! half of his amplitude had vanished.

"The coat-tails had a decided slant, and there I had more angles. The sleeves were made short to give length to my hands. I drew long, purple lines on the back of my hands between the fingers to make them look longer. My trousers were so tight that had the seams been a quarter of an inch deeper I could not have walked. My shoes were long and pointed, my collar high. There was quite enough angle when we had finished."

"Rap! Rap!"

"Mr. Brady wants——"

"Tell him I'll be there presently."

"They call me a character actor," he said, not minding the interruption, "because I try to infuse character into my parts. Every one on the stage should be a character actor."

Mr. Lackaye agreed with the writer that while much is published about the home life of actresses, surprisingly little is said about the corresponding life of actors.

"I haven't a parrot," he said, "but I have a two-year-old son, Wilton Lackaye, Jr., who is a wonderful child. That may seem to you a banal remark, but you haven't met Wilton. Here is his photograph."



Otto Sarony Co.

A new portrait of Annie Russell

It was the topmost article in his trunk, a picture of a sweet-faced baby, whose cheek was pressed close to that of his mother. Mrs. Lackaye was Miss Alice Evans, of the Hoyt companies, until her marriage and her departure from the stage. Occasionally, when echoes of the stage have penetrated the quiet of their pretty home on West Thirty-sixth street, she has spoken of returning to it, but that was before the advent of Wilton Lackaye, Jr.

"That boy is a tyrant," said his father, gazing at the photograph. "He holds continuous court and has a constant suite of four—his mother, his aunt, his nurse, and myself, follow him everywhere and obey his every command.

His reign has never been disputed, except by Bully Boy."

Bully Boy is the famous, prize-winning bull-terrier, whose list of acquaintances is a hundred-fold larger than his master's.

"When I walked out with him a hundred persons said, 'Hello, Bully Boy!' to one who spoke to me. Bully Boy was a pampered aristocrat, and he never had a sorrow until the baby came. He sulked and refused to be comforted. When he heard them bringing the perambulator up the front stoop, he would run to the basement, so that he wouldn't see Wilton Lackaye, Jr.'s, welcome home. He never touched the child, but he stayed out of his way. He would never be in the same room with him if he could help it. While I was

on the road this fall I got a telegram from my wife.

"Am sending Bully Boy to you by 4:15 train."

"I knew what it meant. The impending had happened. Jealousy had mastered Bully Boy and he had snapped at the baby. Since then he has been exiled. A man has been taking care of him. But he comes to the theatre to see me."

Asked about the routine of his home life, Mr. Lackaye made quick response:

"I do whatever my wife lets me. Yes, I mean it. When a man does anything else, that is the beginning of divorce."

"Rap! Rap!"

"Mr. Brady wants——"

The interruption brought us back to the stage.

"I was President of the Lawrence Barrett Dramatic Association of Washington, D. C., when I was eighteen years old," said Mr. Lackaye. "I met Mr. Barrett and he asked me if I intended to go on the stage. I answered that I did not, that I was studying law. I suppose that question was the turning point. It set me thinking about being an actor. The next year I made my debut as 'another' in a Shakespearean play."

"Have you ever regretted your choice?"

"Never for a moment." Blue fires of enthusiasm burned in his eyes, but otherwise Wilton Lackaye was still the thousand-power dynamo using an atom of his force.

"The rewards are so rare, they so often fall to the undeserving that an actor's life would not be tolerable were it not that he has what the Roman Catholic church calls 'a vocation.'"

A mild humor quickly succeeded his sudden seriousness.



White MISS HELEN LACKAYE
Sister of Wilton Lackaye and lately seen in "The Virginian"

Scenes in Willie Collier's new play "The Dictator"



GEO. NASH

LUCILLE WATSON

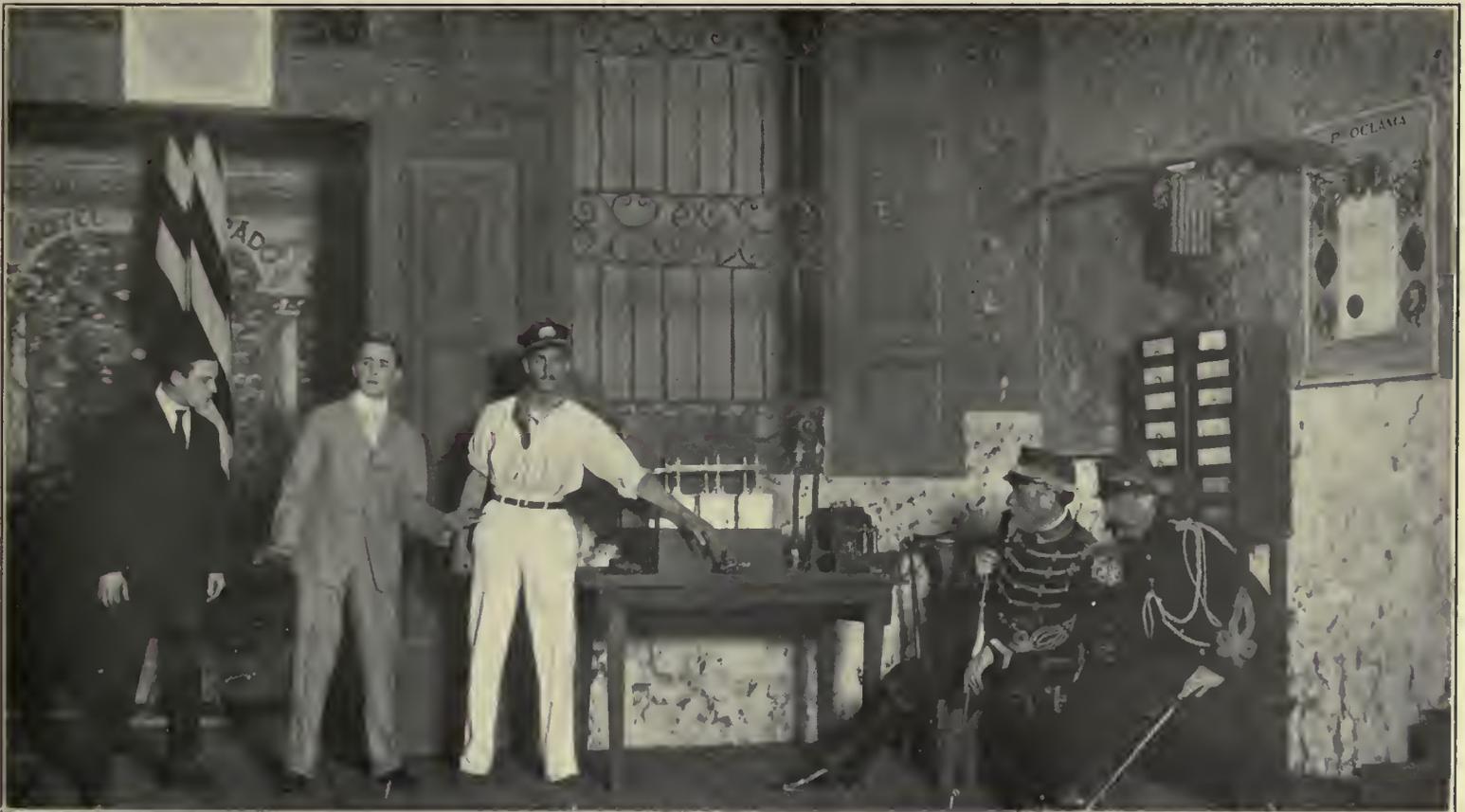
WM. COLLIER

NANETTE COMSTOCK

THOS. McGRATH

EDWARD ABELES

Brooke Travers, fleeing from justice after committing a supposed crime, changes places with the American Consul and becomes dictator of a Central American Republic.



JOHN BARRYMORE

FULLER MELLISH

HARRY SENTON

Threatened by the President of the Republic, who is engaged in a little revolution, Travers sends out to sea over the wireless an appeal for an American warship, which arrives in time to effect a rescue.



Hall
MISS ROSE TAPLEY
Playing an important rôle in "The Sign of the Cross"

that the incidental music may be in harmony with the piece. You know a manager actually interpolated an air from 'The Telephone Girl' to enliven the 'dullness' of Shakespeare. A man should know the classic drama. It will make him a better interpreter of the modern, even though he never has a more direct use for it. He should know German and French literature, to know the lights and shades of the national character. We might go on *ad infinitum*."

To a question about his methods of study, Mr. Lackaye responded with his invariable calm, "I don't study, but I read everything."

He thinks America would have better actors if it had a national school of acting.

"The National Art Theatre will probably have such a school as an adjunct. That would be a fine field of usefulness for a retired actor.

"Some actors think it *infra dig.* to teach," we said.

"They should not, when by doing so they are ennobling their own art. I should be proud to spend the last years of my life teaching acting in such a school. If our young actors are bad, it is because our schools of acting are bad."

It will be news to most people to hear that this vigorous actor suffers badly from stage fright.

"I never eat anything but soup the day of the opening," he

"True, as a critic reminded me, some mistake the 'still, small voice.' I find those who have mistaken it earning their living as traveling salesmen, as book agents, even as mechanics. But, as I told my friend, the critic, 'I have never found any of them writing dramatic criticisms.'"

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "they know."

Mr. Lackaye believes that an actor, to know his art well, must know much besides that art.

"All human knowledge is more or less correlative with the drama," he said. "An actor should know much of art and sculpture, that there may be no jarring notes in the mounting of plays. He should know music for the delight of it, but since we are taking a utilitarian view, he should know it so

said. "It would be useless. When I make my entrance I am like a man in the worst stages of seasickness. This is 'the metropolis,'" he explained. "So much depends upon it. One stands on the dizzy edge of success or failure, as a blind man on a cliff, and doesn't know which way he will fall. He cannot know. Merit is one thing; public opinion quite another. They don't always travel together, not even tandem."

Although Wilton Lackaye was born in Virginia, there is a hint of remote Hibernianism in the startling contrast of his blue eyes and black hair, in his speech and in his sly and sudden wit.

"I was Irish several generations ago, and the best that is in me I trace to that."

A moment later he revealed a bit of the inheritance. The star invited the interviewer to go into the auditorium and watch the rehearsal. But he had reckoned without his watchman. That functionary was obdurate. He stood with his back against the stage door.

"Them's my orders, not to let no one in."

Up to then the actor had been jovial, cajoling, companionable. The watchman was firm. Then came a startling, blinding flash straight from the Green Isle.

"I'm here to give orders, not to take them!"

The watchman was brushed aside as lightly as though he had been a contentious fly.

It is not generally known that Wilton Lackaye is a poet. He has written a good deal of verse, and perhaps one of his best poetic efforts was his reply to Dr. Parkhurst, when that clerical reformer was making his crusade against vice in New York, entitled "A Ballade of Broadway." It was a bitter attack on the Phariseism that mercilessly stalks vice without regard to its cause.

Born in 1862, Mr. Lackaye graduated at the Georgetown University. His earliest ambition was to become a priest, but he deserted theology for law and Blackstone for the stage. His first opportunity in New York came when he played Robert le Diable. He was in Daly's company for a brief period; was a member of the Lyceum company, and then made the greatest success of his career as Svengali.

ADA PATTERSON.



MISS GRACE HENDERSON
Formerly a popular member of the Lyceum stock company, and seen recently in "The Girl with the Green Eyes"



Byron, N. Y.

The Remorse of Ajax

Greek Play acted by Greeks in New York

WHEN the old morality play, "Everyman," was first presented in New York, the theatre-going public marvelled at the leap backward into mediævalism. Recently, they have had to go farther back still, even four hundred odd years before Christ, when Sophocles held the stage. For "Ajax," one of the best-known of the tragedies by the Greek dramatist, was performed in New York by a cast drawn from the Greek colony, and real Greeks, recruited in the East Side Ghetto, spoke the classic lines in their own tongue.

The tragedy was presented last year in Chicago at Hull House, noted for its social settlement work, and there Mabel Hay Barrows—the leading spirit in this interesting revival—discovered one Georgios Metalas and one Demetrios Manusopoulos, who proved so striking in their respective rôles of Ajax and Teucer as to warrant their coming to New York. Miss Barrows therefore decided to give the play at Clinton

Hall in this city, but found herself obliged to train an entirely new company with the exception of her "stars." So she went among the Greek colony, and soon found a doctor, a candy-maker, a flower-vender, a lawyer—all local Greeks, having the artistic temperament and who were ambitious to speak the lines of their illustrious fellow-countryman.

Miss Barrows' task of finding out how "Ajax" should be staged was not as easy as that of the Elizabethan Stage Society,

which relied upon preserved records to give atmosphere to "Everyman." She wisely adhered to traditional ideas in her Homeric, rather than Athenian costumes, and her mountings were concise rather than precise. A particularly interesting and novel feature was the chorus, that artificial Greek substitute for humanity. They chanted the words to clarinet music composed by Willys Peck Kent, and they danced with rhythm and grace. Bare arms and legs gave a realistic touch, and the swarthy Thespians wore the classic Greek costume as if born to it.

In "Ajax" is recognized the art of a master dramatist struggling against conventions, yet being limited by them. Sophocles was modern in that he is known as the first dramatist to have introduced more than two actors, and to have used painted scenery. His "Ajax" ignored the Greek tradition of hiding death from the audience, yet its passion is plastic and its chorus is still recitative and cold. The tragedy treats of the madness, remorse and suicide of the mighty warrior Ajax after his defeat by Odysseus; the war of words over the dead body by Teucer, Menelaos, and Agamemnon, and of his decent burial, through the good offices of his enemy and rival, Odysseus. The chorus of Salaminian sailors, comrades of Ajax, explain the action of the tragedy to the audience.

The title rôle was admirably acted by Georgios Metalas. A giant in physique, and gifted with a virile, passionate diction, his personality was most impressive. Miss Barrows, to whom must go the credit for the general excellence of the performance, was a statuesque and pathetic Tecmessa, the mistress of Ajax.

The efforts of the respective performers were greeted with enthusiastic applause, and there was no doubting the sincerity of the demonstration. There were few that had made the pilgrimage to Clinton Hall that had not expected to be frightfully bored, and the artistic manner in which the classic play was done, the artistic spirit which pervaded the whole performance, the atmosphere given the tragedy by a handful of unknown amateurs, and the really splendid acting of many of these amateurs themselves, moved all the spectators to unrestrained enthusiasm.



TECMESSA
(Miss Barrows)

AJAX
(Mr. Metalas)

All Star Revival of D'Ennery's



Photos by Hall

The two orphans, Henriette (Margaret Illington) and her blind sister, Louise (Grace George), arrive in Paris alone. Henriette is abducted by the profligate Marquis de Presles and the helpless Louise falls into the clutches of Mother Frochard, who forces her to beg. (2) Mother Frochard (Elita Proctor Otis) being cajoled by her good-for-nothing son (Charles Warner).



In the gardens of Marquis de Presles' château, insulted by her abductor, Henriette makes an appeal to the men present to save her. The Chevalier de Vandrey (Kyrle Bellew) responds and fights a duel with the Marquis (Jameson Lee Finney).

Famous Melodrama "The Two Orphans"



Chevalier de Vandrey visits Henriette in her attic and says he will marry her despite the opposition of his family.



Arrest of Henriette on a charge made by the family of the Chevalier.



The courtyard of the Salpêtrière hospital-prison. Departure of the condemned women. The Mother Superior (Clara Morris) tells the lie that saves Henriette from exile.



Rescue of the blind and helpless Louise from the den of the infamous Froebards. The fight between the cripple and his murderous brother.



Photos by Joseph Byron, N. Y.

Stage door-keeper at the Criterion Theatre, New York

Stage door-keeper at the Hudson Theatre, New York

PART II

THERE are two parts of a theatre with which the paying public is acquainted. One is the box-office and the other is the stage door. In all that multitude comprising what the manager politely terms as "patrons," there are none who have not lingered over the framed diagram to chat with the ticket-seller, just as there are none who at some period in their career have not waited in the shadows about the stage door to see in the flesh that individual who across the footlights either amused or thrilled. However, the purchasing public may know the box-office almost intimately, but their acquaintance with the stage door is only slight.

The conduct of a modern box-office was minutely described by the writer in the first series of these articles, as was the man who sells the tickets. His important duties and the serious work of his profession was pictured. But to him, as to that of any man who constantly deals with the public, there is a lighter side—the daily occurrences that bring to him amusing experiences.

The time-bedraggled legend, "Few die and none resign," probably originated in a New York box-office. While many a man who now owns a theatre found the first rung of the ladder in a box-office, it is an indisputable fact that no man ever resigns from the position of ticket-seller. There may be that strange fascination that lurks about the gentle art of having people hand you money, and there may be the glamor of the show business, but for some unaccountable reason, the man who sells tickets is always smiling.

Some people will say that box-office men are not polite and obliging, but this is not true. Any man who daily or nightly is in constant contact with the spending public has a hard task. The old circus ticket-seller who said

that "every hand that comes to the window is a hand against you," spoke broadly, but also truthfully in some regard. There are a number of people who believe that every man who tries to sell them something is trying to get the best of the bargain, and of this class the box-office man meets a great multitude. His patience is everlastingly tried, and a cruel instance of it is the man who, halting a long line of prospective purchasers, wrangles over seat locations and, and after picking out the best, presents—a pass.

Unfortunately for men who sell seats, constructors of buildings sometimes find it necessary to support balconies of steel and masonry with pillars of steel. These posts being immovable, are always a contention. Somebody is bound to get a seat behind one. It is told of a ticket-seller at a Broadway theatre that he had suffered long with complaints of this nature. His work always kept him downstairs, but toward the close of the season he made a survey of the house, and for the first time saw the post. Walking up to it he laid his hand on the iron pillar and remarked: "I'm very glad to get a look at you. So many people have spoken to me about you." Then there is the old lady who insists on blocking the window while she makes up her mind what she wants.

Of all the people who purchase tickets, the one the box-office man most dislikes is the individual who asserts he is deaf or near-sighted. He may be either one or both, but he is never believed. It is said that from the earliest days tickets were sold, this remark came into popular usage as a mode of getting good seats. Now, it only causes a smile. There is not a ticket-seller but will tell you that he has at some time had a man tell him he was near-sighted, and a little later he has seen the same man sitting in Row A turn and graciously ac-



Byron

The Casino, one of the most famous stage doors in New York

knowledge the smile and salute of some one else 16 rows to the back. And many a man who said he was deaf, and on this pretended affliction has secured a seat in the first row, has returned to the box-office and demanded an exchange of seats on the plea that the drums annoyed him. Then there is that almost innumerable host that will sit nowhere else but in the aisle.

In the days that are gone, before the show business was the big part of the commercial world that it is to-day, the box-office was as full of tricks as a magician's trunk. It was sometimes the purpose of this sharp practice to gain more than the theatre's share at the expense of the visiting attraction by little schemes that deceived the best. The story is told of a theatre, notorious for its scheme to defraud, that the doorkeeper had near his ticket-office a chute leading to the box-office. When admission tickets were handed him by the purchaser he would drop some in his box, but more down the chute, and these going back to the man at the window would be sold over and over again. The final count showed that the number of tickets was correct, but by means of the chute the ticket-seller and the doorkeeper were conducting an almost endless chain of profit.

But in the latter day of business organization, with business-like methods, these "games" have gone, and the house that practiced them on an attraction would soon be omitted by the manager booking a route for his attraction.

There is a traditional story among box-office men that a woman called on a ticket-seller one day with this plaint:

"I bought two reserved seats for the Saturday matinee and left the tickets on my dresser. My baby picked them up, put them in his mouth and swallowed them. What am I to do?"

The ticket-seller scratched his head, and then rendered this Solomon-like decision:

"Just bring the baby with you, madame. It's good for two admissions."

The stage door! It leads to that mystic realm of light and tinsel, ever fascinating, never understood, intoxicatingly inter-



Byron

STAGE DOOR OF DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK

This historic stage door is the last of the "private house stage doors," so called from the fact that the rear of the theatre was once a private residence and for economical reasons had not been altered.

esting, and always sought-after region by people who will never know "behind the scenes." To the uninitiated it is all mystery, to those initiated it is three dull brick walls, a mass of scenes, a tier of dressing rooms, a place of endless work, performances, rehearsals, realization of long-sought-for ambitions, bright days, dark hours, heart-aches, fleeting joys, success and failures—all in the life of the actor—the behind the scenes of a playhouse.

Not many weeks ago, the highest authorities of the Russian Navy sat behind closed doors in St. Petersburg and struggled with a weighty problem. It was the cruise through ice-bound seas and eternally frozen channels for the Baltic fleet to leave the aurora-colored waters of the Arctic circle and reach the warm seas that skirt the flowery land of the Mikado. The feat was declared impossible. And yet, in comparison with a stranger endeavoring to pass a stage door unauthorized, this strategic move of the Czar's great north fleet is but the play of children. The man who tends the stage door at a theatre may be old and decrepit, but he has lodged in every active faculty of his antiquated being one fixed understanding, and that is that no one shall pass the door he guards. Often so rigid is the conscientious Cerebus, that he has been known to conscientiously refuse admission to the stage to the man who owned the theatre, through the fact that he knew him not by face, but only by his name, printed upon the top sheet of the pay-roll.

In the well-conducted theatre of to-day it is the rule that only those whose business brings them there shall be admitted. Other rules may be broken, but this one stands inviolate. The stage manager is supreme here. Even the manager of the theatre bows to his rule in regard to the conduct of that part of the theatre back of the curtain. The players come there to play their parts; there must be no interference, no introduction of matters that would divert attention, or the presence of persons who would detract attention from the performance. The players' first duty, "when the lights are up," is to the audience. Therefore, the stage



An actor signing an autograph for the door-keeper at Wallack's

door is guarded with a strictness far more severe than that known to a sentry in a court-martialed community. There are no passwords.

It has come to be the custom that the stage doorkeeper is an old man. He is generally an old man with a history. He is either despondent over some melancholy fact that if the tide had turned another way he might have been a successful manager, or he is full of reminiscences of the old days of which he loves to talk. Day and night throughout the season he guards his post, knowing and admitting through his door only the members of the company and those other persons he is absolutely sure have a right to enter there. He is generally silent and has no argument. If you are not entitled to admission, there are no words—he simply shuts the door in one's face.

Stage doorkeepers are quick to learn the faces of the members of a company playing at the theatre where they guard the entrance to the stage. The star is treated with the greatest courtesy—door held open and frequently hat in hand. It is a traditional perquisite for the stage doorkeeper to receive a generous gift from this exalted personage on the last night of the engagement, and there is no stage doorkeeper who does not begin to pave the way for it from the time of the first arrival of the star to the last night of the week, or the run, as the case may be.

Few players ever omit this gift to the man who guards the door. It is he who receives the mail and hands it to them as they enter, just as it is he who receives the flowers and sends them up to the dressing-room, when a remembrance from a friend is most cheering at a critical moment before a first-night audience. It is he, too, who keeps back that onslaught of youthful admirers who linger about the stage door for she who seems so beautiful in the limelight's glare, so radiant 'neath the touch of rouge and penciled cosmetic. A hundred cabs may line up before his door, and a great multitude of genus Johnny, crush hat and evening suit, adorn the pavement

side, but he is as immovable as the hills, as impassable as the mine-sunken straits or torpedoed entrance to the harbor of a besieged and beleaguered citadel.

If his theatre is playing some attraction where a large feature of the performance is a chorus, whose collective beauty exhausts the adjectives of the press agent, the stage doorkeeper's nights of guarding are a troubled sea. He is attacked and beset by every form of ingenuity to reach the inner portals by him who would take her to dine where lobsters are high-priced, where wine flows and bands play—that land of separation where fools and money part. And this recalls an incident.

Not many seasons ago, a youth, captivated by the charms of some fair coryphee, reached the city to pay her his attentions. When he arrived at the theatre the performance had started, and he could not wait to inform her of his arrival. He asked the stage doorkeeper to hand her a note, but he refused. He offered money, and liberally, but still the man consented not. Finally he grew desperate, and with this came the ingenuity of his soul. Going to a nearby druggist he bought a small bottle of some harmless drug, and had it properly labelled and wrapped. When outside the store, he poured the contents from the bottle and placed inside the missive to his inamorata. Then he neatly rewrapped it with the druggist's name outside, and by a district messenger sent it to the stage door. The doorkeeper, seeing the label, at once realized the importance of quick delivery for medicine, and had it handed to the young lady immediately.

In the last few seasons, with its building of new theatres, an innovation has been made in stage doorkeepers. Instead of the old man who sat nodding and napping at the stage door, the new theatre has in some instances completely transformed the stage door and made it as up-to-date a place as the modern box-office. The old doorkeeper has been replaced by a dapper young man in uniform, who has a box to sit in, with all the appliances of an office—telephone, desk, etc., etc.

(To be continued.) WELLS HAWKS.



Hall

NETTIE BLACK

MARION BARNEY

WILFRED LUCAS

CHAS. W. KING

PERCY: "This trusting girl from Rochester has appealed to me for protection."

SCENE IN "THE SUPERSTITION OF SUE" AT THE SAVOY



From a Drawing by Pal

"Immediately we left the train, there was a race to the hotel."

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART II*



JULIA WEMPLE

THE members of the company scattered through the car, selecting what seats each fancied most. Mrs. Cranz monopolized an entire section for her own use, and presently a huge brakeman came up and informed her that it was against the rules.

"We have more tickets than we have people," she retorted, "and I intend to keep it." Mr. Cranz supported her, explaining to the puzzled brakeman that the company had to buy twenty-five tickets in order to secure a baggage-car, and yet we had only eighteen people.

The brakeman retreated baffled. Mr. Cranz piled all his things into the seat, went into the smoker and stayed there until the end of the journey. Mrs. Cranz meditated piously until she fell asleep.

Most of the other men had already gone into the smoking car, where they played poker all day.

In our car, Miss Darrell, the leading lady, who was the youngest person of any age I have ever seen, knelt up on the seat and said cute little things to every one. The part Miss Darrell took in our play required a very young and sweet girl, and she continued this manner off the stage. Her face was not so young as her manner, her clothes, and the way she arranged her hair. This hair was ash blonde in color, naturally curly, and she had quantities of it, wearing it hanging in thick curls down her back with two curls tied at the top of her head with a ribbon, just like a child. She had a confiding way with her, and always nestled against some one, or curled up in chairs. Altogether, she suggested the character of Dora, in "David Copperfield," and her remarkable juvenility made me feel very old.

Miss Fay, who had come to the station with two gentlemen, looked terribly tired and cross. She put her satchel under the arm of the seat, threw her coat over it, and with this improvised pillow was soon asleep. Nearly every one who passed up or down the aisle of the car brushed against the top of her head, but she slept serenely on. Miss Darrell looked at her with her youngest smile, then turned her childlike eyes to Rachel, who simply gazed back.

Everybody was very much annoyed because the management had taken the company so far from New York that they were unable to obtain the New York papers the first thing Sunday morning, that is, everybody except Rachel and my blonde "son." He was seated directly behind me, reading "Your Forces and How to Use Them." Rachel was several seats further down the car, also reading. I was too excited to either sleep or read.

When the conductor came round for my ticket, my blonde son (whose name was Herbert Heartwell) leaned forward and said merely: "Company."

I felt as if everybody in the car was staring at me. As Mr. Heartwell had unbent a little, I plucked up courage to speak to him about a matter which had been worrying me ever since I had been acting with him.

"Mr. Heartwell, may I ask you something?"

"Certainly," he answered, politely closing his book.

"Why is it that you never look at me during our scenes together?"

"You won't be offended if I tell you?" he asked, smiling.

"No; really, I won't."

"Well, I simply can't look at you and address you as 'Mother.' It's so absurd, I'm afraid I'll laugh."

"I find it so disconcerting if you don't look at me," I said, only half satisfied with the explanation.

"You might find it more so if I did look at you," he laughed.

Mr. Darcy, who had taken a seat in the aristocratic Pullman, passed through the car, and, seeing me talking to Mr. Heartwell, stopped and said:

"You seem to be enjoying yourself. I'm glad to see you've made a friend of Heartwell; he's a fine chap. Miss Milford's all right, too, but the rest of them are a pack of scorpions."

His face darkened and he went on. I looked at Mr. Heartwell. He reluctantly explained:

"Mr. Darcy is a strict disciplinarian. Many of the people didn't understand him, and objected to his methods. They distorted many things he said and did, and sent a general complaint to Mr. Turner, our manager. Mr. Turner is the one person who had faith enough in Darcy and his play to back the venture, so when Darcy heard of these letters he felt they were simply cutting the ground from beneath his feet, and he is very bitter."

Having delivered himself of this information, he again buried himself in his book. We stopped for lunch at some station. No one paid any attention to any one else. Everybody jostled and pushed and called out their orders to the tired-looking waitresses behind the counter. Soon I was clamoring with the rest, and managed to obtain a sandwich and a cup of tea. Our little comedian, with his mouth full of baked beans, called out:

"Miss Wemple, would you like a sinker?"

He passed me a glass dish full of soggy-looking doughnuts, but I felt too hurried to try more than a sandwich. I never bolted food so fast in my life, and I nearly scalded my throat gulping down the hot tea. And, after all, we had several minutes to spare; but I was so

* For the opening chapter, see THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for April.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS EDNA BRONSON

Playing Alice Nielsen's rôle in "The Fortune Teller"

"You must always read the call," admonished Rachel.

"Certainly, but where is this call to be found?"

"On the call board."

"What sort of a thing is it?"

"It's a piece of paper, with Mr. Cranz's writing on telling the company when they leave one town, by which railroad, and the hour they arrive at their destination; also a list of the hotels in the towns and their various prices." Rachel said all this as if repeating a lesson.

"I think it's very nice of Mr. Cranz to do that for the company," I said, innocently.

"Yes, isn't it?" answered Rachel, gaily. "And without extra charge too. But, then, as that's about the only thing he does do for them, and as that is done by every manager for the company, you needn't give him a loving cup out of gratitude."

I did not answer, feeling rather ashamed of my ignorance. Rachel laughed.

"Well, never mind; you'll learn," she said. "You might as well come to the hotels with me until you get used to things and can decide for yourself what you want to do."

The brakeman called "All aboard!" We re-entered the car, and Rachel resumed her book; but getting out for lunch and the little chat with Rachel had made a pleasant break in the journey.

We reached the town in which we were to play about five o'clock in the afternoon. Rachel always went to the medium-priced hotels. She said there was no sense squandering all your money on hotels in the winter time and being broke all summer. Nearly everybody in the company seemed to think the same, for the minute we left the car a general race took place.

Rachel explained that at the smaller hotels accommodations were limited. It was a case of "first come, first served." Whoever reached the hotel first and registered was assigned to the best room.

"I never hurry," said Rachel, "and I always fare pretty well. But it's fun to watch the others. I always select some one to bet on, then if they don't win I feel quite hurt. But do look at Cranz sprinting for first place."

I looked. The fat little manager was puffing away, trying to overtake and outdistance some of the younger men. I could not help laughing outright.

"He'll get an awful blowing up," said Rachel, "if he doesn't get her a good front room, with hot and cold water, electric lights, bath, rockers, steam heat and plenty of sun, all for one dollar and twenty-five cents per day!"

Sure enough, when we reached the hotel, I found Mr. Cranz positively reclining on the register, so that no one else stood any chance of getting near it until he had finished, and saying in his fat voice: "I am the manager of the company, and I would like a nice, large, front room, with steam heat and plenty of sun."

One of the men murmured to me:

afraid the train would go without me, that I was already hurrying back to the car, when Rachel stopped me.

"Let's walk up and down and get a mouthful of fresh air," she said. "I hate those hot cars, and we have three or four hours more on that one."

While we strolled up and down the platform, Rachel asked:

"To which hotel are you going in the next town?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about hotels," I answered, ingenuously.

"Didn't you read the call?"

"Call? No. What call?"

"If his position as manager is so important, why doesn't he uphold his dignity by going to the best hotels?"

"Maybe," I answered, "he can't afford it. They have so many children in the convent, you know."

My interlocutor gave me an approving look.

"You'll do," he said, and Rachel clapped her hands with delight.

"This precedence business makes me tired," said Miss Fay, sulkily. "It's all right in the theatre, but in hotels, the property man's money is every bit as good as the leading man's."

Miss Darrell gave Mr. Cranz a playful push and said, coaxingly, "Move over, Papa Cranz; little me wants a room, too. Miss Fay also crowded forward, saying impatiently, "I want a room, too. Please hurry; I'm just dying for some sleep."

The clerk paid no attention to any of them, but just pushed the register from one person to another, pulled out a sliding drawer full of little pasteboard slips, which he studied indifferently; then, without undue hurry, wrote figures after each name and, never glancing at any one's face, dealt out keys to each one, just as a man would deal cards. Then he carelessly rang a bell and languidly ordered the boy to show the people to their rooms.

Rachel and I had connecting rooms. It would have been cheaper to room together, but Rachel said it did not do to become too intimate. After supper, Rachel called me into her room to visit, or, as she put it, to have a "roasting party." She had made herself comfortable in a reddish-brown kimona-like gown, and taken the pins out of her hair, which was straight and black. Her figure was straight, as were her features, and I saw now why she was called "Indian."

After my late humiliation about the "call," I was afraid to ask any questions. Still I was dying to know what "a roasting party" was, so, trembling, I asked what it meant.

"Well, I don't mean to really 'roast,'" she answered, "but just 'talk over' the different people in the company. What do you think of us so far?"

She eyed me curiously, awaiting my verdict.

"I hardly know," I replied. "You see, it's all so new and so strange—then I've been so absorbed in being able to play, and delighted by Aunt Nan actually letting me go away, that I feel as if I'm in a sort of happy dream. I only know that I like you and Mr. Darcy."

"The fact that you like me argues that your intuitions are exceedingly acute," she said.

"Really?" I exclaimed. Rachel looked at me crossly. "I'm afraid you have no sense of humor," she said in despair. "Do, do have a sense of humor. I couldn't stand you if you didn't; it's the only thing makes life possible."

Rachel became suddenly very tragic. I felt terribly uncomfortable, but I thought it best to be truthful.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't believe I have a sense of humor. I never laugh at nor see anything funny in the comic papers."

Rachel's face cleared. "There's hope then. By the way, how does Mr.



Falk MISS NORAH LAMISON

Recently seen in "Pretty Peggy" and formerly leading woman with Richard Mansfield

Heartwell strike you?" I had suspected she admired my "son."
 "He seems very indifferent," I answered.
 "That isn't indifference; that's poise," explained Rachel.
 "Oh!"

"All that manner is cultivated. He is a very self-contained, well-educated man. What was he saying to you to-day?"

I repeated the conversation.

"It's a wonder he'd repeat even that much; he loathes gossip. Poor Darcy! he's been shamefully ill-used, by fate and people generally. I like his pluck and endurance. You know, he comes from a good family in Ireland, but they were poor, so when he graduated in Dublin, he came to this country to try journalism. He didn't get along, so he actually went to work as a day laborer. Last season in New York, after he made his hit in this play, he was being entertained at some club, and they began talking of the beauties of the home of one of the men, when Darcy said, "Yes, I know; I helped to dig the cellar."

"You seem to know Mr. Heartwell very well," I said.

"I knew him at home," replied Rachel. "We're from the same town, studied with the same teacher. Do you know he's the only man I've never been able to make fall in love with me."

"Have you tried?"

"Umph! Do you suppose I'd admit it if I had?"

If I had been accustomed to having intuitions or impressions, I'm sure that one of them would have been that Mr. Heartwell did not like Rachel.

"What do you think of Fannie Darrell?" she asked.

"She seems very young," I said.

"Yes, doesn't she?" said Rachel, and by a quick change of expression she quickly assumed Miss Darrell's personality, and at the same time conveyed to me the fact that Miss Darrell's "youthfulness" was not genuine. I laughed, and Rachel continued:

"If she was any younger, she couldn't travel without a nurse!"

"I didn't know Miss Fay had friends in Landsville," I said.

Rachel looked as if she was going to say something, then changed her mind, merely saying:

"Miss Fay has a large circle of acquaintances; indeed, there is scarcely a town where we play more than one day that she doesn't find some one she knows—mostly gentlemen."

"How nice for her."

"Isn't it?" Rachel rocked with mirth, which I felt I ought to join in, but did not.

This was the beginning of many talks, for Miss Mortimer did not get better and I kept right on with the company.

What at first had seemed like a dream and a fairy-tale soon resolved itself into an almost business-like routine, and what I had always heard talked of as a most irregular life soon seemed as regular as anything else. Our hours were different, but every day it was the same thing. Trains in the morning, walks and sleep in the afternoon, and the performance at night. Rachel and I usually finished the day with a sandwich and a glass of milk—that is, when Rachel did not have one of her aloof moods on. Sometimes she seemed very unhappy. She had a theory about everything, and talked a lot about "temperament." She said a woman without temperament could

never be a good actress. Sometimes I think it was trying to be "temperamental" which made her so unhappy. She was really as badly stage-struck as I was, only, in her own case, she called it being "very ambitious."

If hard work counts in the theatrical career, she ought to succeed. She took long walks, did breathing exercises for voice production, Swedish movements—anything and everything which she thought would develop her either mentally or physically. Then she was always weighing and dissecting herself and everybody else. She said everybody posed.

"How do you know?"

"Because I study everybody with whom I come in contact. If you study and analyze people," she added, "it will help you in your acting."

I blindly copied all she did, so I resolved to study character. I thought I would begin with Rachel.

"But, Rachel," I protested, "ought one to study too closely people one loves? Won't that lead to criticism?"

"You're an idiot, Judy." (Long before this, Rachel had decided that Julia was too long for everyday use, so I degenerated into Judy.) "Your mental development comes before your affections."

Wonder kept me silent.

"Do I pose, Rachel?"

"I haven't just decided. You're almost too naive to be real."

"I didn't know I was naive, so I guess it's real."

What is your pose?" I asked.

"We never know our own foibles. What do you think?"

"Trying to be original," I said, decidedly.

"Trying?" Rachel seemed displeased with my first attempts at character studying.

"Suppose you should make a mistake in your character analysis, what then?"

"Trust to your intuitions."

"But I thought your intuitions came first."

"Now, you're becoming logical, and a logical woman is a mistake."

My analysis of Rachel led me to think she was rather inconsistent.

On the long train trips we read, and, thanks be to goodness, I can nearly always sleep on the cars. We usually had Sunday nights to ourselves, and these we devoted religiously to playing the game called "Consequences." The energy and concentration we spent on this game was worthy a nobler cause. We'd each seize paper and pencil and with wide eyes gaze into space—then scribble madly. Sometimes the results were startling.

We had a quartette with us who might have beguiled the tedium with song, but they were the only members of the cast who never by any possible chance sang a note beyond their music in the play. All the rest of us tried to drown our sorrow in song, and were much given to "The Belle of New York" and various coon songs.

In most of the theatres the partitions dividing the dressing rooms do not extend to the ceiling. This facilitates conversation, so one of the ladies would warble forth, "When we are married." A masculine voice down the hall would query, "Why, what will you do?" Then the whole female contingent would touchingly promise, "I'll be as sweet as I can be to you." But these offers of devotion were never



MISS ALIDA CORTELYOU
 Lately seen in Stephen Philipps' poetic drama, "Ulysses"



Habenicht
 MISS LILLIAN BURKHARDT
 Popular vaudeville artist, appearing this season in "A Deal on Change"



Dana
 MISS ALICE LONNON
 A member of Edward S. Willard's Co

accepted. Our contralto and basso were man and wife, and had the dearest baby two and a half years old. They were English people, and were to return home in the Spring, so, as a pleasant surprise for his English grandparents, the men members of the company devoted themselves to teaching this lisping infant all the latest and most advanced American slang, which he used most unexpectedly. One day we were about to get into a crowded car, when the conductor waved us aside, saying, "Go way back," and the baby yelled lustily after us, "And sit down." Another time he was talking of going to England, when somebody asked, "Where is England?" and baby answered, "Oh, back of New York." This wonderful baby was always a source of amusement and entertainment for us.

The boy who played the leading juvenile part was always hungry, and we used to make fun of him. At first we didn't know what was the matter with him, and when he'd come to the stations in the grey dawn and stand leaning on his umbrella with an expression of settled gloom on his face, Rachel and I would hold a consultation as to what dire calamity could possibly have overtaken him. Rachel said: "That boy has had a tragedy in his life." I suggested maybe he'd had a "heart failure," which was our term for an unfortunate love affair. We were quite harrowed about him until I grew to know him better. When one morning after we had been particularly distressed by his seeming unhappiness, I said, "Girls, I'm going to ask him." So I approached gently, the girls trailing softly up behind me, and in the most sympathetic tones I could muster I asked, "Archie, what *is* the matter?" He recalled himself from the beyond, looked gloomily at me and answered impressively, "My God, Judy, I'm hungry." Roars from the three little maids in the background who were waiting breathlessly for a solution of his misery. He told us afterward that he came near throwing up his part because he has to say in the third act, "I don't want any supper, mother."

We had one gentleman in the company who ordinarily was the mildest man, but whom early rising seriously disturbed, and he beguiled the time by mentally killing the management and the advance man, and boiling in oil all the railroad officials, and the man who laid out the route. This cheered us all wonderfully. We arrived in one town at 8:30 A. M. We went to a little hotel and fell into bed, where we slept until 12 o'clock, when we had to get up, as we opened with a matinee. When we finished the night performance the curtain had gone down on the last act three times in twenty-four hours. We were to have left that town at seven something, but thanks be to heaven, just as we were half dressed, the landlord knocked on the door and announced that there was some obstruction on the road, and the train was five hours late. Back to bed we went with joy unspeakable. We were called later and found the train had managed to lose two hours more.

Then suddenly all these chats, adventures and studies came to an end. Mr. Cranz and Mr. Darcy had some unpleasantness—about money matters, I believe. Cranz wrote his version into the office, and Darcy wrote his. It was Lent, and business had been poor, so suddenly a notice was posted, saying we would close in two weeks. Everybody was awfully blue. Before the notice was posted, you would have thought, to hear the people talk, that the one aim of their lives was to get out of their engagement and back to New York. Now they reviled the management for daring to close so early.

Rachel was terribly discouraged. She had not joined the company until December. She was not well known, so her salary was not large, and as she played an adventuress, she had to have expensive clothes.

As for me, well! when we got home I took advantage of my reputation for ingenuousness to indulge in a good cry. It did seem too mean, just to get started, then have it all end and have to go home. Rachel glowered at me.

"Don't be a pump," she said. "What have you got to cry about? You should be thankful you have a home to go to."

"But I'm not," I wailed.

"Look at me," she said. "If I don't work, I'll starve."

"I'd rather starve than not act."

"Well, come and try it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking up through my tears.

"Starving, or, rather, looking for an engagement."

I could only look at her and weep.

"Come to New York with me," she went on. "We'll take a cheap flat



MISS MARGARET PITT

Daughter of the late Harry Pitt, and now playing the part of Iras in "Ben Hur"

somewhere and live on what money we've saved until one of us gets an engagement. If I go to work first, I'll send you money until you get something, and when you get an engagement you can pay me back, or if you are fixed first, you can help me."

"Oh, Rachel!" I exclaimed, delighted.

"Why not? I know all the ropes, and I'll post you; only you'll have to hustle hard."

"Hustle! Won't I?"

The next two weeks we did nothing but plan about my going to New York. I had been getting thirty dollars a week. Out of that I had saved about fifteen dollars a week, and I had been playing eight weeks altogether. I had sent Aunt Nan some money. Of course, I should have my last week's salary clear. Altogether I should have about one hundred and fifteen dollars. Surely another engagement would be found before that was all gone.

No one was sorry when we closed. Mr. Darcy told me if there was anything he could do for me to let him know. He was very uncertain about his own plans, but if his new play went on next season, there was a part he would like me to have. That was something to look forward to. Mr. Heartwell was very nice. He said he hoped I had found him a dutiful son, and he would always be glad to see his mother.

Mrs. Cranz thought I was very foolish to enter a profession already so overcrowded, but as I was determined, she said she would pray for me, which made me feel very comfortable. Rachel said with influence like that I ought to obtain an engagement at once.

So, with a heart full of hope and courage, I arrived in New York to seek another engagement. What befell me in the great metropolis must be left to another chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



MISS IDA CONQUEST as Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

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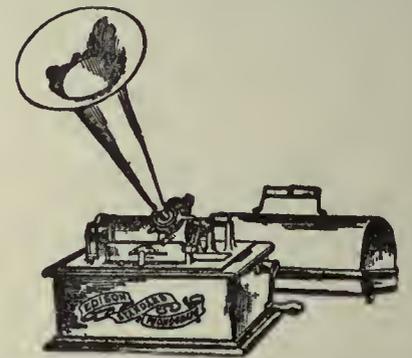
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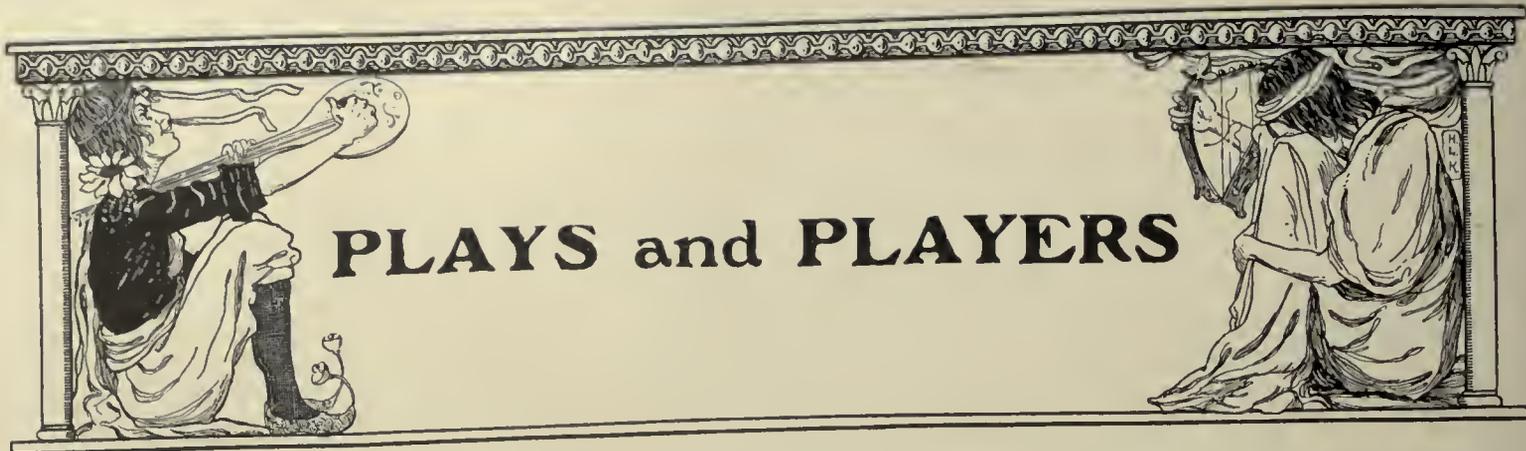
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo by the Otto Sarony Co.

DUSTIN FARNUM

This picturesque young actor, who has had considerable success this season in the title rôle of "The Virginian," was born in Boston. He made his first appearance on the stage about seven years ago, acting Shakespearean rôles with Margaret Mather, and later he joined Chauncey Olcott. He also has had experience in stock company work. Mr. Farnum is rapidly establishing himself in the favor of the theatregoing public, and especially in that of the Matinee Girl, to whom his personal comeliness particularly appeals.



PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE theatrical season of 1903-04, just closed, will be remembered as the most unfruitful and disappointing in the history of the local stage. The managers, through a combination of causes—faulty judgment, over-production, the Chicago catastrophe, and general trade depression—have lost money to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the theatre-going public, already discouraged by mediocre entertainment at high prices, has been demoralized completely by a long succession of absolute failures. The great successes of the year are easily counted. They do not exceed half a dozen plays: "The County Chairman," "The Other Girl," "The Girl from Kays," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Raffles," and "Her Own Way." Also successful, but in a lesser degree, must be mentioned: "The Dictator," "The Secret of Polichinelle," "The Yankee Consul," "The Admirable Crichton," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Pit," "The Virginian," "The Man from Blankleys," "The Proud Prince," "Candida," Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," and Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in repertoire. Against these must be placed an almost endless list of pieces which failed to attract substantial patronage: "Ulysses," "Dante," "Mlle. Napoleon," "Major André," "Glad of It," "Ranson's Folly," "Capt. Dieppe," "The Whitewashing of Julia," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Little Mary," "Peggy from Paris," "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," "Hearts Courageous," "The Girl from Dixie," "A Japanese Nightingale," "Personal," "Olympe," "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," "The Marriage of Kitty," "Man Proposes," "The Light that Failed," "The Superstition of Sue," "A Princess of Kensington," "Babette," "The Rector's Garden," "My Lady Molly," "Glittering Gloria," "Harriet's Honeymoon," "The Younger Mrs. Parling," and so on ad infinitum. "The Pretty Sister of José," in spite of its failure as a play, is said to have prospered owing to the extraordinary popularity of Maude Adams, and "The Spenders," which also was a failure in New York, is reported to have done well on the road.

For the season's disasters the playwrights and managers have only themselves to blame—the dramatists for not writing successful plays, the managers for making more productions and operating

more theatres than the world's output of good plays justifies. It is not now, as formerly, when a manager could exercise his judgment and book only such attractions as his experience taught him would prove remunerative. Everything nowadays is done on the speculative and scramble plan. There are so many theatres and so keen is the competition that the theatre lessee is eager to get his dates filled, and he cares little what the attraction may be, so long as his own monetary interests are well secured. The mediocre attraction may not make enough to pay the actors' salaries, but the theatre itself will emerge from the deal all right. The consequence is that the country is flooded with scratch companies and home-made stars, appearing in hastily-flung-together-by-the-office-boy dramatizations of popular novels, which could not have got into leading theatres twenty years ago, and all with subsequent disappointment to manager and theatregoer both. The truth is, the theatrical business has grown too fast. There are too many theatres, not enough plays, and every day the supply of good actors is diminishing. Under the present system there is no training school for the young actor, and unless we return to the stock system, or unless the proposed National Art Theatre comes to save the situation, the species American Actor will become as extinct in this country as the American Buffalo.

The summer or so-called "silly" season is now upon us with its usual frothy entertainment. The roof gardens are all getting ready, to their number having been added Klaw & Erlanger's new Aerial Theatre on top of the New Amsterdam. This will open on June 6, and will be novel in that it is a complete theatre in mid-air, differing from playhouses on the street only in that its sides will be open. The entertainment will be a burlesque by J. J. McNally, entitled "A Little of Everything." Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey will be in the cast. Oscar Hammerstein's "Paradise Gardens," with its picturesque little Dutch village on top of the Victoria, will be, as usual, the popular resort on hot summer nights, and a capital programme is being prepared. On the roof of the New York Theatre the attraction will be a musical piece called "The Southerners, or at the Barbecue." At



VIRGINIA HARNED AS CAMILLE

the Madison square Garden, Duss and his excellent orchestra are again to be seen in "Venice," and at ocean-swept Coney Island, Luna Park and Dreamland promise to furnish all the summer amusement New Yorkers want.

If anything can destroy the potency of an old play more than anything else it is when the original spirit of its performance is lost, essential details in the production are omitted and proportions are neglected. This is preliminary to some account of Virginia Harned's recent appearance as Dumas' famous heroine at the Garrick Theatre. "Camille" cannot be whistled down the wind. It has a history that cannot be denied, and in its existence of more than half a century, it has employed some of the best genius of the stage, and has wrought upon the sympathies of innumerable theatre-goers. It may be, however, that the elements which tend to the disuse of a play are beginning to operate with this work of indubitable force and genuineness. Time was when the real character of Camille as a demi-mondaine was not taken seriously by American audiences, and the time may be at hand when the indelicacy of the subject may prevail over the sentiment of it. That "Camille" would endure yet for an indefinite time if played in the right way admits of little doubt, but the chances are that while its audiences might exist, its actors would not. We may dismiss at once any of the cheap current criticism that "Camille" is a badly-constructed play. The scene between Camille and Armand's father is one of the greatest ever written.

Virginia Harned was entirely justified in wishing to appear in the part. Her production of the play was crude to the last degree, and almost without exception the actors were miscast or inadequate. But there were passages in which she evoked the sympathy of her audience more truly than in anything she has ever done. Whatever the methods of art one may use, however different the means of expression employed may be from those to which we have been accustomed, and which have become traditional, the true test of power is in the effect. While Miss Harned did not establish in her acting an entirely new interpretation, she did supply some new points of business in proof of her careful and sympathetic study of the part. She made manifest some power of initiative. The comparative failure of her production lies in the fact that she attempted to carry the play alone. This at once created a fatal disproportion. There was an overloading of non-essential things, and an absence of essential things. The attempt to give breadth and animation by introducing additional characters for the performance of a can-can at the end of the first act, was an example of the many malfesances in the production. These added starters, to use the turf phrase, were a disturbing nuisance.

One of the greatest merits of this work of the youth of Dumas is the genuineness of the characters. It was not the dance itself, but the people who did it, and their intimate relations with Camille. It is not always essential, perhaps, that a play should be acted in all its details according to tradition, but the plain requirements should certainly be expressed. Louise Drew, as Nichette, makes her appearance hatless, and with all the manner of one who is living in the house. Never a grisette with such pleasing, maidenly innocence. She was more the school girl than the working girl. Her personal virtues were artistic vices. Nichette has only a few speeches



WILLIAM COURTENAY

Seen recently as Armand Duval in Virginia Harned's production of "Camille"

in the dialogue of her little scene in the opening of the play, and the economies of the playwright make it imperative that her character should be conveyed by a number of external things. Unquestionably, when the play was first produced, and as it is now produced in France, the audience at once recognizes the character of Nichette from various details of dress and appearance. She is introduced at this point, among other things, for a technical reason, to have her visit lead up to the dialogue in the next scene between Varville and Nanine, in which the previous life of Camille is disclosed. The whole immediate purpose of her scene was to convey the fact that she was an honest working girl, and intimate with Camille. In the early edition of the play, Dumas has her inquire for a bundle that was to be left by Camille. In the later edition, he omitted this detail; consequently, it is very clear that, in any production of this play, the intent of the author is entirely frustrated if her character as a working girl is not apparent from her dress, according to the French custom.

The production of the play at the Garrick might be taken up in detail after this fashion, and its shortcomings demonstrated, but as the week's performance was largely experimental, it is unnecessary to accept any challenge or criticism except as to the work of Miss Harned herself. With the details of the play properly attended to, particularly with reference to the acting of the other characters, Miss Harned could easily be acceptable in the part. Without these details, too many of the



Schloss

KATHERINE GREY

Engaged by Charles Frohman to play the part of the daughter in Octave Mirbeau's much discussed drama, "Business is Business," which will be one of the important productions next season. Miss Grey has been recently seen in "The Other Girl."

scenes which should give her some of her best opportunities, apart from the emotional side of the acting, fall flat. In this way the supper scene goes for nothing. The play has situations, it is true, but it is a mistake to imagine for a moment that its power lies simply in the situations. It is more a thing of changing and perplexed emotion than of the sudden kind usually evoked by situation and growing out of the circumstances of the moment. It cannot be tossed off as the mere theatrical device used in a mere play. "Camille" is a genuine play, and it is worth one's while to set aside some prejudice as to character, in order to entertain that emotion of sympathy which cannot be harmful to any human being. All criticism that does not recognize the genius in this play is false. William Courtenay was the Armand Duval.

At a benefit for the Actors' Fund, held at the Garrick Theatre, Charles Frohman made recently an experimental production of "Yvette," a play long kept in reserve, much discussed at the time of its production abroad, and one in which expectant interest had been excited. The material of it is derived from Maupassant and dramatized by Paul Berton, the author of "Zaza." Maupassant had an unerring sense of values, and both from the side of human sympathies and from that of artistic treatment, his genius did not fail him. The same cannot be said of Mr. Berton. It cannot often be said of any French dramatist that his work is crude, but this play is defective and ineffective in the veriest elements of the craft. The translation was made by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, to whom we must assign some of the responsibility for the failure of the

play. If Mr. Berton's work was crude, Mr. Lennox should have applied such remedies as were in his dramatic pharmacopia, but it is not to the purpose to apportion or discuss blame, for, between the two, dramatizer and adapter, the original subject has come to nothing.

Every once in a while we have the generic play, and the public is always ready to welcome it. Here was an opportunity for one of the kind. A girl innately pure, and continuing to be pure in spite of her surroundings, finally discovers the pretense or absence of virtue about her, made plainer by the proposals of a man she loved and who she thought honestly loved her. She seeks refuge in death by attempting suicide with poison. In the original she accepts the situation consistently with the views of life entertained by the society in which she had been reared, but inconsistently with innate purity: In the adaptation she is revived and we are to suppose that her lover will prove honest and rescue her from her surroundings. Here are two points of view, two methods of treatment. In reality, as it would seem, Mr. Berton writes all but the last five minutes of the play, and then Mr. Lennox applies his restraining hand and reaches out for the prize. The effect is incongruous. It is playing the piece with two Evas, and they of different appearance in almost every particular. Theoretically, or merely as a story, an ending of the play with a perspective of a general reformation and happiness for the principal characters is possible, but it leaves no impression of reality. The original material of the play is fine, the dramatic treatment of it utterly futile, and its adaptation worse. If this were not the case, the players selected for the performance would have made something of it. Margaret Illington gave us the artlessness, impulsiveness and purity of sentiment of Yvette, but she could not make consistent the inconsistencies of three authors. Dorothy Dorr had one situation, that in which the mother must confess her real character to Yvette, her daughter, and secured the applause belonging to a situation that could not be destroyed by either Berton or Lennox. Bruce McRae was acceptable as the lover, but Tyrone Power, as Leon Saval, resembling a Svengali in makeup, was wide of the mark and was feebleness itself. There are possibilities in Maupassant's story, but they were not brought out in the experimental production of "Yvette" in its present form.

The industry of converting unwholesome French plays into innocuous entertainment still flourishes, and will be continued to be practiced by the "old clo's" men of the dramatic profession to the end of time. When a playwright once commits himself to this kind of business, he is absolutely lost for any other career as an author. When a play



Otto Sarony Co. DAVID C. MONTGOMERY

Clever low comedian whose performance as the Tinman was one of the best features of the "Wizard of Oz"

is not written on the universal keyboard, the results in adapting it are rarely happy. Where the scene of the original play is left in Paris, and adaptation is required in order to purify it, it is an admission that something material had to be sacrificed. Unless some equivalent in value is substituted, the play necessarily becomes anaemic. This is the case with "Tit for Tat," as adapted by Leo Ditrichstein, and produced at the Savoy Theatre by Miss Elizabeth Tyree. There are some diverting moments in the piece, but in the main, its comedy is wholly lacking in sincerity. A young wife, weary of the neglect of her husband, who associates by preference with his horses, and has the manners of a stableboy, although a well-bred man, seeks diversion in the attention of other men. He sees that she wishes to provoke some occasion for a divorce, and there is a bit of comedy in his repression of temper, and her final securing of a cause for divorce by reason of an apparent slap from him. The prospective new husband torments her with jealousy, and the action is pieced out with a scene of needless jealousy, in which he attempts to secure a harmless letter. In the last act she goes to an appointment veiled, and finds her husband, who has substituted himself for the expected one. His attire is now faultless, and she yields to a sudden access of love for him, so that the complication will end in their happy reunion.

Except for the opportunity of a few diverting scenes, that complication is hardly sufficient for a play. It is without substance and significance, and cannot endure. Miss Tyree is constantly growing in her facility of comedy expression, and she acts with considerable artistic distinction, but the play is not commensurate with her proper ambition. It may not be out of place to say that the constituency of the theatre in this country is so large that a play which will not meet with universal favor can have but a momentary success in New York, due to personal and local conditions, if without substance, and it will inevitably meet with disaster when it ventures beyond the city's walls. Miss Tyree always provides an excellent company for whatever she undertakes, and supplies her production with all that is needful in the matter of taste. Among the members of the present company may be mentioned: Joseph Kilgour, John Flood, Miss Helen Tracy, Miss Elizabeth Emmet, Miss Felice Morris, and Miss Deronda Mayo.

Any old name is good enough for musical extravaganza. That is probably why Mr. Perley dignified the extraordinary

concoction by Cornelia Osgood Tyler and Frederic Coit Wight by the high-sounding title, "A Venetian Romance." In its original form this piece, we understand, was a legitimate operetta with a sane, consistent book and a prima donna in the rôle now taken by the ingenue. But when placed in rehearsal, the piece was declared to be too serious for Broadway, and the stage manager took his formidable blue pencil and cut and slashed until of the original manuscript practically nothing remained. This explains why the whole thing is incoherent and meaningless. The scene opens in Venice in Carnival time. Nanetta, loved by Antonio, favors Foseari, but cannot wed him because a ring, possessing some mysterious virtue, has been lost. From this point, which is at the end of the first act, the plot of the opera follows the fate of the ring, for what becomes of the heroine and the magic ring we do not know. The truth is, the piece is a musical production of the up-to-date kind, not meant to be taken too seriously, with only an apology for a plot, and whose main object is to exhibit a number of more or less attractive young girls in gorgeous dresses. "A Venetian Romance" succeeds in doing this. There are several capital songs, some good dancing, and there is a catchy musical *motif* running through the piece connected with the mysterious coming and going of three weird-looking robbers. Mabel Hite, a clever eccentric soubrette, is genuinely amusing in her contortions, and the willowy widows are likewise attractive and pleasing. Harry Macdonough plays the clown in the conventional manner.



Hall CHARLES A. BIGELOW IN "THE MAN FROM CHINA"

"The Man from China," now on view at the Majestic, is another example of uninspired musical comedy hastily manufactured to supply an alleged feverish public demand. The plot deals with the adventures of an itinerant musician who is mistaken for an eccentric millionaire. Despite this humorous complication, the lines are dull, the humor witless and the music commonplace. Charles A. Bigelow is the musician and works hard in a mirthless part. Redeeming features, however, are the graceful dancing of Aimée Angeles and Stella Mayhew, who sings cleverly a song entitled "Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man."

"The Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl," which has been appearing in this magazine since April, is fiction only as regards the names of the characters. The name "Julia Wemple," as might be inferred, is a pseudonym only. The author of the story is Vivia Ogden, who was once a popular child-actress.



From Le Théâtre

Scene in Act 1 of "The Harvester"

Otis Skinner in "The Harvester"



Windtatt

OTIS SKINNER AS THE ROVER

"THE HARVESTER," an adaptation of Jean Richepin's five-act idyllic drama in verse, entitled "Le Chemineau," was produced recently in Milwaukee by Otis Skinner and a special company, and is reported to have met with great success.

"Le Chemineau" was produced originally at the subsidized Théâtre de l'Odéon, in Paris, in 1897, and enjoyed a phenomenal run. M. Decorî played the part now taken by Mr. Skinner, and Mme. Segond-Weber was the Toinette. Revived three years later at the more fashionable Théâtre du Gymnase, the piece did not fare so well, the smaller stage making it impossible to give the fine effects shown at the Odéon, and the poetic character of the play itself probably proving distasteful to the blasé and more material patrons of the Boulevard playhouse. An English version of the piece made by L.

N. Parker, under the title "Ragged Robin," was produced with success by Beerbohm Tree in London in 1898. The locale of the play had been changed from France to an English shire, and Charles Warner played the part of the paralytic husband. The American version is the work of Charles M. Skinner, dramatic critic and brother of the actor. He has made a prose translation of Richepin's rhymed verse and lays the scene in Canada.

The literal translation of the French title is "The Roadster," and the chief personage of the drama is the character common to all countries—the roving, irresponsible vagrant, the restless ne'er-do-well, without roof, wife, or child, shirking work and all restraint, sleeping under the open sky, content with a crust so he may tramp freely along the great white way and call no man master. The dramatist has naturally idealized this somewhat unsympathetic character, presenting his hero as a man who, while having all the instincts of his class, is still moved by good and even noble impulses. The plot is very slight and

the play has a quiet, pathetic ending, the tramp sacrificing his own possible happiness to preserve intact an ideal. The verse in the original has the power and beauty and fine lyric quality of Richepin's best work.

The scene is laid in Burgundy in our day. Pierre, a well-to-do farmer, is reaping his harvest, and among the villagers who assist in the work is a lusty stranger, known to his companions only as "the Rover." He inspires the respect of all by his splendid physique, his knowledge of men and things, and his remarkable science in caring for live stock and crops. Although devoted to his careless, roving life, he has halted in his wanderings to help garner the golden grain. His services are so valuable that Pierre seeks to retain him on the farm and urges him to marry Toinette, a buxom country wench. But the Rover prefers to remain his own master. However, he has made ardent love to Toinette, who admired his manly beauty, and has taken advantage of the girl's innocence. Then, seized again with his passion for the great white way, he takes his staff and wallet and goes off singing, leaving Toinette to mourn his memory.

When the curtain rises on the second act, twenty years have passed. The unhappy Toinette, to save her reputation, married Francois, a foreman on the farm, shortly after the Rover's departure, and when a boy is born, none but Farmer Pierre and Toinette herself know that Francois is not the child's real father. As Toinet, the boy, grows to manhood, he becomes attached to Aline, the daughter of Farmer Pierre. The girl's father scoffs at the lad's presumption in aspiring to her hand, and Toinet is rendered so miserable that he threatens to go into a decline.

One day, when matters are at their worst, a stranger enters the village cabaret. It is the Rover. After wandering for twenty years all over the country, he is again passing through Farmer



Windtatt

LIZZIE HUDSON COLLIER AS TOINETTE

Pierre's land. He is soon recognized, and he inquires with some feeling after Toinette. The gossips tell him all the news, and on learning that Toinette has a grown-up son, the Rover shows deep emotion. Left alone, Toinette soon comes in, and after the long years, the one-time lovers meet face to face. Toinette forgives the past and tells him about their son and his sorrow. The Rover promises to redeem himself by making his son happy.

In the fourth act we find Farmer Pierre in distress at the condition of his live stock. His cows are dying for want of proper care, and total ruin threatens. He needs a capable foreman. He learns of the arrival of the Rover and, remembering his great skill, sends for him. The Rover comes, and the farmer offers him liberal wages if he will assume charge of the farm. The Rover agrees, but his price is the hand of Aline for Toinet. "Give my daughter to a bastard?" cries the enraged parent. "No one knows the truth but you, me and his mother," replies the Rover. "Your daughter loves him. Make both our children happy." The farmer refuses, but just then he receives news that another cow has died. This induces him to alter his mind, and Aline becomes Toinet's wife.

In the last act the whole family is happily united, Toinet being still in ignorance of the Rover's relationship to him. The paralytic Francois, meanwhile, has grown more feeble, and cannot live long, and Farmer Pierre holds out the hope

to the Rover that he will soon be able to wed Toinette. Sweet as is this prospect, the Rover refuses. He will not run the risk of being suspected of having done a good action through a selfish motive. He is not a domestic man and never can be, his home being the dusty roads, and his roof the blue sky. And with great emotion, during Toinette's absence, he again takes his staff and wallet, and passes out into the great world, singing "Tramp on, Rover, tramp on!"

James O'Donnell Bennett, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, says:

"Mr. Skinner has given this play a glorious background. The harvest fields, the quaint habitations of a solid, primitive people, the inn yard and the garden of the rich old farmer's home, are all in admirable taste, massive as to structure, glowing in the scheme of color, yet never garish. Not since Henry Irving brought to this country Hawes Craven's picture of the hawthorn bower in "King Arthur" has our stage disclosed a lovelier presentment of vernal radiance than the garden of Master Pierre in 'The Harvester.'"



Wineat.
MAUD DURBIN AS ALINE

The Actress Who Ruled a Kingdom

Extraordinary Career of Lola Montez—Actress, Dancer and Adventuress

SOME years ago, as I was strolling about in Greenwood Cemetery, I asked an old gardener if he could show me the grave of Lola Montez. He looked at me intently for a few moments and then said:

"I have been connected with this cemetery for more than thirty years, and you are the second man who has asked to be shown her grave. The first year I went on duty here a gentleman asked me to point out her grave. He was tall and Spanish-looking, and he wore a long cloak. He asked me a great many questions about her; if I had ever seen her dance or act. I told him that I saw her several times at the old Castle Garden. On the way out of the cemetery he handed me this Spanish gold piece."

The old man took the coin from his pocket and showed it to me. He had preserved it as a souvenir.

In 1852 I was treasurer of the Christy Minstrels on Broadway, and Lola Montez often attended our entertainments. Many a long chat I had with this interesting woman in our little band-box of a ticket office. She told me a great deal of her history; that is, her side of it. She always insisted that she was the most abused woman in the world. It is true that in her day she was the subject of more newspaper talk than any woman

then living. It was about this time that Thackeray's famous novel, "Vanity Fair," was first being generally read in America, and Lola expressed to me and to all her friends great indignation that the English novelist should have impersonated her in his book as Becky Sharp. Once she said to me: "If Thackeray had only told the truth, I should not have cared, but he got his inspiration for the character from my enemies in England."

Eliza Gilbert, or, as she called herself, "Lola Montez," was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1818, her father being a Spanish merchant. Lola's early life was humdrum and commonplace. Her mother, Mrs. Gilbert, kept a shop, and dealt in haberdashery and the child was sent off to Scotland to school. Her letters to her mother from the school were filled with complaints, hints of indisposition, and begging to be allowed to return home. Finally Eliza took "French leave" and returned home.

Shortly afterwards she was married to an Indian nabob, and went to live with him in India. While there she met Capt. Thomas James and eloped with him. But they soon quarreled and separated. After she returned to England, in 1838, she met Jean Francois Montez, who lavished a fortune upon her, educated her, intro-



Lola Montez



CARLOTTA NILSSON

A Swede by birth but American by adoption, this interesting actress has attracted much attention during the past season. Her fine temperament and delicate method as shown in "Hedda Gabler," "The Triumph of Love," and "Love's Pilgrimage" proved a delightful surprise and won instant recognition from the intelligent public.

duced her to people of quality, and secured for her the entrée to many houses where she could never have gained admission without his aid. She called herself Lola Montez and went on the stage, being furnished by Montez with an elaborate wardrobe. Then she left England against the wishes of her admirer, touring through France, Germany, and Russia. At Paris she was the cause of a duel fought between a man named Dujarier and his rival, Beauvallon, a San Domingo creole. Dujarier was killed, but had left a small fortune to Lola, who appeared at court in deep mourning and actually created a strong impression in her favor by her modest, contrite demeanor. Her conduct after the affair, however, was disadvantageous to her interests in Paris. She was too gay, too demonstrative or nonchalant. She was talked about, and public opinion soon went against her. She was repeatedly insulted and left Paris, after having spoiled the good opinion she had created.

She then went to Russia, and for a short time was successful. She was suspected of being a French spy, was continually watched, and finally driven from Russia. She made no impression whatever in Poland, where she sang barcaroles, and was forced to leave that country.

About this time Lola was sadly in need of money to replenish

her wardrobe. She met Montez in Berlin, and after a little emotional scene, recounting her struggles, hardships and poverty, Montez once more assisted her.

But the climax of her remarkable career awaited her when she went to Bavaria. At Baden she met King Ludwig, who fell in love with her on the spot. Lola danced, smiled, coquetted and soon acquired ascendancy over the King. She was the talk of Munich—of all Bavaria. But Lola was not satisfied with ruling the King. She knew her power over the infatuated monarch, and now began to rule Bavaria itself. She had been refused admission to the royal theatre, where she applied for a position as a "première danseuse," the ballet-master not being very favorably impressed with Lola or her dancing. This unexpected contretemps made her furious. She applied to the King, and he commanded that she should appear at the royal theatre whenever she liked. On the night of her début the King himself led the applause. Lola looked superb in her unique Spanish costume, while ivory castanets click-clicked with the sounds of the music, but the *danzas habladas* did not impress the German public. "La Cachucha" was no more to them than a war dance by a Fiji Islander. Lola was hissed, and never afterwards danced in Germany.

But her influence with the King was not weakened, and Lola Montez was now more talked about than ever. The University students, who were very powerful and at that time wore swords, hotly discussed the merits and demerits of "La Montez." Being divided in their sympathies, a riot followed and a royal edict closed the University for one year. This added to the public excitement. Lola was insulted and pelted whenever she attempted to drive out, and yet while engaged in fighting down her unpopularity, this extraordinary woman found leisure to correspond with all the celebrated diplomatists of the day. She became the real ruler of Bavaria, and carried her power over the weak King so far as to presume to make laws for the people. This led to her undoing. The people rebelled and great public indignation was aroused. The majority of the students now agreed that she had hypnotized the King and was an enemy of the State. Bodily violence was openly threatened, and Lola was

compelled to flee, disguised in male attire, in a closed carriage, surrounded by troops, who escorted her to the frontier. Her house at Munich was burned to the ground, with all its valuable treasures of art.

In 1851 she sailed for New York and appeared at the old Bowery Theatre, where crowds flocked to see her. Then she went to California, and the gold diggers gave an ounce of gold dust to see her dance. Later she returned to New York, where she died in 1861. DR. JUDD.



ANGELA OGDEN

A one time popular child actress with Clara Morris, and seen lately in "The Shepherd King" at the Knickerbocker

An Office Boy Who Became a Star

Chats with Players No. 27

"I WOULD rather be a Mick than a king."

Arnold Daly, removing the "make-up" from the tip of a boldly curved and slightly pugnacious nose, turned eyes of candor upon the interviewer. They were Irish eyes, the sort that the poet says are the most beautiful in the world, the best eyes to marry if they belong to a woman,—large, blue-gray, thickly fringed eyes. They are the home of honesty, of over-much sentiment, of the altruistic spirit. Years of wrestling with a not too warm welcoming may half mar them by injecting the shifting glint of steel. Occasionally there is the steel glint in Arnold Daly's eyes. Especially noticeable is this flash of wrath when he is talking of bad actors.

The young actor-manager is an Irish-American. Remindful of Wilton Lackaye's "I thank my Irish blood for the best that is in me," was this opening sentence of his: "I would rather be a Mick than a king."

Mr. Daly critically examined his hair to see whether the brown locks were tinged with any intruding pink of make-up. The interviewer noted that the hair was appallingly thin on top for a man of twenty-nine. For this successful actor is no older. In truth, he looks much younger. Yet there is no question about it; the Daly family Bible corroborates the statement.

His movements are quick, boyish, instinct with nervous energy, but his fund of vitality, seemingly exhaustless, gives the impression of infinite power in reserve.

"The Irishman," he chatted on, "is temperamental, impulsive, and poetic. He is astute, besides, and he can be an excellent business man when he chooses. There is nothing he cannot achieve if he wants to, but he is liable to fall just short of achievement because he doesn't care any longer. He doesn't care. There you have your Irishman."

It might to the casual thinker seem a curious coincidence that the plays of that remarkable Irishman, George Bernard Shaw, should have found their most successful interpreter

in an Irishman, born by accident, rather than design, in America. But Mr. Daly regards this as a natural development.

"An Irishman can fathom an Irishman," he said.

When Charles Wyndham, five years ago, was saying to Mr. Shaw: "'Candida' is a good play, but it is twenty years ahead of the times," and Richard Mansfield was offering Shaw's other plays, "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple," to unresponsive and unprofitable audiences, this audacious youngster, Arnold Daly, was organizing an actors' club for the production of "Candida," the play which, under his direction, has been one of the season's chief successes.

"It's very simple," he said. "Everything's very simple when you know the story. I had

done a good deal of reading for a chap of my age, and in the course of that reading I ran upon Shaw's 'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.' I felt as a prospector does when he strikes a big vein of gold. I talked to Jack Mason, Hilda Spong, and others about 'Candida.' They read it and shared my enthusiasm and confidence in the play. We got together and rehearsed for five days. The sixth day one actor did not come to rehearsal, and an actress reported that she had to begin rehearsing at once for a new production. In that way our little company fell to pieces, and the plan had to be abandoned for the time.

"'I'll bide my time,' I said to myself, 'but the next time I'll pay the actors. Money has a strange holding power.

"I have played a dozen engagements since, but I never stopped thinking of 'Candida,' and when theatrical venture after theatrical venture collapsed in the fall, I said, 'Bad season! The time to give them a good thing!'

"My assets were \$350 and an unshakable belief in the play.

"You know something of our vicissitudes. First there were careless and indifferent theatre managers, who neglected the printing and advertising, and when we were ready to open, had no tickets



Photo Hadaway

ARNOLD DALY IN "CANDIDA"



Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.

MISS EDNA PHILLIPS

Leading woman in the Murray Hill Theatre stock company

for sale. At first we gave special matinees, but special matinees belong more or less in the freak class, and I was anxious to lift 'Candida' to the dignity of a regular attraction. I took it to another theatre, and then came the holidays and the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, and our New York play-houses were emptied, because everybody was afraid to go to a theatre. We moved again, and the building was condemned. Then we had to appear in a club-house where there were hundreds of alluring pictures on the wall to distract the thoughts of the audience from 'Candida.' In all, we moved six times before we were settled for a run in the Vaudeville."

And here Mr. Daly paused. He had no mind to expatiate upon the wonderful success of 'Candida,' the most thoughtful and best interpreted play of the year."

Mr. Daly's recipe for a successful production commends itself to sane judgment.

"Be sure of your play. Get good actors and get the best out of them."

What followed, in conjunction with Mr. Daly's Irish eyes, in which blazed a sudden wrath, was startling:

"Bad actors should be whipped. I should like to see them thrown into a pond. There should be a State enactment for punishing bad actors."

Mr. Daly reflected, but he did not retract. "A bad actor," he went on, "should make himself a good one or he should get out of the business. To make himself a good actor he should read, he should observe and he should deal mercilessly with himself.

"When an actor is alone in his room is the time to grow in his art. If he have a bad walk, if his diction be faulty, or if he have bad mannerisms, these are the time and place to correct them. And he should fling away foolish notions about temperament and impulse.

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred impulse is wrong. If an actor rehearses a part according to his impulse, he should afterwards get outside himself and criticise his own work. For himself he should have no mercy.

"A player should thank heaven for a harsh stage director, provided the director knows his business. The hardest task-master, and, because of that, the best friend, I have had in my eleven years on the stage, was the late Frank Mayo. His criticisms of my work were so fierce that another actor intervened.

" 'Don't be so hard on the boy,' he pleaded in my behalf. 'He's only a youngster.'

" 'Shut up!' I said to my would-be friend, though the tears were streaming down my face. 'I want to know what he thinks.'

"I did want to know, no matter how unflattering it was, for Frank Mayo knew his business. He was the greatest stage director we have ever had in America. It was then that I conceived my dislike for bad actors. I saw that they didn't want to learn, that they were smugly self-satisfied. When Mr. Mayo began to explain something to them, they interrupted him with 'Yes, I understand.' He insisted upon their playing his way, but after his death I noticed that they sank back into bad acting. They were playing their own way, interpreting according to their own 'understanding.' I was said to have made a 'hit' in the play. It was 'Pudd'n Head Wilson.' If I did, it was because I played the part as Mr. Mayo told me to play it."

Temperament, at whose shrine so many actors worship with shining eyes, Mr. Daly discounted.

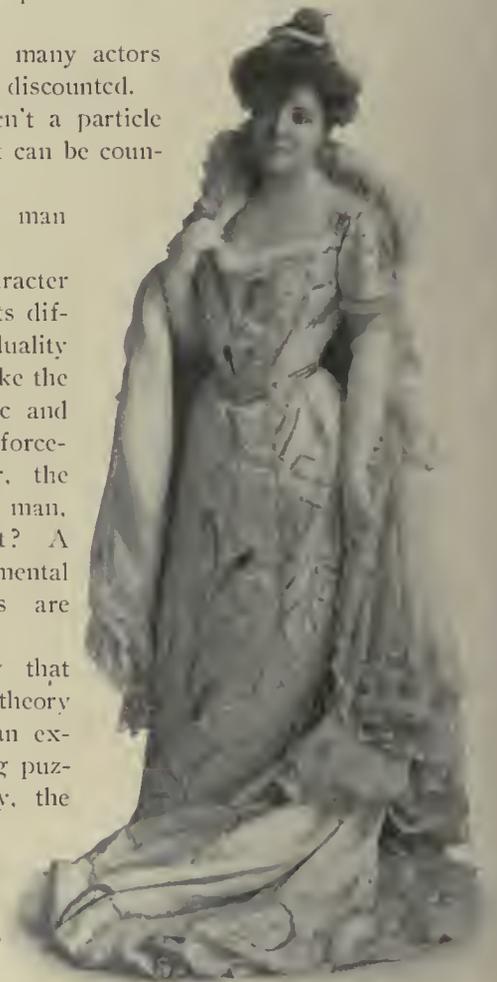
"There are good actors who haven't a particle of it," he said. "It is something that can be counterfeited with great success."

Of genius, this thinking young man has a novel theory.

"The more the character and tastes of the parents differ, the more individuality has their offspring. Take the gentle, sensitive, artistic and poetic mother, and the forceful, dominating father, the north wind sort of a man, and their child is what? A genius, because all the mental and physical qualities are united in him."

And who shall say that Arnold Daly's curious theory of genius is not also an explanation of the baffling puzzle of dual personality, the solution of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" problem?

If we are sober and industrious one day, idle and dissolute the next, as



MISS LAURA BURT

Played an important part recently in 'Dante' with Sir Henry Irving

The Prince of Pilsen Invades London

FRANK PIXLEY'S AND GUSTAV LUDERS' TUNEFUL
OPERETTA NOW ON VIEW IN ENGLAND



VICTOR MORLEY
As Lord Somerset



Byron, N. Y.

The Drinking Chorus by the Heidelberg Students



LILLIAN HOLLIS
A Vassar Girl



Gilbert & Bacon, Phila

Jimmy (Zella Frank) and Sidonie (Jeanette Beageard) Singing "Keep It Dark" in "The Prince of Pilsen"

much to our astonishment as that of our friends, to our own quite as much as to our neighbors' dismay, perhaps it is "simple," after all, a little conjugal battle for supremacy taking place within us.

His remark concerning geniuses had to do with Shaw, not Daly, for the actor names the playwright in his trinity of dramatic geniuses.

"I b s e n, Shakespeare, Shaw," so reads his litany, "and the greatest of these is Shaw."

"Do you venture to put Shaw before Shakespeare?"

"Certainly!" The Irish eyes widened with wonder at our doubt. "Why shouldn't he be? He has Shakespeare to build upon. Every successive generation is wiser than the last. To-day we have the multiplied and accumulated wisdom of all the ages from which to draw."

Mr. Daly has never met the Shaw of his worship, but the letters that pass between the pair are oddly and delightfully individual.

"Charles Frohman advised me to make some changes in 'You Never Can Tell,' wrote the author. 'I welcomed his suggestion with such ecstasy that I haven't heard from him since," said Mr. Shaw, who preserves his plays as inviolate as we are commanded to preserve the Bible.

"Imagine being laughed at by Shaw," and Arnold Daly shivered.

Mr. Daly was an agile and efficient, but somewhat erratic, office boy in Mr. Frohman's office for four years.

"I went there because nobody else would have me," he said. "You see I had led four or five strikes in the public schools, and locked the teachers out, and this record followed me when I tried to impress possible employers. Mr. Frohman either hadn't heard, or didn't care."

But when the office boy felt that he had ripened into an actor, his employer did not agree with him. Master Daly forged forth by devious ways



MISS MARION FAIRFAX

Played the part of a young society woman in "The Triumph of Love"

until he met Mr. Frank Mayo, and, learning of him, came to favorable notice in "Pudd'n Head Wilson."

He has played the widest variety of parts, from the beatific boy to the villain about whose neck the gallery yearns to place the deserved rope. So much the artist is he, so free from the burr of mannerisms, that if it were not for the betraying programmes he might remain on the stage, undiscovered as to identity, for the entire performance. Of how many actors may we honestly say this?

"We are going to Boston soon," he said, "to stay as long as they want us. Next season we shall produce 'You Never Can Tell.' I intend to put on all the Shaw plays. There are enough to last for five years. And I expect to get Mr. Shaw over here to write the great satire on American life. He is the one to do it. I have written him that we are a queerer people and have funnier ways that he dreams of.

ADA PATTERSON.

Oh, he must come!"

A well-known star, one of the few not concerned in the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans," chanced to meet one of the managers during the rehearsals of the melodrama, and remarked that he would like to apply for a position.

The manager, astonished at his assurance, informed him there was nothing open.

"Oh, yes there is; a most important position and one rather fraught with danger."

"What is that?"

"The man who lays out the dressing-rooms." The actor chuckled as he passed on his way.

Digby Bell was playing a vaudeville engagement not long ago in Worcester, Mass. During his stay, the veterans of the Spanish-American War, held their reunion at the hotel where Mr. Bell was a guest. It lasted two nights, during which the other inmates of the hotel were sleepless. Just as dawn was breaking, a detachment of veterans, filled with song, etc., burst forth with "The Good Old Summer Time," then fell downstairs. Mr. Bell, blazing with wrath, yelled after them: "I wish the Spaniards had won."



Hall J. E. HAZZARD
Now playing Herr Gehuhlar in "The Yankee Consul"



Stein EDGAR RAUME
Member of the Thanhouser stock company, Milwaukee

Scenes in the New Operetta "A Venetian Romance"



Hall
ANNA McNABB
An agile dancer



Otto Sarony Co.
The Three Robbers



Hall
MABEL HITE
Clever eccentric soubrette



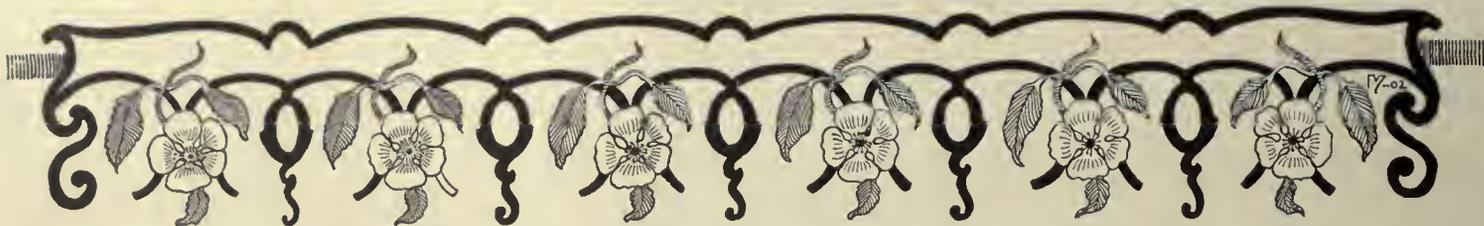
Hall
CARROLL McCOMAS

ANNABELLE WHITFORD

MAY CONWELL

HARRY MacDONOUGH

THE FAMOUS TRIPLETS OF TRIPOLI



Child Actors Who Earn Big Incomes

NOTWITHSTANDING the active opposition of the Gerry Society, and the probability that other States will follow the lead of New York in placing restrictions on the child of the stage, there are to-day more children of tender age appearing on the boards than ever before. Few dramas prepared for the cheaper theatres are considered complete without a leading child part to arouse the heart interest and attract the army of mothers, and it often happens that it is the child in the company who receives the largest salary and is especially featured; for clever child actors are hard to find, and the public no longer seriously accepts grown persons in child parts.

We passed safely through one epidemic of stage children in the "Fauntleroy" days when winsome Elsie Leslie set a standard of juvenile acting that has never been surpassed. In England, the child melodrama has become chronic; in fact, the most successful melodramas abroad are these in which the child part predominates. It is not surprising, therefore, that Little Ruby, Master Sydney Carlyle, and other bright American youngsters who went to Europe to act until they were seven (the legal age in New York) remained to continue their triumphs on foreign soil. Master Carlyle, who has for several years been the leading boy actor in London, has returned to America to star next season in "Alone in the World." He made his debut at the age of four in "Frou Frou," supporting his mother, who played the title rôle. The little chap enjoyed his first night on the stage so much that he insisted on making an entrance during the speech in which Frou Frou bewails her recklessness in deserting husband and children. Calmly seating himself in an easy chair, Sydney proceeded to applaud his mother's efforts. The audience joined in and Master Sydney was happy. His mother felt otherwise, but from that day he has been idolized by the British public.

But not all clever child actors go to Europe by any means, and fewer still can boast of having been ordered on the stage, as was little Gracie Faust, "for the good of her health." Chicago physicians declared that only constant change of scenery, travel, and the excitement attendant to a dramatic career could save the life of the frail little girl. So little Gracie was sent to join an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show which played in a tent (also by the doctors' advice), and soon the five-year-old little Eva began to grow plump and strong—strong enough, in fact, to star last season in a road melodrama.

Poverty drives many children to seek a career on the stage, but Master Durant Rose, who recently created a hit in "April Weather," is the only son of a society woman who recently won a judgment for \$750,000 against her father's estate. This young man of seven, who is to star next season, may some day become a millionaire, but his one thought now is on the part he is to play next season. Master Rose's little leading lady is also a stage débutante of this season, beautiful little Olive McVine, of Brooklyn, the daintiest "Milhe" that ever went out with a "Shore Acres" company.

One of the most popular of the stars in theatrical totdom is Master Clifford Lamont, who, with his little sister Marie, draws something over \$100 a week in a lurid melodrama. These youngsters, who were with Joseph Jefferson last season, are having a new play written for their special use. Clifford is the most manly boy-actor on the stage to-day, and his little sister being left entirely in his charge, he feels responsibility as "head of the family."

Beatrice Abbey, of the Boston Stock Company, is the heroine of a hundred parts, although she is but ten years of age. In New York she created the child part in Mark Twain's "Little Lady and the Lord General." She is also famous as a model for great artists.

Perhaps the best money-maker among the child-actors is Master Lores Grimm, who played parts for Charles Frohman until he became "leading man" at the Children's Theatre, and was later starred as "Buster Brown." Master Grimm makes his own contracts and he sometimes cajoles managers into paying him \$100 a week for his services. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that out of his earnings in the last six years enough has been saved to purchase a house on Walnut street, Cincinnati, the rent of which the little landlord himself collects and adds to his bank account.

New England has provided many talented stage children. The best known of these is little Lillian Hazle, who left her native Vermont to sing the part of Little Miriam in the opera "Egypta." Of course, she was promptly "taken off" in New York, and now confines her work in the metropolis to straight parts. Next season this little girl will star as "The Little Marchioness" in a revival of the Dickens play.

Many of our best child performers come from the West. There is Master Webb Raune, born in Indiana, and whose father has made a large fortune in New York. Master Webb went on the stage to star in "The Master of Carlton Hall," and has no equal among children as an emotional actor. When his mother decided that Webb was to become an actor, the little boy insisted that his baby sweetheart, Beryl Morse, also a child of wealthy parents, be given a part in the play. The Gerry Society would not let Beryl appear because she was under the legal age, so that the little girl was compelled to wait a year. But all last season she supported Master Donald Gallagher in the playroom scene with Miss Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way."

Some children succeed chiefly by their beauty. Little Ethel Field can never be induced to take a speaking part, and the Brooklyn child-beauty, Vera Hotson, although in great demand, is just as contented to stand around and look pretty. Others cannot leave home. Benny Lehman is one of these, a clever boy whose parents are wise enough to permit him to play only when the theatre does not interfere with his lessons.

Gwendolyn Cowper is only nine years old, and played last season in "The Winning Hand." Next season she will have a star part.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD.



OLIVE Mc VINE.



BERYL MORSE, DONALD GALLAGHER, MOLLIE KING & MARIE HIRSCH
"IN HER OWN WAY."



DURANT ROSE.



GWENDOLYN COWPER.



CLIFFORD & MARIE LAMONT.



BENNY LEHMAN.



GRACIE FAUST.



SYDNEY CARLYSLE.



LILLIAN HAZLE.



BEATRICE ABBEY.



LORES GRIMM.



ETHELFIELD.



The Actress in her Automobile

Illustrated with photographs taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron and others

Maxine Elliott, driving a party in her White Incomparable, stops on the road to chat with a friend

THE automobile, which Posterity will account the greatest invention of our civilization, placing it in utility even above those other twentieth century wonders, Wireless Telegraphy, the Submarine and the Air Ship, has many uses apart from its chief function as a self-locomotor, and perhaps this fact may explain the ever-growing popularity of the horseless carriage. Not only is the automobile becoming indispensable as an agent of transportation, but it is also a constant joy as an instrument of pleasure, and physicians now generally agree that as an antidote for nerve tension it has no equal, and this, no doubt, is why we find these swift, self-moving vehicles so popular with the people of the stage. Julia Marlowe, Maxine Elliott, Lillian Russell, Edna Wallace Hopper, Hattie Williams, Drina de Wolfe, Virginia Harned, Marie Cahill, Ida Conquest, and other theatre favorites, all own automobiles, and when not absent on the road playing engagements, may be seen every day riding in them on Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive.

Automobiling, say the players, is the best counter-irritant, the greatest cure for the strain of stage life. When you see an actress whizzing past you in her motor-car in the park, you see, if you are not reflective, merely a pretty woman in an automobile, not an uncommon sight. But there is a subjective as well as objective phase of the vision.

You see at once a supreme exhilaration and an entire forgetfulness of everything but the moment and its charms.

Motoring offers all of the exaltation of a champagne supper with none of its regretful aftermath.

"An hour in my car is as good a tonic as a mountain climb," said Virginia Harned, whose cheeks had the glow of a Jacqueminot rose, as she stepped from her automobile—a victoria built for the actress by the Electric Vehicle Company.

But there is a vast difference between motoring and motor-ing. It is pleasant to perch behind or beside a skillful chauffeur and spin along at the highest speed compatible with the presence of policemen, and the existence of an ordinance against scorching. But, all said, that is only semi-motoring.

Real motoring is to manage one's own machine. To the woman who can manage her own car the fascination of a run is doubled. She has passed from the passive to the active state, is a motorist instead of a semi-motorist.

To manage a car, a woman must be self-reliant. She must be determined, brave, have firm nerves and complete self-possession. She must be rather a woman whose eyes are close together than far apart, for she must be keen-eyed and alert, equal to an emergency, and she must have no closer acquaintance with hysteria than an introduction through a dictionary or medical work.

Formidable as this category is, many actresses possess all these qualifications. Julia Marlowe manages her own Electric runabout on Riverside Drive as easily as she wins her audiences. Lillian Russell guides her auto with her own



Byron, N. Y.

Irene Bentley thinks that an auto is quite as manageable as a company of actors



Byron, N. Y.

Virginia Harned, who is seen here with Miss Louise Drew riding in an Electric Vehicle company's Victoria, declares it is as good as a mountain climb.



Julia Marlowe manages her runabout as easily as she wins her audiences



Frances Belmont of Charles Hawtreys' company enjoying a run in her Locomobile

fair hands. Miriam Falconer says it is as easy to manage her auto as to sing a song, and Hattie Williams, who is likewise an enthusiastic automobilist, says it is no harder to "get a laugh" than to run a machine, especially when fitted with the Hartford rubber tire. Here is Hattie Williams' own characteristic account of an auto ride:

"Pull the spigot! Chug! Chug! One—two—three—we're off! R-r-r-r-rush up Fifth Avenue! Swi-i-i-ish into Central Park! Ow wow! But maybe the trees don't flash by, and the statues! And the nurse girls! And the dowagers' easy equipages! We swallow up the road as we go! Talk about scenery! Richard Mansfield has no appetite in comparison. Maybe the breeze isn't bully! It tingles the cheeks and tickles the nostrils. Hurrah for the man that invented the blithe-some bubble! Now we're on Riverside Drive. Whee-ew! Isn't this great? A mile a minute? Don't mention it! Four miles a minute and as slick as a Coney Island toboggan! Fog a ballagh! Clear

the road! What's that? A rough rider in pursuit? Open wide the spigot and let her sizzle. Wow! Wow! Wow! How we go! "Stop! Stop! Halt! Br-r-r-r-bl-l-lif-bluff-bling-chug! Che-ug! Chee-ug! A policeman! Arrested! Oh, pshaw!"

Irene Bentley says, with her soft Southern elision: "My auto behaves surprisingly sometimes, but a eah is not as unmanageable as a company."

"There is nothing," adds Miss Bentley, "that I enjoy more than a spin in my automobile; but it is at its best early in the morning and along a fine stretch of country road. I care less about it in the city, even in the parks. Most of my automobiling is done in the country, and my favorite time is an hour before breakfast. There is something so exhilarating in the morning air. I admit that I was a little afraid of my first machine. It was so rampant and incomprehensible.

But I have a larger one now, which will hold more than two, and that alone delights me, for I am fond of a jolly party. I



May de Sousa declares automobiling the food of health



Mahelle Rowland of the "Wang" company knows better than the policeman what speed she is making, thanks to her Jones Speedometer.



Byron, N. Y. Hattie Williams making time in her machine



Marie Cahill loves to turn corners on two wheels

absolutely certain the ear was about to turn over, and with difficulty swallowed a shriek. Now-a-days I like to turn a corner on two wheels. The faster one drives the more danger, and the more danger, the greater exhilaration. I like the noisest machines, because at full speed, with the dust and the ground streaking by, the whirl of the wheels and the pounding machinery—all lend to the excitement. One day I asked a chauffeur why the big red ears were so noisy, and he said it was because they sometimes drank too much much gasoline. Perhaps the man was once a 'comic.'

Maxine Elliott, who drives an Incomparable White, has this to say of automobiling:

"Automobiling serves two purposes. It is both stimulant and sedative, according to the particular need of the motorist. If sluggish, a spin in the ear will act as a mental and nervous spur. If overwrought and ragged as to nerves, it will soothe. But while I like motoring, I hate scorching, and it is no trial for me to keep within the limit of the law."

"Do I like motoring?" asks Flora Zabelle. "What healthy, strong-minded girl doesn't? I must confess at first I was loathe to try it. The

certainly consider the automobile an excellent antidote for the wear and tear of the footlights."

Marie Cahill is a dauntless autoist. "The element of danger," she says, "is essential to the enjoyment of any outdoor sport, and because this is so, motoring has become popular. I rode over a thousand miles in an automobile before I could sit naturally while turning a corner. The first curve I ever made in an auto I felt

maehine looked formidable, but once in, the problem was, will she ever get out? I like to go as fast as the maehine will allow—I love to feel the wind against my e cheeks. I don't care so much about the surrounding scenery, or the persons with me—it's simply the faet that I am traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Oh! it's glorious. I owe some of my happiest hours to the automobile."

May De Sousa, prima donna of the "Wizard of Oz" Company, becomes poetie in her enthusiasm for the automobile. She says:

"Sunshine delights the soul and platonically thrills its tene-ment of elay. When you run the heart beats faster than when you walk, and it is good for the physique, but loll on the padded seat of an automobile, rushing through Central Park, cutting a bloodless gash in the sunlight, and the exhilaration is without weariness, the backward flight of the arboreal decorations thrill the mind through the eye, and the whole feminine composition, both physical and mental, draws the radium of cheerfulness from the enveloping sunlight, the pleasing green, flitting, flitting. Automobiling is the food of health, I say, so, roll on, ehauffeur, and mind the curves!"



Eleven members of the "Silver Slipper" company in a White touring car at the entrance of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLAY



IN dark November's fateful days
With eagerness we note
The wisdom, or the folly,
Of the Man Behind the Vote.
The toiling Man behind the Hoe
Our sympathy has won;
We've cheered the skill and courage
Of the Man behind the Gun;
We've fought in many quarrels
Over Santiago Bay—
Let us twine a wreath of laurels
For the Man behind the Play.

Who toils to turn his every thought
To sparkling dialogue
Then sees them take his masterpicce
And try it on a dog?
Who changes acts to satisfy
The leading lady's whim,
And cuts his finest speeches out
To gain the gallery's grin,
And sometimes gets one curtain call,
Sometimes a small bouquet?
Who but the author of it all—
The Man behind the Play.

The critics' phrases are the same
From Portland to Detroit.
They've saddened every playwright's heart,
From Shakespeare down to Hoyt.
"It's faulty in construction,"
"Conventional in plot,"
"An adaptation from the French."
They make him curse his lot.
What though the author may survive
To write another day?
Who ever asks if he's alive,
The Man who wrote the Play?

When next you pass a happy hour
Within the playhouse walls,
Until between you and the stage
The painted curtain falls—
The orchestra is silent, and
The lights are growing dim—
Then linger in the door and give
One little thought to him.
He makes our darkest days seem bright,
He drives our cares away.
Come, drink a toast to him to-night—
The Man behind the Play. CECIL CAVENDISH.





Photos by Byron, N. Y.

Putting up a "stand" in New York City

IN every branch of the theatrical business there are two essentials—production and publicity. One is necessary to the other. No matter how hard a manager may work, no matter how arduously an artist may toil, no matter how great the expenditure of money on stage and costume, the public must be told about it.

This is a very busy and preoccupied world. The personal attention of almost everybody is closely concentrated on some one thing. He who would break into this concentration must either have something that is indispensable or he must make a loud noise. The great public that hurries along day after day is not easily attracted, and no one else in the world knows this better than the showman. He realizes that in nearly every human "make-up" there is an inborn desire for theatrical amusement. Knowing this, it is then his first thought to bring before these people in a forcible way what he has to offer. From time immemorial some device has been employed to attract the attention of the multitude. In ancient times it was the blowing of a horn or the beating of a drum. To-day it is the advertising columns of the newspapers and the display of pictures and printed matter wherever the eye is likely to be directed.

The theatrical manager has two ways of addressing the people—first in the newspapers and secondly on the walls, specially erected boards, barrels, boxes, and any obstacle that will hold a bill. In one he speaks quietly, in the others, by the emphasis of gay colors and big type, he cries aloud. The whole idea of bill-posting is based upon the time-worn, but still truthful, adage, "He who runs may read." And that this method of

advertising is effective may be found in the fact that, though it is the original method of the showman, almost every well-heralded specific or commodity has also sought the billboards as a medium of presentation to the people who have money to spend.

Every theatre has its advertising man. The term might suggest that he attends to the newspaper advertising, but he does not. His business is with paste and billboards, not type and line measurements. In other words, he is a bill-poster—the term, "advertising man," only pleases his vanity, and therefore it exists. It is his duty to see that every attraction is well represented along the streets, and in the windows by the means of large and small bills, frames of photographs, cards, pictures, and other devices that will arrest and perhaps hold public attention. This is the main idea of his employment, but competition has added much to this. In New York, for instance, where there is a chain of houses under one management, there is a chief advertising man, who has under his control from ten to twenty men, who are constantly employed in posting bills. In this city there are about 300 bill-posters employed during the show season. They are an organized body with governing rules, and the outsider who comes here for work

finds a good initiative fee for membership in the union as his first barrier.

As soon as a play is placed in rehearsal, its manager orders the "wall printing." This is in various sizes, from the large stands (printed in sheets and put together by the posters) down to the smaller half sheets used on boxes and barrels and the narrow slips, or "snipes," that are pasted on fences or anything along a thoroughfare. All of this is sent to the bill-



Byron, N. Y.

Posters of small bills starting out from headquarters to "cover" uptown locations



Byron, N. Y.

The bill-room of the Charles Frohman's theatres

room of the theatre where the play is to be presented, and here the advertising man and his assistants "lay it out." This process consists in assorting the various sizes and arranging them for the different routes the posters will take in their task of "billing the show." Every city has some principal bill-posting corporation that controls the best locations. This work is done by contract, and a certain amount of paper, mostly "stands" of 24 and 28 sheets, is sent to this company for its men to put out. The advertising agent keeps the smaller bills for himself and his assistants.

The cost of this printing and the posting of it make an enormous item in the conduct of a large theatrical concern. The bill-posters connected with the theatre are paid weekly salaries, while that done outside is charged—for most cities—at the rate of three cents a sheet. Some idea of this expense can be gained when one figures the cost of printing one of the large 28-sheet stands at a price ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50, while the posting concern gets 84 cents for posting it. Then if it rains the next day and the wall is stripped, the same operation must be repeated. But it is the bill-poster with the sack of small bills swung across his shoulder and with bucket and brush who does the work often most conspicuous. No smooth surface that will hold a bill ever misses his eye. The sign, "Post No Bills," does not always terrorize him, for he has been known to post his bill over the warning.

The subway fence along portions of Broad-

way and other crowded thoroughfares was a happy hunting ground for the bill-posters. The boards that kept the passers-by from falling in were continual temptation to the man with the brush, who had a stack of those little bills to post which in red and yellow announced somebody or something's success. Watchmen, rules, law, police, persuasion, and clubs were of no avail; the fence was used until it came down. And in the memory of the bill-poster, "sniping the subway" will always be held in affectionate regard.

A boss bill-poster for a number of theatres has the city divided into districts, that is, as much of it as his men will cover. His men report in the morning, are given their bills and start out. Others during the day paste the one and half-sheet bills on boards which are sent out by wagon on Saturday night.

Let a bill-poster find a good location, and it will be covered ten minutes after it is located. A bill-poster's eyes are always open for buildings about to be razed. As soon as the tenants are out he attacks it with his men and it is a mass of lithographic colors long before the tearing-down process is planned. There is not a barrel or a box that he will ever miss, a water main lying on the street—anything that will hold his bill.

It is told of a bill-poster who had been in bad repute for not doing good work, that he started out to reclaim his lost reputation. With a wagon filled with bills he drove almost the length of the city, leaving in his wake a line of posted information for prospective ticket buyers. He missed nothing that would hold a bill. Finally his horse fell from sheer exhaustion, and failing to recover died a peaceful death on the street. The poster backed his wagon into an alley and then returned and looked sorrowfully at the stilled form of the faithful horse. Silently he gazed for a moment, and perhaps he dropped a tear, and then, taking from his bag four of his most attractive half sheets, he pasted them on the carcass of the animal and went his way.

WELLS HAWKS.



Byron, N. Y.

A hole in the street offers many opportunities to the enterprising bill-poster, water mains, barrels and everything else offering a surface being covered with the multi-colored bills.



From "L'Art du Théâtre"

The Famous "Eternal and Tragic" Wall of the old Roman Theatre, at Orange, France

This is the famous theatre wall of which Jean Aicard, the French novelist, wrote: "The Wall no longer belongs to the century which built it, it is eternal and tragic." Along among all the antique theatres, the back wall of the stage of the theatre of Orange has been preserved intact. The wall is about 120 feet high by about 310 feet long and is about 12 feet thick. It is lacking only in decorative coverings. The semi-circular part in front, intended for the audience, was in a state of complete ruin previous to its restoration in 1828. Sarah Bernhardt, Mounet-Sully and other celebrated French actors make an annual pilgrimage to this old world stage and perform "Phèdre," "Oedipus Rex" and other classic plays on its boards. The picture shows the artists rehearsing.

The Famous Open Air Theatres of France

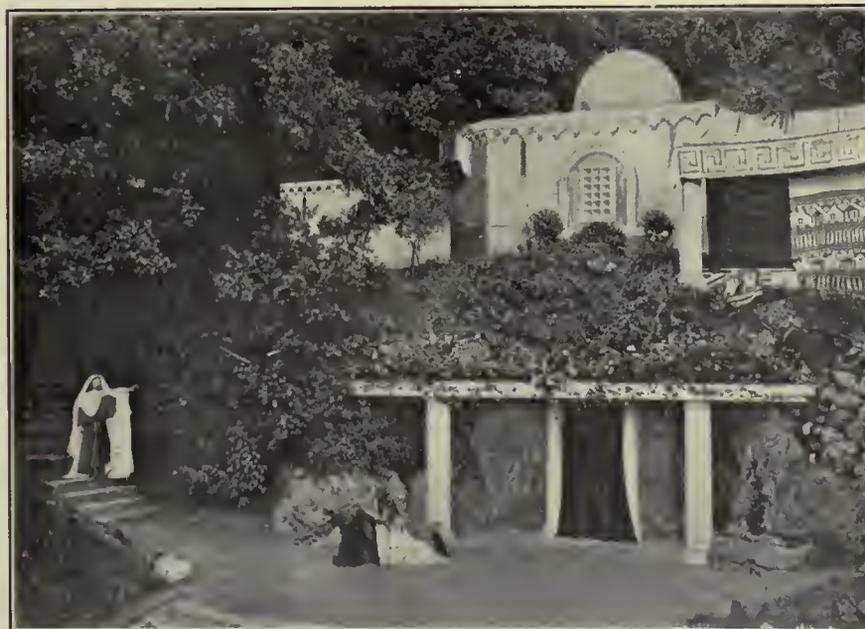
IN no country in the world does the theatre hold so important a place as it does in France. In no other country can be traced a theatrical evolution so rich in artistic value and interest. Gambetta's picturesque phrase, *on ne bat pas contre Paris* (one does not fight Paris), was meant politically, but it can readily be applied in an artistic sense. Nor is it either correct or just to assert that Paris patronizes only her native drama, knowing and caring little for the dramatic art of other countries. Of such narrow provincialism as this Lutetia is certainly not guilty. Duse the Italian, Sorma the German, Sadi Yacco the Japanese, Wiehe the Swede, Booumeester the Dutchman, and many other foreign artists, have triumphed in Paris with their respective companies, and the English, Spanish, and Norwegian drama have influenced French dramatic art in an appreciable degree.

But to the American tourist, perhaps the most novel and interesting of all the various demonstrations of the drama in France is to be found in a visit to the great open-air theatres in the Southern provinces, which in size, grandeur, and interest of historic associations are equalled nowhere else in the world. These theatres must not be confused with the petty and temporary stages set up by strolling players at the various village fairs. They are, on the contrary, large, permanent theatres, modelled upon the antique theatres of Greece and Rome. In fact, two of them trace their origin directly to those classic periods and occupy the same site and building as when the theatre flourished in the days of the Cæsars.

Chief among these open-air theatres, are those at Orange, Bé-

ziers, Caunterets, Mothe Saint-Heraye and Nimes. Of these, the old Roman theatre at Orange, with the venerable and tragic beauty of its ruins, is the most important, as it is the only theatre in the world that has resisted the ravages of time. This theatre, which Louis XIV. called the *finest wall in his kingdom*, dates back to the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. It stands on a hill overlooking the Rhone Valley, and its gigantic walls dominate the entire city of Orange. It is constructed in the purest style of Greek art, and the façade and walls of the stage are completely preserved. The auditorium, or tiers of seats for the spectators, accommodates no fewer than 42,000 persons, and its famous stage wall, "eternal and tragic," rises to the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

The chief merit of these colossal open-air theatres, and which explains their present-day exploitation, is that they permit of the reproduction of ancient works under the same conditions for which they were written. Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, and other Greek dramatists, wrote for those enormous magnitudes of stone which could accommodate at one time the whole theatre-going population of a city, and where the audience could be influenced by the sweep of majestic lines. If the gods were invoked by the protagonist or the chorus, their very presence was felt by those who looked on and wondered. The winds that bore aloft the echo of the hymn of victory in honor of Apollo bore also the unspoken prayers of their own hearts. And these winds that swept in ancient times from the Bay of Salamis over the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens, sweep to-day over the famous old theatres



From L'Art du Théâtre

Christ comes to visit Mary of Magdala

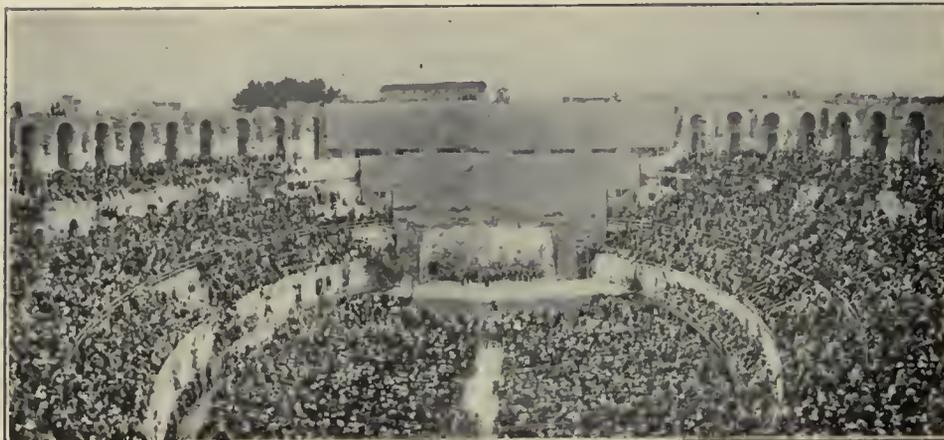
Open air performance of "Mary of Magdala" at La Mothe Saint-Héraye.

in the South of France.

The first modern performance in the old Roman theatre at Orange occurred in 1869. "Joseph," an opera by Méhul, was then produced. Later, two provençal dramatic societies were instrumental in arousing public interest in the classic theatre, and about ten years ago

the French Chamber of Deputies voted a large sum for the restoration of the antique stage. "Norma," "l'Empereur d'Arles," "Oedipe Roi," Rossini's "Moïse," "Antigone," "Pseudolus," "Alkestis," Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "le Réserviste," and other plays have since been presented there on different occasions. For some time, too, it has been the custom for certain members of the Comédie Française to act there every summer—Mlle. Wanda de Boncza, Mme. Segond-Weber, Coquelin *cadet*, Mounet-Sully, Jacques Fenoux, and others.

Last summer the season at Orange was a memorable one and caused much comment in artistic circles. It was inaugurated by Gluck's "Orphée," followed by Sarah Bernhardt in Racine's "Phèdre," and "La Légende du Cœur," by M. Jean Aicard. Then came "Horace," admirably acted by Mme. Segond-Weber and Mounet-Sully, "Oedipe et le Sphinx" of M. Péladin, "Citharis" of M. Alexis Mouzin, and "Iphigénie" of M. Jean Moréas. The success of "La Légende du Cœur" was brilliant. The *mise en scène* was fittingly appropriate, for the action of the play takes place not far from Orange, at the end of the twelfth century, that golden age of lyric poetry when women held particular rank in provençal society. The verse of the play is sonorous like the *mistral* and limpid like the sun of Provence. The Theatre of Orange will never divorce Greek



From Le Théâtre

OPEN AIR PERFORMANCE AT ARLES-SUR-RHONE

upon Orange. Time that levels all things has spared this relic of Roman days. Yet France boasts other open-air theatres, less ancient it is true, but dedicated to the same noble purposes. There is Béziers lying upon the Orb and the canal of the *Midi*, and proud of its ancient name—Biterra Septimanorum. The Arènes de Béziers is a modern open-air theatre. Still, the annual *fêtes* held there are signalized by much enthusiasm. To the production of "Parysatis" and "Déjanir" there this year, Mme. Segond-Weber lent the wonderful range of her voice and the grace of her diction.

Cauterets, too, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, boasts its open-air theatre, which is a natural stage commanded by a hill. Last August, from these mountain heights the bold lines of "Oedipe Roi" rang out to the valleys as only Mounet-Sully can declaim them. But the air does not always resound with the throb of passion. It sometimes sings. Thus following the struggle of the Greek drama came the graceful airs of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Again there is La Mothe Saint-Heraye, with its charming theatre enclosed by a natural frame of verdure. The verses of Marie de Magdala, which were delivered there this year, were in keeping with the witchery of this sylvan green. The amphitheatre of Nîmes has been remodelled and was inaugurated last July.

F. P. DELGADO.



From Le Théâtre

Open Air Performances of the Lyric Drama "Prometheus" at Béziers

The fine effect of the music and voices in this rocky region may be imagined

comedy, nor Corneille nor Racine. It will welcome, without doubt, Victor Hugo, and later Shakespeare. But its real destiny is to create, in Provence and beyond, a great French *Midi*, enamoured of its majestic ruins and of the sun which gilds them.

The marks of centuries rest lightly

Scenes from "Tit for Tat" at the Savoy



Hall
EMILE DE FAVROLLE
(Joseph Kilgour)

GILBERTE
(Bessie Tyree)

Gilberte refuses to show the letter to Emile



Hall

HELENE
(Elizabeth Emmett)

Emile attempts to capture the letter



GILBERTE (Miss Tyree)

Hall

Gilberte unexpectedly meets the transformed husband (Leo Ditrichstein)



Photo by Rudolf Eickemeyer MISS CORINNE PARKER
As Marcella in Richard Mansfield's production of "A Parisian Romance"

Recent Noteworthy German Plays

WHILE the past season's output of plays in Germany brought to light no drama worthy to be ranked in the same class as Sudermann's "Magda" or Hauptmann's "Weavers," several pieces met with sufficient popular success to call for notice, if only for the purpose of record. First among these must be mentioned the military drama, "Zapfenstrich" (Tattoo), by Beyerlein, and which New Yorkers had an opportunity of seeing at the Irving Place Theatre. In a sense, the play is an arraignment of militarism, but it is free from such deliberate exposition of purpose as is manifested in Tolstoi's "Resurrection. It is a tragedy, but it is diversified by the saving grace of humor. The daughter of an old and respected sergeant is in love with a young, irresponsible lieutenant, whose relation to her is discovered by the discarded suitor of her own class, the drama culminating in the shooting of the girl instead of the seducer by the father. This sombre theme the author has handled in a masterly manner. Especially admirable is the court-martial scene, in which the catastrophe pitilessly, inevitably develops.

Allied in subject, but far removed in treatment, is "Rose Bernd," the latest drama from the pen of Gerhard Hauptmann. As with all of this author's best work, this play, too, deals with the life of the peasant class. Rose Bernd is of lowly birth, and the tragedy grows out of her liason with a young magnate of the neighborhood. But with a frankness impossible on the English-speaking stage, and equally far removed

from Goethe's poetic treatment of Gretchen, Hauptmann ruthlessly lays bare the peasant's indifference to formal morality, and leads us to seek the cause of Rose's eventual disaster and infanticide rather in her own character than in the social disapproval which follows a lapse from virtue in a more advanced civilization. Needless to say, this theme is worked out with richness of detail and fine exposition of character.

Of very different calibre from the foregoing is "Novella d'Andrea," the drama with which Ludwig Fulda this year made his appeal to public favor. The germ of the story he has taken from a legend according to which a woman, young, learned and beautiful as Hypatia, expounded the Roman law in the 14th century at the celebrated university of Bologna. About this theme the author has constructed a poetic and successful play, replete with humor and dramatic quality. Clever dramatist that he is, however, Fulda fails here, as always, to impress his hearers with the sense of inevitableness, of breadth and ripeness of experience.

Under the Low German title of "Waterkant," meaning seashore, or water's edge, Richard Skowronnek has produced a successful and picturesque play. It is the drama of a soul under a strong emotion dissociated in a measure from the surrounding life of its fellows. This subjectively tragic condition has been produced in the life of the hero through the rendering to his widowed mother of a promise to renounce the sea and its enticements, although he knows that only on the water can he find that freedom and scope necessary to his moral and mental well-being. It is in the development of this struggle that the play consists; but so cleverly and sympathetically are the secondary characters of the drama presented that they almost usurp first place in the hearer's interest.

German dramatic taste is catholic, but art is regarded seriously; hence the ban against the merely meretricious despite the greatest liberty of subject and treatment. No play illustrates this better than "Evelgeist" (The Earth-spirit), by F. Wedekind, and recently produced in Berlin with notable success. Outwardly, the drama is realistic in the extreme, but beneath all is a symbol which stimulates to a pondering of human problems. The heroine is a beautiful, soulless, snake-like woman who fascinates men to their undoing and who doubtless symbolizes the elemental sex attraction.

W. W. WHITELOCK.



From the Tatler THE NEW MAXIM FLYING MACHINE

This is the latest amusement novelty and is supposed to give the same sensation as sailing through the air in a real airship. It is built on the principle of the old-fashioned merry-go-round, but it turns with such velocity that the cars are forced out to an angle of 35 degrees. One of these machines is to be in operation at Coney Island this Summer.

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART III'



JULIA WEMPLE

WE went first to a theatrical boarding-house on Thirty-fourth street, where Rachel had stayed before. It was full of "professionals," and during meals they all talked "shop"—the business prospects for the coming year, who was engaged and by whom, the salaries they were supposed to get and those they really received. Theatre, theatre, nothing but theatre! Yet it was more meat and drink to me than the food I consumed.

I was very much surprised to learn from some of these conversations that many of the actors and actresses whom I had thought very fine and the representative people of their profession were, in reality, quite mediocre and commonplace, and had only attained their high position by some fortunate chance, instead of by hard work or ability. But,

then, most of my knowledge of things theatrical was obtained from what I had read. Naturally, these people being actors themselves, must be better judges.

As soon as we were settled at the boarding-house, Rachel decided that, before calling on any manager, I must have some new clothes. So that afternoon we went shopping.

We went to one of those heavenly shops on Twenty-third street, where you can buy anything from a pair of stockings to an incubator. Rachel selected two complete outfits for me—one, a very grown-up sort of dress, with a plumed hat and high-heeled shoes, while the other was a very child-like affair, with a simple, broad-brimmed hat and shoes with flat heels.

Rachel explained that when one goes to look for an engagement one must "make up" for it just as you would for a part. For example, if I went to seek a leading part, I was to wear the grown-up costume, which would make me look taller and older. But if the desired engagement was an ingenue or soubrette, the other dress would add to my youth.

Personally I was aghast at the hole this expenditure had made in my savings, but Rachel insisted that to be well-dressed was half the battle.

"Clothes are part of the tools of our trade," she argued. "You may be hungry, but you must never be shabby."

The next day we opened our campaign by going to a dramatic agency, which is the name given to the intelligence offices used by actors. This particular agency was a grimy office, the walls of which were partly covered with photographs, and, judging from the various styles of dress displayed in the pictures, it must have been a collection of twenty years. Hanging about, neatly framed, were such friendly notices as these:

"Don't ask me for an engagement. If I want you, I'll send for you."

"Don't ask for stamps unless you have the money to pay for them."

"Time is money, so if you want to talk, come before 9 A. M."

"Every day is my busy day."

"I have troubles of my own," etc. etc.

I had read only a few of these cheerful legends when the door of a room marked "Private" opened, and a man hustled a lady out.

He threw a glance around at the waiting people, and, addressing nobody in particular, said gruffly:

"There's nothing to-day."

Then, as all got up to go, he singled out one of the actors and said:

"Come in to-morrow, Conway. I may have something for you."

The actor nodded, his face brightening at the ray of hope held out, and made his exit, followed by the others.

Mr. Sykes, the agent, then saw Rachel.

"Oh, how de do, Miss Milford. Why didn't you come in yesterday? Had something which would just have suited you."

"I only got in yesterday," answered Rachel.

"That's no excuse, my dear," said the agent. "It's Johnny-on-the-spot that catches the early worm."

"I only stopped in to-day to introduce my friend, Miss Wemple. Can you do anything for her?"

He looked past me as if I were not present as he said:

"I've more people on my books now than I can possibly take care of, but let her come in to-morrow before nine and I'll talk to her."

His manner was so odiously gruff that I felt like running behind Rachel and hiding. When we reached the street I heaved a sigh.

"What a bear!" I exclaimed.

"Why, he was like a cooing dove in comparison to what he is sometimes," said Rachel. "Did you notice his toup?"

"His what?"

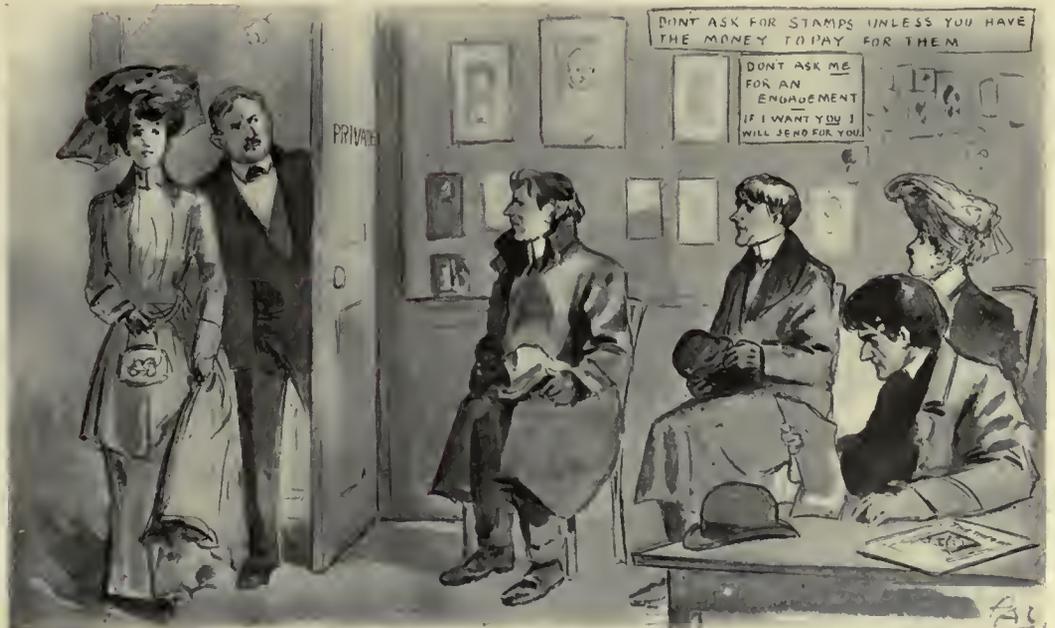
"His toupee. He's bald, you know, and always wears a toupee when he wants to dress up, or if he has anything he thinks important on hand. On ordinary occasions, he goes around quite negligee in his bald head."

I thought at first that this was one of Rachel's jokes, but found out later that her information was based on close observation. We went from one agency to another, Rachel introducing me everywhere. They were all very much alike, varying in furnishings, photographs, and look of prosperity. The sympathetic welcome given the engagement-seeking actor—on whom these agents live—was about as cordial in them all.

In some places they gave me little printed slips with all sorts of questions on them: Your age, weight, height, salary, amount of experience, what companies you have been with and length of time with each, etc. I suppose they keep these on file as a means of identification in case any one should ask for you, for after acknowledging Rachel's introduction, none of the agents ever again appeared to be aware of my existence.

Mr. Cranton had sent me a letter of introduction to a very powerful manager, so I went to his office one morning very early. Rachel insisted he would not be there at that hour, but she was mistaken. I sent in the letter and was admitted to his presence. I could hardly realize that I was seeing so important a person. I had been cultivating my intuitions under Rachel's guidance, and he made me think of a billiard ball, he was so round and fair and smooth. He seemed genuinely fond of Mr. Cranton, said he would do anything he could to oblige him, but there was nothing open. However, he would give me a note to Mrs. Hemingway, the agent; she might know of something.

I presented the note to Mrs. Hemingway. She read it, but seemed very dubious, although she invited me to come in again in a few days. I went in again, three days later. Mrs. Hemingway was seated at her desk, quite alone. I stood at the railing which separated her part of the



From a drawing by Pal

The door of a room marked "Private" opened, and a man hustled a lady out

office from the common actor-folk. I waited. I felt like a prisoner at the bar of justice. Mrs. Hemingway might have been blind for all the evidence she gave of being aware that I was standing there; yet I was the only person in the office. She continued to gaze into space until she reminded me of a female Buddha. I became more angry each minute, but I made up my mind I would keep it up as long as she did. She kept her eyes steadily fixed on nothing, and I glared silently and unseemingly at her. Finally she recalled herself sufficiently to signify that she saw me. I choked out:

"You will remember I presented you with a note from Mr. Tenny the other day."

"Oh yes, so you did. I've nothing now. Come in again."

After that, whenever I entered Mrs. Hemingway's office she always saw me and said, "Good morning, Miss Wemple. Nothing to-day."

That was the extent of our business negotiations, although I went there at intervals all through that long, hot summer.

In the meantime, in the interval of seeking an engagement, Rachel had found a flat, or rather rooms, in a superior kind of tenement house. Rachel was engaged to be married to three young men. She said she had not the heart to say no to any of them, so she had accepted them all and trusted to fate to adjust matters, as she had no intention of marrying any of them. The father of one of the fiancés was a big contractor, and when he heard of the flat, he offered us, through Tim, his son, a lot of old furniture which they had used to furnish a shanty up in New York State, where they had had a big job. Rachel accepted, and, having ideas about furnishings and color schemes, she painted everything a pale blue. This was in a way quite an inspiration, for, as time went on and neither of us had any prospect of work, the color of the furniture and the moods of the occupants of the flat were all one hue, blue, only the furniture was not of so deep an indigo as we became.

Our housekeeping was very uncertain. We got our own breakfasts, then, as our funds were running low, we cut out luncheon. Dinners we cooked, or we went to cheap restaurants.

The fiancés would ask us out to dinner in turn, which was a big saving. Really the way Rachel managed those fiancés was masterly; they rarely met, or, if they did, Rachel's manner was such that each never suspected the other had any claim upon her.

When we were too tired to cook, we had recourse to the delicatessen shop and dined on baked beans, lemon meringue pie and stewed prunes.



White MISS CECILIA CASTELLE

California girl recently seen as leading woman in "A Gentleman of France"

I had hunted up an old friend of Aunt Nan's, Mrs. Siegrist. She and her husband lived in a lovely apartment, such a contrast to our miserable attempt at housekeeping. The Siegrists were intensely interested in our getting on. I think Mrs. Siegrist suspected we were not properly fed, for she was always inviting us to luncheon, or dinner.

I met a lady at her house one day. She was beautifully dressed, but very languid and patronizing. However, she was interested enough to give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Grouse, the well-known stage director. She had known him at some summer resort, and "he was so nice." I found out where he was stopping and sent in the note. Word came that he would see me as soon as he had finished breakfast. I waited, and he soon appeared, but there was something about him that immediate-

ly made me uncomfortable. Looking me over as if I was a prize calf, he asked me what I wanted. I explained. He talked awhile, pleasantly enough. He was not staging anything just then, but surely such a pretty girl as I was would have no trouble in getting an engagement. He gave me a glance which made me long to get away. I thanked him and rose to go. He looked at his watch.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Have you been up to see Black?"

Black is an agent.

"Yes," I answered. "I've been to all the agents, but none of them notice me."

"Black is a friend of mine," he said. "He'll do anything I say, anything. I'll take you up there."

How kind of him! And I had been disliking him. How kind of him to take all that trouble for a girl whom he had never seen before!

On the way to Mr. Black's office, I chatted away all about nothing in the careless manner I had acquired from Rachel.

He called Mr. Black in a peremptory way, and explained his errand. Mr. Black looked astonished, then significant. Some men in the office laughed horridly.

Mr. Grouse turned to me and said: "That's all right. Mr. Black will fix you. Come and see him to-morrow."

As we went down stairs together, he took my arm and said:

"Now, my dear, suppose we go and have a nice little lunch somewhere?"

I pushed him away, more enraged at his offensive familiarity than at the invitation to lunch.

"Thank you," I said icily, "I do not go to restaurants with gentlemen I hardly know."

"Oh! is that so, my girl! Well, you'd better change your ideas if you want to get along in this business. Well, if you won't come, I must go."

He touched his hat in a mocking kind of way and walked off. Mortified beyond words, I stood still, not knowing where to go, when suddenly I heard some one call out:

"Hello! Judy!"

Looking up, I saw my blonde son. He asked sternly:

"Where is Miss Milford?"

"She had an appointment," I answered.

"What does she mean by allowing you to be seen on the street with that cad? How did you meet him?"

I told him.

"Never speak to him again," he said. He is a wonderful stage director, but no girl can be seen in public with him and keep her good name."

I was still shaking from my interview. Besides, I remembered Mr. Black and those men. I felt ghastly.

"There, there, Little Mother," he said, kindly. "Don't faint. You didn't know, and I felt sure you didn't, or I shouldn't have spoken as I did."

I tried to smile.

Mr. Heartwell smiled, too, and said laughingly:

"Won't you wish me joy, Mother? I'm to be married next week."

Rachel flashed into my mind, accompanied by a sensation of uneasiness.

"Certainly," I said; "I wish you tons of joy. You've been a good son, and I know you'll be a good husband."

We shook hands.

"You're taking a big risk in making a prophecy like that about an actor; but come and see your daughter-in-law when we get back."

He looked proud and happy as he strode off, and as I was still miser-



Hall MARY DUPONT
Late of Milton Royle's company and now appearing in vaudeville

(Continued on page vii.)

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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 insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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Scene in the romantic opera "Womansia," by Archie E. Morrow, recently produced by the Clifton Wheelmen of Baltimore, at the Lyric Theatre in that city.

THEATRICAL ODDS AND ENDS

THE Clifton Wheelmen, of Baltimore, hold a unique position among amateur theatrical organizations, and they claim to be the oldest, having been organized in 1889. Just fifteen years ago they made their first appearance before the theatre-going public, and since that time not a year has passed that has not seen at least one elaborate production by this now famous club. Originally organized as a bicycle club by thirteen well-known young Baltimoreans, they early developed the social and theatrical features that have made the club such a success. In 1897 they made an effort to produce an original comic opera in a professional manner, and succeeded so well that their performances of "Womansia," which were given on Dec. 1st and 2d, 1897, and Feb. 17th, 1898, are still spoken of as among the best amateur productions ever given in this country.



EDWARD J. MEEHAN
Of the Clifton Wheelmen as
Capt. Leon in "A Corsi-
can Legacy"

"Womansia" was the maiden effort of Archie E. Morrow, an enthusiastic member, who has been stage director of the club for over twelve years. Since their first success in opera the club has produced successfully, "Paris, 1900," "The Pirates," "The Isle of Fancy," "The King's Highway," and "A Corsican Legacy," all of which, except the last, were both written and staged by Mr. Morrow. This year, on June 8th, they will produce at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, a new and original comic

opera, and have planned to make it the most elaborate production ever given by amateurs in this country. Their success is due to unity of action and the thorough manner in which they produce their plays, having every particular detail looked after by a competent business staff, of which E. J. Meehan has for many years been the manager. The club has now over a hundred members, and many actors who have since met with great success were at one time members of this organization.

De Wolf Hopper was strolling down Broadway with his head high in the air, when he walked into an open coal hole on the east side of the thoroughfare between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets. Only his right leg went down. When he pulled it forth he was shy half a yard of trousers and skin. Striking a thinking attitude while several curious pedestrians gazed at him, Hopper sprang this original joke:

"The lid is off." Then he limped away.

In a recent New York production a stately young woman, who had been promoted from a show girl to small parts, was given a dressing room with an actress well known for her love of books. One evening as they were "making-up," the show girl, endeavoring to be amiable in a way which she thought would appeal to her companion most, entered upon a discussion of current literature. Presently she asked: "Have you read that book they've dramatized, 'Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Something—oh, yes—Mrs. Wiggs of the Garbage Pile?'"

When Wright Lorimer closed his season at the Knickerbocker Theatre last month, it was generally understood that

considerable "time" had been booked for next season, yet beyond taking the addresses of the members of his company, Mr. Lorimer said no word concerning his plans for the coming year. This caused considerable comment among the actors, until a bright young woman piped up hopefully: "Well, all Wrights are reserved, you know!"

The indefatigable press agent is again busy. Here is his latest: "Among the curious exhibits at Dreamland is a sacred cow from India. This is a peculiar and rare exhibit. It is loaned to Mr. Bostock and must be returned by him to the sacred precincts of India within the next year, and he is under bonds for its safety. The cow is a mouse color and is without hair on any part of its body. It is tattooed, the work having been done by the priests of Buddha. Native attendants wait upon the sacred cow. Not even a fly is permitted to alight upon it, the attendants fanning it continually." We shall hear next that the Durbar elephants take a cocktail to give them courage before taking their slide down the chutes, and that Bostock's Bengal tiger has his royal mane put in curl papers each evening before retiring to rest.



"PURITY BRIGADE GIRLS"
Who appeared in the comic opera "The King's Highway," by Archie E. Morrow, recently produced by the Clifton Wheelmen at the Academy of Music.

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Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl

(Continued from page 158.)

erable over my morning's unpleasantness, I thought I'd postpone going about any more that day and go home.

I found Rachel ironing, for we even attempted our own laundry, and it was her turn. We had read of some wonderful soap, "No rubbing required. Just soap the clothes and shake them out." That soap firm will never receive a testimonial from either Rachel or me.

I related my experience. She was exasperated. "Really, Judy," she said, "you're worse than a child."

"You should have told me; you knew I was going to see him," I retorted.

"If I'd told you, you would never have gone near him, and we can't lose a chance now, Judy; we're so nearly at the end of our funds."

"I met Herbert Heartwell," I said.

"Yes?" exclaimed Rachel, interested. "What did he say?"

"He is to be married next week."

I avoided looking at Rachel, but I knew she would soon hear of it.

She ironed on in silence until I finished my lunch, then, as I gathered up the dishes, she said: "I wonder who she is?"

"I don't know," I answered, "he didn't mention her name."

"I'd like to know if she is a professional or some one from home," she added.

"He invited me to meet her as soon as they return to town," I said.

"Was I included?" asked Rachel.

"No," I replied. I had not thought before how odd that was. Rachel asked no further questions. I went into our blue-enamel parlor and wrote a letter to Aunt Nan, telling her about the plays I had seen and the roof gardens, and about the nice dinners we had had with the fiancés. I never mentioned the dinners we went without. Presently Rachel called out:

"Judy, I've decided to go home."

"What!" I gasped.

"Yes; there's nothing going on here and won't be, so I'm going home."

"How will you get there?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll pawn one or two of my engagement rings."

Rachel wore tokens of affection from each of the fiancés.

"Or," she added, "I'll borrow enough money from Tim. We'll sell the furniture and you can keep whatever money it brings. You can hire a furnished room for a couple of weeks. Maybe by that time you'll have something to do. I can't stay here. I'll go mad. I'm going out now; you can finish the ironing."

She flung on her clothes and dashed out. I did not attempt to stop her nor to argue with her. I saw she was in one of her most impossible moods. I felt driven to desperation, for I knew that suddenly as her resolve was made about going home that it was fixed. I grabbed the iron and ironed blindly, sprinkling the clothes with tears.

What was I to do? Alone and penniless in New York. No money to get home, even if I had wished to go, and my only friend forsaking me.

How foolish I had been to come, for a would-be genius is an uncertain quantity, even where their affections are requited. One plan after another suggested itself to me and was abandoned. Oh! the awfulness of being absolutely without money! Suddenly I thought of Mrs. Siegrist, so I dressed and went to her house.

She was aghast at the dilemma I was in, and could not understand why I was not more indignant with Rachel for her unreasonable conduct. Then she said:

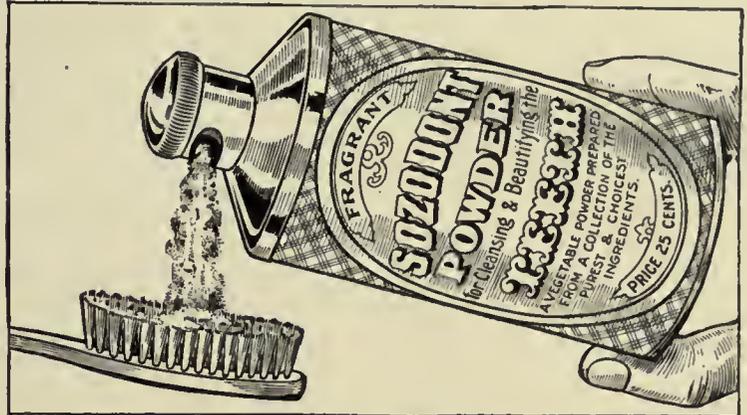
"My dear Julia, I am delighted, for now I can propose a scheme which I have long had in my mind. You must come and stay with me. I need a young companion."

I hope I thanked her properly. I know I felt as if I'd been saved from the poorhouse.

That well-cooked, well-served dinner had a great deal to do with restoring me to myself. I

(Continued next page.)

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(Continued from page vii.)

wondered where Rachel was, and pictured her wandered miserably around the streets, trying to walk off her unrest. I wish she could have some of the dinner, for she had not had anything more to eat than I had for a couple of days. In fact, we had not either of us had anything substantial for two days.

I returned to the flat considerably cheered. I found Rachel lying on the bed. She begged me not to light the gas, as it was so warm.

I told her of Mrs. Siegrist's offer. She patted my hand.

"You'll always land on your feet, Judy; your capacity for making friends will always help you."

I leaned down to kiss her, and felt that her face was all wet, then I knew why she did not want me to light the gas.

Next day we called in a second-hand dealer and sold the furniture. He was very nasty about the



MISS OLIVE SKINNER

Lately seen as Kate in "Way Down East"

color, said it was all very well to have blue chairs, but he could not see why we wanted to spoil a good walnut table. Maybe this was only *finesse*, in order to get the things cheaper. They went cheaply enough, anyhow. He only gave us eight dollars for the contents of the three rooms, and Rachel must have spent two dollars on paint alone. Rachel handed me every penny of the furniture money. She had seen Tim during the day and he had advanced her what she required for her journey.

I notified the others of her intended departure, and that night, escorted to her train by the entire contingent of fiancés and me, she left for her home in the West, while I was left in New York to battle on alone.

(To be continued.)

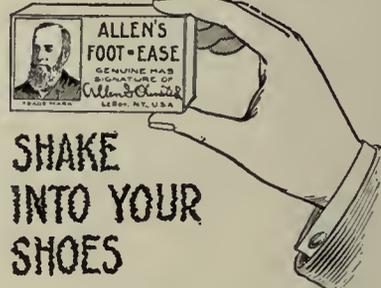
Books Worth Reading.

James G. Huneker, the well-known critic, and author of "Melomaniacs" and "Mezzotints in Modern Music," has written a new volume of essays on musical subjects under the title, "Overtones: A Book of Temperaments." They deal with Richard Strauss, "Parsifal," Nietzsche, the rhapsodist; literary men who loved music—Turgeneff, Balzac, George Moore, Evelyn Innes and Sister Teresa; "Anarchs of Art," "The Beethoven of French Prose, Flaubert and his Art, the Two Salammbos"; "Verdi and Biotto," "The Eternal Feminine," "After Wagner, What?" "The Caprice of the Musical Cat," "Wagner and the French," "Isolde and Tristan."

Maeterlinck's new book will bear the title, "The Double Garden." The contents will consist of pastorals dealing with flowers, bees, the dogs, etc., and philosophical essays. The titles of the latter are: "The Wrath of the Bee," "The Foretelling of the Future," "Field Flowers," "News of Spring," "Chrysanthemums," "Sincerity," "Universal Suffrage," "The Temple of Chance," "The Portrait of a Lady," "In Praise of the Sword," "Death and the Crown," "Old-Fashioned Flowers," "Modern Dramas," "The Death of the Dog," and "Motor Car Impressions."

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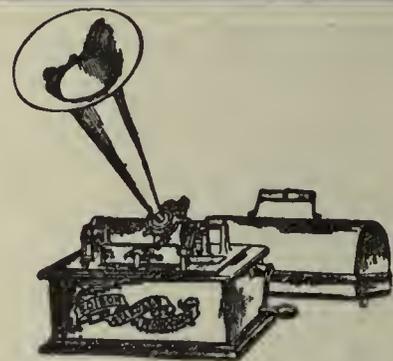
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THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 41

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Photo Byron, N. Y.

LOVEY MARY
Mabel Talliaferro

MRS. WIGGS
Madge Carr Cook

LITTLE TOMMY
Master Wm. Burton Jaynes

Scene in the Stage Version of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which will be one of the first plays to open the new dramatic season in New York. The piece will be seen in Chicago on July 10



A corner of Klaw and Erlanger's new Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York

PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE roof garden, as a refuge from the higher temperature of the streets and of ordinary homes, and as a means of diversion has become a distinctive feature of summer life in New York. Perhaps in no other city in the world does a certain altitude afford more unfailing cooling breezes. The conditions being so favorable, there has been constant improvement in the entertainment provided until now a programme is presented which, in variety and merit, is equal in every respect to the fare offered in the older summer gardens of Berlin and Paris. The standard, it is true, is not very high, but it is just suited to the weather. Summer audiences care little for serious entertainment; the slightest mental effort makes them perspire, and a respite from the dramatic form will be granted by every manager alive to his own interests.

No one understands this better than Oscar Hammerstein, whose picturesque Paradise Gardens, on top of the Victoria and Belasco Theatres roofs, are still to-day the most comfortable and interesting resort of the kind in New York. Mr. Hammerstein has a keen scent for good vaudeville "acts," and this summer he presents a truly remarkable bill. Chief among his stars is the athlete Spadoni, a good-looking German Hebrew with an Italian name, who gives a marvellous exhibition of muscle development. Spadoni is a man young in years, but built like a Hercules, and in his hands 40-pound cannon balls, 200-pound cannon and 1,000-pound automobiles are tossed about as lightly as feathers. Exhibitions of brute strength are always fascinating, but Spadoni is graceful as well. He is a very Apollo in form and there is a refinement and ease about his performance that enhances its charm two-fold. One day,

of course, a cannon ball will land on his skull instead of on the muscles of his great neck, but, then—that is the penalty all sensational athletes one day pay.

Another remarkable exhibit is M. Pewitt's remarkable mechanical head which comes from Italy. The head is gigantic in size and dressed *en pierrot*—close-fitting, black skull cap, chalked face and white ruffles. It is mounted on a pedestal, which doubtless conceals an operator. The head is introduced by its owner—an artist himself—who, dressed likewise, *en pierrot*, describes the emotions shown on the face, for example, anger, deceit, sorrow, fear, inspiration. The head rolls its eyes, puckers up its lips and otherwise acts like a rational being. It is very clever and novel. It is also artistic, being, in fact, only a popular adaptation of the classic Italian mask on which the Drama is founded. Some of the attitudes struck by the interpreter are admirable.

Chas. T. Aldrich's lightning changes are also extraordinary feats, and Rice and Prevost, two inimitable clowns, are the best cure for the blues we ever saw. Then there is Mr. Hammerstein's own skit on "Parsifal" and a score of other excellent features. In short, a capital programme which no one should miss.



Copyright, Falk, N. Y.

BERTHA GALLAND AS JULIET

Will be seen in New York as Shakespeare's heroine next season

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have tried the experiment of building a regulation auditorium on the roof of their New Amsterdam Theatre, styling it "Aerial Gardens." It consists of an orchestra floor with an upper tier of boxes suspended by iron braces, and resembles in every way an ordinary theatre, stage and all. Opening from this auditorium is a small garden with little tables for refreshments. The programme in the theatre con-

sists of one of J. J. McNally's hot-weather efforts called "A Little of Everything," and when it is said that the piece is fully up to the usual McNally standard, it is hoped we shall be understood. Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey work hard to amuse the spectators, but the effort is very visible. On the New York roof Ned Wayburn and his female cork minstrels are to be seen. Other interesting features are Datas, the man with a wonderful memory for dates, and Guerrero, the Spanish dancer.

Musical pieces intended for summer use claim an immunity from criticism, which is commonly granted, although it is not entirely clear why the laws of the universe should be set aside in their favor. "The Southerners," at the New York Theatre, cannot be described; it is nothing. The authors of the book are Will Mercer and Richard Grant, and the composer is Will Marion Cook. The music, of its kind, exists, the book does not. It would be utterly futile to attempt to give any account of the story. The prologue is laid in 1880, and the play in 1830. There is absolutely no meaning in this juggling with dates, and every particle of the play as a play is impossible, but there are combinations of various forms of youth, grace, music and quaintness that give it a certain interest. It is called a musical study in black and white, a large contingent of the dancers being made up of negroes of various tints. The effect of this miscegenation is not wholly agreeable, and many people might prefer to see such an entertainment on a roof garden rather than within closed doors. It may also be that the authors of the "book," and the composer of the music, may have underestimated an amiable prejudice on the part of Southern people in regard to the types which represent them. Colonel Maximillian Easy, "A Southern Cavalier, Sah," represents in his rubicund face only the worst blendings of the worst whiskey, and it might be well to modify him if it should be intended to send the play upon its travels. It is a season of easy compliments, but it is well for the prudent manager to listen to the slightest whisper of dispraise, even in the summer time, and in times of peace to prepare for war. There are undoubtedly moments of entertainment in "The Southerners," and, indeed, its parts are greater than the whole. Miss Vinie Daly, a subordinate character in the scheme of the piece itself, was easily the most distinguished dancer of them all. She represented the octoroon descendant of a negro. Miss Elfie Fay, as the aristocratic Southern girl, has the quality of humor so rarely found in actresses, and was pleasing in every way. Albert Hart sang a drinking song which was conspicuously good. The comedian is Junie McCree.

July 4 used to be the date on which Charles Frohman, returning to these shores, would fill a whole column in each of the New York dailies with a list of the plays he had secured for production the following season. He is a good gleaner indeed if, on his return this year, he is able to enumerate a dozen which, from actual performance, give promise of any lasting success. Both the London and Paris stages were signally barren last year of available American material. To fill up his space he will have to turn back to the files of the old Empire Theatre pro-



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS GRACE HEYER

A young emotional actress who will be seen in an important Broadway production next season. Miss Heyer was for some time leading woman with W. H. Crane and later headed her own company



Baker Art Gallery

FAY DAVIS

Young Western actress who will be seen in an important Broadway production next season



Schloss, N. Y.

NELL HAWTHORNE

One of the well-known Hawthorne sisters



Schloss, N. Y.

HELANE LUCAN

Recently a stately show girl and now a clever writer on dramatic subjects

grammes; and enumerate a score or so of those plays which were once announced, but which are yet to be heard from. If the foreign and native authors do not prove more prolific, and if the list of new theatres is to go on augmenting, any old playwright will have his chance and daring experiments with the works of untried authors will be the order of the day. Such a condition will perhaps be hard upon the public and critics, but it will have one blessing and one virtue: it will make the players work and give actual evidence that they are capable of playing something more than one part, and that—themselves. It is the golden opportunity of the American dramatist. Let him work the rich dramatic mine close at hand.

Charles Frohman's praiseworthy attempt to establish in New York a French-speaking company, modelled on the same lines as the German Theatre in Irving Place, failed for several reasons. Firstly, Charlotte Wiehe, delightful actress as she proved herself to be, is a Swede and spoke French with a marked accent; secondly, the supporting company was very small and obviously of the second class; thirdly, the plays presented were not interesting. Indeed, the whole outfit at the stuffy, uncomfortable little Vaudeville Theatre had a cheap flavor—actors, scenery and plays. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. This is usually Mr. Frohman's policy, but he appears to have departed from it in this instance. Anyway, it is doubtful whether a permanent French theatre in New York would ever pay. The French colony is small and cannot be depended upon for its support, and those wealthy Americans who are familiar

with French prefer to see the real thing when they go to Paris each summer. Classic matinees appealing to the colleges and schools might prove popular, but who in America is willing to run the risk of importing a company of French players competent to interpret Corneille, Racine and Molière? It is different at the Irving Place Theatre, which is liberally supported by the German colony, directed by a German actor-manager of marked ability, and so closely in touch with the German authors that new German plays are frequently produced simultaneously in Berlin and New York. That Conried's theatre artistically is superior to our theatres cannot be disputed. But it has taken many years to bring the German theatre to its present state of proficiency, and it would take as long if not longer to secure similar results with a French theatre. It is not an experiment, the success or failure of which can be determined in a single season. Here is a hint for Mr. Conried. Why not inaugurate a series of classic matinees presenting the best plays of the great German dramatists for the benefit of the students of German in our colleges? It ought to pay.

The policy which Otis Skinner has adopted in regard to "The Harvester" would seem to be worthy of general acceptance. Having selected the play which he intends for particular use next season, he does not wait until August and September for a première. He selects a polite and appreciative dog town and there tries it on before taking to the woods for his regular vacation. If it succeeds he has no further worry and nothing to mar the serenity and peace-



Richard, Montreal

PAUL CAZENEUVE

Whose Marat has been the success of the season in Montreal

fulness of his rest. Any play produced at the tail end of a season, when the average theatregoer is prepared gladly to exchange the tinsel and glare of the playhouse for the glories of nature, and the disgusted critic is bored to death—any play presented under these circumstances which makes good is a winner and requires no further concern.

If the courts finally decide that Sunday ball playing is neither a nuisance nor an element conducing to the moral degradation of the community, why may not a liberal interpretation of the Sunday laws be stretched in the direction of good art? Might it not be argued that some of the Shakespearean pastorals played in the open would serve a splendid purpose in stimulating public taste? Ben Greet and company in "As You Like It" on a Sunday afternoon at the Harlem River Park sounds both attractive and instructive. It's certainly harmless, and would undoubtedly be very popular.

It is doubtful if the plan of taxing free theatre tickets ten cents for the benefit of the Actor's Fund will result in any substantial contribution to the coffers of that most deserving charity. It is estimated that if 3,000 managers adopt the system, and if ten complimentarys are issued for each performance, the income will be \$300,000 a season. But as our friend, Stephen Fiske, points out in *The Sports of the Times*, there are several objections to the plan: (1) It is an acknowledgment that free tickets exist, and no high-class manager will admit this fact. (2) It reveals the state of a manager's business to his competitors. (3) It bothers the theatre treasurers with another petty cash account. (4) Being entirely voluntary, it may be discontinued at any time. (5) It annoys the recipients of complimentarys. Some months ago the THEATRE MAGAZINE advocated a better plan, which we are glad to see is fully endorsed by Mr. Fiske—that every actor should be compelled to belong to the Fund as a condition of his engagement, and that the year's dues—only \$2—be deducted from his third week's salary. It is actually a standing reproach to the dramatic profession that of the 26,000 actors in the United States only 700 are members of the Actor's Fund, which is ever ready and willing—nay, must by its charter—to succor or bury any destitute actor, whether he is a member of the Fund or not. It would be a very simple matter for the managers to insist on this clause in their contracts, and no actor could decently object to it, knowing its object. It is certainly worth trying.

The old adage, "None so blind as he who will not see," applies particularly well to those scribes and pharisees who publicly express their views anent the National Art Theatre Society and its object. Recently, an editorial writer in the *Sun*, after expressing surprise that the public demands and supports only the highest forms of music, while the advocates of the higher drama are compelled to go round with the hat, said: "How is it that the lugubrious advocates of a subsidized Ibsen and Maeterlinck house cannot find such a public? Can it be that all these ardent, cultured music lovers never go to the theatre? Or are the plain dramas of commerce, the creations of Pinero, Thomas, Long, and that lot, really very much better than the peripatetic pessimists would have us believe? The people who go to hear Beethoven and Wagner go because the music gives them pleasure. Why does not the artistic drama give pleasure, too? Why must it be supported by societies and subscription funds?" This is entirely misleading! The National Art Theatre Society has never intended to subsidize Ibsen and Maeterlinck. On the contrary, it expressly states in its literature that it has no sympathy with the long-haired drama as such, nor will it serve as a

hospital for rejected manuscripts. Nor has the N. A. T. Society barred the plays of Pinero and Thomas and "that lot," as the *Sun* elegantly puts it. These stupid statements—which mislead public opinion as to the true object of the N. A. T. Society—occur so frequently in print as to lead one to doubt their good faith. Even in Salt Lake City we find a writer who says: "The arguments are all very eloquent, but for all that there will never be a State-aided theatre in America." The Manual very expressly says that a State-aided theatre is impossible and not desired. Again, Dr. Appleton Morgan declares that the National Art Theatre is committed to produce only failures. If Shakespeare is a failure, and failures the other glories of the English drama, then Dr. Morgan is right. Why these snap judgments, this petty criticism? The plan is simply to have a repertoire theatre where the public may see the great classic and standard plays. Surely this deserves support!



Olive North and Hans Roberts in the Pixley-Luders operetta "Woodland," which has been running successfully for some time at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. The piece is novel in that all its personages are birds.



From *L'Art du Théâtre*
 Scene in Sarah Bernhardt's new play "Varenes," historical drama founded on the attempted flight of Louis VI. and his family to the Austrian frontier when affairs in Paris seemed to be reaching a crisis. Mme. Bernhardt's rôle is, of course, that of Queen Marie Antoinette.

Perez Galdos and His Drama "Electra"



PEREZ GALDOS
 Author of "Electra"

performance of the play in the French capital resulted in the same public excitement as in Spain, de Max, the actor who represented the Catholic hero of the play, not even being allowed to finish his speech, the audience crying, "Down with the Jesuits!" A similar reception was given to the third and fourth performances of the play.

Benito Perez Galdos, the author of "Electra," has been called the Spanish Ibsen, because, like the "Red Star of the North," he is a thesis-writer, a socialist, a revolutionist and reformer. Conservative critics have inclined to view him as a dangerous literary demagogue. But as Galdos has written fully fifty novels to his dozen or so of plays, he might also be justly styled his country's Balzac or Tolstoi.

Born in the Canary Islands in 1845, Galdos in his nineteenth year went to Madrid, where he studied law and embarked in journalism. His first novel, "La Fontana de Oro," appeared in 1870. During the next thirty-two years he continued to pour forth fiction, plays and polemics with a persistence and a versatility equally remarkable. His "Episodios Nacionales" alone fill twenty volumes, and as many more exist detached from that series.

As a liberal reformer, Galdos has always written with one hand, while carefully feeling the popular pulse with the other. A fortuitous combination of circumstances made his drama, "Electra," at once the object of popular excitement, and as-

ured its more than national celebrity. One of these circumstances was the coincidence of the noted Ubas case, in which a family contended in court with the clerical powers for the removal of a young girl from the influence of her confessor. Another, and a more significant coincidence, was the unpopular marriage of Prince Charles of Bourbon to the Princess of Asturias. Galdos' play voiced the discontent of the liberal masses of the people, and fanned into flame the smouldering elements of anti-Bourbon feeling.

The plot of "Electra" is simple, cumulative and emotional, unrelieved by a single flash of comedy. The religio-sociological problem is presented in the contrast of two worlds at war with each other—the bigoted, conventional house of old monarchical Spain, and the electrical laboratory typifying the modern republican spirit. Between these two antagonistic forces stands Electra, a young half-orphan girl, upon whose dead mother's name a shadow rests. She is reared under the jealous care of her father, Pantoja, a fanatical old misanthrope, and an ultra-pious aunt. The father's purpose is that his child shall expiate, in a convent, the sins of those who brought her into the world; so that, in the future beyond the grave, father, mother and daughter shall be reunited in celestial happiness. But Electra, eager with the girlish joy of living, curious for the life of the busy human world, has taken opportunity to go out from her gloomy home and visit the workshop of Maximo, an electrical engineer. Here is a true affinity of souls—Electra and Maximo fall in love. He is a man of enlightenment, energetic, ambitious, noble—in fact, the modern type of chivalry, whose arm of conquest is science instead of the sword. Electra would fain enjoy life and the legitimate happiness it offers; but the overshadowing history of her mother, and the relentless purpose of her father to offer the child on the altar of sacrifice, compel her to bury herself in the cloister. Here the fierce struggle of her nature ensues; upon the agony of which enter the *Sombra*, or ghost of Electra's mother, who brings consolation and good counsel. Finally, in a scene of exalted beauty and intense spiritual emotion, Electra bursts the bonds imposed upon her, escapes from the convent, and falls into the waiting arms of her lover.

HENRY TYRRELL.



Photos taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Byron

The electric carriage call at the Belasco Theatre, New York

How Theatres Are Managed

No. 4—The Attachés

NOT long ago a New York theatre manager received a letter from a policeman in which the officer of the law expressed a desire to "get back in the show business." He stated that he had been an usher as a young man, then a doorkeeper, and finally he became a policeman.

This is proof of the peculiar attachment to the theatre that never altogether separates itself from a person who has once worked in or about a playhouse. Of course, there are exceptions, but as a rule the man who has once been employed around a theatre is not entirely satisfied with any other occupation. In the long run a new position may pay him more money, yet deep down in his heart he has that yearning to be standing around where the lights are on, where the overture is being played, and the people are coming in.

But the reader must not misconstrue this to mean once an usher always an usher. Some of the most successful managers in the country, when reminiscent, will tell you that in the space covered by often two scores of years in the theatrical business they have occupied every position in a theatre, and they are proud of it. And to this may be added that just as in any other line of business, these men are the best and the most successful, because they know the business backwards.

The head usher of a theatre, if he is a good one, is a valuable man. In nearly every New York theatre he is a man, and not a boy, as a good many would suppose. It is his duty to keep the house supplied with a first-class corps of ushers, to have them neatly dressed,

polite and skillful in their line of work. If he is diplomatic, he can save the manager of the house from many an unpleasant moment. It is he that is first to receive the complaint from a patron, and if he is resourceful he can dispose of it in a manner that will please the man who paid to get in and at the same time be satisfactory to the manager. He always stands at the head of the main aisle and directs people where to go. He is dignified with an assistant, and in the short space of time the doorkeeper has for changing his uniform to his private clothes it is the head usher who acts as doorkeeper. If the head usher is ambitious to stay and go upward in the theatrical business, it is the position of assistant treasurer that he works to secure, and in a great many houses this is the first stepping-stone.

The head usher generally has some other occupation, and as a matter of fact most of his ushers do. Clerks and young men whose employment during the day will admit of their reaching the theatre before the door opens often make their extra money in this way. If any one thinks they do it just to see the performance, let the one who imagines so sit through the same show every night for a season. In the case of some shows it would be an ordeal for even two weeks.

In a great many theatres preference is given to students. They make excellent ushers. First, they are gentlemanly, they are anxious to make this money to pay their board, and as they want to keep on earning it they are obedient and polite. It is this class of usher that abhors the uniform, especially if it has any of the finery that would suggest the flunkey or the American bell boy. He prefers the evening dress, and any usher in town will tell the newcomer places down town where a dress suit for this purpose can be bought almost as cheap as a linen duster.

The head usher has a branch department in the water boys—the diminutive colored youths who pass the water around between the acts. He is responsible for their behavior and their looks, and he sometimes bosses them like the foreman of a subway blasting crew. Where all the small colored boys that are used in this branch of the business are found is one of the mysteries of the profession. It is a secret with the head usher.

The doorkeeper of a well-conducted playhouse is a man of



Byron

Theatre usher seating a playgoer

silence. He may not be inclined that way naturally, but if the house is managed properly, he soon learns to be reticent. The really good doorkeeper simply stands still and takes tickets, and he first becomes useless to his employer when he talks politics with patrons. Like the ushers, the doorkeeper frequently engages in some other occupation. Sometimes he is a storekeeper. In Washington every doorkeeper at a theatre works for the Government in the day time. The man who runs the elevator up to the dizzy heights of the Washington monument spends his evenings in a dress suit tearing coupons off tickets, the other ends of which are held by statesmen and diplomats and sometimes by the President himself.

The doorkeeper ought to have a good memory for faces, and he generally has. He knows all the newspaper men and especially those whose duty gives them free entrée to the house. He knows everybody in the management, for if he did not he might be embarrassed some time by turning down the man whose money is at the back of his salary envelope.

The ex-policeman frequently makes a good doorkeeper. He tends the door at the theatre in the winter and in the summer he follows the same occupation at the race track or the baseball grounds. He has had experience in handling crowds, and if he does it skillfully he is valuable to the manager. It takes tact to handle a crowd without a fuss.

Of late years the inventor has solved what was becoming a serious problem for the manager—the handling of long lines of carriages without confusion. Every one remembers the Babel of Broadway, when with megaphone and fog-horn voice the dusky man stood before the door and shouted the number for some drowsy coachman three blocks away to hear. With theatres grouped together so closely, it became a chorus that floated out on the night when first sleep was being sought by thousands and it caused trouble. Then came the man with the electric call sign, and the voice was heard no more.

This ingenious device has proved to be a great convenience. By placing a perforated check under a switch the carriage number is illuminated in figures that can be seen half a dozen blocks away, and it is so arranged that a number of signs can

be connected to the one switch, so that the numbers will be displayed down several streets. In the handling of long lines of carriages this works splendidly and adds to the novelty of Broadway at a time of night when the tired sightseer is looking for something new to see. An assistant electrician operates the switch, but his position has not removed the colored man whose voice used to be one of the disturbances of the night. He is still on the pavement to open the door and close it, and there is method in his attentiveness. In the day time he puts away his livery and his finery, and he makes the theatre beautiful by polishing up the handle of the big front door and all the other brass work.

And there are still attachés not to be forgotten—attachés the public does not know, but whose presence is felt. These are the cleaners, who with dusters and brooms add so much to comfort by keeping the place clean. A very important lady is the head cleaner of a Broadway theatre. She bosses her helpers with the commands of a dictator, and her own parlor is not more carefully cleaned when she has finished her labors. And to her falls that last rite of the season when the theatre is to close, when she bundles the interior in great rolls of tar paper, fills it with a mighty odor of camphor and leaves it packed up for the fall while the star is automobiling in Europe, the manager hunting for a play and the colored man who opens the carriages is opening clams in some summer hotel.

The theatre usher is also called upon sometimes to perform the duties of fireman. He did not distinguish himself particularly in this capacity at the Iroquois disaster in Chicago, but on the occasion of a recent fire in Proctor's 125th Street Theatre it was largely due to the promptness with which he acted that another calamity was averted. The flames were raging in the roof of the theatre and rapidly gaining headway. The manager blew his whistle—a signal calling every usher to his post. The exits were opened wide, and the audience, seeing everything done in so orderly a manner, passed calmly out into the street, the house being emptied in about three minutes. In most of the theatres now ushers are trained to know what to do in case of emergency. WELLS HAWKS.



Byron, N. Y.

FIRE DRILL BY THE USHERS OF PROCTOR'S 125TH STREET THEATRE



From L'Art Du Théâtre

KAWAKAMI

SADA YACCO

Climax in the Japanese drama, "The Geisha and the Cavalier." Katsouraghi, the Geisha, after an extremely violent scene of jealousy, dies in the Cavalier's arms

Theatres and Theatre-Going in Japan



Thespian mask worn by the famous actor, Danjuro

MODERN Japan, despite its ready adoption of Western manners, is in things theatrical still faithful to the ancient feudal days, and the sanguinary, interminable dramas written many centuries ago are still the chief attractions in the Mikado's theatres. It is true that within the last few years—in fact, since the triumphant European and American tours of those distinguished Japanese players, Sada Yacco and Oto Kawakami—the old school drama has to some extent lost ground, and quite recently performances of Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Hamlet," and

Daudet's "Sappho" have been received with favor by Tokio audiences.

The explanation of this curious survival of the old form of play, at a time when all Japan is eagerly imitating the foreigner, is undoubtedly to be found in the peculiar customs of the country. The progressive Japanese finds it easier to change his mode of dress than to reform habits bred in the bone. The old plays, lasting, as they formerly did, from early morning until nearly midnight, just suited the Japanese play-goer, who, when he does go to the theatre, makes an all-day affair of it. Indeed, theatre-going in Japan is a very serious matter, like an ocean voyage or long railroad journey with the American, and not to be entered upon lightly or

without due preparation. Some ten or twelve years ago the Japanese police limited the duration of a dramatic performance to eight hours, and more recently Sada Yacco and Oto Kawakami, who learned a good deal in their foreign travels, introduced the comparatively short evening performance of three or four hours, an innovation which was at once welcomed by the better class of people. But the new arrangement found little favor with the general public, whose honorable traditions it rudely upset, and particular indignation was aroused in the bosom of the Japanese Matinee Girl—fully as important a person in Japan as in America—who loves to sit in the theatre as long as possible and weep over the play. For, to the gentle mousmé, the theatre is essentially the place for weeping. Japanese girls are extremely sentimental, and a play without harrowing situations would not appeal to them in the least. The musical comedy—as presented in America and England—is quite unknown in Japan, for which we Japanese should perhaps be devoutly thankful. Recently, attempts have been made to introduce grand opera in the Flowery Kingdom, but only with indifferent success.



From a native print

Scene in a Japanese theatre during the performance of a play, showing the spectators stowed away in their little compartments

Three kinds of plays are popular in Japan—the religious dramas, mingled with farce, the domestic dramas of everyday life and love, and the historic dramas, bristling with blood and suicides, which are liked best of all. The religious drama dates from the ninth century, when the country was visited by a terrible earthquake. Flames issued from the ground, and the priests, to propitiate the gods, executed

a dance near the spot. The flames at once stopped, and in recognition of the miracle every performance of a religious play to this day is preceded by the Sambash or rhythmic dance executed by an old priest and accompanied by a plaintive chorus.

The programme for one day usually consists of three different pieces. The first is invariably an historical play, dealing with some noble family—its quarrels and misfortunes; and the third is a love story. The piece between these two is called a "Middle Curtain," being a classic with a wonderful display of dress and dancing. At the end of each act the curtain is drawn to slowly in order to let the spectators remain as long as possible under the spell of the situation, which is continued, but at the end of the intermission it falls abruptly in order to dazzle the public suddenly with the splendor of the picture. These drop curtains are covered with enormous characters and in striking colors: black on orange, white on blue, violet on red. The same curtain is not used during the whole performance. It is the custom to make the present of a curtain to a favorite actor. Thus, when speaking of a popular performer, you say, "He has so many curtains!"

There are several fine theatres in Tokio, the



Jossho Sawamura, famous woman impersonator



Sada Yacco, Japan's most distinguished actress

house, where arrangements are also made to keep your party supplied with refreshments during the long hours the play lasts. Over the main entrance of the theatre is a large framed poster depicting scenes in the play then being performed. Entering the theatre you see a large square floor partitioned off into tiny compartments or boxes, giving the effect of a gigantic checker board. The boxes are three feet square by about three feet high, and they each accommodate four or five persons. On either side of the parterre, and almost level with the top of the boxes, is a plank which runs from the entrance down to the stage. This is called The Flower Path, its sides in olden times having been decorated with flowers.

The Japanese stage is always supposed to face the south, but the origin of this tradition has been lost in time. There are two or three rows of boxes outside the flower path, raised slightly higher than the parterre, and the auditorium is closed on both sides by other boxes. On the second floor, facing the stage, are similar boxes, rising one behind the other and closed in at the back by a long, barred window. On the far side of this window is a narrow passageway or "chieken coop," to which are admitted those theatre-goers who on payment of two cents can see a single act. These form a special public, and a



The Kabukiza Theatre, Tokio



The late Danjuro Ichikawa, the last of a Japanese family of actors four hundred years old



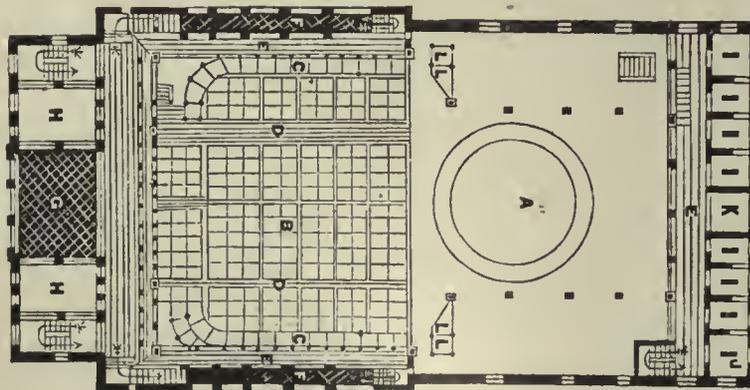
The Tokyoza Theatre, Tokio

most important being the Kabukiza, the Meijiza, and the Tokyoza. They are imposing edifices constructed of stone in semi-European style, but the interior is arranged in the old Japanese manner which has been in vogue since the birth of the native drama. You do not purchase your ticket at the box-office, as in other countries, but at the neighboring tea-

most important one to the Japanese manager. They are theatre enthusiasts who cannot let a day go by without seeing at least some part of the play. They are known as the success makers. They are equally well known as the noise makers! The din they make whenever one of their favorite actors makes his entrance is appalling. They shout Naritaya! (the stage



Baiko, popular matinee hero



GROUND-PLAN OF THE KABUKIZA THEATRE—One of the most commodious theatres built in the semi-European style in Tokio, and opened in November, 1889.

A.—Double Revolving Stage (in two concentric circles). B.—Pit. C.—Side-boxes. D.—Entrance-passages. E.—Passages. F.—Promenades. G.—Entrance-court. H.—Manager's Offices. J.—Green-room. K.—Stage-door. L.—Orchestra.



Sandanji Ichikawa, greatest living Japanese actor

"The Southerners" at the New York Theatre



Byron

THE PICTURESQUE KIDDIES



Byron

THE BALLET OF THE SQUIRRELS



Byron

THE PICKANINNIES



Photos by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS MONA DESMOND

Whose baby impersonations have been a popular feature at Proctor's

HARRISON FORD

Who doubled the role of the Indian and the Sergeant Reeder in "Ransom's Folly"

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT

Lately seen as the Queen of Scots in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

name of the late celebrated Danjuro). The success or failure of a performance depends on the amount of noise they succeed in making, for in Japan very little attention is paid to what the dramatic critics have to say. Happy land!

When a Japanese makes up his mind to go to the theatre, he proceeds first by interesting his neighbors. If he is a married man he consults his wife and daughters. If he is a bachelor, he gets together a party of friends. The Japanese women are passionately devoted to the drama. It is usual for a party to book a box through a tea house connected with the theatre and at the same time make arrangements for what refreshments they wish served. The Japanese maiden makes the most elaborate preparations days beforehand, and when the eve of the eventful day arrives, she has been known to sit up all night so as not to oversleep herself the next morning. To be at the theatre on time, playgoers must rise with the sun, and all their meals, including breakfast, are eaten in the tiny box in the playhouse. It is not an easy task to reach one's seats and once the family has settled down, nothing but a catastrophe would induce it to leave its box. They eat in it, smoke in it, nurse babies in it, and put themselves thoroughly at their ease. In each box there is a small stove, at which they light the short Japanese pipe, and at their side is the plate of rice and fish with the traditional chop sticks, and a bottle of *saka* (rice brandy) and cups of tea, which are filled as often as emptied. The women chew candy and the men partake freely of *saka* as the play goes on. A man who has been obliged to escort his women relatives is often to be seen fast asleep, for politeness to women is not seriously discussed in Japan. During the intermissions, attendants with cakes, confectionery and tea pass up and down the elevated aisles offering their wares.

The Japanese thespian is a vastly more important personage than his professional brother in other countries. Directly he makes his appearance on the plank leading to the stage there is a flutter of excitement among the audience, and fans, purses

and tobacco pouches, which have been specially embroidered for him, are thrown to him. When he reaches his dressing room he finds notes containing burning declarations, and his effigy adorns the tortoise-shell hair-pin that keeps up the tresses of many a dainty *mousmé*. But the player has a more substantial reward than mere social success. He is also well paid. The Japanese theatrical season only lasts four or five weeks, but a good actor in that time can easily make his \$5,000, while the wretched playwright, a poor, despised creature who in Japan is looked upon in the light of a theatre attaché, has to be satisfied with a miserly \$100. When a manager wants a new attraction, he sends for the official playwright and suggests a subject. The author prepares two or three scenarios, of which the manager selects the best, and then the actors also have the right to alter the play to suit themselves.

Japanese audiences are very loyal to their favorites. What enthusiasm there used to be when the great Danjuro made his appearance! This magnificent actor, the greatest tragedian ever known in Japan, died a few months ago. He left no son, and it is a question who will inherit his name, which has been prominently connected with the Japanese stage for nearly four hundred years! And how delighted we were to watch the late Kikugoro, that wonderful actor whose talented son Baiko is now a matinee idol.

In 1890 the realistic acting of Oto Kawakami and Sada Yacco appeared as a protest against the old school. They were encouraged by the intelligent public, and they put on the stage an adaptation of "Sechu Bai," a political novel. This was the first time that a novel had been dramatized in Japan. With the death of its two greatest actors, Danjuro and Kikugoro, the old school of Japanese drama is declining. The past régime is slowly but surely merging into the new, only following in this, the irresistible progressive movement to which modern Japan owes her present important place among the nations.

YONE NOGUCHI.



Photo Schloss

Dorothy Donnelly as Mme. Alvarez in "Soldiers of Fortune"

A Morning's Chat with Candida

(Interviews with Players No. 28)

A YOUNG woman, who looks Irish and Spanish, and speaks and walks American, who has earnest gray eyes, round almost to childishness, and with occasional, unexpected gleams of roguishness, curling, dark brown hair flecked with glints of bronze—that is Dorothy Donnelly, who played the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's successful comedy, "Candida," during the best part of last season.

The actress resides with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry V. Donnelly, in their comfortable home on Lexington avenue, where wide rooms and high ceilings suggest the liberal expanse of a country house rather than the cribbed confines of a New York apartment, and here the writer saw her the other day. A long, low bookcase took up one end of the room, and on a large table a copy of Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood" lay half cut. From an inviting divan in coolest green Miss Donnelly rose to welcome us. Attired in a cool kimona, over a dainty mass of white muslin and lace ruffles, she seemed the incarnate spirit of the place, gracious, thoughtful, sincere.

In her personal appearance, Dorothy Donnelly presents a startling variety. Instead of the cream and roses of the famed Irish complexion, which are hers by right of Hibernian descent, her olive skin is rather suggestive of lace mantillas, castanets and the sunny skies of Spain. Yet again, her swinging, self-reliant walk is entirely American and renders the contradictions only the more tantalizing.

She was born in New York and spent most of her life under the roof of her uncle, Fred Williams, the well-known stage manager. Fritz Williams, the well-known comedian, is her cousin. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on Seventeenth street, and later studied music with William Mason, intending then to be a pianist. But living in the atmosphere of the theatre, her thoughts turned to the stage.

"I told my brother," she said, "that that was my preference, and he answered rather dubiously, 'Well, if that is what you want—'

"'It is,' I said, and in a short time I was a member of the

Murray Hill Stock Company. I played servant parts the first year. My début was as a maid in 'Young Mrs. Winthrop.' I had a line about some one waiting outside.

"The second year I played juvenile parts, and the middle of that season the leading woman died, and I took up her work as best I could. For the remainder of my three years in the Murray Hill Stock I played leads. My fourth season I was with 'New England Folks' for a time, then with 'Soldiers of Fortune.' This season, as you know, I have been playing 'Candida' and the spy in 'A Man of Destiny.'"

Miss Donnelly has little sympathy with those players who decry the stock system and two performances a day because of the extra work it entails. She said:

"I remember my three years in a stock company happily, for I had reduced my work to a system. I ate a hearty, old-fashioned breakfast, then rehearsed from ten to twelve. After that I invariably took a brisk walk for a half hour. I drank a cup of cocoa and went to the theatre and played the matinee. We had a sitting room



MISS DONNELLY AS CANDIDA



Otto Sarony Co.

FANNY BROUGH

This accomplished English actress, who made the principal hit in "The Man from Blankley's," is to return to New York in September, and appear in "The Duke of Killiecrankie" at the Empire.

at the theatre, where I rested and dined between the afternoon and evening performances.

"After playing an evening performance," she added, "one is wide awake and has no inclination to go to bed. It is a time most players like to get together and talk. I chose that hour to study. In the early days of the week it was my part for the next week, but I was usually letter perfect by Thursday, and the remaining evenings I gave to any sort of study that I believed was helpful to me in my art."

The writer had often asked players what they thought were the best correlative studies for an actor. They had invariably answered: "Everything." Miss Donnelly also had a ready answer.

"Have you read Sir Henry Irving's 'Lectures on Acting?' It is the best epitome of the art of acting ever written. Mrs. Jamison's 'Characters of Women,' although every one who knows it calls it 'Shakespeare's Heroines,' is also indispensable. The best plays, old and new, should be part of an actress' library, and she can learn a great deal from novels in which the characters are well drawn. For instance, if one wants to do character work, what is better than Dickens?"

Miss Donnelly remarked that the study of music, and of painting were also helpful to the actor's art.

"Take pictures, for instance," she said. "I saw recently a collection of Spanish paintings. That of a dancing girl I have stored away in my sub-conscious memory for possible future use. It is more than merely a painting of a Spanish girl. It is a picture of youthful poise, of insouciance. Should I ever be cast for a part even remotely resembling that one, the study of the picture would be immensely helpful to me.

"Now, as to music, I think it stirs and keeps alive temperament and the understanding of temperament. But, to be more specific, incidental music properly subservient to a situation is sometimes of great assistance. For instance, in the scene of testing the thumb-marks in 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' the effect is much heightened by the introduction of an air called 'Do You Remember?' Perhaps only a few in the audience knew the music, but to those who did the song was illuminative. Before the last act of 'Candida' we had a love song of Tchaikowsky's, the most beautiful story of spiritual love ever written in music. I suggested this to Mr. Daly, and we thought it was excellent preparation for the last act, in which Candida's love for her husband and Eugene Marchbank's love for her are the theme."

The conversation thus drifted to Arnold Daly, the young actor-manager, who made "Candida" a brilliant success in New York after two dismal failures in London.

"There never was another such stage director as Mr. Daly," said his Candida with reverence. This actress' spirit is ever in reverential attitude toward the theatre and its high priests. "He does not say," she went on, 'Play the part like this,' and

show you how he would play it, and inject his personality into the interpretation instead of your own. On the contrary, he will say, 'Subdue this or that feature of your personality that is not attractive, and make prominent this other which is.' The interpretation is your own, and your own is best when he has finished. He is a great analyst, not in the academic way—he never talks about the 'inherence of the coherence,' or any twaddle of that sort—but he will take a little passing mood of the characters of small account or none to a less gifted mind—and tell you to make the best and the most of it. He is unique in such analyses."

Referring to her own performance, she said:

"I am happy that people like my Candida, but I owe very much, most of my success in the part, to Mr. Daly. Candida was a noble woman, of too high and fine a nature to be other than ideal. I understand her, or perhaps it would be less egotistic to say I have tried to understand her. It hurts me to hear any one say that there is even a suggestion of materialism in her nature, for I feel then that I haven't shown her character aright, that I haven't done her justice.

"I hear a little gasp from a woman in the audience now and then when I speak the lines: 'How can you talk to me of goodness and purity? I would give them both to Eugene as willingly as I would throw a shawl to a beggar who was dying of cold if there were not other things to restrain me.' People seem to miss the last saving clause in their astonishment at the rest of the sentence, but it is a mightily saving clause. For she does love her husband. She will always love him. No other love is possible for her. She is merely theorizing when she talks about the boy poet and the effect of the love of good or bad women upon his future.

"'Put your trust in my love for you, James,' she says, and that is the keynote of the play and of her character. Her love is all compassing in her affection for her husband. It deals tenderly with his small shams and exalts his manliness. It has the protective, maternal instinct that is part of every good woman's love. It would not be possible for Candida to sin in the way of material love, and I am chagrined when I hear it hinted by those who see the play. I fear then, as I said, that I have wronged her by giving a misinterpretation of an ideal character."

Then she discussed authoritatively personality and metier.

"It is something within and independent of that without," she said. "Ada Rehan is too tall and large for a girl, and she is no longer young, yet she is the best player of girl parts in America. It is only those who have the youthful metier, which has nothing at all to do with age or years, who can play girl parts well."

ADA PATTERSON.



Gabriel Pares, leader of the band of the Republican Guard of Paris, the most famous brass band in the world. The band is going to St. Louis and will be heard once in New York. M. Pares was born in 1860 and won first prize at the Conservatoire. He has held his present position since 1893. He is also a composer of considerable merit.



Mrs. Leslie Carter, contrary to her usual custom, will spend the summer performing "Du Barry" in the West, instead of going to her country place at Shelter Island. The above is the actress' most recent photograph as the famous French courtesan.

How Buffalo Bill First Gained Celebrity

WILLIAM F. CODY (Buffalo Bill) owes his world-wide fame to Ned Buntline, the inventor of the dime novel. Buntline was a student at Annapolis, and served several years in the Navy. After a number of duels with his brother officers, he left the service and set to writing Indian tales for the *New York Mercury*. Later he lectured on temperance in California, where I met him in 1870. In the West he met Bill Cody, of whose picturesque personality he wrote a description for the *Mercury*, an article which was copied by nearly all the papers in the country.

That was the beginning of Buffalo Bill's fame. Up to this time he was known very little on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, where he had the reputation of killing more buffaloes than any one on the plains, and of being a daring Indian scout. When Buntline arrived in New York the publishers of the *Beadle Dime Library* engaged him to write more Buffalo Bill stories. He wrote tale after tale, in which Buffalo Bill was the hero, and they were eagerly devoured by the masses as fast as they flew from the presses.

A few years after this I was walking down Broadway with Jim Nixon, the old circus manager, and we met Ned Buntline. He said to Nixon: "I have a scheme; will you go in with me? I have been writing to Buffalo Bill to learn if I can get him to go on the stage and star in some Indian play that I want

to write for him." Nixon said: "Yes, I will go in; there are millions in it."

In a few weeks Buntline heard from Cody, stating that he would meet him in Chicago, and that he would bring along some real Indians, also Texas Jack and Wild Bill, two well-known Western scouts, who had already been well starred in dime novels. I was engaged to go along. We reached Chicago before Buffalo Bill. We secured a few idle actors, a stage manager and advertised the opening night.

Buffalo Bill was late, and arrived with his Indians only the day before the opening. That morning the stage manager asked Buntline for the manuscript. "Why," said Buntline, "I haven't written the play yet." So he sat right down and in a few hours had the great realistic border play, "The Scouts of the Plains," all ready. "Now," he said, "get plenty of blank ammunition and rope to tie the hero to the burning stake." While the stage manager was rehearsing the Indians, Buffalo Bill was committing to memory his few lines. They opened to a packed house, and it went with a hurrah. The audience did not see very good acting, but enough bloodshed to give them a good nightmare every night for a week. We played in a few Western towns and then worked our way East.

Afterwards Buffalo Bill starred on his own account and became one of the celebrities of the day. DR. JUDD.

Where the Player Seeks Recreation and

Copyright Byron, N. Y.



1. Julia Marlowe in the Catskills. 2. Kyrle Bellew bicycling in Berkshre, England. 3. John Drew and his daughter, Louise, at Easthampton, L. I. 4. Blanche Ring enjoys a surf bath. 5. Dorothy Donnelly and her nephew at Far Rockaway. 6. William Gillette's own room on his house-boat the "Aunt Polly". (Warner Photograph Co.). 7. Annie Russell at The Ledge, Pemaquid, Me. (courtesy of Gustave Kobbé). 8. Frank Daniels drives an auto. 9. Joseph Jefferson at Buzzards Bay

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Rest after the Storm and Stress of Stageland



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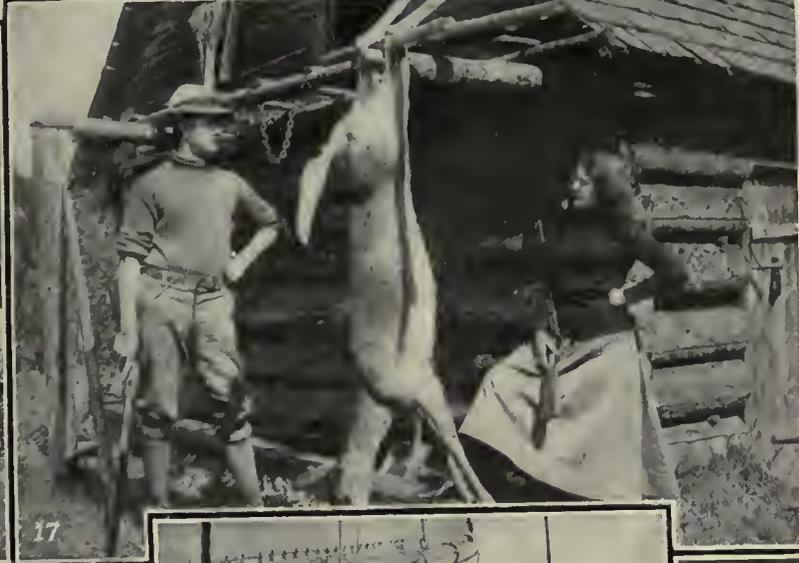
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10. Maclyn Arhackle in the Thousand Islands. 11. William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp, on their farm in Surrey, England. 12. Marie Dressler selling peanuts at Coney Island. 13. W. H. Crane's summer residence at Cohasset, Mass. 14. Richard Mansfield and his wife, Beatrice Cameron, at New London. 15. Viola Allen's summer home at Great Neck, L. I. 16. Mary Shaw at Siasconset (photo McIntosh). 17. James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering shooting in the Adirondacks. 18. May Robson shelling peas at Siasconset (photo McIntosh). 19. Louis James at Monmouth Beach. 20. Fritz Williams, Katherine Florence and Dorothy Donnelly on a summer cruise. 21. Henrietta Crosman at Sunapee Lake, N. H.



FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 2 - THE JEFFERSONS

JOSEPH JEFFERSON
From a photograph taken by
B. J. Falk in 1889

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Contemporary with Garrick and the founder
of the Jefferson family of actors

A CLATTER of hoofs along the country road, and a young horseman rode wildly through London to spread the news of the defeat of the Pretender. George II. was king, and the year was 1745—during the Jacobite rebellion. In an inn nearby, David Garrick and his fellow-actors were carousing, and the landlord told them of a comely youth without, who could sing and dance and tell a story well. The company would see the stranger, so the rider was summoned, and there entered—the first of the Jefferson family of actors.

Details in the life of Thomas Jefferson (1728-1807) are obscure; even his first meeting with Garrick is somewhat legendary; yet we are safe in conjecturing that Garrick took a fancy to the country bumpkin and used his influence to help him in Drury Lane. Here he tried Horatio Hamlet. Later Jefferson's attention was turned to theatrical management, and he left Garrick, carrying with him the actor's wig as a parting gift. The Plymouth Theatre was taken by him in 1760, and he had an experience of twelve years as an itinerant actor. His first wife, Miss May, died in 1776 of excessive laughter, and it is recorded that Jefferson once interrupted an audience to have a hearty laugh over some humorous situation. We know that this actor was married twice; that in his profession, his comedy was considered good, and his tragedy was held beside that of Macklin, the great Shylock of the past. His repertoire was extensive; Leonato in "Much

Ado," Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," Jacques in "As You Like It," Orsino in "Twelfth Night." These alone point to the fact that the progenitor of the Jefferson family was to transmit a comedy vein to the future generations. He died at Ripon, Yorkshire, January 24, 1807.

The second Jefferson of note, the first of those Josephs to go down in theatrical history, was born at Plymouth in 1774.

He received a good education and in early youth was seen on the stage in small parts. He must have been independent, both in thought and action, for he showed republican sympathies, and vigorously opposed his father's second marriage. These two facts were the cause of his going to America in 1795, and thereafter he never returned to England.

Now an American actor, Jefferson spent most of his time between Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. He began in Boston as scene-painter, trying occasional small parts, such as one of the witches in "Macbeth." Next he went to the John Street Theatre, New York, where he remained until 1803, his low comedy and old men's rôles attracting much attention.

An amusing story is told that reveals the vividness of the actor's old men. A sympathetic lady had seen him, bent over and tottering on the stage, and she became fired with determination to remove such an old person from the boards by giving him money so that his last days might be spent in comfort. She went to the theatre to consult the management, carrying with her a list of



Joseph Jefferson I

Joseph Jefferson II

Joseph Jefferson III

THE THREE JOSEPH JEFFERSONS

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1728-1807)							
m. (1) Miss May* (d. 1776)				m. (2) Miss Wood			
John Joseph* (1774-1832)		Frank George*		Frances*		Elizabeth	
m. Euphemia Fortune *				m. Sam'l Butler*			
S. S. W. Butler* (d. 1845)							
Thomas 4* (d. 1824)	John* (d. 1831)	Hester* (d. 1845)	Joseph* (1804-42)	Euphemia* (d. 1831)	Elizabeth* (1810-1890)	Mary Anne* (d. 1831)	Jane (d. 1831)
m. (1826) Mrs. Thomas Burke *							
Joseph*				Cornelia*			
m. (1) (1850) Margaret Clements Lockyer* (d. 1861)				m. (2) (1867) Sarah Isabel Warreu			
Charles Burke* (b. 1851)		Frances Florence (b.-d. 1855)		Thomas* (1857)		Frank (1885)	
Margaret Jane (1853)		Joseph, Jr. (1856-7)		Josephine Duff (1859)		Henry (d. 1875)	
						William Winter* (1876)	
						Joseph Warren (1869)	

*Some members of the family who became actors.



As Asa Trenchard

As Bob Acres

As Dr. Pangloss

As Rip Van Winkle

JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN FOUR OF HIS MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERIZATIONS

names, headed by her own. Jefferson, lively and young, passed by at the critical moment, and was introduced to his would-be benefactress, who, somewhat confused, beat a hasty retreat. Long before it was justifiable to do so, the actor was dubbed "old Jefferson" by those who had seen him.

Jefferson is said to have resembled the President of the United States, with whom he was indirectly connected. Thomas Jefferson had once given him a court suit as a token of friendship. One source describes the actor as "scarcely of medium height, not corpulent, elderly, with clear and searching eyes, a rather large and pointed nose, and an agreeable general expression."

Those eyes of Joseph Jefferson carried humor wherever they roved. It was said of him: "He played everything that was comic, and always made people laugh until the tears came into their eyes. . . . He had a patent right to shake the world's diaphragm, which seemed to be infallible." We can imagine the pungency of his Dogberry and Verges, the free wit of his Lancelot Gobbo, the foretaste in his Bob Acres of his grandson's great rôle.

In 1806, Joseph returned to the Park Theatre, appearing with success as Sir Oliver Surface, Charles and Crabtree, likewise stamping himself as a capital Sir Peter Teazle. An interesting cast of a performance of "The School for Scandal," given in 1831, is here reproduced in part, showing the Jefferson family of actors:

Sir Peter Teazle, Joseph Jefferson, Sr.; Sir Oliver Surface, John Jefferson; Rowley, Joseph Jefferson, Jr. (father of the present Joseph Jefferson); Lady Teazle, Mrs. S. Chapman (Elizabeth); Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, Jr.; Lady Sneerwell, Miss Anderson (daughter of

Euphemia Jefferson); Maria, Miss Jefferson (Mary Ann).

On the evening of this performance, John fractured his skull by slipping on orange peel, and he never recovered. Another son of Jefferson's, Thomas, was accidentally killed in 1824, while substituting for a fellow-actor. Calamities seemed to besiege Jefferson from April, 1820, when the Chestnut Street Theatre was destroyed by fire, until his death in 1832. Gout, his father's old trouble, attacked him, and he lived to see public favor slip from his hands, for his last testimonial proved a failure.

Joseph Jefferson the second was born in Philadelphia in 1804. He went on the stage early in years, and, like his father, won regard for his old men parts. In 1824 he was a member of the Chatham Garden Theatre, and he also played continually in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. On July 27, 1826, at the age of twenty-two, he married Mrs. Thomas Burke, who was eight years older than he. In 1829, he managed theatres for his father; in 1831-32, he was in Washington; in 1835-37, he was scene-painter at the Franklin Theatre, New York. In 1837, a benefit was given to him, at which the present Joseph Jefferson was present. In the fall of that year he left for Chicago, and thereafter his life was spent in travel through the West and South.

His sister, Elizabeth Jefferson, herself an actress of no small importance, wrote: "My brother Joe was a gentle, good man, true and kind in every relation of life. He was very like his father,—so much so that in the play of 'The Exile,' where the latter had to dance in domino, Joe would often, to save his father the trouble, put on the dress and dance the quadrille, and no spectator could tell the difference, or was aware of the change of persons." The same is also



CORNELIA JEFFERSON

Mother of the present Joseph Jefferson

true of the present Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson, son of "Rip," often goes on to play his father's part when the latter is indisposed, or unable to appear, and the audience rarely knows the difference.

The word genial typifies the Jefferson family. The philosophy of Joseph II., while sitting and fishing, often took this form: "I have lost everything, and I am so poor now that I really cannot afford to let anything worry me." He died in Mobile, Alabama, on November 24, 1842, of yellow fever.

In the direct descent, each Jefferson seems to have belonged to his distinct period. Thomas Jefferson was within the glow of Woffington, Macklin, Cibber, Quinn—the contemporary of Johnson and Garrick. "He lived," records Winter, "till close on the regency of George IV., and passed away just as the new forces of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley were making a new era in human thought. Joseph Jefferson I. came to America during Washington's second term, and died in the first term of Jackson. Joseph Jefferson II. buffeted the days when civilization was moving to the Middle West, and when the comforts of travel were unknown. Joseph Jefferson III. has carried the family to the present rush of modern conditions, through the vital moments of a nation's growth."

The present Joseph Jefferson was born on February 20, 1829, and made his first appearance at the age of four, as Jim Crow, in perfect imitation of Rice, the delineator of negro characters. At eight, he, as a pirate, fought on the stage, and toward the end of 1837, he went with his father on his

roving West and South. Pecuniarily, the Jeffersons were not overweighted, and hither and thither they traveled, singing and playing for their expenses; passing Indians, and small villages destined some day to become cities. Now the company's scenery dropped into the Mississippi, and Joseph Jefferson II. went courageously to work, re-painting the smeared landscapes; again, a young lawyer, none other than Abraham Lincoln, gaunt and awkward, aided them out of difficulties. Now we find the father of "Rip" a sign painter; again, the Jefferson family go down stream on a raft, with scenery as sails, whole fields and balustrades flung to the breeze. Barns were fitted up as theatres, candles

spilled wax around, and shed a sputtering light. Not frills, but rough, healthy democracy greeted them everywhere.

After his father's death, Joseph's career took him within the path of the Mexican war. He heard the guns of Palo Alto; and, at the tail end of the victorious American army, entered *Metamoras* with his mother and sister. Here followed experiences both in acting and in keeping a kind of restaurant, where gathered any but a select crowd to drink and curse and flourish

knives. In 1849 he returned to the United States.

"Our American Cousin" was presented for the first time on October 18, 1858, with Jefferson as Asa Trenchard. The next few years witnessed Jefferson as Newman Noggs, Caleb Plummer, and Rip; besides bringing him into relations with Dion Boucicault. Early the next year his wife died, and his health giving way, Jefferson went to California and Australia, and finally sailed for England. When he arrived, Boucicault began on that version of the story of Rip Van Winkle to become so world-renowned.

Jefferson returned to America in 1866, and his time was now spent largely in touring. He married again in 1867, and in 1869 he bought two estates—one in Hohokus, N. J., the other in New Iberia, Louisiana.

The life of Joseph Jefferson has not been devoid of its shadows; but the entire family were given the special favor of a sunny philosophy. His domestic sorrows, his managerial trials, his ill-health in 1872, when threatened with blindness, death, all brought their dark days—but the hereditary strain was a smile.

As a painter, Jefferson's skill with the brush is an inheritance; as an angler, his skill with the rod comes from father to son. There have been many players in the Jefferson family, yet in each generation one alone has carried the art to a commanding height. The women have proven themselves worthy as stock actresses; none, however, have created styles that emphasize them as original. Mr. Jefferson has been criticised for contenting himself with his old repertoire instead of making new productions, and thus contributing to the artistic development of the American drama. The veteran actor replied to this: "I have been blamed for not doing something new. My critics do not realize that it would be a physical impossibility. Yet that is the truth. I simply could not learn a new rôle."

But, notwithstanding that Mr. Jefferson has not attempted any new parts within recent years, what he has done stamps him as one of the greatest comedians this country has produced, and has firmly established him in the affections of the American people.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



HOWARD KYRLE

This well-known romantic actor will be seen in an important Broadway production next season



Copyright Schloss, N. Y.

MISS JESSIE JORDAN

Graceful dancer who will be seen in New York shortly



Byron

Edith Wynne Matthison and the Ben Greet players performing "The Merchant of Venice" to 1,300 persons in Cooper Union

Twenty-five Cent Shakespeare for the People



Charles Sprague Smith

"SHAKESPEARE spells ruin," is a well-known platitude, and, unfortunately, one of those platitudes having a strong foundation in fact. It is, therefore, all the more agreeable to record a recent instance to the contrary, when three performances devoted to the Bard of Avon were given at the Cooper Union, in this city, under the aegis of the People's Institute. "The Merchant of Venice" was played one evening and afternoon, and "Twelfth Night" was presented on one evening.

The large hall at the Cooper Union will hold about 1,600 people. At the matinée—which was given for school children—the place was full to the doors, with hundreds of would-be spectators turned away. From one school alone had come 700 advance applications for tickets. On the opening night of this experimental series the audience numbered 1,300, while 1,100 persons attended the third and last performance. The seats were of three grades, namely, 15, 25 and 50 cents.

The first performance of "The Merchant of Venice" was given with every 25 and 50-cent seat occupied. So there seems to be a taste for real art lurking about somewhere, after all—somewhere in the benighted regions of the East Side, among the Russian old clothesmen, the Hungarian grocers and the Italian barbers. How sorry we are for those ignorant foreigners who come to

these shores! How they need uplifting, from their vilely degraded habits to the higher realms of Broadway musical comedy and the joys of Coney Island!

And nobody was ruined, not even the humble fifteen-centers. For the total of the money taken in exactly sufficed to pay Ben Greet and his company of English players. License fee, rental, printing, and a few small subsidiary items were defrayed from the treasury of the People's Institute. With the 15-cent seats abolished, and a more perfect system of organization, arising from experience—since this was only a beginning—one may reasonably conclude that Shakespeare can be given to the people without financial loss to any one, at the same time ensuring fair remuneration to the actors. It is certain, too, that some of the people, young and old, want to see Shakespeare acted upon a stage. The audiences manifested

an intelligent interest in what they saw and heard, though so many of them were none too well versed in the English language.

As a theatrical, nay, as a sociological event, this was one of very great importance. Here was the finest of dramatic literature put before the common people at prices which they could afford to pay. They were being worthily entertained and instructed in so far as it is possible for the drama to fulfill those functions. This is not the proper occasion to discuss whether play-going is elevating or not. But every one will agree that Shakespeare, Sophocles, and Schiller are, upon the whole, less debasing company than contortionists, coon cake-walkers, and cackling conundrum-crackers.



Byron

Types among the spectators

Here were a number of the common people and their children being improved. In many of them latent tendencies towards good thinking were awakened, others were directly stimulated to the study of the best that is to be found in books, others yet felt encouraged to continue and enlarge an already existing habit of communing with the choice spirits of the past. Statistical figures are not obtainable, but the truth is that a large proportion of those spectators had never before seen a play by Shakespeare, or any play whatever, acted upon a public stage. In two days 4,000 of New York's proletariat received the most positive mental improvement that the drama is capable of affording.

They went to the Cooper Union, these men, women, and children, unblest with wealth and station, to hear the lines of Shakespeare recited. They knew nothing of the actors, nothing of costly scenery (of which there was none to see), nothing of brilliant costumes (which were not splendid). Having come to hear Shakespeare, they left the place with the impression of just so much good poetry on their minds. Their "betters" who sit in velvet chairs in the Broadway theatres—what is *their* motive in visiting a performance of "The Merchant of Venice?" Why, to "see Irving," or to "see Mansfield," or to "see Ada Rehan," and to gabble nonsensically about the "magnificent production" afterwards, while flaunting their fat leather pocket-books and their vulgar demi-mondaine confections at noisy supper resorts.

These performances, evolved from simple recitals (in a smaller room at the Cooper Union) of Shakespeare, by a man standing alone on a platform in plain clothes, will be continued. The experiment having apparently justified itself, next season the People's Institute—which is supported by voluntary philanthropical funds amounting to ten or eleven thousand dollars a year—proposes to extend its dramatic activities. Not only Shakespeare, but other classic playwrights, including, possibly, Sophocles and Euripides, are to be represented, at low prices, of course. If the consent of the Cooper Union trustees can be obtained, the plays will be given at the same place. And at present, Ben Greet's company seems the most likely to serve the purpose again, especially as the employment of scenery is prohibited at the Cooper Union.

There were many unforeseen obstacles to overcome before the May series was safely launched, and no doubt the path of the People's Institute's directing board will be far from flowery next season. But Charles Sprague Smith, the managing secretary of that enthusiastic as-



MISS MARY MAINWARING
Young English actress who will be seen on the American stage next season

sociation, is a man with an iron chin, whom it is difficult to discourage. He thinks that the beginning of the new year will see the beginning of the second dramatic series.

The society in question aims at the erection of a great People's Hall, covering an area equal to a city block, the central feature to be an immense auditorium with a stage suitable for dramatic performances. In this Hall the work that the society has been doing for the last six years will be continued on an ampler scale. The People's Institute, founded in 1897, has provided free lectures on science, history, art, civics, economics, ethics, and has served as a forum for the discussion of momentous problems of our time. These last two winters, symphony concerts, with merely nominal rates of admission, have been added to the programme. Nor must the religious services held in the Cooper Union be forgotten. In

the new People's Hall, these things will all be offered, and there will be a gymnasium and swimming pool besides, for popular use, under the auditorium. The idea is to create a People's Palace à la Besant. "Built by all," so runs the society's creed, "the People's Hall will be used by all, and in that common, fraternal gathering place, false distinctions of class, foreign to our democratic spirit, will cease and be forgotten, and true patriotism, first civic, then national, then universal, be fostered."

Like other Utopian fancies, the proposition to establish genuine democracy is amusing, and not much will come of it. But it is better to be Utopian and attempt the impossible than to do nothing at all, and the People's Institute has evidently done a great deal more than nothing at all in the past. Its

future stands assured, not, indeed, as that of an earthly paradise, but as a place for dignified instruction and recreation. Some day, let us hope, the energetic board of directors of the People's Institute will find enough Utopianism in them to organize an institution for the salvation of the "upper" classes from musical comedies, afternoon teas, bridge, the best-selling novel of the day, pet pomeranians, and fashionable rectors.

L. S.

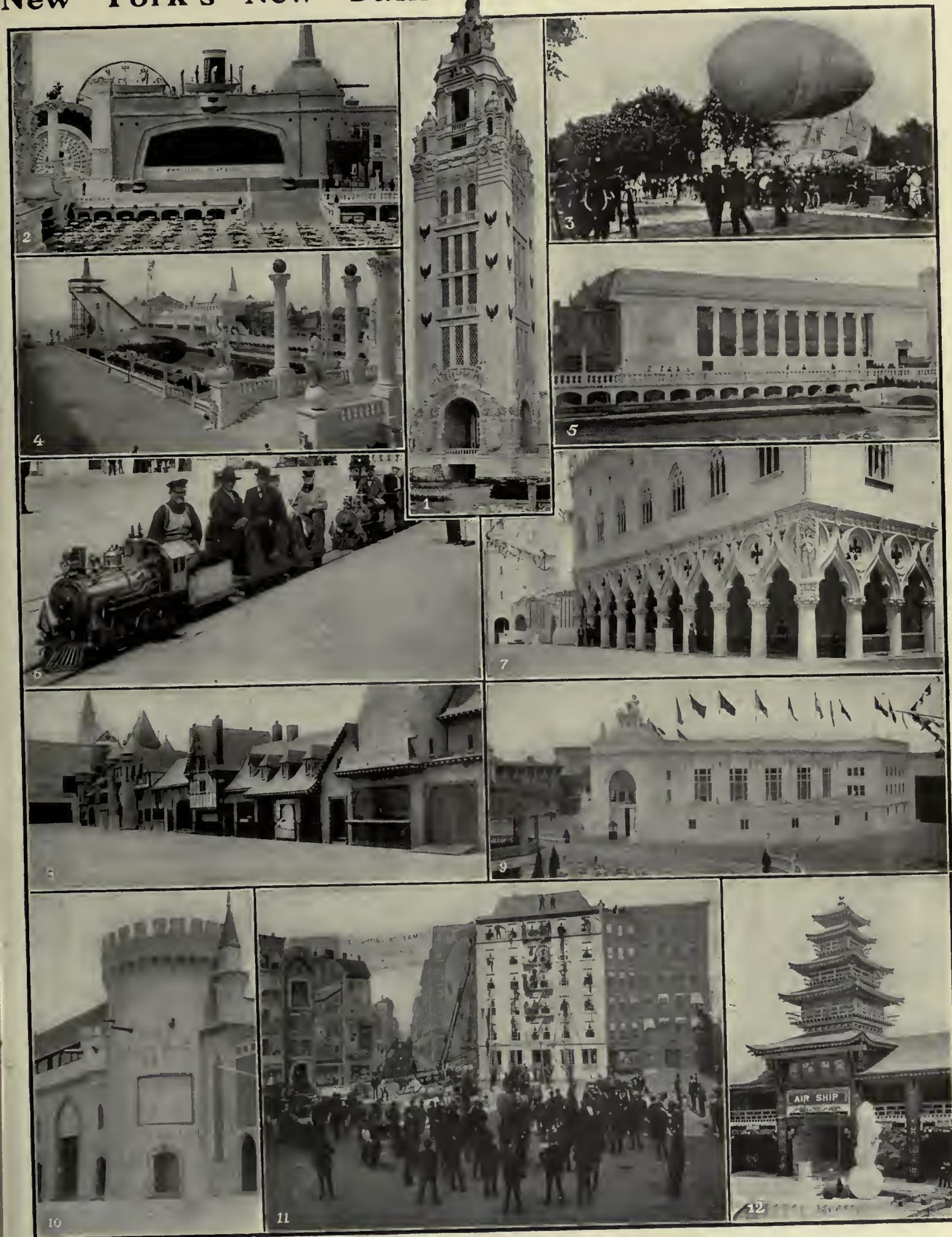


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Franz von Vecsey, the young Hungarian violinist whose phenomenal playing has astounded all Europe. He is only 11 years old, and after playing the most difficult pieces with superhuman ease and skill, he goes off to amuse himself like any normal child. He will probably be the next musical prodigy to visit America.

George Ade is so pleased with the reception his new piece, "The Sho Gun," has met with in Chicago that he writes: "If this piece does not please New York next season, I shall cheerfully forswear writing musical comedies forever." If only some of our other librettists would make a like vow! Mr. Ade will spend most of the summer on his 400-acre farm in Indiana, watching the potatoes ripen and shooting the rapids of the Iroquois River.

New York's New Summer Amusement Resort



SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF DREAMLAND, CONEY ISLAND, WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE COST OVER \$2,000,000

1. The Tower, 375 feet high and illuminated at night with 100,000 electric lights. 2. Submarine Boat Building. 3. Santos-Dumont Air Ship No. 9. 4. Promenade, Chutes and Lagoon. 5. Pompeian Building, where the spectacle "Last Days of Pompeii" is presented. 6. Lilliputian Railroad. 7. Doge's Palace, in which are seen the canals of Venice. 8. Exterior view of the Midget City. 9. Bostock's Wild Animals Building. 10. Military Spectacle Building. 11. Sensational spectacle, Fighting the Flames. 12. Air Ship Building.



Photo Byron

Among the exhibits at St. Louis of peculiar interest to musicians is an invention by Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark, wife of the well-known steel magnate, and whose medieval castle, "Grey Craig," is one of the sights of Newport. Mrs. Clark has invented a resounding curved piano lid which projects and amplifies the tone with marvellous results. Mrs. Clark, who is seen in the above picture sitting at her piano, is a great-granddaughter of Jethro Wood, inventor of the first iron plow, and who with Morse and Fulton is considered one of the world's three great inventors. Richard Strauss, during his recent visit to New York, declared that Mrs. Clark's invention would mark a new era in piano construction. Mrs. Clark is also a musical composer of no mean ability, and a new operetta by her will be seen on the stage some time next season.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Millicent Moone

MY DEAR JAMES K. HACKETT:

If I confess at the outset that I once thought there were better actors than you on the American stage, I hope you'll forgive me, and put it down to my ignorance. I simply did not know you. Of course, you understand that I've never seen any of you players, but formed my ideals entirely from photographs and hearsay. But it is your pictures more than anything else that have convinced me that you are the beau ideal!

What a splendid stage lover you must make!

A king in stature, erect as the pine, godlike features, the grace of an Apollo, and a profile like an old Roman coin, is it a wonder that the Matinee Girl gets woozy about you! But why in your photographs are you always looking over your left shoulder? I hope the new moon is not there, for that would mean bad luck. And in your pictures your hair is always so immaculately brushed, and yet I have heard there is in front a recalcitrant lock that occasionally comes unfurled. I am told that when it drops over your eyes in exciting scenes you toss your head like a stag at bay, and with such a dramatic swirl that it immediately is swept back into place. The whole proceeding must be very cute.

I would dearly love to see you act. I've heard that you hold your audiences spellbound, and that the applause at each curtain is simply deafening. You are without question a great favorite in Harlem. I read in the paper that the audiences at the West End Theatre simply went wild over you in "The Crown Prince." By the way, where did you get those funny lithographs for that play? The pictures covering the city walls made you look like a cross between an octopus and a starfish.

I hear you are a mighty hunter and a crack shot. When I

said that my brother again butted in, as he calls it, and said: "I wish he'd shoot that silk hat of his. It looks like a compromise between Henry Irving's antique headpiece and Oscar Hammerstein's flat-brimmed chapeau," I suppose he thought that was funny. I don't. It's irreverent. I once saw a picture of you in your hunting dress beside the carcass of a deer. It seemed as though it were a flash-light of a scene from "As You Like It," and that you were just about to burst into song with: "What shall he have that killed the deer?"

I am told that you take yourself and your art very seriously. That is right. If you don't who should? You have been so long associated with the nobility of the stage that it is quite excusable if you believe yourself of the blood royal. Looking back over your theatrical career since your association with the old Lyceum, I am fairly staggered by the list of royal personages you have personated with such glittering and bewildering success. There was George IV. when he was Prince Regent, the "King of Zenda," "Prince Rupert," another Prince in the "Pride of Jennico," and now "The Crown Prince" of Mr. Broadhurst's creation. I don't really see how, after shedding your regalia of royalty, you manage to behave afterwards like an every-day American citizen. It simply shows how versatile you are! I do not wonder that that hautcur and dignity of carriage which are so prominent in your work on the stage attach to you even in private life. I remember reading some time ago in the THEATRE MAGAZINE that you are as kingly at home as on the stage, that your private secretary and other retainers retreat backward from your august presence, and even your charming wife, Mary Mannering, calls you "My Lord!"

You deserve to be dubbed Hackett the Strenuous, quite as much as a certain other distinguished gentleman who occupies an even more exalted position. Certainly you are the busiest man in the entire profession. Your ambition not satisfied with mere acting, you compete with the commercial manager, beating him at his own game, going boldly into the foreign play market and snapping up European successes under his very nose. To be sure, "The Bishop's Move" venture did not turn out very happily, but that was the fault of the public, who had not the good sense to appreciate the merit of the piece rather than a reflection on your own judgment. It was certainly a most remarkable play, and a less strenuous actor-manager might well have been discouraged by the non-success of his virgin managerial effort. But you are made of sterner stuff, and "The Secret of Polichinelle" proved later that you do know a good thing when you see it, better even than a certain gentleman up the street who declared an old man play would never go in America.



J. K. Hackett

what has become of "Alexander the Great?"

Your sincere friend,

MILLICENT MOONE,

—Academy for Young Ladies,
—on the Hudson,



Photo Byron

SCENE IN FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS' ONE-ACT DRAMA, "A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF TIEN-TSIN"

A young Englishman, visiting the Chinese city, meets with an accident in front of a mandarin's house, and when cared for inside falls in love with the mandarin's wife. The jealous Chinaman, hidden behind a screen, overhears the avowal, and, later, while seeming to welcome his guest, gives him poisoned food, the Englishman falling dead. Not content with this vengeance the mandarin seizes his wife as she enters the room and chokes her to death. This little piece, which is well told, albeit somewhat gloomy, was performed recently at Keith's Theatre, this city. Robert Lorraine played the part of the mandarin and Clifford Constable was seen as the English visitor.

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART IV*

THE fiancés escorted me from the station to Mrs. Siegrist's house. They each pressed my hand at parting, each being sure in his own mind that I was in Rachel's confidence and knew of the engagement, and that I sympathized with his grief at parting from her, but delicacy forbidding any mention of it before the other two.

It was a great comfort to be in a well-ordered house after our erratic ménage. Mrs. Siegrist was as determined that I should not fail as I was, and she said I should remain with her until I did get something.

I continued my search for an engagement. I wrote to every manager whom I heard was forming a company, asking for an interview, and received nice little type-written refusals. Sometimes

only struck me as pathetic. Yet all must go through it.

Mr. Sykes was most impartial. He would hustle one lady out of his inner office and beckon another one in. If any one ventured to ask a question he was very angry, and replied, "Now, my dear, you know as much about it as I do; you'll be notified to-morrow."

Often I never knew who the manager was who inspected me, nor for what play he was engaging people. Frequently, after seeing a number of people, the man would depart, Mr. Sykes would appear and dismiss the rest, and this, perhaps, after hours of waiting.

Mr. Sykes would give me a note now and then to take to some manager's office. The manager always read it and took my name and address. I think every manager in New York has my name and address.

Another month slipped by in this way. I had been in New York four months, and nothing yet in sight!

The fiancés called on me in detachments of one and talked to me of Rachel and read me scraps of her letters.

One day I received her wedding cards and a letter; she was marrying a well-to-do young man whom she had known before she went on the stage. The fiancés dropped off after that, all except Tim; he came several times and finally suggested that as I was the nicest girl he knew except Rachel, and as we were both so fond of her, we might as well be married.

I could not see it that way. I did not want to be married, I only wanted to be engaged—by some good manager. So Tim disappeared, too.

All the theatres were now beginning to open, and companies were rehearsing everywhere. I was in despair. I felt ashamed to go on living with Mrs. Siegrist. I proposed giving up and going home, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"The only advantage in having money," she said, "was to be able to help others."

Both she and Mr. Siegrist did everything in their power to cheer me up. They took me to all the first nights and treated me exactly as if



JULIA WEMPLE

I boldly went to their offices and generally succeeded in having an interview with a haughty office boy. The manager was either out or did not see people except by appointment. Occasionally I was received, but their companies were always full.

Every now and again Mr. Sykes, the first agent to whom Rachel had taken me, sent me a postal to call at his office at eleven the next day. I would go, only to find the office crowded with women of every size and description. Their respective costumes were of all hues and styles. Miss S. affected a garden party costume, and little Miss B. wore a yachting dress. Every description of gown was represented, save, possibly, ball dresses and bathing suits.

Some of the women knew each other, and they related their season's experiences. They said what they wanted this year, and the things they would not do under any circumstances, and they all had some good and sufficient reason why they were so late signing.

If I had had a sense of humor, I suppose I should have been amused, but I was so hopeless and weary myself, that all those waiting women

* This serial began in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for April



MISS NELLIE BEAUMONT
Seen recently in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp"

I was their own.

I met Mr. Darcy one day on Broadway. He told me that Turner was ill and had to give up the business, so poor Mr. Darcy was out again. He did not know what he was going to do any more than I did. He told me Herbert Heartwell had been engaged by a big star as leading man. It seemed good to hear of some one having luck. The very next day I met Mr. Heartwell and his bride. He introduced me as his mother, as usual.

I congratulated him on his marriage and his engagement.

"Have you anything yet?" he asked.

I shook my head. He looked

at his bride. "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll take you around and introduce you to Norman. He's a friend of ours and business manager for Henry Canfeld, who is to manage Stephanie Debramway this season. They are engaging people for her new play."

"Stephanie Debramway—I never heard of her. Who is she?"

"She is stage-struck and has barrels of money. She's her own angel. Both Canfeld and Norman work on salaries. It's a snap!"

So we walked uptown a few blocks to one of the big theatre buildings, where Mr. Canfeld had a suite of offices. We jostled our way through the crowd of thespians who are always loitering about that particular part of the Rialto.

Mr. Norman was a tall, nice-looking man, a fine type of the business-like American. Heartwell explained the situation and made his regulation joke about my being his mother.

I had on my ingenue costume, so Mr. Norman was moved to much mirth. Presently he called a Mr. Peabody, who was to stage the play. This person looked me over reflectively.

"There is a small part still open," he murmured; "you might do for that. You are just the type of girl I want for the part. But," he added, "the salary is very small."

"I don't care how small it is, as long as it is something," I gasped.

"Well, come in to-morrow," he said. "Mr. Canfeld will be here then and we'll talk it over."

He retreated just as calmly as if he had not made me the happiest girl in New York. I stood gazing after him until they all laughed at me.

"I'm very glad for you, dear," smiled Mrs. Heartwell. "Wasn't it lucky Herbert thought of it? But, child, you mustn't show your feelings so plainly. You won't let her be disappointed, will you, David?"

"I'll do my best. There's only one thing Miss Debramway is very particular about, and I'm sure Miss Wemple is all right on that score. Come in to-morrow at twelve."

When we were on the street again, I asked Mr. Heartwell what it was Miss Debramway was so strict about.

"Morals!" he answered, solemnly.

"Oh, dear!" I gasped. "Suppose she should hear of my walking about with that dreadful Mr. Grouse!"

Mr. Heartwell laughed. "If she does," he said, "I'll square it with Norman."

They left me, and I simply danced up home to tell Mrs. Siegrist. She wanted to go right downtown and buy a new dress for me, so I'd be sure to impress Mr. Canfeld favorably, but I would not permit any such thing.

I was at the office next day fully fifteen minutes too early. Mr. Norman came out of the inner-office and brought me a chair. I had never had a chair offered me in a manager's office before, and it so surprised me that I forgot to sit down. We were soon summoned into an inner office, where Mr. Norman introduced me to Mr. Canfeld. Mr. Peabody was there also. Both he and Mr. Canfeld had their coats on and their hats off, and neither of them was smoking, all of which was a surprising and agreeable novelty.

"Mr. Heartwell recommends Miss Wemple," began Mr. Norman. "She hasn't had much experience, but Heartwell says she has talent."

"That's what we're looking for, eh, Peabody? new faces and talent!" said Mr. Canfeld.

"As far as looks go," replied Mr. Peabody, "she is exactly what we want for the little Quakeress."

The three men looked at each other significantly, then Mr. Canfeld asked me quite as if I were a little girl:

"Would you like to play a Quakeress—eh, child?"

"I'd like to play anything," I answered promptly.

"Well, if Mr. Peabody says so—" he began.

"Please, Mr. Peabody—" I begged.

"The salary," explained Mr. Peabody, "is only twenty dollars a week. You are only in one act, but as it is a costume play, we furnish the dress, so you'll be under no expense for clothes. We are only engaging the people for four weeks, in case the play should be a failure. But if it is the success we hope, we shall, of course, play all season."

Mr. Norman nodded reassuringly.

"That is quite satisfactory," I said, in the most business-like tone I could muster.

"We begin rehearsals in three weeks. You will be notified in time. Come in in a few days and we'll have your contract ready."

I don't know how I got out of the office. I remember hearing Mr. Canfeld say in an amused tone, "She's a genuine ingenue!"

Our rehearsals began in two weeks. We rehearsed at first in a lodge room, over a saloon on Thirty-second street. Later, we had a theatre. Mr. Peabody introduced me to every one; all the other people seemed acquainted. Every one was very gracious. We were given chairs, then Mr. Peabody read the play. That took nearly the whole afternoon. The next day work began in earnest. I did not go on until the second act, but I was always there at the hour called.

Miss Debramway did not come to rehearsals until we had been at work nearly a week.

She came in quietly one day when we were in the middle of an act. She was a tall, dark woman, very French-looking, and beautifully dressed. She nodded silently to those whom she knew, and when her cue came went right on and began rehearsing without her book. After the act she was introduced to every one whom she did not already know. She said something tactful and agreeable to each.

She had an interesting personality, and during rehearsals I heard a lot about her. She was of French descent, wealthy, with good social position and every possible accomplishment. She might have made a name for herself either in music, literature or painting, but she gave up everything to act. Her father was willing she should lose money up to a certain amount, but no more, hence the four-weeks' clause in our contracts. She had starred through New England last season and "quit even," so Mr.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS MAUD WHITE

Appeared in "There and Back" at the Princess Theatre and seen more recently in Vaudeville. She was formerly with Richard Mansfield

(Continued on page v.)

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"Do you need any money?" he asked.

I was awfully embarrassed.

"Oh, you needn't feel bashful!" he said. "It is quite usual for a manager to advance his people money. Mr. Norman thought you might require some, and would be too inexperienced to ask for it."

"It's—it's—very good of you," I stammered, "but I think I'll have enough."

"Well, if you need anything, just speak to Norman."

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(Continued on page vi.)

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St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from page v.)

So Mr. Norman, Bobby and I went, and when we got there we found it was the wrong season. The falls were all dried up. They only have them in the spring-time. Bobby made more fun of me, and every chance he had begged me to take him to see some more falls. I collected souvenirs from each place, and Bobby said:

"If you don't stop loading your trunk with junk they'll charge you excess baggage."

I believed it at first and stopped collecting, until Mr. Norman asked why I had not shown him any of my treasures for some time. He told me never to pay any attention to anything Bobby said. Bobby and Mr. Norman usually just happened to be starting out when I was, so we got in the habit of taking walks together. One day, just before the close of the season, Mr. Norman had to make up his statement for the week, and could not go for a walk, so Bobby and I started off alone. The conversation turned upon Mr. Heartwell, whom Bobby knew.

"Judy, were you in love with Herbert?"

"Goodness! What ever made you think of such a thing?"

"Well, Herbert's a heart-breaker, and most girls fall in love with somebody their first season."

"Well, I didn't," I answered.

"You're a callous girl, Judy. I suppose it hasn't dawned on you that I might have become a wreck on your account, if I hadn't thought it dishonorable."

"Why dishonorable?" I laughed.

"Because Norman did it first. Falling in love is a habit with me, but Norman isn't used to it, and it hurts."

"It isn't true," I said hotly. "You're only trying to string me, as you did about the excess baggage. You've no right to bring Mr. Norman's name into a joke about such a thing as that!" I was angry now.

"That just shows how heartless you are, not to know it! He has all symptoms."

"Be quiet!" I cried, bursting into tears.

My walk was spoiled and I hurried back to the hotel.

We all met at the supper table that night, and Bobby managed to make my life a burden by nodding his head and looking pityingly at Mr. Norman. Finally, with an awful calm, he said:

"Say, Norman, I've just been telling Judy that you think she's the only thing that ever happened, and she says it isn't true, but it is, isn't it?" and he grinned joyfully.

Poor Mr. Norman was livid, but he answered seriously:

"It's quite true, Julia, only—"

"Only—" gurgled Bobby, "this isn't the time when nor the place where."

I had always liked Bobby before, but I could joyfully have killed him then.

I left the table, and Mr. Norman followed me. He, too, was angry with Bobby, because he had not meant to tell me. He knew I did not think of him in that way.

I was glad we were to close. Bobby had just spoiled everything. I meant never to speak to him again, but I could not stay angry with him. He was so irresponsible and funny.

The prospect of another summer of agents and managers was anything but a pleasant outlook.

On Saturday night, when Mr. Norman paid salaries, he said:

"Mr. Canfeld wants to see you at his New York office on Wednesday, and you, Julia, don't worry any about next year."

We had had such a nice season, we hated to say "Good-bye." Miss Debramway gave us a farewell supper, and we all promised to be down at the steamer to say "Bon voyage!" On the trip back to New York she said if she ever took a theatre abroad she would send for me. I hoped she would, but in the meantime I was wild to know what Mr. Canfeld wanted. Mr. Norman would not tell, only smiled and said:

"Wait until Wednesday!"

(To be continued.)

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager; "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas has gone out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."

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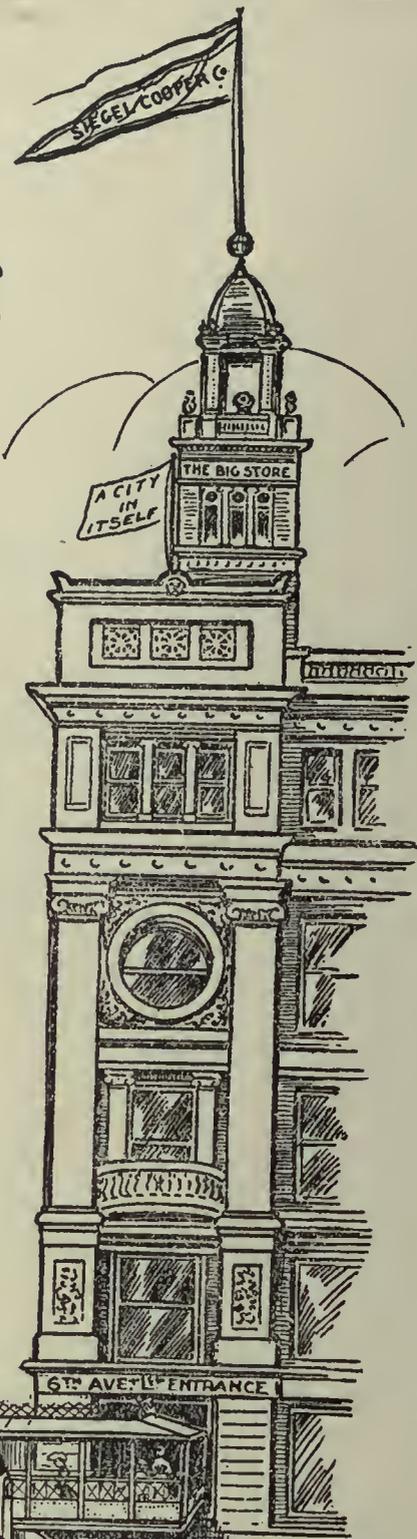


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THE THEATRE

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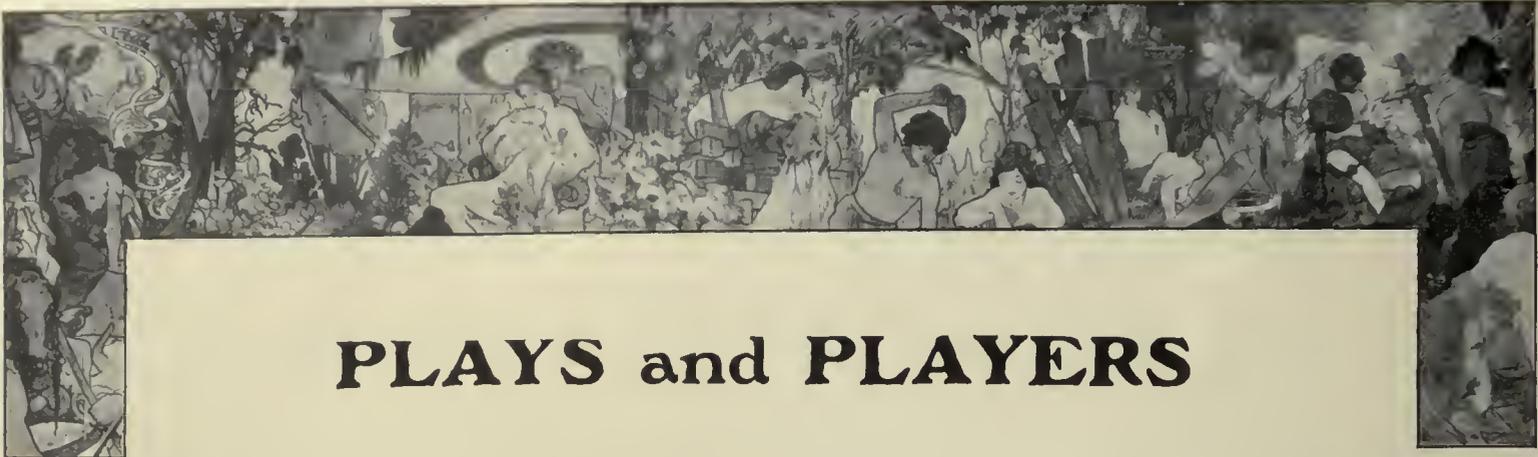
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Photo Burr McIntosh

MRS. GILBERT

This veteran actress, after a long and brilliant career on the American stage, is to become a star next year, heading her own company with a play called "Granny," which has been written especially for her by Clyde Fitch



PLAYS and PLAYERS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, best known in America by his "Quintessence of Ibsenism," and his plays "Arms and the Man" and "Candida," is much in the public eye at present. Next season Arnold Daly, encouraged by the success of "Candida," will produce Mr. Shaw's other comedy, "You Never Can Tell," and his latest published play, entitled "Man and Superman," has created something in the nature of a literary sensation. Everything this brilliant Irishman writes is widely read, even when it is not always understood, and if very few people take Mr. Shaw seriously, it is his own fault, for, with all his cleverness, he reaches no definite conclusion, he leaves everything in the air and gives the impression that he himself is enjoying a huge joke at the reader's expense. This is particularly true of "Man and Superman" and its appendices. In reading this extraordinary work one often applauds his sentences, and yet at the end lays the book aside completely mystified as to the author's meaning. Of course, to take issue with Mr. Shaw would be like attacking a windmill.

Has the play itself practical value for the stage? Perhaps not without the elimination of pages of words. A young woman is left to the guardianship of two men, one the type of Englishman who is conventional in conduct and views of life, the other a revolutionist who does not believe in the existing order of things and is particularly averse to the institution of marriage. This Tanner, the revolutionist, agrees that the girl, Ann, should marry her sentimental suitor, Ricky Ticky Tavy, but when he discovers that she is setting a trap for him, he takes to flight in his automobile. This brings him, in the third act, to a rendezvous of bandits in the Sierra Nevada.

While the characters sleep, we have the episode of a long discussion between Don Juan, the statue from Mozart's opera, Ann, the daughter, and the devil. This is the philosophic windmill which no wise critic would have the temerity to attack. The discussion, as is the purport of the entire play, concerns the theory that Woman represents the Life Force, that she is, in reality, the pursuer, and the Don Juans the victims. The Statue confesses that Heaven bores him, and Don Juan determines to try Heaven in his place. One of the characters in the household under the joint guardianship of Tanner, the revolutionist, and Ramsden, the conventional Englishman, is Violet, a young woman who, for the moment, seems to have

pried into the mysteries of the Life Force and is in a condition which brings consternation to everybody but Tanner, who defends her conduct which, he explains, must be referred to the unimpeachable wisdom of selection implied in the Life Force. She has done nothing wrong. The Life Force is sacred. This is merely incidental; simply a few revolutions of the windmill. There is really nothing in it, for Violet is secretly married to Malone, a young American millionaire, with the reservation that he is dependent on his father. In structure, except for the episode of the ghostly Don Juan and the devil, the play is not unconventional, in the sense that it obeys the natural and unavoidable laws of dramatic form. Malone's father becomes reconciled to the girl. Tanner yields to the Life Force and the superior skill of Ann as a trapper. The play closes with a long philosophical speech by Tanner, Ann telling him to "go on talking." Tanner echoes: "Talking!" Then follows "universal laughter," as the stage direction.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Author of "Candida," etc.

This is the play, except that every line scintillates with points of philosophy and character. But much of it is the scintillation of fireworks which, after a moment, leaves all darker than before. To the play is added "The Revolutionist's Handbook and Pocket Companion," by John Tanner, M. I. R. C. (Member of the Idle Rich Class). John Tanner and George Bernard Shaw believe that there is no progress in the world and never can be until a race of Supermen is bred. How are they to be bred, by the State or a society with full power? The Director might have a seat in the Cabinet and a revenue to defray the cost of direct State experiments and provide inducements to private persons to achieve successful results. "It may mean a private

society or a chartered company for the improvement of human live stock." In other words, we have the windmill over again.

The greatest number of mankind, according to Mr. Tanner, are mere riff-raff. There is a small gleam of cruel sense in Mr. Tanner's suggestion that the weak would be permitted to marry the weak, and thereby secure the elimination, in time, of the undesirable inferior material. America, Mr. Shaw says, is the land of initiative, and certain of its States have taken a step in the direction of preventing marriages of fatally defective persons. Mr. Shaw, with all his brilliancy, is propagating

a good deal of nonsense and discussing a question that cannot be disposed of in half-truths and smart epigrams. He will have to surrender the exercise, so delightful to him and to his readers, of his verbal powers, and devote many years to come to the study of Biology and Physiology before he can become an authority and a helpful adviser in this matter of the destiny of the human race. When Mr. Shaw or Mr. Tanner discovers exactly the physical proportions in which are housed the requisite Life Force, Vitality, Mentality and Soul Force, for the procreation of the Superman, and makes a conclusive report on it, the world will listen to him. Nothing can be done in this investigation by use of the old processes. Modern machinery of investigation is necessary. It cannot be done by the windmill.

Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Tanner agree that there is no hope in man as society is at present constituted, and that "we must eliminate the Yahoo, or his vote will wreck the commonwealth." Mere Man must be replaced by the Superman. It must be a process of evolution, not of progress in present conditions. Progress is an illusion. Properly speaking, then, Mr. Shaw himself is not a Revolutionist or a Socialist. He is nothing until the Superman comes. He utters many lively and pertinent truths about the British aristocracy, but he is British and provincial to the core. Not believing in the people, it would be futile to offer to his consideration the fact that the Superman exists in the Democracy of the United States in the form of aggregated intelligence. It would be folly to ask him to believe that the Superman can only be bred spiritually. He is too British. He coddles undeniable half-truths and makes no attempt at the whole truth always. Brilliant as he is, he is full of fallacies and occasional complete ignorance.

For instance, he believes that our popular ministers "are experts in dodging popular enthusiasms and duping popular ignorance," in short, that our public men are demagogues. The fact is, to the contrary, that the successful demagogue, in the foreign and traditional sense, cannot exist in the United States. The people are larger and more powerful and more intelligent than any demagogue could possibly be. Small localities may listen to demagogues; the nation has never done so. The nearest approach to a demagogic force or organization is Tammany, which feeds the poor and furnishes them amusements in the summer and coal in the winter. The demagogue sets the fountains flowing with wine. In a certain sense, it requires the Superman on one side, with wealth and specious intelligence, and on the other side poverty and lack of intelligence. Poverty and lack of intelligence have never coincided here. At best, Mr. Shaw will have to define what he means by the riff raff. If the Supermen are simply Shaw and Walkeley, the propaganda of breeding to the end of ultimate socialism will be attended by difficulties.

Here are some Shaw perversities, epigrams, half-truths, whole truths and fallacies:

The golden rule is that there are no golden rules.

The bureaucracy consists of functionaries; the aristocracy, of idols; the democracy, of idolaters.



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NANCE O'NEIL AS MARGUERITE GAUTHIER

Miss O'Neil, who is a great favorite in Boston, is practically unknown elsewhere in the East. She appeared some years ago in New York in the Murray Hill Stock Company without attracting much attention, and last January was engaged for the Columbia, Boston, where she has been ever since. Her repertoire includes all the great rôles, Camille, Nora, Magda, Leab, Meg Merriles and Lady Macbeth. She is a native of San Francisco.



Copyright, Alme Dupont

MME. SCHUMANN HEINCK

Well-known operatic singer who will star next season in a musical comedy by Julian Edwards and Stanislaus Stange entitled "Love's Lottery."
The part is that of a German washerwoman

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

There are no perfectly honorable men; but every true man has one point of honor and a few minor ones.

Folly is the direct pursuit of Happiness and Beauty.

Decency is Indecency's Conspiracy of Silence.

Civilization is a disease produced by the practice of building societies with rotten material.

He who can does. He who cannot, teaches.

This last is the absurdest fallacy imaginable. Mr. Shaw's aphorism is probably a perversion of the equally absurd and commonly believed saying that the man who cannot create or do, criticises. The true critic is a teacher. Every editor, if he is a competent editor, is a critic and a judge, and he is a creative force. Every judge in a court of law, from the smallest resort for justice to the supreme tribunal, is a critic and a judge and a power for the shaping of the realities of life. Every dramatic critic, if he is a real critic, has the creative power, and every time that critic hits the nail on the head the "creative" author feels that his master has corrected him.

Mr. Shaw makes some sensible and forcible remarks in denunciation of the false prudery characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, which is largely responsible for the invertebrate condition of the English and American drama, which explains the dearth of really great plays, and which keeps our dramatists in a state of mental inferiority to those of continental Europe. He says:

Why the bees should pamper their mothers whilst we pamper only our operatic prima donnas is a question worth reflecting on. Our notion of treating a mother is, not to increase her supply of food, but to cut it off by forbidding her to work in a factory for a month after her confinement. Everything that can make birth a misfortune to the parent as well as a danger to the mother is conscientiously done. When a great French writer, Emile Zola, alarmed at the sterilization of his nation, wrote an eloquent and powerful book to restore the prestige of parentage, it was at once assumed in England that a work of this character, with such a title as "Fecundity," was too abominable to be translated, and that any attempt to deal with the relations of the sexes from any other than the voluptuary or romantic point of view must be sternly put down. Now, if this assumption were really founded on public opinion, it would indicate an attitude of disgust and resentment toward the Life Force that could only arise in a diseased and moribund community in which Ibsen's Hedda Gabler would be the typical woman. But it has no vital foundation at all. The prudery of the newspapers is like the prudery of the dinner table, a mere difficulty of education and language. We are not taught to think decently on these subjects, and consequently we have no language for them except indecent language. We, therefore, have to declare them unfit for public discussion, because the only terms in which we can conduct the discussion are unfit for public use. Physiologists, who have a technical vocabulary at their disposal, find no difficulty; and masters of language who think decently can write popular stories like Zola's "Fecundity" or Tolstoi's "Resurrection" without giving the smallest offence to readers who can also think decently. But the ordinary modern journalist, who has never discussed such matters except in ribaldry, cannot write a simple comment on a divorce case without a conscious shamefulness or a furtive facetiousness that makes it impossible to read the comment aloud in company. All this ribaldry and prudery (the two are the same) does not mean that people do not feel decently on the subject. On the contrary, it is just the depth and seriousness of our feeling that makes its desecration by vile language and coarser humor intolerable; so that at last we cannot bear to have it spoken of at all because only one in a thousand can speak of it without wounding our self-respect, especially the self-respect of women. Add to the horrors of popular language the horrors of popular poverty. In crowded populations poverty destroys the possibility of cleanliness; and in the absence of cleanliness many of the natural conditions of life become offensive and noxious, with the result that at last the association of uncleanness with these natural conditions becomes so overpowering that among civilized people (that is, people massed in the labyrinths of slums we call cities), half their bodily life becomes a guilty secret, unmentionable except to the doctor in emergencies; and Hedda Gabler shoots herself because maternity is so unladylike. In short, popular prudery is only a mere incident of popular squalor. The subjects which it taboos remain the most interesting and earnest of subjects in spite of it.

In the absence of more substantial theatrical fare, the roof gardens continue to furnish the metropolis with cool and innocuous amusement. Mr. Hammerstein has added several new features to his already excellent bill, and Fay Templeton and Pete Dailey are potent drawing cards at "Aerial Gardens." The Madison Square roof is devoted to a show entitled "Paris by Night," but it must be said frankly that the title is more attractive than the piece. The New York roof has been enjoying unwonted patronage, thanks to Senorita Guerrero, who acts "Carmen" in pantomime, supported by a company of seventy-five people costumed with grand opera picturesqueness. This is worth seeing, for it is a novelty here, although of long established popularity in Europe. Bizet's entire opera, with all its characters and varied scenes, and the principal musical numbers played in continuity



MISS ETHEL JOHNSON

This popular singing comedienne has scored another success as a Swedish maid servant in "The Forbidden Land" recently presented at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago



MISS ELIZABETH LEA

Who will be the new leading woman with Robert Edeson next season

by the orchestra, is compressed into less than forty minutes' time. Not a word is spoken or sung, yet the story of Carmen and Don José and Escamilla is told in action so poignant that a child might follow it. La Guerrero, who plays the vivid heroine, is an inspiring figure. She is a typical Sevillana, young, spirited, and pretty enough to make the customary prefix of "Belle" superfluous to her name. When she dances you would ask that she do nothing else. Her pantomime work, too, reveals the accomplished actress, an artiste of rare temperamental gifts. With her are associated Messrs. Volpert and Desauere, who furnish highly satisfactory support. The pantomime opera is a lesson in dramatic expression well worth studying. Besides "The Rose and the Dagger," "La Gitana," and "Carmen," already presented, Senorita Guerrero has in reserve other interesting pieces, including a three-act tragedy by the author of "L'Enfant Prodigue."

There is to be a glut of "Parsifal" the coming season. Besides Mr. Conried's heroic group of singers and Mr. Savage's two

companies (of somewhat lesser stature), little companies are forming under unknown impresarios who burn to introduce the Holy Grail to one-night stands. Perhaps this cheapening of the cheapest of Richard Wagner's wares is to be sincerely regretted, and Frau Cosima, fearing the flood, was not entirely mercenary when she sought to restrict the score to Baireuth. If she realized that her great husband had degenerated when he wrote "Parsifal," and stooped to glitter for glitter's sake (but it is doubtful that she did), her selfishness was the acme of devotion. But to those Wagnerites who grieved when they heard Conried's artists in the drama because they thought they saw their Wagner reduced to a condition of intellectual impotence, but poorly redeemed by an artistic habit, the rushing in of a thousand minor singers to still further degrade him is a sincere affliction. Great singers may by their art lend clarity, precision and even distinction to a clotted score, but the effect of the "little voices" in it can be but deplorable and absurd.

A recent issue of the New York *Sun* contained a long article purporting to give the experience of a playwright who had been universally repulsed alike by managers and stars. He had submitted numerous plays, which had been retained an interminable time and then returned with unsatisfactory replies. He had met many managers and actors who broke their promises and did not keep their engagements. This is the gauntlet which everybody who writes for the stage has to run until he attains a reputation which secures him prompt and respectful treatment. On the other hand, something is to be said on the other side. No actor and no manager is under any obligation to read an unsolicited play, and the majority of the playwrights who experience the treatment above described have submitted plays without being requested to do so. It should also be remembered that of the vast number of plays so submitted, very few are entitled to serious consideration, and a large proportion of these few, however excellent they may be, are unsuited to the purpose of the star or the manager to whom they are so confidently sent. If the author is in trepidation as to what will become of his play, the star or the manager to whom it has been sent is in equal trepidation as to what he shall select. One cannot foretell what the public taste will be next season from a review of what it was during the season that is over. Anybody who could assuredly do this for a manager would be certain of an engagement as a theatrical predictor at a very large salary. It is this exceeding riskiness



FOUR COMELY MAIDENS IN OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSICAL BURLESQUE "PARSIFALIA" AT PARADISE GARDENS, NEW YORK

which keeps theatrical matters in a constantly effervescing flux, and to some extent, excludes the possibility of the promptness and finality of decision that are found in other businesses.

"The Forbidden Land," music by F. Chapin, book by G. F. Steely, appears to have "caught on" in Chicago, although the *Record-Herald* says it wants "point, novelty and humor."

An Interview with Shakespeare

"LET me present you to Mr. Shakespeare," said Ben Jonson, pointing to a long-haired, lofty-browed gentleman who was a composite likeness of all the Shakspearian portraits I had ever seen.

"What edition?" I replied, absent-mindedly, and then I checked myself, for I saw that Jonson was uncomfortable.

"The original!" he whispered, excitedly, in my ear.

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed; then I forgot myself again, as in my enthusiasm I added: "I've always wanted to see a 1623 folio."

"But you don't understand," said Jonson, rather vexed; "this is Shakespeare himself. Look!"

He held out a visiting card, on which appeared the familiar scrawl of the alleged authentic autograph: "William Shakespeare."

"That's not the way to spell his name," I objected. The zealous scholar in me made me appear rude, but Jonson's discretion saved the situation.

"Ah, I see." He smiled as he drew some visiting cards from the lace ruffle of his sleeve, and spread them fan-like before me. "Take your choice."

I ran quickly through them—Shakspeare, Shakespere, Shaksper, and all the countless other spellings, until I found the one I wanted.

"Glad to meet you," I said, at last, shaking hands with the intangible composite. "I've read all those nice things Jonson wrote about you. Neatly put—hey?" I waved toward Jonson, who grew visibly embarrassed.

"Really," he protested, "I didn't intend them for the press—simply a few lines—"

"Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" I pointed to chairs, and as host was cordial to a degree.

"Though we have never met before, I know you quite well through your work, Mr. Shakespeare," I said.

"Do you?" he replied, with a rising inflection of doubt. Jonson understood the sarcasm and chuckled audibly.

"Yes, I have you in five or six editions; which one did you use in writ-

ing?" I queried.

"Why—I wrote the plays without the help of anything," he said, forgetting his sources, and looking rather astonished. Now that I come to think of it, such a question was very foolish of me to ask; whether or not it was that my head was gradually being turned because I was talking with Shakespeare, I do not know, but I sank into deeper water.

"Then your text is not authoritative," I said, decisively.

"Your text may not be," rejoined Shakespeare, "but mine is—I can vouch for that—so can Ben. Of course, there are typographical errors in that first folio—I didn't have time to look over the proofs. I died seven years before the book came out. But the edition sold very well—it's entirely exhausted!"

"See this," I said, holding up a variorum volume—"here's one of your plays rescued by modern scholarship—"

"Um," said Shakespeare, running his thumb along the edges of five hundred pages, and glancing here and there at the notes. "What is it all about?"

"Why, it's this way," I explained, for I could see that the poet was hunting for his play; I realized now for the first time the truth of the statement that in the work of "Shakspearian scholarship" the true Shakespeare is often hard to find. "You see," I continued, "this book tells what people think you mean. From traces of you they are trying to find you."

Shakespeare and Jonson exchanged knowing glances, and shifted uncomfortably in their chairs.

"When I wrote my plays," remarked Shakespeare, fingering his ear-rings, which seemed to annoy him, "I wrote them for the stage, and not for the critics."

"Did you write them?" I queried, really with no malice aforethought.

"Of course," answered the poet, puzzled at my question. He seemed to be in total ignorance of the Bacon theory. "I think I struck a new vein in the drama."

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly!" asserted Jonson.



Armstrong, Boston

MISS ALICE DOVEY
Who plays the part of the Dove in "Woodland"

"Who revised you for the stage?" I asked. "Irving and Daly have made pretty good editions of you with cuts."

"With what?"

"Cuts—omissions. You couldn't be played in your Elizabethan shape, you know."

"Now, look here, young man," said Shakespeare, growing impatient, "what do you take me for?"

"For a true poet," I replied, becoming enthusiastic; "in your poetic period, rich in fancy; in your philosophic period, deep in discernment." I paused, thinking I had saved myself.

"I'm not looking for praise—I can get that from the shelves yonder." He pointed to the books along the walls, and shifted his chair closer to mine. "What kind of a man do you think me?"

"Oh, it depends upon what book I use. Rolfe leaves all your bad parts out. There's the Temple Shakespeare, the Furness Shakespeare, the—"

"I should like to meet them," said Shakespeare, nonchalantly, interrupting me. "They probably know me better than I know myself. I think," he added, "I'll dictate 'Hamlet' to the stenographer, and see if I can't sell it. Hemminge and Con-

dell won't object, now that their edition is sold. Mine will be the text without other people's comments—just me!"

There was an audible sigh of relief around from those to whom notes are a constant source of conscience-dread.

"I am glad you are in town," I said. "We have been putting a great many of your plays upon the stage."

"That's good!" said Shakespeare. "Give me the managers' addresses, and I'll go and see them about royalties."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed; "you are common property now-a-days. But they'll be pleased to see you, and although they insist you name spells failure, some of them contrive to make good money out of you. If you'll give me a few facts about your life, and a new photograph, I'll get up a fine story and sell it to one of the Sunday papers."

"That's very kind of you," replied Shakespeare; "it's presuming on a stranger."

"But I've known you for a number of years."

There was a loud crash. A large volume of "The Complete Shakespeare" fell to the floor, and—I woke up.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A Shrine of the American Drama

IN the quiet of St. Peter's churchyard, Perth Amboy, N. J., sheltered from the brisk winds that sweep across the Raritan and Arthur Kill, is the grave of William Dunlap, known as the Father of the American Drama.

There is nothing on the lichen-covered marble slab to recall the career that gave so much to the stage in this country, all the man's achievements being cloaked under the inscription, "A Resident of New York." Although the little Jersey town where he is buried was William Dunlap's birthplace, he is little honored there. The visitor who seeks the spot will find few persons able to direct him to the hillside that slopes from the church to the water's edge. But once the right churchyard is found, for there are several in the neighborhood, it is not difficult to discover the spot. It is on the north side of the quaint old brick building, shaded from sunlight by overhanging pines and tall grasses that bear witness to the solitude of the place. On one side is the tomb of the dramatist's wife, marked by a sand-stone slab on which is a winged cherub's head, nearly obliterated.

William Dunlap was buried in Perth Amboy on the completion of a career of many vicissitudes in which failure played a part nearly as important as success. His early years were spent in New York and in traveling. In 1796 he associated himself in the management of the John Street Theatre, then a leading playhouse of New York. Soon he leased the Park Theatre, with which

he was connected until 1811. Through his efforts it became the leading theatre of the metropolis, and there he produced most of his plays, which were practically the first to assume an American tone. Success did not attend his efforts, however, and, broken in health, he became a paymaster in the army. His talent was directed in another channel after this, and before many years he was recognized as one of the foremost painters of his time. With others, he founded the National Academy of Design, and in 1831 became its vice-president. He died on the 28th of September, 1839.

He was the author of thirty plays, but his chief claim to fame is his "History of the American Theatre," published in 1832. One of New York's best-known literary societies was named in his honor.

WILLIAM S. HUNT.

TEXTS FOR TROUPERS.

To the managers belong the spoils.
A poor performance is better than none.

If you can't boast, don't knock.
It's the early train that catches the troupe.

In the puerile drama all things are pure.

On Life's stage we can't all have the "center."

You can never tell by the looks of a troupe how far it will jump.

A sense of humor covers a multitude of sins.

A traveling troupe gathers no shekels.



The grave of William Dunlap, at Perth Amboy



"Crimes of a Cynical City." The heroine, dragged by the her one loyal friend arrives in nick of time to effect a rescue. will meet again," while policeman O'Grady lays his heavy

villain to the verge of the subway trench, seems doomed to an early grave. But, as expected, The villain, his white shirt front still immaculate, smiles contemptuously as he hisses: "We hand on the innocent man's shoulder and says in awful tones: "YOU come with me"

Drama and Yellow Drama



THEODORE KREMER
King of yellow dramatists

THE drama proper represents a human will dominating or striving against the circumstances and surroundings of life. Melodrama shows a series of incidents, a combination of extraordinary happenings, dominating life and apparently swaying the characters of men. One is the literature, the other the yellow journalism, of the theatre.

Melos, the "slow music" inseparable from the real old theatrical thr-r-ill, is about all there is left in Melodrama nowadays to justify its name. The Sensational has usurped its once honorable title "The Two Orphans" degenerated to the "Stranglers of Paris" type. "Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," set the pace for the modern transpontine play of London. In America, for one "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there are a thousand "Bowerys after Dark," "Tracy, the Outlaw," "Shadows of Sing Sing," "Worst Women in New York."

However, in noting here a few of the characteristics of modern melodrama and its makers, we shall use the word in its ordinary, up-to-date acceptanc. "Melodrama" as we are accustomed to think of it, calls up weird fantasies of the Third Avenue Theatre, of tanks, bloodhounds, and explosions—of multitudinous suburban audiences at ten-twenty-and-thirty cents, with packed galleries raising pandemonium at the spectacle of virtue in rags triumphant over polished villainy in a hired dress suit.

Melodrama, with its abundance of incidents, its

insistence upon situation, its latitude of treatment and liberal admixture of humor, is closely akin to the romantic—yet there is a wide gulf of difference between the two. The romantic drama is suffused with poetry and the ideal; while melodrama deals only with crass realism and superficial sensation.

The English melodramas of the past generation, such as "The Lights of London," "The Wages of Sin," "Woman Against Woman," and the like—plays of many glaring tableaux, in which wickedness is always hellish-black and goodness forever angelic-white; in which scandal and anonymous letters are swift and sure in their deadly work, and the most alert characters will become suddenly deaf, dumb and blind for the sake of a powerful illogical situation—these have furnished the model for practically all of our home-made product in this line.

Captain Marshall, the author of "A Royal Family," and other delectable comedies, wrote for a recent benefit performance in

London a clever skit upon old-fashioned melodrama, of which the subjoined title and scene plan will give an illuminative idea:

"THE TRACK OF BLOOD."

ACT I.

- Scene 1. The Coiner's Den, "The Devil at Work."
- Scene 2. The Library at Tooting Towers, "The End."
- Scene 3. The Ball Room at Tooting Towers, "The Arrest."

ACT II.

- Scene 1. The Dungeon, "Awaiting Death."
- Scene 2. The Prison Roof, "The Escape."
- Scene 3. The Cruel Sea, "For England and Honor."



"Not wisely, but too well." Typical scene. The pursuing villain calmly surveys his handiwork, while the golden-haired orphan sob: "Mama! mama! wake up! Don't look like that! Speak to your little Tootser!"



DORÉ DAVIDSON
Author of a hundred melodramas

In the bright lexicon of the melodramatic playwright, there are no such words as "motive," "character," or "logical development;" but "scene," "startling situation," "appalling peril and heroic rescue" are writ large. His world is indeed a strange one, where the impossible is of everyday occurrence; where miracles come and hunt people up to participate in them; where it is biff, bang! a constant series of phenomena, without preparation or proper sequence.

Deadly enemies are always encountering one another in subterranean caverns, or up in balloons, as in "The Great Ruby," or in diving-suits under the sea, as in "The White Heather." If there is a railway train, you naturally expect to see somebody bound and gagged and lying across the track in front of it, as in "Under the Gaslight;" or else the locomotive will dash through a burning forest, as is inevitable in "Ninety and Nine." If there is a race-horse, such as "The Sporting Duchess" bets fortunes on and habitually wins, he is sure to be doped and crippled just as he was about emerging from the paddock, the Derby favorite. "A Working Girl's Wrong" only stops short of her murder, because that would interrupt her meteoric career as heroine. Jim Bludsoe's steamboat blows up and catches fire, on purpose, so that he can stand upon the burning deck, or some other place where he don't belong, and "hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot's ashore!"

Theodore Krcmer, author of "The Fatal Wedding," "The Evil Men Do," and a whole four-page catalogue of lurid thrillers, though he is not yet forty years old, may be taken as our most conspicuous contemporary example of the rapid-fire melodramatist. He is a sort of human biograph, projecting his moving pictures upon a blood-red screen. Like all of his craft, as a general rule, he draws his material from present-day life and current events. This constitutes at once the strength and



The wild ride for life on a racing locomotive through the burning forest



"Take her, my lad, and a father's blessing on both of youse"

a real event of sensational public interest, such as the escape of the Biddle brothers from the Pittsburg jail, and their sanguinary finish, or the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, or the Burdick murder and automobile suicide at Buffalo, or the recent mysterious death of the book-maker, "Cæsar" Young—the outcome is failure, almost invariably. The reason is obvious. Melodrama's appeal is to the imagination rather than to the intelligence, therefore it must keep clear of literal detail. Known facts hamper it and kill its effects. Moreover, real tragedies, like those just mentioned, are dramatic not so much in the action itself as in the character-motives leading up to the climax of action—and of any effective analysis of such character-motives the yellow dramatist is utterly and grotesquely incapable.

In the yellow drama, scenery is the protagonist, sensation the main argument, and "business" the *leit-motif*. An actor of ability and refinement was engaged for the polished-villain rôle in a recent important melodramatic production, "personally staged by the Author." At the first rehearsal he attended, he was directed to saunter nonchalantly on the stage and seat himself on the street-cleaner's ash-cart, which occupied a conspicuous position at R. C. The puzzled actor did as he was told, and presently discovered that the sole *raison d'être* of this extraordinary piece of business was to give the comedy



The racing melodrama. Just before the horses dash past, the villain, foiled, darts a deadly look on the hated rival

street-cleaner the cue to say to the gentlemanly villain: "You git off that cart—there's enough rubbish thrown in it already!"

Naturally, the concoction of such work is a trade quite unrelated to literary composition or any ordered process of thought. It does require, however, an intimate practical acquaintance with the stage, an instinct for dramatic effect, and long experience of the idiosyncrasies of audiences. That is why the successful authors are, with comparatively few exceptions, men who have "made good" as actors. The rule applies, of course, to every species of play-writing; but, confining ourselves for the present to melodrama, we find among the actor-authors such well-known names as: Theodore Kremer, Hal Reid, Corse Payton, Ramsay Morris, Doré Davidson, Lawrence Maiston, John Kellerd, Milton Nobles, Edward McWade, John A. Stevens, Edgar Selwyn, Fred Niblo, J. J. McCloskey, Joe Grismer, Charles T. Vincent, Mark E. Swan, Edwin Barbour, Wm. Harworth, and James R. Garey. Messrs. Joseph Arthur, Clay M. Greene, Sydney Rosenfeld, Chas. Klein, Paul Potter, Chas. T. Dazey, Scott Marble, C. E. Callahan, H. Grattan Donnelly, J. W. Harkins, Jr., Edward Elsner, Howard P. Taylor, and Channing Pollock, are all identified with melodramatic work, some exclusively, others as an occasional venture. Of course, these are not the yellow dramatists—on the contrary, they are men who incline to take themselves and their art almost too seriously.

Doré Davidson, the author of a hundred lurid plays, is a staunch champion of melodrama. To the writer he said recently:

"The most prominent and enduring plays before the public to-day are undeniably melodrama—'Du Barry,' 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'La Tosca,' 'Arizona,' 'Secret Service,' 'Two Orphans,' and hundreds of others, are in a full sense what the word implies. All such plays as 'Quo Vadis,' 'Ben Hur,' 'Darling of the Gods,' and others classified as spectacular, belong properly to the melodramatic class. Strip it of its coloring, remove from it the grandeur of the scenic setting, look at the naked play under all the wealth of embellishment, and what have you?—melodrama, the staff of play-writing. While the melodrama is held in ill-repute by the most intelligent theatre-goers, I claim that there is no drama, comedy or spectacular play written nowadays that does not resort to the old tricks to awaken audiences and bring the curtain down with triumphant acclaim. The harm is in the abuse of the word, and not in the melodrama itself, which after all represents the safest investment for managers, and also the cleanest motives. The sensational plays of to-day, called 'melodrama,' are a succession of incidents tacked together with

words lacking intelligible human expression, carrying the incidents along without rhyme or reason to so-called climaxes—or to an unexpected interruption creating an emotion similar to surprise, and giving to the central figure the dominant attitude always in defense of a heroine filled with manufactured emotion, supplied *ad lib*. The melodrama proper is a succession of the same outwardly commonplace incidents in life, but the characters are made to suffer and express what human nature might feel under those conditions, and each scene is so constructed as to impress the beholder as an actuality. The difference between the sensational play and genuine melodrama is, that one is a play and the other isn't. The builder of a sensational play is neither an author nor an adapter, while the author or adapter of a melodrama might justly lay claim to some skill in that line. In defense of the sensational playwright, however, I will venture to say that if the public are willing to pay their money to see these so-called plays, keep it up by all means as long as they will stand for it."

On such a line of argument, a continuous output of the sensational is assured, and the gayety of civilized nations promoted by such masterpieces as "No Wedding Bells for Her," "For Her Children's Sake," and "Why Women Sin."

All that is required is a "catchy" title, a pair of scissors, and the ear of a producing manager. Maybe the manager himself will take the initiative. Passing a bookstall, his eye is caught by the title of a paper-covered summer novel: "He Loved, But He Moved Away." Ten cents buys the book. Then to the house dramatist—who is also stage manager, play-reader, press agent, and a few other perfunctory things—the following dispatch:

"Throw me a melodrama around this title, five acts, each one with a window-lithograph climax, love and heart interest, plenty of ginger, and try and ring in the Jap-Russian war. Must have it next Sunday week—open in New Haven the 29th."

And, lo! 'tis done. Can you wonder that there are more things in the contemporaneous yellow drama than Shakespeare ever dreamt of in his philosophy?

HENRY TYRRELL.



MARGARET ILLINGTON

This promising young actress, known in private life as Mrs. Daniel Frohman, may star next season in Pierre Berton's play "Yvette"

THE ACTRESS WHO FAILED

A certain character actress went to spend some time with a non-professional friend, whose only servant was an old Irish woman. Soon the actress was called away to play a new part in which she distinguished herself by making up to look both old and ugly. In due time she had photographs taken in her "make-up" and she mailed one to the friend with whom she had been staying, who in turn showed it to the old Irish servant. The old soul was completely overcome, and exclaimed: "Oh, the poor craythur! the poor thing! how she has failed!"



HOW THEATRES ARE MANAGED

No. 5. PREPARING FOR THE NEW SEASON

Byron

THE SCENE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP. GETTING DOWN A MODEL FOR A STAGE SETTING

WHILE the summer vacation has its joys for the actor, —indeed, is forced upon him, sometimes to his embarrassment,—there is little rest for the theatre manager, who no sooner one season ends must begin preparing for the next. In getting his new productions ready there are four different classes of men whom the manager eagerly takes into his confidence. The public rarely hears of them, for their names, while mentioned, are not starred on the programmes, yet the part they take in every production is so important that no dramatic performance could possibly be given without their collaboration. They are the scene painter, the stage carpenter, the electrician, and the property man.

Several seasons ago an extravaganza company, carrying an elaborate scenic equipment, arrived at a theatre to play a week's engagement. After everything had been hauled from the cars to the playhouse it was found, amid great dismay, that the principal effect, a waterfall, had been left behind. Everybody was worried except the stage carpenter. He was the responsible party, and he dismissed the matter with the command, "Leave it to me." Then he went to work. From a near-by grocery he secured half a dozen empty soap boxes. These he put together in the centre of the stage between the painted rock pieces. Next he searched the cellar, and finding a lot of old tin, that had been torn from the roof during a storm, he brought this to the stage. Deftly, and with an eye to the realistic, he covered the boxes with the tin, twisting and jamming it in and out to give it a jagged effect. Then the property man arrived with some green boughs and laid these about the boxes and tin, while the engineer connected a hose to a fire

line pipe so that the water would play over the rocks. At night they turned the water on; it dashed down over the tin, a calcium was turned on the home-made cascade, and the result was so effective that the audience applauded the waterfall before it would allow the chorus to sing.

This but feebly illustrates the ingenuity of the stage carpenter—he who makes the unreal real, who builds castle and cottage, ravine and mountain height, drawing room, conservatory and parlor, all within the four walls of the theatre—anything and everything that the playwright has chosen for the setting of his story. The scene painter, the scene builder, the electrician and the property man have all contributed, but it is the carpenter who is the responsible man for the building up of the set in that brief period known as "between the acts." There is nothing he will not attempt, there are no impossibilities to him, and the writer of plays is safe to allow his fancy to run to any scene or effect, no matter how difficult it may appear on paper.

The carpenter is the real power behind the throne. After everything has been done, it is he and the stage manager who "looks things over" before the curtain is rung up on the scene. On nearly every stage there are two sets of these men, for the

show has its carpenter, electrician and property man as well as the theatre, and they work in conjunction. There are few arguments; every man has some one thing to do, and he does it, and on the quick and skillful handling of the various sets depends much of the success of the performance—for it is the bungling stage crew that makes the waits which work such havoc with the humor of an audience.

From the footlights to the back wall of a theatre there is absolutely nothing



Byron

GOING OVER THE COSTUMES



MISS MAMIE RYAN

Who has just scored another hit in an ingénue rôle in Chicago's latest success "The Forbidden Land."

ing that a good stage carpenter does not thoroughly understand, and in nearly every case can make. With the exception of painting the scenery, every other detail is his. The architect may plan the theatre, and he may plan the back of the stage part, but the stage carpenter is the authority of that mysterious domain. Nine times out of ten it will be found that a stage carpenter has spent his entire life in a theatre—grown up with the business. And it is generally the case that he has a son who is following in his footsteps. The writer knows one stage car-

penter who has not only spent all of his life of threescore years and more in a theatre, but he was actually born there. He is William Forster, of Baltimore, whose father and mother were players in one of the old stock companies. His parents lived in rooms in the theatre, and there he was born and there he has been ever since. He has set stages from the time of the elder Booth to the time of Buster Brown, and he is still at it.

The property man of a theatre might well base all of his calculations on the oft-made remark that it is the little things that count. Everything on a stage that is portable is in his department, and he must have a dozen men or half-grown boys to help him. No matter what the actor calls for he is never at a loss to get it—a smoking turkey for a Christmas dinner, a tiger skin, an ancient book, a bank note of any country, a piece of furniture of any period, prehistoric to now—all and more to him are but details, and details which he provides. As soon as the flats, drops and set pieces of a scene are up his work begins—and it begins with the carpet on the floor, the furniture, the piano, the bric-à-brac, the trinkets on the mantel, the pictures on the wall, the boutonnieres, and even to those mysterious notes the loss or finding of which has helped so many a dramatist either to more complications or the successful finish of a good scene curtain.

The property man is just as resourceful as the stage carpenter. The latter deals with the big things, and the former has the little ones. With a half a dozen slices of toast, some steaming rice, and a decanter of cold tea he will give the illusion of a course dinner, just as with a piece of silk over a paddle wheel and a boxful of marbles he will create a storm outside of the old homestead that will bring tears as the ingénue flees out into the winter night. And he does not forget. If he does, he makes a farce of a drama and probably seeks other employment the following morning. A good property man will go through a manuscript with the stage manager, and in the briefest time appreciate every detail of the furnishings for any period needed in the stage he has to set. The theatre-goer has but to watch four acts, appreciate what an important part the properties play, and he will understand the efficiency of the property man. For the "striking" of a scene he and his assistants, or clearers, must carefully rehearse so that each man will have several things to do, be sure and do them and

make no mistake, for if a chair is in one place at a dress rehearsal, it must be in the identically same place for every performance thereafter, and this refers to every other property.

The property man likes to draw distinctions, and he does it very neatly. For instance, should a lady find a veil on a table, and the finding of it be a part of the scene, the veil is a property. Should she wear the veil, it comes under the head of costume, and he has nothing to do with it.

The stage electrician is all important. A prominent producer has often remarked: "I don't care about the size of your stage, let me see your switchboard." To-day nothing can be done on the stage without electricity, and this condition has made the electrician a very important factor. He must make the light as well as the shadows, and while doing this on the stage, he must also control his house lights accordingly. While his work carries him about the stage when a set is being made during the progress of an act, his place is at his switchboard, and this rule is absolute. His assistants are many, including the men who operate the arc lights (sometimes calciums), the boys who look after the gas bags, the man who strikes the wires together to make the flash of lightning, and the others who hang and connect the brackets and chandeliers that set the stage. Everything is controlled from his board, and here he works his lights, following the lines and cues as closely as the actor.

In many theatres the old title of "gasman" still clings to the electrician, and one wonders now how they ever did anything with gas. All of which may make appropriate the story of the boy who was to work the "dawn of creation" effect in a spectacle where the old devices were still in use. The scene, a clumsily-painted drop, represented the world hurling into space. The stage was half dark. At the line, "And the Lord said, Let there be light," the boy was to flash a blaze of white light across the stage. But it happened to be a new boy. He stood in the wings holding the end of the lycopodium pipe in his lips. At the cue he was to blow the powder through the flaming alcohol and make the flash. The line was spoken. Darkness still encompassed the earth. The actor spoke the line again—then from the wings came a mighty coughing. The boy had blown his powder inwardly. The "gasman," all in a rage, rushed to the stage manager and exclaimed:

"That darned fool has swallowed the lightning!"

It is a very positive rule back of the curtain that mistakes must never happen, and it is very generally the case that they do not.

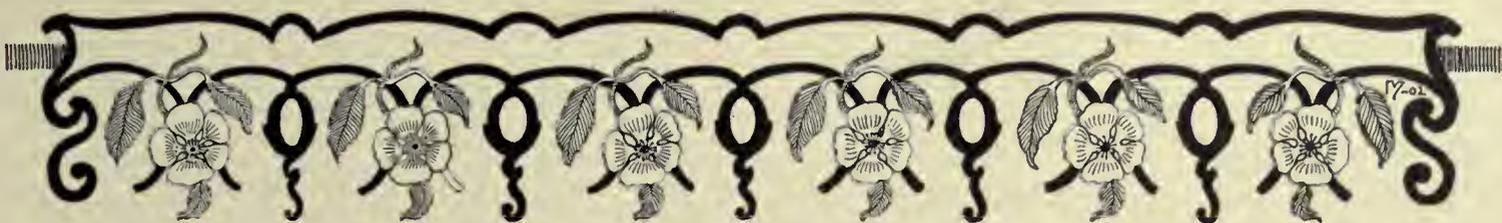


Otto Sarony Co.

MISS GRACE RAUWORTH

Recently seen as Mme. de Griso in "Tit for Tat." A native of Chicago, Miss Rauworth made her stage debut in "The Wizard of the Nile," and later was engaged by Henry Miller.

WELLS HAWKS.



Mabel Taliaferro—Child Actress Grown Up

(Chats with Players No. 29)



A MAUDE ADAMS in appearance, and a Duse in temperament"—this is how a critic described Mabel Taliaferro, the seventeen-year-old actress, who is now playing Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

To the public the sight of the child actress grown up brings the same mingling of pain and pleasure, with regret dominant, that the mother feels when she looks upon her little son fresh shorn of his girlish curls and garbed in the dignity of his first knickerbockers. A year ago Mabel Taliaferro was confessedly a child actress playing juvenile rôles. To-day she is "grown up" and receiving offers of leading woman parts. The metamorphosis was as sudden as it was complete. Audiences that last year knew her for a sweet, serious-faced child in short frocks and braids, have to refresh their memories by referring a second and third time to their programmes to account for the personality of this tall, slightly-stooping young woman with an Ethel Barrymore droop of the shoulders and a Maude Adams elfishness of features.

It was her seventeenth birthday last month that marked the epoch. To the pretty, cosy apartment on West Eightieth street, near Central Park, there came a procession of messenger boys bringing flowers and telegrams, letters, even jewels. The young hostess was graceful, though in her first long dress. She smiled, though her head ached under the weight of its first high coiffure. When she was asked to sing she chose a ballad and sang it in a woman's mezzo-soprano instead of a child's treble. From the hall, into which he had been crowded by an excess of big folk, came a boy's shrill protest when the song was finished.

"O, dear! Mabel's grown up!"

The older guests sighed and the younger ones laughed, and since that birthday party, when seventeen pink candles ornamented the cake, the audiences to which Mabel Taliaferro has been playing have sighed and laughed in turn. The truth is apparent. The child has grown up.

"It was when mamma received an offer for me to play the leading woman's part in Mrs. Burnett's piece, 'In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,' that I realized I was no longer a little girl," said the ex-child actress, whom, by the way, James A. Herne declared the

greatest child actress in the world. "They don't engage children to play 'leads.' It was a delightful surprise. I hadn't thought of it before. I could not accept the part because of my contract to play Lovey Mary in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' but I felt as though I were what the women who want to vote say they are—emancipated! I am so tired of child parts!"

She has been playing them for thirteen years, ever since, a baby of three, she toddled on the stage in "Blue Jeans" and spoke her one line with charming enunciation:

"Mamma, do you think Santa Claus will come to-night?"

After that successful début in a red flannel nightgown, she appeared every season in one or more productions. She

was the infant support of Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott. She has not escaped the rôle of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." With Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytall she played "In Fair Virginia." She played the child part in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Lost River" and "The Price of Peace." For two seasons she was the child member of a Philadelphia stock company, and for a year belonged to the Lyceum Stock Company of New York. When only thirteen years of age she was earning \$75 a week. She was the careworn, sweet-natured little house mother of "The Children of the Ghetto." Last year she played Ermyngarde in "The Little Princess," and the fairy in the poem drama, "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats. Last summer she visited the Irish poet at his castle in Ireland, and there met Lady Gregory, who is as



Mabel Taliaferro at nine years of age

Mabel Taliaferro grown up

much interested as he in the revival of Gaelic literature. "Ah!" said the slim girl with the blue gray eyes, in which dreams lay, clasping her hands in delight, "you have it here, Mr. Yeats! You live in the Land of Heart's Desire!"

"Temperament! The soft, warm climate of the soul! She has it," exclaimed the young Irishman. "She will star some day, and I shall write her play!"

"It is rather hard," said the young actress to the writer, "to look back any farther than five years ago, when I played Esther in 'The Children of the Ghetto,' but I can remember distinctly the opening in New York. As you know, I had rather an important part, that of the gentle, little sister-mother, not strong in the plot of the play, but strong in the plot of the story. I made my first entrance without the slightest sensation of uneasiness or fear, and was absolutely unconcerned. It was not that I was so conceited as to think I could not fail, but I so little realized the responsibility of what I had to do that it was just like real life. Now, if I have three 'sides,' or only three lines, I almost faint with fright. The only way I can account for it is that the more one goes into a study and the more familiar one becomes with it the less we really know when we solve it, and the more uncertain we become, for the simple reason that we realize how much more there is to know, and therefore feel unfit to play the smallest part.

"I confess there is nothing more essential than confidence, first in one's self, second in one's play (which we seldom have), and, third, in one's audience. It is the juice of the orange, the fragrance of the flower, the sap of the tree. Without it one becomes self-conscious, uncertain, mechanical, and for that reason alone cannot drift into the character she is to portray.

"An important step in the development of the child actress into the 'grown-up' in my case is shown in the way I study my part. It is strange to look back upon, in one's new light of wisdom, that if at that time any one tried to assist or give advice I spurned him and would have none of it. Now I only want to memorize the lines and after that I want to go to the author or stage manager for advice, and love to have him come to me and suggest an improvement or point out a failing.

"I find little difference between the old days and the new in the way I receive applause. It has always been and always

will be pleasing, unless it comes in the midst of a very intense scene, such as some of the scenes in 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' It then seems to break the poetic illusion and atmosphere. But it is almost always encouraging and makes the actor feel that the audience is with him not only in spirit, but in heart.

"It may be that I am getting restless of late, but I do not seem to look forward as much to going to the theatre as I used to. The only time I seem to get into the swing of it is when I am face to face with my audience and deliver my lines.

"I read a great deal now, poetry, biography and philosophy—I don't care for novels—study a little and think a great deal, so I am busy during the day.

"As for the stage as a profession, frankly I am very fond of the work in the theatre, but I can't say I find any great joy in the traveling, the routine, hotel life, or the uncertainty of the outlook from one season to another.

"I find it very trying and tiring, and I would never give up my life to it as some have done. O, never!

"After all, I am just as any one else is. I often wish I could feel as any true artist would about the trials of the life, but I can't help looking forward to a nice home, not an apartment, nor even a house, but a real, comfortable home wherever I wish it to be, and that I might stay in it and enjoy it."

Her stage ideal is Julia Marlowe. Her stage ambition is to play Juliet while she is still in the age of Shakespeare's passionate young heroine. It seems a swift step from her interviews with Commodore Gerry to those with a possible Romeo.

The little grown-up has not spent more than two years in school. One of these was at the Convent

of the Holy Angels at Fort Lee, where she was the classmate of Lillian Russell's daughter, recently introduced to the stage as Dorothy Russell. Yet she was one of the canny bairns who would go far to prove the Theosophist's claim that some among us have been born many times and lived many lives. Fancy a girl of sixteen whiling away the tedium of an Atlantic crossing in reading Darwin's "Descent of Man," or that selfsame, unshooled child's choice of Keats as her favorite poet. She so interested Marconi that the Italian inventor took her to the Marconigram station on the boat and explained his system to her, she being the only passenger so honored. She carries as an amulet a Marconigram written by Signor Marconi.



Otto Sarony Co.

GEORGE ARLISS

This distinguished English actor, whose admirable performance as the Minister of War in "The Darling of the Gods" will be remembered, has been engaged to play important rôles with Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre. Mr. Arliss was formerly with Mrs. Patrick Campbell when he appeared as Pastor Falk in "Beyond Human Power" and as the Duke in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Mr. Arliss is also a playwright, his comedy "There and Back" having been one of the successes at the Princess Theatre last season.

Some of the Attractions at Luna Park, Coney Island



Type of East Indian seen in the Durbar



Night scene viewed from the banging gardens



The long and short of it



The East Indian section where the world famed Durbar is reproduced. This picture shows the number of East Indian natives and others used in the performance

Her temperament and ideality are an inheritance from her Italian ancestors. Her family is noble by descent, and won its name in Italy from the breaking of a sword in a feudal pact ("Talya," half; and "ferro," sword). She is a relative of United States Senator Taliaferro. Her mother was an actress and now coaches child actors for the stage. Her younger sister, Edith, is the saucy little brunette who shines for five brilliant moments in Clyde Fitch's "The Girl With the Green Eyes."

Since she has grown up, Mabel Taliaferro is haunted by the spectre that glooms before all actresses, the bugbear of the pro-

fession—growing old.

"I must work hard," she says, "for I have only a few years. An actress's successful period is so short! For long years she is growing up, and for still more years she is growing old. There is such a little while between. It reminds one of the hymn, 'Work, for the Night is Coming,' doesn't it? I dread the time when managers will say of me, as I have heard them say of so many others, 'She is too old to play the part.' Then I suppose there is only one thing left for the poor actress, and that is, to marry—rich."

ADA PATTERSON.

The Early Struggles of Emma Abbott

BY THE LATE SINGER'S MANAGER

IN the early sixties, when I was exhibiting in the West, we often ran across a poor, strolling musician and his daughter. They were going from town to town, giving concerts in parlors and hotels, depending for a living upon what small sums were given them. The old man played the violin, while his daughter sang; sometimes she played her own accompaniment on a guitar. The child was Emma Abbott, and she was at that time about twelve years old. Even at that early age she had a remarkable and wonderfully developed voice. When our show arrived at Battle Creek, Mich., we met the couple again, and being short of musicians, I made arrangements with them to help us out. They went with us to a number of towns, and we would gladly have given the girl a steady engagement, but we did not want the old man, as he had a fondness for the flowing bowl. About seven years later I was with the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company, and one evening when we were in Toledo, Ohio, and I was at the door taking tickets, I noticed a young girl loitering in the hall. Her face looked familiar. She did not attempt to procure a ticket at the box-office, or to approach me at the door, but disappeared. At the hotel, after the opera, the same girl came up to me and called me by name. Then I saw that she was the old strolling musician's daughter, Emma Abbott.

She told me that she had got tired of her father's ways. Her love for music was intense, and she was trying to get to New York to find some way there to cultivate her voice. She had left Chicago, her home, a few days before, taking her guitar, a small satchel, and only money enough to pay her way to Fort Wayne, Ind. She was depending on her singing to furnish her with the additional funds needed to take her to her destination. At Fort Wayne she gave a concert in a hotel parlor, which did not produce enough money to pay the hotel bill for the night, so she pawned

her guitar and made her way to Toledo, where she knew Miss Kellogg to be, and whom she was anxious to meet. On her arrival that night she had not the means to purchase a ticket to the Opera House and she did not make herself known to me. She asked me to intercede in her behalf and persuade Miss Kellogg to hear her sing. Miss Kellogg consented, and was so well pleased with Miss Abbott's voice that, after listening to her plans and learning what hardships she had passed through, offered to pay her way to New York. She also gave her a letter of introduction to a number of people there and money enough to pay for her board. She was to start for New York the next day, but she had such a great desire to hear her benefactress sing that Miss Kellogg said: "Yes, you stay here to-day and go on to Cleveland with us to-morrow, our next stopping-place." She did so, and that night Emma Abbott for the first time in her life listened to a first-class opera company singing "The Bohemian Girl."

The next day, after we arrived in Cleveland, I saw Miss Abbott off on the train for New York. As we were standing on the platform, Miss Abbott, in great ecstasy, talked of the opera and the singing of Miss Kellogg. After a short pause, with her face turned toward Heaven and an uplifted hand, she said: "With the help of God, I will also reach that pinnacle of musical fame." Those who have heard Emma Abbott sing know that she succeeded.

After arriving in New York she went to the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn to meet Henry Ward Beecher, who received her very kindly, and at once gave her introductions which secured her admission to the choir, where she first learned to read music. She then secured a \$600 per year position in the choir of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York. From there she went to Dr. Chapin's Church as soloist, and there she met her future husband, Eu-



From a pencil sketch by the author

LITTLE EMMA ABBOTT AND HER FATHER GIVING CONCERTS IN HOTEL PARLORS



Otto Sarony Co.

FAY TEMPLETON

This popular music hall singer is now appearing nightly at Klaw & Erlanger's new "Aerial Gardens," New York City

gene Wethcrell. In 1872 a fund was raised by her admirers in New York and Brooklyn to send Miss Abbott abroad to complete her musical education. Mr. Beecher subscribed a large sum. Miss Kellogg bought her ticket to Europe, and once more saw that her purse was well filled.

Her instructor in Paris had a daughter of Baron Rothschild in his class, and she and Miss Abbott became well acquainted. The daughter told her mother of Miss Abbott's wonderful voice, and the Baroness sent her an invitation to visit them at their chateau, and despatched the family coach for her. After the Baroness had heard Miss Abbott sing, and before she left the chateau, she presented the young American with a check for 10,000 francs and offered to pay her bills for tuition.

Only once did Miss Abbott have any bad luck from the time she met Miss Kellogg at Toledo. Everything she touched seemed to succeed. The one exception occurred shortly after the completion of her studies. An impresario from London made a flattering offer to Miss Abbott. She went to England, and while in London she married Mr. Wethcrell. Her engagement was to sing in the Italian Opera House, and she made her debut in "La Fille du Regiment," but it is supposed that a disappointed rival for the position organized

a cabale against her, and she was hissed as she left the stage. The impresario cancelled the engagement, and she returned to New York, where she organized an opera company, with the present writer as business manager, and for several seasons she toured all the larger cities of the United States. She was best liked in the popular operas of Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, and in "Faust," "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Chimes of Normandy," and others.

When she died in 1888, only thirty-eight years old, Emma Abbott had accumulated a fortune estimated at over half a million dollars. In her prosperity she provided for all her poorer relatives and in her will made ample provisions for them. To her father, who survived her many years, she left the income of twenty thousand dollars. She also left money to those who had befriended her in her early life. Memorial plates commemorating her life are placed on the organs in Plymouth Church and the Madison Avenue Church in New York. She gave large sums to each of these churches, the money being spent in enlarging and remodeling the organs.

Emma Abbott is remembered by the public as a delightful artist, and by those who knew her personally as a kind, sympathetic friend.

DR. JUDD.



MISS RUBY BRIDGES

Who made a hit recently as Wing-Tee in "A Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin." The above picture shows this interesting young actress as Anna Moore in "Way Down East"

The Girl Behind the Footlights

WE have heard in song and story and every one has told
Of "The Man Behind" this and that; in fact it's growing old;
But we never hear a word about a girl in any case;
The Girl Behind the Footlights is worthy of a place.

Her life is not all sunshine, she plays a merry part;
But the footlight's glare hides from view oft an aching heart.
She does her best to please you; she is always at her post,
The press, perchance, may praise her work; but often it's a "roast."

Her smile is bright and cheery; she looks so gay and fair;
But underneath the grease-paint may be many lines of care.
You hear she squanders money; that she only cares to roam;
You don't hear about the money that she is sending home.

She also strives for success! she's always "in the hunt."
There's lots of things that you don't know—all of you "out front."
You'll find she makes the best of wives and worthy of your name.
Let's give her a little niche in our mighty Hall of Fame.

She's trying hard to reach the top—the rungs are slippery, too;
Just put yourself in her place and see what you would do.
So fill your glasses to the brim and toast her near and far:
To "The Girl Behind the Footlights," from the chorus to the star!

SUZANNE ROCAMORA.



Scene in Gorky's drama "Wania," recently presented in St. Petersburg. Arrest of the young peasant on the charge of murder

The National Drama of Russia



Count Tolstoy

RUSSIA had practically no national drama up to a comparatively very recent date. At the time when England already boasted of a Shakespeare, Spain a Lope de Vega, France a Molière, the Russian stage was barren of everything except a few childish mystery plays.

The first germs of dramatic art were taken to Russia from Poland. Mysteries were performed in Kief by the theological students, who also visited the neighboring towns. But how little the drama was understood even in Poland three centuries ago may be gleaned from this well authenticated incident. During a sitting of the Polish Diet in Warsaw, the representatives and populace were entertained by a mystery called "The Passion." The performance was given on the open common, and the nobles looked on sitting astride their horses. When it came to the scene where Judas betrays Christ, one of the nobles exclaimed: "Panovie! How could you stand quietly and see such rascality taking place before your very eyes? Kill the scoundrel, kill him! If you won't, I'll kill him myself!" And without further ado he took aim and the unfortunate actor fell fatally wounded by an arrow.

The birth of the Russian drama proper dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. In its beginning the Russian stage subsisted either on translations of trashy French melodramas or on patriotic native tragedies, which were not much better from a literary standpoint. As an oasis in this trackless dramatic desert appeared the author, Von Wisin, whose plays, although cut on the French pattern, are full of originality and independent thought, and some of his types remain to this day appellatives in Russian literature.

The liberation of the Russian stage from imitating the French models commenced in

the reign of Nicholas I. Masterpieces such as "Sorrows of Wisdom," by Gribayedoff; "Boris Godunoff," by the famous poet Pushkin, and later on, "The Inspector" and "The Wedding," by the incomparable Gogol, whose laughter is so full of tears, appeared on the Russian stage in quick succession, awakening it to new life and vigor. But, notwithstanding the high literary merit of the plays mentioned, it cannot be said of their authors that they were the creators of the Russian national drama in any true sense. Their productions were insufficient in number and far between, and could not, therefore, have any lasting influence on the stage, being swallowed up in the whirlpool of cheap blood-curdling melodramas. The real Russian national drama did not exist until 1850, when the powerful plays of Alexander Nikolayewitch Ostrovsky first made their appearance on the stage. The time coincides with the general regenera-



I. S. Turgeneff

tion of Russian literature in all its branches; but on the stage this regeneration declared itself with still greater force.

A. N. Ostrovsky was born in 1823 in Moscow. His father was a poor attorney, whose means of existence were derived from the petty law suits common among the merchants. Types of these merchants are frequently met in Ostrovsky's comedies. His first plays, "Pictures of Family Happiness" and "We Are Not Strangers; We Will Settle It Among Ourselves," were published in the *Moskvityanin*, and the latter play made a great noise. The merchants of Moscow were enraged at its transparent illusions, and complained to the authorities. The play was thereupon declared pernicious and insulting to the whole merchant class; the author was put under police surveillance and the press forbidden to discuss the plays.

Ostrovsky's dramatic activity began and continued up to the last days of his life, under



Mlle. M. A. Ferial

Favorite actress at the Théâtre St. Michel, St. Petersburg

many disadvantages. He had to begin everything anew. Public taste had to be educated, better actors trained, and all this in face of continual attack by the censor, the directors of the Imperial theatres, the merchant class and the nobility. His play, "Don't Sit In Another's Sleigh," when produced in the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, displeased the nobility, and there is no doubt that this piece would also have been prohibited if not for the personal intervention of the Czar, who was so pleased with it that he expressed himself about it in the following words: "There are a very few plays that have given me so much pleasure. It is not a play, it's a lesson."

But in those days even the favor of the Czar could not always save a play from the hands of the ruthless censor, who had a free rein. When Golovnin became Minister of Public Instruction, he tried to win the friendship of men of letters. With this end in view, he described Ostrovsky's historical drama, "Minin," to the Czar as a beautiful production of dramatic art, with the highest patriotic sentiments. The Czar expressed his approval by presenting the author with a diamond ring, but the censor prohibited the drama. He praised it for its patriotism, but at the same time declared it "untimely" for presentation, and the play was pigeon-holed for seven years at the Bureau of the Third Section [Secret Service].

Ostrovsky's plays are distinguished by their almost classical simplicity. They are lacking in intricately-woven intrigues, scenic effects and sensations. In each of his dramas real life surges in a slow, relentless stream before the eyes of the spectators. There can be no doubt that Ostrovsky has had great influence over Ibsen, for there is marked similarity in the methods of both dramatists.

Ostrovsky wrote more than fifty plays, which were performed throughout the whole Russian Empire, but that did not secure him from actual want. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote September 27, 1866, to Mr. E. Burdlin, an official in the management of the Imperial theatres:

"I think I shall have to retire from theatrical work. I do not derive any benefit from it, although the theatres of the whole of Russia live on the proceeds of my pen. I have written more than twenty-five orig-

inal plays, and yet I do not receive more consideration from the managers than any hack translator."

After Ostrovsky, the first place in the Russian national drama belongs to I. S. Turgenieff, several of whose plays are still very popular on the Russian stage. Count Leo Tolstoi, Pisemsky and Alex. Tolstoi have contributed very little to the drama. Count Tolstoi's "Fruits of Enlightenment" and "The Power of Darkness" had very little success; of Pisemsky's several plays, the only one which survived was "A Bitter Destiny," classic work in which the Russian peasant for the first time in the history of the Russian drama appeared as he really is, true to life, not idealized and unembellished. Of Alex. Tolstoi's trilogy, "The Death of Ivan the Terrible," "Zar Fyvdor Ivanovitch," and "Zar Boris," only the first drama, which Richard Mansfield has recently added to his repertoire, is in continuous demand; the others are seldom performed.

Of the other less prominent dramatic writers, A. D. Palm is considered the most important. I. V. Spagjinsky occupies a prominent place in the contemporary drama, and he is now President of the Society of Russian Dramatists. A. A. Potyckhin was the first direct follower of Ostrovsky. N. Solovyoff had the rare fortune to draw the attention of Ostrovsky to his first production, and the master dramatist wrote several plays with him in collaboration.

Of greater importance in the contemporary repertoire of the Russian stage are the plays of Victor Kriloff. This writer gave evidence of fine literary skill and taste in his earlier plays, but he did not remain long at the elevation of his first flight, and soon degenerated into a mere theatrical hack. He has written more than a hundred plays, mostly adaptations from the French. Alex Pechkof—better known as Maxime Gorky—the poet of the plain people, is now directing his attention to the stage.

The Russian national drama has thriven wholly upon the sap it has absorbed from the writers of the early forties and fifties, and its decline also dates from the general deterioration of Russian literature. Here and there a flash of genius illumines the general sterility. Anton Tsekhoff and a few other of the leading contemporary writers have contributed their share to the native stage, but in general the drama has degenerated in Russia.

BERNARD GORIN.



MISS EMILY STEVENS

Daughter of Robert Stevens, the veteran manager, and niece of Mrs. Flske, with whom she has been appearing for the past two seasons



UNA ABELL-BRINKER

As Kundry in "Parsifal," as presented at the West End Theatre, New York, recently



Photo Burr McIntosh

NANETTE COMSTOCK

This popular and charming young actress, who in private life is the wife of Frank Burbeck of Charles Frohman's stock company, will be starred next season by James K. Hackett in "The Crisis." Miss Comstock has been on the stage for a number of years and played a wide variety of rôles. She was born in Albany in 1871, and made her début on the stage in 1887 in Charles Hoyt's farce "A Hole in the Ground." Later she was seen in "A Tin Soldier," and afterwards in "Natural Gas," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her next success was made in 1889 in "A Gold Mine" with N. C. Goodwin. The following summer she appeared at the special matinee of "Kerry" at the Madison Square Theatre. She originated the rôle of Laura Norris in the first American production of "Boots' Bahy," and when Bronson Howard's war play "Shenandoah" was done at the Star Theatre, Sept. 9, 1889, she successfully acted the part of Madeleine West. Since then she has been seen in "Nathan Hale," "Joan of the Shoals," and quite recently with Willie Collier in "The Dictator."

The Drama as an Educator

BY CLARA MORRIS

IT has had the richest wealth of time and toil and mind of all ages poured into it to bear interest forever. Shakespeare, its grandest exemplar—all nature's heart and brain—still at the end of three hundred years tops the intellect of the world. From such a height his view of the drama and the actor's art will be accepted as clear and sound. He did not say, as many suppose he did, that the office of acting is to hold the mirror up to nature, but "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;" apparently a very small distinction, which makes

a great difference. Severe nature, a bald copy, would be tiresomely stupid in presentation. It has been tried and the flat realism failed. It is the ideal and not the real that is the true in art. It is the type and not the individual—humanity and not men, that the drama personifies. The dramatist does not pick up the common man and woman, but selects the exceptional growth and development of man out of the masses for models of character; and they are true in the art perspective of the stage—just as the statue of heroic proportions is toned to nature at the height of its pedestal. These figures pass into the consciousness of the people as models of virtue and heroism to imitate, or monsters of vice to shun. Such conceptions and embodiments become electrified with the life of real historic persons, and live and act with the force of historical figures.

The realest and liveliest man in Switzerland is William Tell; yet he was conceived in the brain of Goethe, who delivered the embryo over to Schiller, who brought him among men for their admiration and advancement. And Tell is the towering Alpine type. So of the other dramatic heroes.

Thus the drama gives us the higher models for the general education. They are always above the class from which they spring, and to which they appeal, inviting to a higher plane of intellectual culture and æsthetic enjoyment.

The vicious man sitting at the worst play cannot see or hear anything so rank as his own vice. He is first caught when nothing else could catch him, and then led up and *educated*; and taking even this low grade of entertainment, he is in better company and surroundings than he would have been if he had not gone to the playhouse, and he will come away so much the better man. He is lured through his own low instincts, if you will, but he is immediately elevated in thought and sympathy to the higher level of the mimic scene, and awakening reason's transformation makes him *man*.

The man who cannot read goes to the play and sees pictures of beauty and hears lessons of history, heroism, virtue, life; and he is *educated*. Into the same company come the cultured student, the man of letters, the learned professor and the sage philosopher, and they are educated, too, for the magic of the drama discloses to their higher understanding a still higher ideal of possible being.

Thus the drama educates the ignorant, educates the educated, and educates the educator in that vast temple where the dramatic trinity, Melpomene, Thalia and Euterpe, minister at their altar of rational entertainment and universal enlightenment. With this spectacle of man at his congenial, intellectual pastime, who shall say the drama is not a universal educator?



Photo Bennett

Clara Morris with her pet spaniel Pattie, in her picturesque home at Riverdale on the Hudson



Photo by Pach

IRIS
(Miss May Schultz)

JUNO
(Miss Augusta Clemenko)

CERES
(Miss Jennie Rosenberg)

Scene in Shakespeare's "Tempest" as produced in the New York Ghetto by members of the Educational Alliance

Brewing of the "Tempest" in New York's Ghetto

AMONG the many attempts that have been made in various quarters of this city to provide the working classes with good and uplifting entertainment, none has been more successful than the work done in the New York Ghetto by the Educational Alliance, of which Isador Straus is president. Many wealthy and influential Hebrews take an active interest in the work, which has for its object the moral improvement of the race. For about twelve years entertainments in the Auditorium have been a feature of this institution, ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents being charged for admission to lectures, music, stereopticon exhibitions, and, more recently, dramatic entertainments. The small lecture platform-stage presented serious limitations, but the performances proved popular enough to be made more and more frequent. Sargent's dramatic pupils were imported from uptown to reproduce successes from their Empire matinees. Companies of varying quality were assembled and crowded on to the little stage in various plays. Yet the management felt that interest flagged. It was realized that all these efforts failed to fill the house as did the amateur plays offered by clubs of the neighborhood. These clubs asked advanced prices, too. So the management decided upon a new policy. From the members of the Alliance a dramatic company should be formed. This company should make a careful study of a classic, and as part of the study the classic should be produced. Thus these young people would come into intimate mental contact with classic text, their imagination be stirred to noble ideals, their nature would expand to wider human interests, their bodies be trained to facility of expression, grace and flexibility, their voices cultivated and vocabulary increased and

ennobled, their qualities of self-control, industry and personality strengthened. It was believed that the Neighborhood would take an intimate interest in the performance, and thus the influence of the new movement would extend beyond the walls of the Alliance. Late last November operations began. Shakespeare's "Tempest" was selected as simple in construction, lofty in tone, and suited to unambitious dramatic presentation.

From the various clubs and classes of the Alliance young people were selected. Any one whose interest was aroused by a running account of the piece and a statement that a performance was to be given, was welcomed to an informal reading of the play. This reading was attended by a hundred or more eager young folks, the boys from nine to twenty years old, the girls ranging from fifteen to eighteen. The play was read in simple, straightforward fashion, with no acting. Those interested were called to a series of rehearsals, and about two

hundred attended. People were cast according to their own choice of a part, that choice being guided. The first dramatic law put into operation was that physical fitness is a necessary factor of presentation. Reading rehearsals followed. Parts were distributed, and the eager, and in some cases the desperate overflow of those interested became the audience. Thus was "The Alliance Tempest Company" organized. Two months' strenuous rehearsals followed. Strict theatre discipline prevailed. Talent was at a discount, good looks also. Strict attention

was demanded, eager, unflagging interest and a dominating belief that the integrity of the performance rested with each



CALIBAN
(Jacob Helmanowitch)

The excellent make-up and artistic poise of the young man who took this part was remarkable in an amateur.

member of the company, absolute submission to the authority of the stage manager was required, prompt attendance at rehearsals. As rapidly as possible the casts were reduced to members displaying these qualities.

These people, mostly Russian Jews, are employed in the shops up and down town, they attend the City College, Columbia University, Normal College, Public High School. Some of them are in banks, some in the great drygoods stores, others in restaurants and tailoring shops. They live everywhere, Hoboken, Harlem, East and West Sides, up and down town. By rushing immediately from public school the younger players could reach rehearsal by 3:15 p. m.; others rehearsed from 7 or 8 till 10 or 11 p. m. Full rehearsals could be managed Sundays only, other days the casts had to be handled in bunches, according to the hours they could give. Rehearsals were shifted from pillar to post. The Auditorium serves as lecture hall, school, Synagogue, and is let to outsiders, and was therefore not available for more than two or three rehearsals. Such work! Meanwhile, characterizations began to take shape, voices rounded and deepened, inflections became alive, lines were learned, the cast was put to work "on its feet," the action of the play began to form itself out of the requirements of the text, the relations of each character to the play, and to all other characters were worked out.

Costumes! They could not be got at any of the costumers. Unusual play, they said. Only vague notions of the period. Great expense! The management marched out and bought stuffs in the neighborhood of the Alliance and the cast was costumed beautifully and suitably, every stitch done by local seamstresses, according to pictures of the period. Shoes, swords, caps, jewels, were all gathered together, one of the eager extras of the company became wardrobe master, and each character's entire costume was boxed ready for use, and guarded jealously. Daniel Frohman lent bits of the Daly production of "The Tempest," and as to lights, the engineer of the Auditorium rose to the occasion. Wires sprung up in all directions—"cutoffs" were accomplished, "switches" were multiplied—footlights augmented, various "effects" obtained. Stormy gloom, mysterious green, "full sunlight" warming to sunset amber, dashed with red—"buzzers" to convey signals

appeared, and "light effects" were ready. Incidental music was secured from music classes in the Alliance, a neighborhood orchestra fell in line.

The neighborhood was afire with interest. The house was sold out before even the directors were properly looked after. Uptown folk got wind of what was in progress, and stormed for entrance. The two dress rehearsals were crowd-

ed with people who could not be kept out. The first production was given. The play progressed without accident, and the play was there! That is the strange and beautiful part of it all. A lovely unconsciousness of effort, a seriousness of purpose, and a simple dignity of bearing marked the work of each one. Each knew his part and loved it and worked for it out of his heart. And the play was there with all shortcomings of production, and the Shakespearian acting was there! A night or so later the same cast played again and again to a jammed house.

The educational value of this work has been demonstrated. It is to be continued next year, when there will be a picked cast

revival of "The Tempest," and productions of "Ingomar" and "As You Like It," that these shut-in people may enjoy and learn to understand the pastoral drama. And as the new generation grows up, it is going to make itself felt beyond the limits of its native East Side. It is only a drop in the bucket of the theatre-going public, but a drop that may one day become a mighty factor in demanding a higher dramatic standard than indecent farce and inane musical comedy. For this alone, it is worth the effort it costs.



NELLA BERGEN

Wife of De Wolf Hopper and lately seen as Marie in "Wang." Miss Bergen has a dramatic soprano voice and has long been a favorite in comic opera. Next season she will probably be seen in a new De Koven opera



The famous band of the Republican Guard of Paris which will come to America next month to give concerts at the St. Louis Exposition



ADELAIDE SHARP

As Mo-Zoo May, the first sing-song girl



THE SEVEN LITTLE KOREAN MAIDENS



ARTHUR J. O'BRYAN

As Wi-Ju, the publicity promoter

Characters in "The Sho-Gun," the new Korean comic opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders, which has been running for a long time in Chicago, and will be seen early next season at Wallack's, New York

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART V*



JULIA WEMPLE

IT was certainly a great load off my mind to have a home like Mrs. Siegrist's waiting for me, instead of having to hunt around for a boarding house, as many girls in my position do. I went to Mr. Canfeld's office on Wednesday, as arranged. There were a number of people waiting, but he saw me at once.

"Good morning, Miss Wemple; have you signed for next season yet?"

"Not yet," I answered, just as if there had been a delegation of managers besieging me with offers.

"Well, if you care to remain under my management, I can offer you a good ingénue part. I have the road rights to 'Love Laughs at Locksmiths.' The piece was a big hit here last winter. I thought you might like the part. The salary is thirty a week. We open in September."

It's a wonder I didn't hug him. I had been trembling at the thought of another summer of hustling, and here was every difficulty swept from my path.

Mr. Norman followed me into the hall and said: "Are you happy, little girl?"

"Happy!" I exclaimed.

"What will you do now?" he asked.

"Go straight home and see Aunt Nan."

"How soon?"

"As soon as Miss Debramway sails; I wouldn't miss seeing her off."

We all went to the steamer when our leading lady left, and a few days later Bobby and Mr. Norman came to the train to see me off.

Aunt Nan was in the seventh Heaven of bliss at having me home again. She always referred to me as "My niece, the actress." I was quite a curiosity in the neighborhood.

Harold Gorham would come over in the evenings and camp out on our front porch. He looked sentimental and talked about home being the woman's sphere. He seemed so inane and commonplace after Bobby Tucker and Mr. Norman that I had no patience with him.

I had nice, chatty letters from Mr. Norman, not long, but telling me all the theatrical news I cared to hear, and fascinating letters came from Miss Debramway, written in French. These I labored over with my French and English dictionaries. I answered in such French as I knew. She had obtained an engagement in Paris.

We were called for rehearsal the middle of August. The man who

staged the play had been in the original company, so everything was marked out, and the members of the company were not allowed to deviate one hair's breadth from the instructions given. There were three other girls in the company, Loraine Acton, who played the leading part; May Stanhope, who was the comedy ingénue, and Anne Gregory, who played a character soubrette. My part was an emotional ingénue.

Loraine was a tall, handsome girl, with dark hair; May was blonde and pretty, like Dresden china; Anne Gregory was not pretty, she had irregular features, chestnut hair and gray eyes. Miss Stanhope and Miss Stanhope were both graduates of dramatic schools.

The stage manager explained that the reason he was so precise about every inflection and piece of business was because he wanted our performance to be as much like the original as possible; then, too, they were through experimenting, everything had been tried and weighed and timed until they knew just the way to produce the effects they wanted, and they must be done that way. I had never seen any one rehearse in such a matter-of-fact way as Miss Gregory did. Having finished her own scenes, she never paid a bit of attention to the rest of the rehearsal; she sat down somewhere and read a book or worked on her embroidery. But she was pleasant and responsive if any one spoke to her. I remarked how trying I found the rehearsals.

"Yes, they are hard," she said. "That's the worst of trying to follow people in parts; you're expected to do exactly as they did, no matter how bad they may have been. I had an experience like this some years ago. One of the men wore a dress suit to breakfast, although there was nothing in the text or directions to justify such a thing, yet whenever the play has been done since, whoever plays that part has been forced to breakfast in a dress suit, because Mr. —, who created the part, did so. In another play, a French farce done at the Madison Square, a similar thing occurred. The leading woman had a beautiful neck, so she appeared in a breakfast gown, cut as décolleté as if it was a ball toilette. One afternoon the four-year-old son of one of the actors was in front, and his mother brought him back between the acts to meet the company, and when he beheld Miss B. he pointed his finger at her and asked, ingenuously: 'Why does she show her chest?' You can imagine the hit it made, as we'd all been wondering the same thing."

We opened near New York. Mr. Canfeld and Mr. Norman came up for the opening. We girls had a very exciting time during the afternoon, unpacking and displaying our costumes. Loraine and May both had beautiful dresses. Anne Gregory's dresses were short prints and

* This serial began in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for April

swisses, little childish things. Loraine and May protested, because their clothes had cost them a great deal of money.

"I'll wager," said Anne, "that by the end of the season my part costs me more than either of yours to dress it. You see, I have to have two complete sets of dresses, to say nothing of stacks of underwear, which, when you wear short dresses, is indispensable. My laundry bills are enormous; they charge seventy-five cents apiece to do up one of those little dresses, and sometimes they do them up so effectually that I have to have new ones. Miss Wemple is the only lucky one."

I played a half-breed, so I only wore one rather picturesque but inexpensive dress. When I saw the other girl's finery I was rather wistful, and wished I could wear at least one pretty dress, but Anne's view of the situation changed mine.

Poor Anne, aside from the awful strain it is to get any laundry done at all on one-night stands, washed all her own little white stockings and waists. When we would be off enjoying ourselves, Anne would be at home doing her washing. "If I ever get a part again," she said, "where I don't have to do a Mme. Sans Gène act on the side I shall be grateful!"

Our stage director left us after a few days. Before leaving, he called Miss Acton, Miss Stanhope and me. "I called you to give you a few words of advice. Miss Gregory does not need any. There are two things I want to impress on you. Don't quarrel with each other and don't have any love affairs in the company."

We took his advice literally. We girls were very friendly, so much so that we had no idea of quarreling, and as we went everywhere together we did not see much of the men in the company. Anyway, they were all interested in somebody else, as their mad rush to the post-office the minute we reached a town betokened. They spent their afternoons answering these missives of Cupid.

We went straight South. We were the first company down there that season, and as the reputation of the play was enormous, we played to immense business. Our notices were all good and the audiences responsive. Southerners are lovely to play to.

That first trip South, although the traveling was hard, was in the nature of a perpetual picnic to May, Loraine and me. Loraine had a passion for trolleying. May and I always accompanied her. Anne would not go on any of these excursions; she had traveled so much that any form of car was hateful to her, and she said she hoped that if she had to stay on the stage that they would invent some sort of pneumatic tube whereby a person could be put in a comfortable, well-ventilated tube and be shot to their destination.

We went up on Lookout Mountain, in Chattanooga. May bought enough souvenir bullets to fit out a regiment. Unfortunately, we got very thirsty, and romantically made leaf cups and drank from a little spring we found in our wanderings. As a consequence, we were all deathly sick before morning. We all met, looking like ghosts, in Anne's room, whither each went for help and sympathy, knowing she carried a baby drug store. She doctored us all up and sent us back to bed. She spent the remainder of the night going from room to room, attending to us in turn.

It was still early Fall and very warm. Our train rides were long and dusty. One day we were traveling in a caboose, hitched on to the end of a lumber train. At first we girls sat in the cupola of the caboose.



Some of the birds seen in the bird operetta, "Woodland," in Boston

Then the boys ventured out one by one and sat on the lumber, clean, pine planks, piled several feet thick on the flat cars. Presently Charlie Stone, about the only one of the actors who didn't tear to the post-office, and whom I think had a strong leaning toward Anne, came back for us, and we all went out and sat on the lumber, too. We sang until we were hoarse. A brakeman soon joined us, and we sang "The Suwanee River." One of the boys nudged me, and I looked at the brakeman. The tears were

streaming down his cheeks. We tried not to notice. Finally he blew his nose violently and returned his handkerchief to his pocket. We looked at him, relieved, and he said: "That's the third cinder I've had in my eye to-day."

If anything unpleasant was to happen, it invariably happened to May. If a party of rats wanted to hold a midnight revel, they always selected May's room, and water-bugs were irresistibly drawn to her. I saw Charlie Stone standing at a stationary washstand one day in a theatre, talking, apparent-

ly, to the wash-basin. I stopped at the door. "Who are you talking to?" I asked.

"This water-bug. I was just telling him he'd made a mistake in the room." May dressed in No. 2.

In New Orleans we wore ourselves to the bone sight-seeing. Anne and May had saturated themselves with Cable's stories, and we made a pilgrimage to the Haunted House on Royal Street. We wanted to go through it, but they wanted fifty cents apiece. We thought that a little high-priced for ghosts in a city so full of them, so we departed. May lingered. Presently she came running after us. "Come on, girls; I've made a theatrical rate; they'll take us through for thirty-five cents apiece. Come on, I'll 'treat' you to the ghosts."

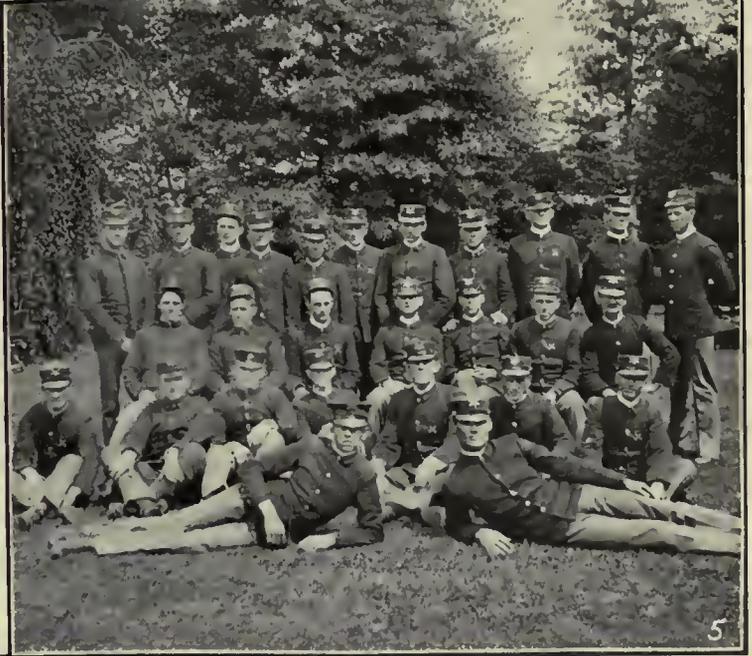
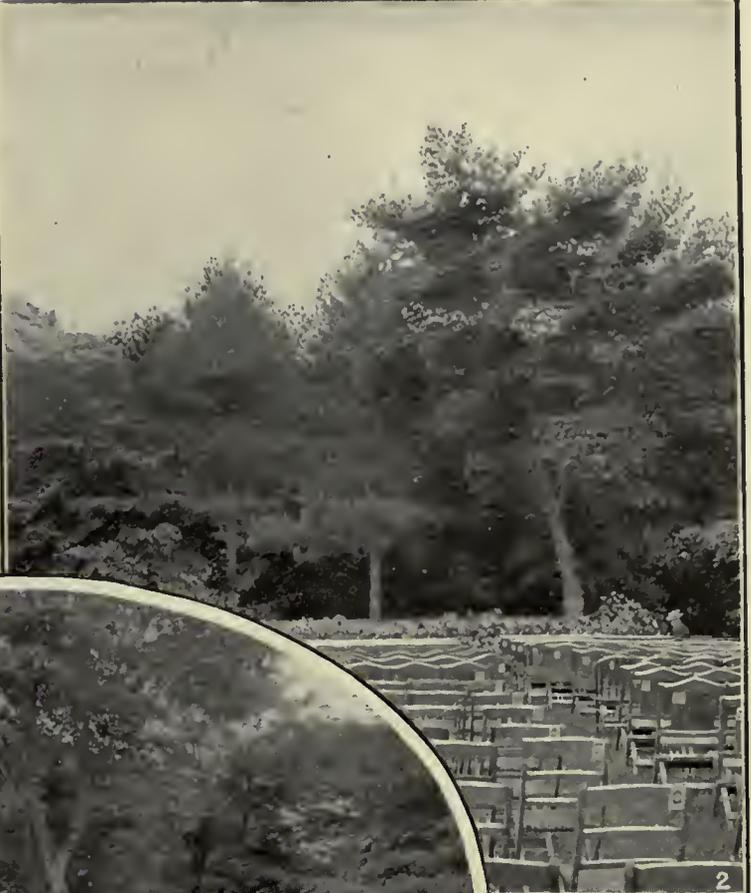
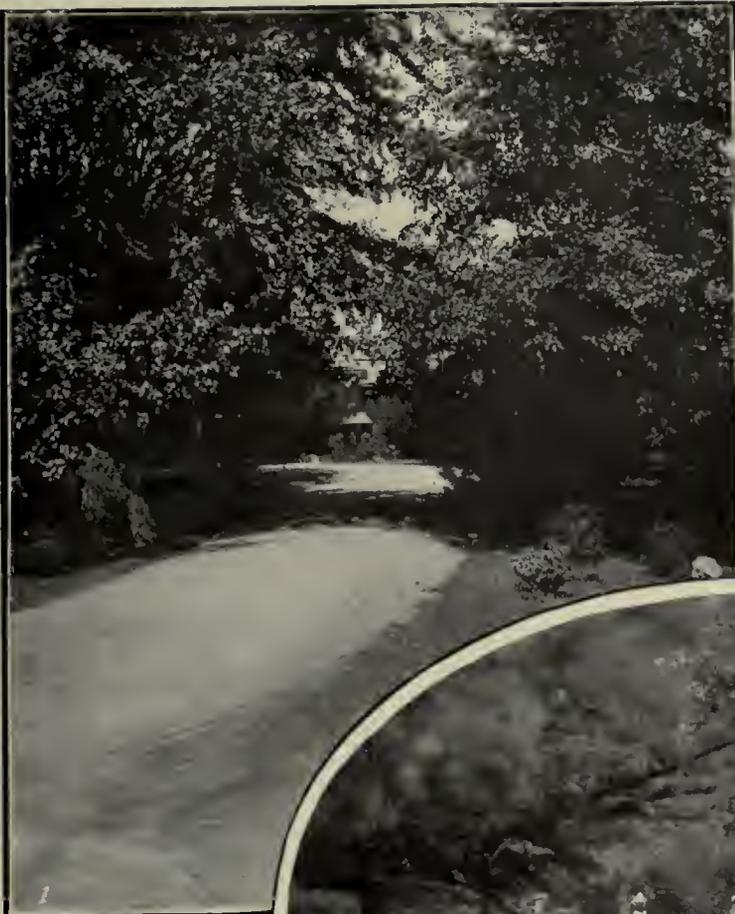
We also bought several baby alligators, and I mailed one to Aunt Nan. When it arrived she alarmed the neighborhood with her screams.

Anne treated everything connected with the theatre in such a business-like way that I fancied she did not care for the stage. I told her so.

"Not care for the stage, my dear child? My people have been connected with the theatre for generations. It's in my blood. I could no more help acting than I can breathing. I love to act, but I loathe traveling; then the uncertainty from year to year simply wears me out. Nothing makes me so furious as to hear people connected with the stage speak slightly of it or run it down."

I never saw any one who read as fast as Anne, except May, and the minute they finished a book, they would tear it to pieces page by page, the characters, the plot and the style. Until I met them, a story was simply a story to me, but I realized that I did not know how to read at all. Then May always saw the funny side of everything, but the joke was never complete unless Anne shared it. Many a time Loraine and I have stared in solemn silence while Anne and May reveled in something which entirely escaped us; so in that way Anne and May had so much more in common.

Loraine was our authority on dress. She had exquisite taste and designed her own clothes. She took us all in hand and arranged our wardrobes psychologically. Our clothes were to be the outward expression of our inward selves. Quite a step in advance this of Rachel's two costumes. We called these lectures on dress "Mme.



Photos by W. J. Vars, Newport.

PASTORAL PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT NEWPORT

1. Entrance to the grounds. 2. Arrangement of the stage. 3. The play performance in progress. 4. Ushers of the U. S. Navy. 5. Ushers of the U. S. Army. The pastoral performances by Ben Greet and his players, which have long been fashionable in England were first given in America last summer on the grounds of Columbia University, that charming English actress, Edith Wynne Matthison, being then seen for the first time as Rosalind. Since then Mr. Greet has repeated the performances at the leading universities and colleges, and always with success. Either upon a sloping piece of ground or upon an artificial stage built among a cluster of trees the woodland scenes of Shakespeare's comedies are capable of singularly charming performances. The above pictures show one of these open-air entertainments that was given on June 23 and 29 last on the grounds of the Cloyne House School, Newport, R. I. The affair attracted considerable attention not only because it was the first time that an open-air performance had ever been given in Newport, but also because it was under the patronage of some of the most fashionable people. The plays presented were: "As You Like It," "Much Ado," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the proceeds went to the Army and Navy Club. A novel feature was the employment as ushers of details of soldiers and sailors from the army and naval stations. The men wore full dress uniform and made a fine appearance, adding picturesqueness to the scene. The executive committee and patronesses included the following ladies: Mrs. Stephen B. Luce, Miss C. Ogden Jones, Mrs. Theodore Kane Gibbs, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Paul Andrews, Mrs. Hugh D. Anchinloss, Mrs. Clermont Best, Mrs. Henry W. Bookstaver, Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed, Mrs. Harold Brown, Mrs. William P. Buffm, Mrs. Edward Capehart, Mrs. F. E. Chadwick, Mrs. Robert Cushing, Mrs. Theodore Davis, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Miss Lucille R. Edgar, Mrs. Eldridge, Mrs. William Ennis, Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Mrs. William E. Glyn, Miss Rosa Grosvenor, Mrs. Joseph Harriman, Mrs. F. B. Hoffman, Mrs. Oliver W. Huntington, Mrs. S. E. Huntington, Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mrs. DeLancy Kane, Mrs. Livingston Lndlow, Mrs. Bradford Norman, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mrs. C. L. F. Robinson, Mrs. George Scott, Mrs. Siegfried, Mrs. Thompson Spencer, Mrs. James A. Swan, Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, Miss Susan Travers, Mrs. Hamilton Webster, Mrs. George Peahody Wetmore and Mrs. John J. Wyszog

Worth's Dress Talks." Loraine and May also had long discussions on "Dramatic Art." I was, of course, intensely interested in these; yet if anything went wrong with their scenes, or they missed a point, they always asked Anne to find out where the trouble was.

We traveled hard, but we were all so interested in our work that the season slipped by before we were aware of it, and somehow I could not realize it ended until I was actually back at Mrs. Siegrist's.

Fate was not so kind this time. My standby, Mr. Caufeld, was not going to send out any companies the next season. He was now manager of one of the New York theatres, a splendid position, and we all rejoiced at his good luck, for he was always considerate and kind.

I hated to begin the routine of agents and managers again. Still it wouldn't be as it had been before. I had now had two and a half seasons' experience, and on a season of thirty-five weeks had saved about two hundred and fifty dollars. I had a home with Mrs. Siegrist. Then, too, I had more friends, so I did not feel quite so much like a stray cat in a strange garret.

Shortly after we closed, I met David Norman and Bobby. When I saw David, my heart beat suddenly and unexpectedly. It never used to behave in that way when I met David. I suppose it was because I hadn't seen him for such a long time. Yet it never even fluttered when I beheld Bobby, with whom I had parted at the same time. Hearts are very curious affairs. I remembered my manners this time, and invited him to call.

I constantly saw the girls. We met on Broadway or lunched at each other's houses. One summer's day I was calling on Anne in her hall bedroom, when May came in, looking a picture in a green organdie, and considerably excited. "Listen, girls," she exclaimed. "I've just been put on to the greatest scheme. You go to Simons, the agent, give him fifty dollars, and he'll find you a New York engagement. Tomorrow I'm going to plank down my fifty."

"That smacks of blackmail to me," says Anne.

"I don't care, if it gets me a New York opening. No more road companies for me. It doesn't make any difference how good your work is, if you don't play on Broadway you are not in it."

"You'd better be careful, May," warned Anne; "an agent unscrupulous enough to take a bribe may not fulfill his promises."

"I'll get a receipt," said May, "and if you girls want to try it, and can't spare the money, you're welcome to anything of mine."

"Thank you, Maysie; but it would go against my theatrical conscience," said Anne, shaking her head in a solemn manner.



MISS SALLIE STEMBLER

Impersonates a female burglar in a new vaudeville sketch entitled "A Cabinet Meeting"

not been playing long before they were engaged to be married. She had rather neglected Anne and me since her engagement for the part, but she flew in to tell us of her matrimonial engagement and explained

that that was the reason we had not seen her oftener, she'd been so busy, first with her part, then so absorbed in her fiancé.

"But, May," we exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Do you love him?"

"I guess you've never seen him, or you wouldn't ask such a question," answered May, testily.

May did not lose an opportunity to do a good turn, for Mr. Selby sent for Anne and gave her a good part in a road company. May apologized because there was nothing for me.

"But you see, Judy, you're not such an all-round actress as Anne. You're more like me, it's a question of personality."

I saw little of May, she being absorbed in preparations for her marriage. Anne and Loraine were both on the road, so I was again practically alone. When I read of May's marriage in the paper I wrote her a note, and about three days after received a telegram from Mr. Selby to call at his office.

He was a pleasant, boyish-looking man, and talked straight to the point.

"Miss Wemple," he said, "I'm thinking of making a revival of 'The Hillside Farm.' The play made a hit when it was done originally in New York. Since then it has been very successful on the road, so I thought with an elaborate production it might be good for several weeks in New York. There is a small part in it, and May thought as you had nothing else in view you might play that until something better offered. You know revivals are

risky things." And he looked at me doubtfully.

"Thank you," I interrupted; "even if it's only for a week, it's better than nothing."

The rehearsal began. I put in a week of torture. I was heartsick. When I got the part, I went over it and formed a conception of how it should be played. My idea was to play it slowly and with repressed concentration, for though a short part, it seemed to me a good one. But no, the stage manager did not want it played that way; it must be quick and spasmodic.

He was very ugly and impatient with me, in fact, with most of the people.

"Action"—"Speed"—these were his pet words. Repose was not in his vocabulary.

I thought it over. I knew if I tried to play the part that way I should fail. I went to Mr. Selby and resigned. I saw the stage manager had been there before me. Mr. Selby said:

"May is very anxious for you to have the part. I'll be in to rehearse Monday, and you'd better wait until I see you before you resign." He shook hands warmly, as if to encourage me.

He came as he promised. He called me aside and said:

"If you can't play the part Fielding's way, why try it your own."

But it was useless. I tried to rehearse it my way just once to show Mr. Selby my idea, but I could not. I simply was not anything. I was not their idea of the part and I was not my own, and as the rehearsals went on, and I felt the general disapproval, I grew more and more colorless. As it was a revival, Mr. Selby left most of the rehearsals to Fielding, only dropping in now and again; but I know, that after the first rehearsal he attended he must have told Fielding to let me alone, and that I was to stay, no matter how bad I was, for Fielding never interfered after that, and I overheard him make a sneering remark: "Friend of Mrs. Selby's." How I hated him!

At last the curtain went up on the night's performance. My scene
(Continued on page vi.)



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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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 insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

PHOTOGRAPHS—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The Publishers invite artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented.

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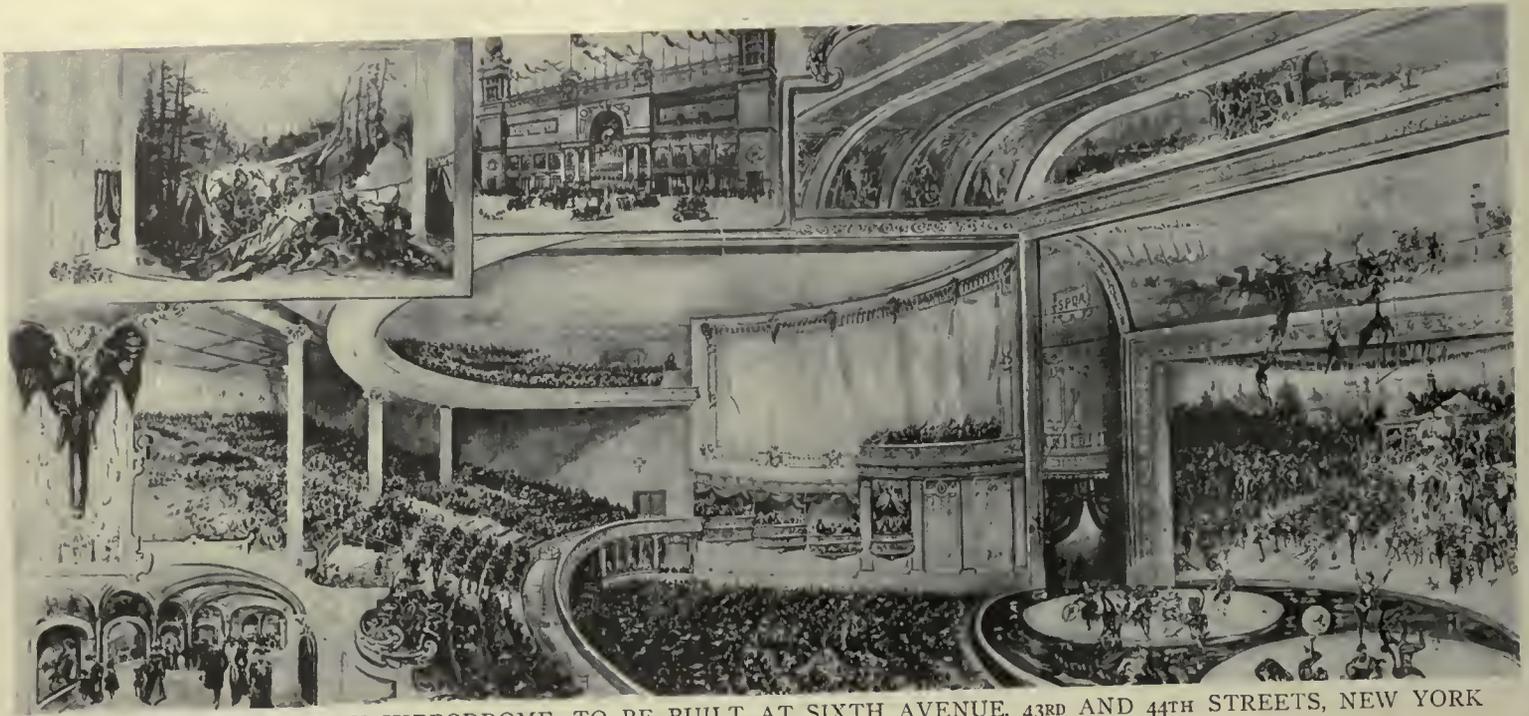
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At last New York is to have a hippodrome. Showmen have been intending to build one here for some years past, and amusement seekers have wondered why they did not do so. A corporation has been formed for that purpose. Thompson and Dundy, owners of Luna Park, are to be the managers. Frederick W. Thompson, designer of Luna Park, has made all the plans for the hippodrome building, both exterior and interior, and his ideas will be carried out as to the mechanical and scenic devices. The building, which will face on Sixth avenue, and extend from Forty-third to Forty-fourth street, will cost about \$1,500,000.

"I have for years wondered," said Mr. Thompson to a writer for the *Telegram*, "why New York has never had such a place of amusement as we propose to open by the Christmas holidays. Here we have the backbone of the amusement industry. Show any New York theatrical manager a town where there is no theatre and he will rush there to build one, even though the population be but small. Yet here in Manhattan, where three million people are practically clamoring for a high-class winter circus, with pantomime and spectacular adjuncts, the professional showman has failed to see his chance. I fully believe that when our hippodrome is opened in the winter the public will say it never thought it was possible for such a stupendous spectacle to be presented at such reasonable rates. The admission will be \$1.00, 50 and 25 cents. The house will seat 5,200 persons, and about 800 persons will be employed daily in the various departments.

There will be a matinee every week day and a night performance, and the house will close only for about two months and a half each year.

"In the construction of the building the first thought has been to make everything fireproof. The arena itself will not be overdecorated. Our idea is to place the fancy decorations back of the orchestra and balconies, in the café, smoking rooms and promenades. We do this in order to lend more splendor to the scenic effects on the stage. Very little painted scenery will be used. Nearly all the illusions will be produced by portable tin and sheet iron. The space afforded will be so great that nearly all the spectacular ideas can be carried out with real trees, water, roads, horses, etc. From wall to wall the space will be about two hundred feet wide and nearly as deep. The arch of the stage will be 116 feet wide, and when the curtain is up and a spectacular pantomime is on each spectator will have a range of vision so extensive that the effect will be just the same as if the performance was in the open air. The stage will rise or fall as the scenery requires, either in parts or as a whole. In the front of the stage there will be a lake 40 feet wide, 90 feet long and 14 feet deep. Out of this will rise two circular platforms, or circus rings. Aerial acts will be given over these rings, both of which will be in operation simultaneously. At the same time there will be an immense show upon the stage.

"Following the circus and vaudeville part of the exhibition we will present next winter a mammoth pantomime called 'The Days of '49.' For this and similar affairs which will be arranged later the tank and stage will be thrown into one. In 'The Days of '49,' for example, the visitor will see the Indians in the foreground. In the rear of the stage, high above the desert, the emigrant train with its covered ox-driven wagons will come slowly over the mountains and gradually go into camp on the plains. Night comes on after a magnificent Western sunset, and then the Indians attack. The heroine is captured and carried away. The United States troops loom up on the distant hill tops. A signal of distress from the emigrant camp brings them nearer and nearer. The Indians cut the intervening bridges and make off under the cover of night. On comes the cavalry, but the hero, who leads the rescuing party, dashes over the precipice, and then comes the wild dash at the Indians, and final rescue."

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"The Real New York." By Rupert Hughes. Illustrated by Henry Mayer. New York. Smart Set Publishing Co.

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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. C. TEEVAN.—The title of "Pepita's Song," sung by Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of Jose," is "White, White is the Jasmine Flower," and is by Gustav Sanger.

M. VAN M.—(1) They will play together during the season of 1904-05. (2) "Maister of Woodbarron," "The Dancing Girl," "Captain of Letterblair," "An Enemy to the King," "Change Alley," "The Adventures of Lady Ursula."

E. M. MILLS.—The plays you name are all manuscript plays and are not to be obtained for that purpose.

A READER, Cincinnati, Ohio.—It is either bought outright or a weekly royalty of 10 per cent. is paid.

A CONSTANT READER, New York.—We cannot locate the lady, but a letter sent in care of one of the dramatic papers would no doubt reach her.

H. V. D.—Write to Walter Lawrence, Daly's Theatre Building, New York City.

E. M. T.—(1) She is at her mother's theatre in Brooklyn, where she is to act next season. (2) She has returned to Europe.

ETHEL WILLIS.—(1) He is not acting at present. (2) No.

A. W. W.—(1) He is at present in the Canadian towns. (2) Thos. Shea is the owner. It is not a published play.

MARLOWE ADORER.—(1) Yes, during the month of May. (2) "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Ingomar." (3) We cannot give addresses. (4) September 1st.

M. E. B.—A scene from "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was published in the May, 1904, issue.

Miss H. P. E.—The articles were as follows: 1. The Booths. 2. The Jeffersons. The article you mention will be included in the series.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Beginning with the September issue, we will publish actors' portraits in color from time to time.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.—We may do so later.

A TAUNTON READER.—An interview with Miss Barrymore was published in the November, 1902, issue. The others you mention will probably be given shortly.

L. H. B.—No, we have not given up the department you mention.

H. D. SMITH.—Make application.

ERIC.—We cannot answer questions of this nature.

M. L. C., New York.—She has not yet been engaged for next season.

A CONSTANT READER.—We have not heard of her since she was in the cast of "The Geisha."

MARSHALL KING.—(1) We do not know. (2) "The Crown Prince." (3) Any book store. (4) We never heard of it.

H. L. C., East River, Conn.—(1) Care of The Dramatic Mirror, 121 West 42d St., New York City. (2) No, there are no free dramatic schools. (3) The only way we know is to purchase it from the author.

M. R., Lansdowne, Pa.—Empire Theatre, New York City. He is now in Europe.

M. F., West End.—To take such a course will cost you from three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. If you are expecting to get into a comic opera company, you must commence as a chorus girl. Only those who show some ability are put in the productions of plays by such schools.

T. H. WALLACE.—(1) David Belasco, Belasco Theatre; Daniel Frohman, Lyceum Theatre (he is now in Europe); Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre (now in Europe); Kirke La Shelle, Knickerbocker Theatre Building; Harrison Grey Fiske, Mirror office, 121 West 42d St.; Klaw & Erlanger, New Amsterdam Theatre Building; Schubert Brothers, Lyric Theatre. (2) There are so many in the vicinity of the theatres that we do not care to recommend any. In 34th St., between 6th and 8th Aves., are a good many.

"INTERESTED."—(1) Scenes from "The Wizard of Oz" were published in the August, 1902, and March, 1903, issues. (2) We have published two portraits of her, in September, 1902, and July, 1903. Back numbers are on sale at this office.

BLANCHE E. PARRET.—We do not know of such a book.

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Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl

(Continued from page 212)

came, and somehow it simply played itself in the repressed, concentrated way I'd planned at first. I could not help it. I felt it that way, and if there had been twenty stage managers in the entrance it would have been the same. It was not a scene which required anything from the audience save quiet, so I couldn't tell how it had gone. I went home, and had Mrs. Siegrist known of the tears I shed, she would have covered the room with tarpaulin. I woke up unhappy and dejected, and sent for the papers. To my joy and amazement, I had notices in every one of them. One paper said: "Miss Wemple re-created the rôle," another: "A part insignificant when the play was originally done was brought into prominence by the treatment it received in the hands of Miss Wemple."

I had made a hit! and incidentally triumphed over the sneering stage manager.

(To be concluded next month.)

Prince Arthur Beats the Monmouth

There was an interesting trial of speed in New York Harbor recently, when the Munson Line's new steamship, Prince Arthur, fresh from the builder's hands, was pitted against the Monmouth, of the Sandy Hook route, and which, until now, has enjoyed the reputation of being the fastest craft in these waters. The Prince Arthur is the latest addition to the Munson Line service. She is a splendidly equipped boat, has two stacks, both of which are painted red, and give her the appearance of a small French liner, and twin screws. General Manager Gifkins, of the Dominion Atlantic Railway and Steamship service, entertained at luncheon a party of invited guests, including railroad men, journalists, and others. When the little steamship reached the Narrows, it slowed up to await the Monmouth, and then followed a splendid race, which ended in victory for the Prince Arthur.

Russian Plays in Hot Weather

"When the hot weather comes to make actors feel like wet dish-cloths, I'll have the best of it," remarked Raymond Hitchcock between the acts of the "Yankee Consul" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, the other night. "You see," he said, "the scene of this piece is laid in the tropics, and I have to wear the lightest of light clothes. White duck makes a great difference when the thermometer is 'way up. I'll never forget playing most of the summer in a Russian melodrama, where my part called for a fur-lined overcoat, high boots and fur collar and cap. It was a perpetual Russian bath, and before September arrived the doctor had about given me up for a case of hasty decline."

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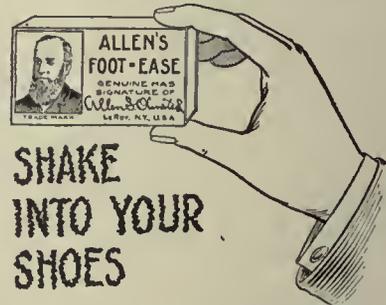
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KYRLE BELLEW as "Romeo."

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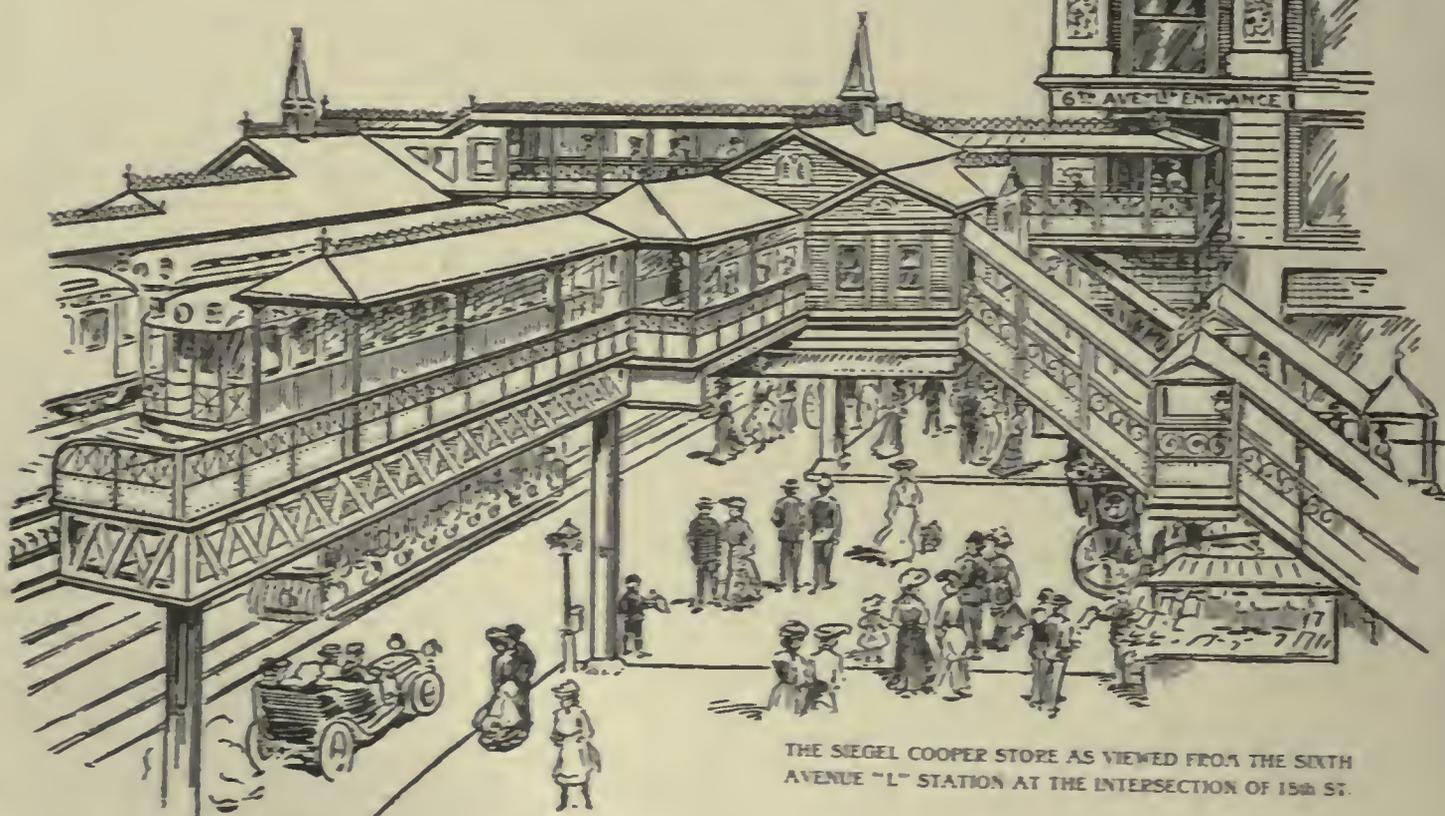
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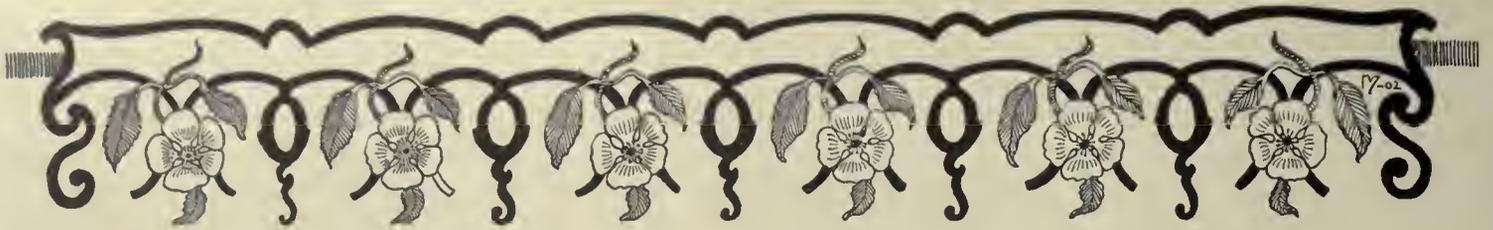
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



ERMETE NOVELLI AS SHYLOCK

An actor of great celebrity in Italy who is about to pay his first visit to the United States. Signor Novelli is said to resemble Coquelin in intellectual subtlety of characterization and in his methods. Shunning the poetico-romantic character parts, both light and heavy, became his specialty, and he speedily added the world's great rôles to his repertoire—Othello, Louis XI., Shylock, Hamlet, Lear, Kean, etc., etc. In Italy he has been the foremost champion of the modern natural school of acting. Sarcey ranked him with Ristori and Salvini.



The New Theatrical Season—A Forecast

AT the threshold of another theatrical season, the playgoer is interested in glancing at the managerial announcements to see what kind of fare is to be laid on the dramatic table. Last season, which proved so disastrous, promised at the outset to be one of the most brilliant in years. Of the plays of world-wide fame scheduled for production, two—Sardou's "Dante" and Philipp's "Ulysses"—were flat failures, and the others, respectively, "Herod," "Monna Vanna" and "Business is Business," were not seen at all, the production of the last two dramas being postponed until this year. As things often go by contraries, the new theatrical season of 1904-5, while not nearly so promising as regards its visible supply of plays as its predecessor, may prove far more successful. The actual extraordinary scarcity in every country of really fine plays has naturally everything to do with the slim and inconsequential lists presented this year by the managers who, in many cases unable to secure new material, are often compelled to fall back on pieces previously shelved. With the exception of Octave Mirbeau's powerful drama, "Business is Business," one of the great recent successes of the Comédie Française, and which, as stated, Charles Frohman had in his possession all last season, and Maeterlinck's poetic tragedy, "Monna Vanna," in which Mrs. Fiske will be seen, and which was also available last year, there is no play of the first importance in sight.

Five new comedies, by as many distinguished English authors, are to be exploited by Charles Frohman's stars: "The Duke of Killcrankie," by Capt. Robert Marshall, for John Drew; "Lctty," by A. W. Pinero, for William Faversham, with Carlotta Nillson in the title rôle; "Joseph Entangled," by Henry Arthur Jones, for Henry Miller; "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton, for Miss Fay Davis, and "Jenny," by Israel Zangwill, for Miss Maude Adams, who will also be seen in a forty-minute character sketch, entitled "Op o' me Thumb." Another comedy by Mr. Zangwill, entitled "The Serio Comic Governess," will serve as a starring vehicle for Miss Cecilia Loftus. Also from England comes the play, "Sunday," in which Miss Ethel Barrymore will be seen as a rough Western girl with ragged clothes, dirty hands and unkempt hair. This piece is announced as the work of an English writer named "Thomas Raceward."

It is believed, however, to be the pseudonym of two playwrights who desire to preserve their incognito.

The European output of plays being so insignificant, the coming season promises to give the American dramatist a rare opportunity. Clyde Fitch has written a comedy for Mrs. Bloodgood called "The Coronet of a Duchess," and another for Mrs. Gilbert called "Granny;" William Gillette is hard at work on his new piece, entitled "Clarice," in which a negro wench figures prominently; Joseph Arthur's Indian play, "Seirine," is scheduled for production by Belasco; George Ade gives us "The Sho-Gun" and "The College Widow," Paul Potter has written a play for Mary Mannering called "The Girl Who Forgot;" Rupert Hughes and C. S. M. McClellan have each had plays accepted by Mrs. Fiske; William C. De Mille, son of Belasco's former partner, has written a play for Robert Edeson; Martha Morton's new comedy will be produced by Annie Irish; Edward Kidder's new piece will be done by Ezra Kendall; Charles Klein, who wrote "The Auctioneer," has fitted David Warfield with a new play called "The Music Master;" Stanislaus Stange and Ludwig Englander are joint authors of "The Two Roses," which Fritzi Scheff will use, and another operetta by Mr. Englander and Harry B. Smith, entitled "A Madcap Princess" will serve to exploit Lulu Glaser. Mr. Stange and Julian Edwards have also written a musical comedy for Mme. Schumann-Heink, entitled "Love's Lottery." Louis Mann will be seen in "The Second Fiddle," also by an American author.

The adaptation of foreign plays include, in addition to "Business is Business," in which W. H. Crane will be seen in the rôle of the money grubber, another drama from the French, entitled "Brother Jacques." Annie Russell will be seen in this piece, which is pathetic in character. Other French plays are "La Montansier," a comedy of Revolutionary days; "The Third Moon," a Chinese comedy; "The Gallant King," from the Odéon, Guitry's acting success, "Cranquebille," also left over from last season, and "The West Point Cadet" [Ta Ta, To To], for Della Fox. The German plays are "Taps," an English version of "Zapfenstreich," seen last season at the Irving Place Theatre, and which Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will use for their tour, and a comedy called "The



EDNA MAY
Will appear shortly at Daly's in "The School Girl"

Blind Passenger," by the authors of "The White Horse Tavern," and "Military Mad," an adaptation by Leo Dietrichstein. From England will come: "The School Girl," with Edna May, and another musical piece called "The Catch of the Season."

There is a noticeable decrease in the number of plays hammered together from popular novels, and for this the theatre-goer should be profoundly grateful, for, unquestionably, the dramatized novel is a theatrical excrescence. The book plays announced are: Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," in which James K. Hackett will appear; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;" Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son;" Alfred Henry Lewis' "The Boss," Kipling's "Story of the Gadsbys," Gordon Lennox's "Indiscretion of Mr. Kingsley," and Gen. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," the dramatization of which has been done by Joseph I. C. Clarke.

Sir Henry Irving will not make his farewell American tour until the season of 1905-6, but his son, Henry B. Irving, will act here this year, supported by Miss Irene Vanbrough. Another distinguished English visitor will be Sir Charles Wyndham, who has not been seen in America since 1889, when he appeared at Palmer's Theatre in "David Garrick," "The Candidate," "Wild Oats," and other pieces. His repertoire this time will include "David Garrick," "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," and a new play. Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be seen in Victorien Sardou's latest drama, "The Sorceress," and other pieces of her repertoire. Ellen Terry, who has now become a Frohman star, and whose artistic partnership with Irving is therefore definitely ended, will first tour the English provinces under Mr. Frohman's direction and later come to America. Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks, both of whom are popular in this country, are coming; so is John Hare. Among the continental stars of the first rank whom we shall see are Mme. Gabrielle Réjane, the greatest living exponent of high comedy, and Ermete Novelli, an Italian tragedian who is a stranger in America but who ranks in Europe with Salvini and Mounet-Sully. His repertoire will include "Louis XI.," "Oedipus Rex," "Othello," "King Lear," Shylock, "Hamlet," "La Morte Civile," "Kean," etc.

There seems little likelihood of the divine William occupying the boards much this season. With the two exceptions of the Sothorn-Marlowe partnership, which promises to be productive of some fine performances, and Viola Allen's production of "A Winter's Tale," there is no Shakespeare on the dramatic horizon. There is a suspicion that the new tragic rôle which Mr. Belasco announces for Mrs. Carter may prove to be "Lady Macbeth," but this is only the merest surmise. Miss Bertha Galland, too, announces her intention to enact this famous stage heroine, and the young actress' press agent makes, in this connection, the following startling statement: "Miss Galland is said to give a very striking performance of Lady Macbeth, in vivid contrast to the traditional impersonation of famous actresses who relied more upon brawn and muscle and lungs, rather than upon intelligence."



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK

This distinguished English player is to visit America again next month opening at the New Lyceum in "David Garrick" and other pieces of his repertoire. Sir Charles, who was knighted by King Edward in 1902, has not been in this country since 1889, when he was seen at Palmer's

There are to be several important revivals, among others, "Becky Sharp," "Siberia," "The Old Homestead," "The Little Minister," and "Hedda Gabler." Francis Wilson becomes a star under Charles Frohman's management, and by way of novelty this popular comedian will be seen in a new modern comedy without music. Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams are to appear later in the season in a new piece called "The Earl and the Girl." The Rogers Brothers will have a new spectacle entitled "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," and there is to be a musical comedy stock company, headed by Fay Templeton, at Klaw & Erlanger's new Liberty Theatre in 42d Street. The Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," will be the principal feature of the season at the New Amsterdam. Mr. Savage is to give us an English version of "Parsifal," and Wagenhals & Kemper will present Miss Blanche Walsh in a piece adapted from the Yiddish called "The Kreutzer Sonata," which has no connection with Tolstoi's famous novel. Amelia



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The English actress will come to America this season to act in Sardou's new drama "The Sorceress" and other pieces

Bingham has a new play called "The Vital Issue," and Charles Richman will star in a piece call "The Genius." The Pixley-Luders bird operetta, "Woodland," will shortly be seen in New York, and Arnold Daly will produce G. B. Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell." Nat C. Goodwin will be seen in a play by I. N. Norris, entitled "The Usurper." "Jack's Little Surprise," with Arthur Byron; "The Spellbinder," with Charles Dickson; Adele Ritchie in an operetta called "Fantana," and "Girls will be Girls," are other attractions on the calendar.

There is an exact proportion between the goose who lays a golden egg and the author of a modern "musical mélange." There is the egg, there is the mélange; and their value, in a financial sense, cannot be denied. It is a curious development of the art of the stage, but it is certainly not a development of the art of the drama. The mélange is of the stage, as evanescent and lacking in substance as a mirage, but it is a mirage suffused with flashing colored lights and supplied with everything that creates the appetites that Babylon was full of. There is plenty of art in it, plenty of joyful music, plenty of grace and youth and comeliness, and enough sugar and spice otherwise to completely disguise its elements of imbecility and worse.

The musical mélange must have a title, and, at the New York Theatre, it is "The Maid and the Mummy;" book and

lyrics by Richard Carle, music by Robert Hood Bowers. The Mummy could be entirely eliminated from the mélange without detriment to it. The alliterative title, however, is an alluring one, and there is small occasion to inquire into the logic of the Mummy in the presence of the overwhelming attractiveness of the Maid. "People do not go to the theatre to think." Certainly not; they have quit that long ago. They go there to see the Maid. A stranger in New York from the far interior might wander into the theatre, attracted by the title, thinking he might acquire some archeological information and expecting to do a certain amount of deep thinking the while. He would be disappointed. We have said that the Mummy is as dry as dust. The stranger may even wish to reason with reference to the plot, but his neighbor will interrupt him by calling his attention to the enticing pose of the girl in the front row of the chorus, the third from the left. He may impatiently say that such and such a thing is idiotic; very true, but observe that dance step. That joke was as old as the Mummy himself; granted, but did you ever see anything better than the automobile dance? and are you not somewhat diverted by "Oh, Gee! It's Great to be Crazy," as sung to the accompaniment of swirling skirts, evolutions of a new kind by the maids, and, to end with, a complete revolution in the air by MacSwat himself, landing on his feet and rebounding into a final bit of MacSwattian high-stepping? The interest of art and criticism do not require of us to continue the harrowing recital of the bad as well as of the good contained in the mélange. Mrs. Annie Yeamans is in the cast as the maiden sister of Dr. Dobbins, and sings, acts and looks as if she had been dipped into the fountain of youth. Feminine old age is not tolerated in a mélange. A mélange may be idiotic in many particulars, judged from the point of view opposite to that of MacSwat, but, as indicated, there are compensations. Janet Priest is "cute" as a precocious city waif. Naturally, a mélange must be well acted, consequently, the actors are people of some repute. But why mention them when the real credit belongs to the Maid, the composite Maid of the Chorus?

James Huneker will not be dramatic critic of the New York *Sun* this season. He found that daily journalism made too great an inroad upon his time, seriously interfering with his other literary work, and he tendered his resignation. But *Sun* readers will not be deprived altogether of Mr. Huneker's brilliant and prolific pen, for he will continue to write for that newspaper special articles on dramatic and musical subjects. His new book on the modern drama, "Master Builders of the New Theatre," will appear next winter, and he is under contract to furnish a dozen articles to as many magazines. At present he is in Europe visiting Weimar, to gather local color for his "Life of Liszt," and then he goes to Norway to see Ibsen and some of the other giants of Scandinavian literature, returning to New York in November.



CHARLES DICKSON
Will be seen in New York Sept. 5 in a comedy by
Herbert Hall Winslow and himself
entitled "The Spellbinder"

The ever-growing scarcity of good plays and the general demoralized state of the drama everywhere, is causing genuine alarm in European theatrical circles, and London and Paris editors have been consulting prominent authors and managers as to how conditions may be improved. A. B. Walkeley, dramatic critic of the London *Times*, expresses the opinion that the English public has become coarser and coarser in its tastes, is less and less disposed to make the necessary effort to concentrate its attention on true drama, and has become more and more adverse to the theatre of ideas. The ideal spectacle of the majority is one which calls for no exercise of intelligence or sustained attention, and this form is provided by the music halls and in the pieces called musical comedies, which are suspiciously like music-hall productions. "The word Renaissance," adds Mr. Walkeley, "is taken down, and that of Decadence replaces it." Henry Arthur Jones is still convinced that the only remedy is an Endowed Theatre.



CARLOTTA NILSSON
This fine artist has been engaged by Charles Frohman to play the title rôle in Pinero's new comedy "Letty"

Berbohm Tree says: "Good plays will quicken the drama into life more than anything else. The welfare of the drama, as of all institutions, depends on men, and not on systems." Emile Bergerat, author of "Plus Que Reine," etc., in reply to the question, "Is the drama dead, and, if so, how is it to be resuscitated?" says: "The drama has two enemies, the prices charged and the hours of commencing. For those who patronize it, the drama costs too much and commences too late, and middle-class people do not get their money's worth. . . . Melingue was dressed ready to go on the stage at seven o'clock. Ask Guityr, for instance, to make his appearance before nine o'clock. He would rather not appear in the play at all." In reply to the query as to the dramatic style likely to be popular in the near future, the dramatist writes: "I defy the Pope or M d m e. Thèbes herself to tell you. The mistake is to think there are schools of fashion in art. There are individualities. Just now it is the heroic comedy in verse of Edmond Rostand that triumphs, because his individuality has made it triumph. Fifteen years before 'Cyrano de Bergerac' I submitted to one manager af-

ter another 'Le Capitaine Fracasse,' which is also an heroic comedy connected with old French tradition, and everywhere it was declined. The oracle had not chosen me for giving life to this form. Therein lies the question. It was my fault or that of the gods. The thing is to be first and to succeed."

Henri Lavedan declares himself incompetent to explain reasons, and contents himself with stating that a dramatist can produce laughter or tears, that he can terrorize, moralize, or scandalize his public on condition that he makes himself listened to with interest. M. Lavedan, moreover, says that there is not one form of dramatic art more in favor to-day than another, for it is the same public that takes delight in the most opposite styles.

The truth of the whole matter is, the public refuses to be humbugged any longer. They will not patronize poor plays. Last season's disasters were due, first, to the shrinkage of values in Wall Street, and the great losses sustained there, which made itself manifest in the box-office receipts from the sale of the higher-priced seats. The disturbed con-

dition of the labor market also affected the cheaper portions of the house. There was a further claim that \$2 for the best seat in a theatre is an unwarranted charge in view of the varying quality of the attractions offered, and under this head the question was naturally opened as to whether many of the stars circling in the theatrical orbit are worthy of substantial support and whether the plays of to-day are of a class which either entertain or instruct, and therefore entitled to the returns which make them profitable.

New York is a great and growing city, but it may be asked whether the future has not been unduly discounted in the great number of new playhouses that have recently been erected. Great as the number of transients always is in the city, a long



Byron

Al Leech and the Three Rosebuds in "Girls Will Be Girls" at the 14th Street Theatre

run nowadays is quite infrequent. This necessitates a constant change of bill, and with the rapid growth of new houses, the profession has been unable to keep up the supply of competent stars and entertaining plays demanded. It would be invidious to attempt to draw the line between those entitled to three-sheet honors and those who are not, but there is decidedly a fall-

ing off in the literary and intrinsic value of plays designed, or written solely with the limitations of an incompetent star constantly in view. We will not put on record some of these whose deluded managers think they can gull the public with a fulsome parade of their none too capable talents. Why should altitude or pulchritude alone be regarded as the gifts which attract? Cold, bare facts prove that New York theatre-goers are none too discriminating, and worthy shows have starved while mediocrity or worse has blossomed into positive success; but there is still some intelligence left among those who patronize the playhouse, and the very satisfied manager will realize it in his only vulnerable point—his pocket—that the public is not the fool he judges it, and that on his part some effort is needed to keep pace with the demand excited by intellectual growth. For one "The Other Girl," there is a harvest of futile dramatized novels. For one "Her Own Way," there is a wilderness of vapid talk, time-worn situations and stenciled characters. Certain managers owe it to themselves, if not to the public, to look into unbeaten tracks and to rely on the solidity of their judgment instead of depending solely on those who have written well and may be expected to do so again. It is not that the stage has retrograded, but that public taste has improved. There is a great and growing demand for wit, intelligence, humor and originality. When the manager by his own cleverness can realize this and strive to meet it, if instead of sheeplike following the lead of some other he branches out into a field of daring and accomplishes something new or creates an original artistic demand, he'll reap the full pecuniary reward, whether bears or bulls predominate in Wall Street.

But in the meantime it is a pretty safe proposition that the average manager, with his present grade of histrionic accomplishment and quality of plays, would play to much better business if his price were \$1.50 for the best seat. And his audiences, too, would be better pleased. Few are patrons for the mere sake of encouraging art. There is as strong a commercial streak—the desire to get one's money's worth—in those who sit in front, as there is in the make-up of the manager himself, who is not adverse to being well paid for the energy and capital he invests.

"The Kreutzer Sonata," in which Miss Blanche Walsh will be seen this season, is not, as generally supposed, a dramatization of Tolstoi's well-known novel. It is a tragedy of Jewish life, written by the playwright of the Ghetto, Jacob Gordin.



DENMAN THOMPSON

This veteran actor will be seen at the New York Theatre this month in an elaborate revival of "The Old Homestead." Mr. Thompson, who is now identified with the rôle of the kindly old New England farmer, Joshua Whitcomb, was a popular Uncle Tom as far back as 1857. A clever dancer and possessing a rich brogue he also played hundreds of Irish characters. He has made several fortunes with "The Old Homestead."

It was first produced in the Thalia Theatre in the original Yiddish two years ago, and had a comparatively long run. The story is as follows: A Jewish merchant has a daughter named Ettie. She is secretly courted by a Russian officer, a Christian, and although aware that the alliance would break her father's heart, she is ready to be baptized so as to become the officer's wife. But her lover's parents refuse to take the Jewess into the family, and the young man commits suicide.

When the curtain rises on the first act, this unfortunate affair is a thing of the past. Ettie is broken in spirit and also disgraced because her love has borne fruit. Her father suggests marriage with a man for whom she has neither love nor respect, and who wants to marry her only for her money. But she agrees, and the young couple leave for America. The husband cannot forgive Ettie her sin. He nags at her day and night, but she bears it all, taunts and insults, even blows. When he does succeed in rousing her temper, the recollection of her father immediately quiets her. Ettie's younger sister, a young, frivolous girl, arrives in America. She begins to flirt with her brother-in-law, not because she is in love with him, but because "she has a right to be as her sister was." One day Ettie finds them together. She orders her sister to leave New York, and the latter is so badly frightened that she immediately complies. But she soon returns to New York, the relations are resumed, and Ettie takes a revolver and shoots them both.

This will be the first instance of a Jewish play, written for the Ghetto by a Ghetto playwright, being presented in the English language upon the American stage.

In Pinero's play, "Letty," which will be seen shortly at the Hudson, Letty (Carlotta Nillson) is a working girl employed in a London bucket shop. There she meets and loves a young swell (Mr. Faversham), who, unknown to her, is a married man, and the climax of the piece is reached when she discovers the truth. Julie Opp will be seen as a dressmaker's model.



From Le Théâtre

Arrival of the players in the village of Tardetz

The Pastoral Plays of the Basque Shepherds

THE wandering tourist, ever on the alert for the novel and unusual, may possibly be familiar with the pastoral plays of the Basque shepherds, but very few persons, even in France, have witnessed these curious performances by the peasants of the Basque country, on the Pyrenean frontier, where there still survives a genuine popular or national drama, whose origin is lost in legendary antiquity.

The Basque "pastorals" are so called, not because they are idyllic plays in subject or treatment, but on account of the ordinary occupation of their actors, who are for the most part shepherds. Around Easter, before the sheep are taken up to their mountain pastures, or in October, when the early snows drive them back to the valleys, or perhaps in August, when the young lambs are brought down from the arid heights, these shepherds organize festival representations of their rustic dramas.

A curious fact is that these pieces are never portrayals of peasant life or contemporary manners. On the contrary, they are either religious miracle plays, or hagiographic moralities, or stories of classic Greece and Rome, or the mediæval romances of chivalry. Modern history is rarely touched upon. All the themes that are not religious have an heroic character; and two of the most recently composed pastorals, devoted to Jeanne d'Arc and Napoleon, respectively, show that the Basques have kept their traditional predilection for pageants of military glory.

The playwright-authors are of the same class as the actors—farmer folk, blacksmiths, shoemakers, country tradespeople, knowing little Latin and less Greek, familiar with Bible history rather through oral teaching than from any study of

the Acta Sanctorum, and whose only literary erudition is such as they have picked up from the little paper-covered books supplied at a few sous apiece by itinerant colporters. Their language is the incomprehensible Basque, the same which the Devil is said to have studied for seven years and then to have given up in disgust, so that he was never able to win any disciples from the isolated Pyrenean province.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the pastoral playwrights should take extraordinary liberties with historical facts, and that their work should abound in the weirdest anachronisms—such, for example as Biblical Abraham having the king of the Turks for adversary, and Nero being mixed up with Pope Julius II. and Mustapha.

Yet, while we may smile at these bizarre errors of ignorance, they are soon forgotten in our astonishment at the innate dramatic genius of the unlettered mountaineers, who from a cheap book bought at the fair are inspired to construct an heroic tragedy, in verse, sometimes to the extent of six or seven thousand lines of rhythmic dialogue! Moreover, the pastorals have an originality of their own, and this originality manifests itself most strikingly in the very anachronisms noted.

Whatever the subject of the piece—whether it be about Abraham or Alexander the Great, or Charlemagne—the persons represented are invariably divided into two groups, the good and the bad; and, in defiance of chronology or recorded history, the good people are always Christians, while the bad ones are more or less identified with the Turks. This is, of course, reminiscent of the Saracen wars of the Middle Ages, and the "re-conquest" of Spain. And back of it all is the eternal strife of good and evil, of



From Le Théâtre

Arrangement of the stage. The actors make their exit into the house

Satan against the Almighty, in which Satan is always worsted, yet never reforms nor surrenders.

The Basque theatricals are directed by an "institutor of pastorals," who assumes all the functions of impresario. He must know the traditions, be a practical stage-manager, and have a knack of literary adaptation and versification—for the text of the plays, which exist only in manuscript, undergoes constant modifications to suit time and circumstances. It is the institutor who casts the piece, according to the intelligence, voices and stature of the players at his disposal; and at the public performance he acts as prompter. The most renowned institutor of pastorals in La Soule to-day is one Héguypale, whose father and grandfather were of the same profession, in addition to being tillers of the soil.

The performance always takes place in the daytime, in the open air. A stage is improvised in the public square of the town, generally in front of and connecting with a house. There is no scenery, and the background curtain is a white sheet, perhaps ornamented with a few flowers and sprays of foliage. From this back there are two entrances upon the stage, R. for the good characters, L. for the bad. Both entrances are garlanded with flowers; but over that of the bad characters is set "the Idol," a manikin painted bright red, with movable arms and legs, which agitate themselves at certain crises. Tiers of seats for paying spectators rise at right and left of the stage, and a third tier facing it, but far enough back to leave a spacious parterre or pit for the accommodation of the public at large. In true seventeenth-century fashion, a number of chairs are placed on the stage itself for distinguished patrons of the theatre.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the entire troupe of players, in full costume, and divided into their two groups, make a grand entrée on horseback. The first group, in blue, are the heroes, the Christians, the Frenchmen, of the play. The second group, in red, takes in the villains, traitors, infidels, Turks, and Englishmen! Except for the difference in color, the costumes are pretty much all alike—a military-looking uniform, with riding-boots and cocked hats. All the actors wear swords, and carry long canes, with ribbons. The kings and emperors are distinguished by epaulettes, and by crowns or tiaras, upon which they hang all the watch-chains and gold or silver medals procurable. The bishop has his mitre and violet soutane, and rides a mule. If there is an angel (in the play, not backing the production), the rôle is taken by a young boy in a white robe and crown of flowers, who sits behind the bishop on his mule. With the bad group, instead of bishops, saints and angels, there are Satans and

little devils in red.

The drama proper is preceded by a prologue, or "first sermon," recited by the Christian king. This prologue serves the double purpose of a salutation to the audience and an outline of the plot about to be unfolded. Throughout the long recitation, a color-bearer in blue stands behind the reciter and follows his movements like a shadow, waving the tricolor flag in an automatic way, which exercises a strange mystic spell over the spectator.

After the prologue, the stage waits, empty, for two or three minutes; then the actors come on in the order of their respective ranks and virtue, and the action begins, to the music of an antique six-stringed instrument, somewhat analogous to the guitar, but which is struck with a wand instead of being thumbed by the fingers.

As to the technical construction of the play presented, if it does not heed the classic unities of time and place, it has its own traditional laws, always faithfully observed, regarding the "débit," the gestures, and the evolutions of the actors. The débit is a kind of monotonous recitative, effective in its way, though leaving little scope for originality in the interpreter. Practically no gestures are employed, beyond an occasional stretching out of the arms. The "evolutions," however, of the Basque tragedian declaiming his verses are strikingly peculiar, and undoubtedly have come from the regulated strophe and antistrophe of the Greeks. The actor speaks his first two lines walking, say, from right to left of stage, and the next two walking from left to right—turning about at each couplet. The characters who he is addressing stand stiffly in line until his speech is finished, then the one who is to reply steps forward, declaims and "evolutes" in his turn. The entire company are profoundly serious in their work, and exercise a remarkable sway over the emotions of the assembled multitude.

After the performance, a collection is taken up, each person who makes a voluntary contribution being treated to a glass of wine. A dance follows, bringing in more "gate-money," so that the expenses of the theatrical fête are usually more than covered—but if there is a deficit, the players have to make it up.

The Basque pastorals are slowly dying out. Each year their representations become fewer; and the manuscripts of the plays are lost or destroyed. New facilities of communication attract the young people to Bayonne, to Pau, to Toulouse, where they may visit real theatres and the cafés-chantants. Besides, for some inscrutable reason, the priests are nearly all hostile to the pastorals. With their extinction will be lost a curious and picturesque link between ancient and modern dramatic art.

HENRY TYRRELL.



Burr McIntosh

HENRY AINLEY

Lately leading man with Maude Adams and now with Eleanor Robson in England



William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp, at their summer residence in Surrey, England

William Faversham—An Interview

(Chats with Players No. 30)

A MAN is lovable in the degree in which the boy survives in him. According as the youthful view and the youthful impulses obtain is he charming. The magnetic man is always, except in years, young.

The charm of William Faversham, the man, is his lasting youth. He is as young as he was fifteen years ago, and fifteen years hence he will be as young as he is to-day. He is the eternal boy! His are the joyousness, the mental momentum, the spirits, moving and guideless as bubbles in a glass, that make for an everlasting youth, above and beyond and independent of, the years.

"Won't you come upstairs?" The interviewer had a swift impression of a sturdy, lean, well-knit figure towering above her, of a thin, alert, brown-skinned face, with a red dash of health under the brown, of strong, white, even teeth that showed themselves in a cordial, boyish smile. An instant later she was following the sturdy figure up the wide stair-

case, and noting the boyish springiness of its gait.

We seated ourselves at opposite sides of the flat desk, near a glowing fire that sent out a grateful odor of fresh pine, and Mr. Faversham asked permission to smoke. There were warm colors and soothing pictures and chairs and divans in which one might sink almost to the disappearing point. The note of stateliness in the handsome drawing room below was missing. The star, with hospitable, boyish instinct, had rescued me from the room where he merely received and brought me to the room where he lived.

Mr. Faversham has a hearty fashion of laughing good-naturedly at himself and the world, and the interview began with that laugh.

"Providence and heredity designed me for the army," he said, "but I thwarted them. My brothers were in the army, my father had been in the army. His father had seen service, too, all of them in India. The precedent had been established,

you see, and I thought I must follow it. I went to India when I was fifteen, but was so homesick and wretched that I persuaded my brother to have me invalided home, although I was as well then as I am now."

There was no need to ask how well that is, for the steady brightness of the gray eyes, the dash of red under the clear, brown skin, the vigor of the thin, shapely hands, bespoke flawless health.

"I think I must admit that one reason I was unhappy in India was that I wanted to be with my mother. She was delighted to have her 'invalid' boy at home again, and we were very poor and very happy together.

"When I was seventeen a chance came for me to make my debut at Ramsgate, a seashore resort of about the grade of Coney Island. I was supremely happy playing Shakespearean rôles in a very peculiar fashion for ten days. I did not get anything for it, and after the ten days there was a rude interruption. My relatives came and took me home.

"A little later I joined Henry Irving's company and had one line. Then I came to America."

Mr. Faversham laughed heartily when he was asked how

he happened to come to America.

"I had the best of reasons. I was eighteen and was in love. I followed a goddess of at least thirty-five summers across the ocean." Mr. Faversham's mirth at the recollection was infectious. "I followed her to a ranch in Colorado and discovered my mistake. The ranch belonged to her husband. I returned to New York."

The handsome English youth suggested possibilities to Daniel Frohman. But that was in the spring, and a long summer lay between the youth's empty purse and the fulfillment of the contract which he signed for the next season. The few summer stock companies looked at him askance, because he was young. Mr. Faversham assured them that he would "get over" that, but his assurance did not convince. They complained that he had had little experience, and he suggested that they give him more.

William Faversham looked down at his straight, strong limbs, at his lean, strong hands, and squared his broad, strong shoulders.

"They wanted laborers at that long bridge in Harlem," he said.

The next day he went to work at Highbridge. All summer he toiled there, and the matinee girls who ride over Highbridge may be sure that their stage idol helped to lay the big beams and rafters. The actor amiably waved off the suggestion that some young men might have borrowed money, lived idly all summer and waited for the chance to shine.

"I didn't know any one to borrow from," he said. "Besides, I was content." There was a quick, boyish change of mood. "I wish I were a day laborer now."

Mrs. Faversham—beautiful Julie Opp—had entered the room at the moment. We would have used the word "glided" to explain her graceful entrance and very individual walk, had not Laura Jean Libby monopolized the word.

"So he thinks now, but mamma and I say that if he ever left the stage we would have to leave him. You should see him when he is in the country and the papers arrive."

She grasped an imaginary paper, turned impatiently to the theatrical notes and, fiercely frowning, read:

"M—m! Herod! M—m! My dear, Sothern is going to do 'The Proud Prince' next season."

Mr. Faversham's cheerfulness quickly returned under the spell of this mimicry, and the chronology continued.

"I was with Minnie Maddern Fiske in her early work. We had hard times then, but what a brick she was!"

Mr. Faversham has advanced from the crude youngster to leading man and stardom. Asked what influence had wrought the change from the time when one rude critic dared to say he "was all eyes and teeth and hair," to the present, he answered:

"Not books, although an actor should read much. Not seeing other actors. He himself was too busy.

"It was constant contact with the footlights," he said. "Experience! That's it."

He believes that society does more to foster dramatic art than does study, at least study in solitude.

"For ten years," he said, "I led a queer, jumbled sort of life, and as soon as my season was over, I would go to the quietest place possible, somewhere in the mountains usually, to spend the summer, returning only when it was time to begin rehearsals. Recently, though, I have been spending the summer in Europe, and I find the society of my wife's and her mother's friends



Otto Sarony Co.

Annie Irish in Martha Morton's playlet, "An Actress' Christmas," in which she will appear in vaudeville



Louis Mann and his wife, Clara Lipman, enjoy the summer vacation at their country place at Far Rockaway

immensely stimulating. We meet actors and artists and literary people. That is the sort of society I mean. The other sort is much too stilted to be stimulating. Dear me, no! It has quite the contrary effect.

"Yes, an actor should always be studying, not only his own art, but all the connected arts. An actor should have the opportunity to play four or more new parts a year. I never was happier in my professional life than when I was with the Empire Stock Company. We worked hard, went to the theatre at eleven and rehearsed till three, then home for a bit to eat and a little rest and back to the theatre for the performance. We gave the plays our best work, better, indeed, than some of them deserved."

Mr. Faversham is an advocate of the repressed style of acting, because it is the natural method. There is not much shrieking done in life.

"I forecast the failure of 'Elizabeth's Prisoner.' When I read the lines I said: 'I don't feel them. The piece hasn't the true ring. It isn't natural. No sane man would say this or do that. It won't go.' Alas! I was right.

"It is curious that since I became a star I haven't had as good parts as when I was a leading man. We haven't happened to get the right plays. I am delighted, though, with my new part in 'Letty'—with which we open the new season."

There was something like a boyish pout on the star's face when he complained of worries. He thinks that business cares are inconsistent with the best acting.

"Sothern," he said, "stands for the best art in this country. No one has gone forward as he has the past four or five years. Why? Partly because he is a great actor, partly because he has nothing to do with the business of the production. Mr. Frohman does the worrying for him."

He deplores the circumstances that make an actor plunge from one part to another of a different character without at least a short period of readjustment.

"For instance," said he, "I had to play Romeo on Monday

after closing with 'Lord and Lady Algy' on Saturday. My friends told me that I came on the stage in the old, familiar 'Algy' manner. They said my entrance as Romeo was the funniest thing they had ever seen. In time, I trust, when I had become accustomed to the rôle, I ceased being funny in Romeo.

"But, seriously, there is a mental jolt in changing from one part to a very different one. An actor does get into the atmosphere of his new part, and he should have time to accustom himself to it. The desirable thing, from my standpoint, would have been to go away somewhere for a week and think Romeo, live Romeo, be Romeo.

The question of a husband and wife playing in the same piece was broached, and Mr. and Mrs. Faversham were warm advocates of the policy of their playing together.

"It is not because they think the public doesn't want to see a husband and wife in the same play that managers have sometimes objected to it," said the wife of the star. "It is because some husbands and wives quarrel about their share of the honors. It is an individual question. If they are a quarreling couple, they will quarrel about honors as about everything else. But a wife who has the right spirit wants her husband to lead."

The pair smiled at each other, the smile of harmony.

A white bull-terrier sidled into the room and thrust a wet nose into Mr. Faversham's hand. The actor squeezed the intruding nose.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Faversham praised an article in a recent issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE on "Race Suicide on the American Stage."

"It is quite true," said the star. "In America it is not fashionable to have children. In England it is extremely popular."

The baby that lived one brief day, and that nearly cost the beautiful Mrs. Faversham her life last December, is the shadow on their artistic home, but the cloud of regret having lifted, William Faversham's smile followed me into the rain.

ADA PATTERSON.



Photo Nadar, Paris

MME. REJANE

This admirable French artist, the greatest living exponent of high comedy, is coming to America next season for another tour, under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co. Her last visit to this country was in 1895 when, under the management of the late Henry E. Abbey, she was seen as Mme. Sans Gêne, Sapho, Zaza and Nora in Ibsen's "Dolls' House." This time she will be seen in "Ma Cousine," "La Passerelle," "La Course aux Flambeaux" and other new plays. Réjane is now forty-seven years old, having been born in Paris, June 6, 1857. A pupil of the celebrated Régnier, she graduated from the Conservatoire with a second prize for comedy in 1874 and made her début at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, March 25, 1875. A few years ago Mme. Réjane married M. Porel, one of the leading Paris theatre managers.

Theatricitis

WHAT is theatricitis? Obedience to a command of habit, society, vanity, ennui, or other fatal power, to visit a public place of "amusement" on at least one night in every sequence of seven comprised in all your earthly term.

Assuming circumstances to be unpropitious from June to September, eight months, or about thirty-two weeks, remain to indulge this strange malady, the victim to which therefore each year never attends less than thirty-two sundry performances fearfully kaleidoscopic in degree.

Suppose, then, a person afflicted with theatricitis, and, as the resident of a large city, able to gratify his complaint. In the coming and going of twelve moons the person so stricken may carry out a programme somewhat like this:

Opera	1
Operetta	2
Musical Comedy.....	6
Shakespearean Drama.....	1
Other Standard Drama.....	2

Melodrama	4
Problem Plays.....	1
Comedy	5
Farce	5
Vaudeville	3
Circus	1
Dime Museum.....	1

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32

This may appear an arbitrary docket. It might seem as though we had set down in malice special tastes and distastes to our theatricitive friend. (We call him our friend because we are sorry for him.) But such an imputation would be wrong. The catalogue is accidental: another twelvemonth would show a changed assortment. For he, the theatromaniac, is the most unprejudiced of individuals where "amusement" is concerned. To him "Götterdämmerung" and the Siamese Twins are equivalent in their respective capacities to make the hour fleet. Giving "Macbeth" no captious preference to Barnum's trained giraffes, neither does he rate the subtle satire of Henrik Ibsen below the popular platitudes of Hall Caine. He ascribes the same quantity of merit to these several forms of art, rejecting none, affecting all. He looks upon, and impartially denominates, every performance given at an opera house, an ordinary theatre or music hall, as a "show."

If he have any special dramatic predilection, it is not for flaxen Marguerites or tripping Geishas, not for the tumult of leaden swords, not for the jerky moon hung in a muslin sky—but for a "first night." Now, a first night has no real predominance in virtue over a second, third, eleventh, or fiftieth night. Rather is the first night apt to be the worst night. On the other hand—in the case of a new play—the best night is generally the last, because of the hope it brings that the play will never be given again. Nonetheless, eager always to "assist" at a "first night," the theatricitive on every such occasion distinguishes himself by a beautiful liberality of judgment. He then invariably "guesses" that "the show is all right."

"But," perhaps asks the cogent reader—for this magazine surely has one—"how is it possible that a man should go to the theatre thirty-two times a year and never become able to distinguish a good piece from a poor piece?" Dear and thoughtful reader, have you reflected why some people who bathe in the sea thirty-two times every summer cannot swim further than six yards; why others, who go to thirty-two balls every winter, step on the toes of every partner; why others, again, after a thirty-second visit to Paris, still say "mosoo" and "gar-song;" why others yet, holding thirty-two aces, fail to take a single trick; why some preposterously plain women, though they look at the glass thirty-two times a day, imagine themselves bewitchingly beautiful? Yes—have you ever considered why a donkey won't go?

Whoever can solve these problems of nature can, no doubt, likewise tell how to eradicate the virulent disease theatricitis americanus, so triumphantly established among a population which is the most intelligent on earth, as it is the most highly educated, the most gifted, the most refined, the most discriminating, the most artistic, the most scientific, in every way the most infallible, and notably the most conspicuous for that sane, healthy, optimistic spirit expressed in the popular phrase, "Well, what's the difference?"

LIONEL STRACHEY,

MRS. FISKE'S REVIVAL OF "BECKY SHARP"



Photo Dupont Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp

Photo Byron

Becky (Mrs. Fiske) secretes the key to her jewel box

Photo Byron

Rawdon taking leave of Becky before the battle of Waterloo. This picture, taken at the time of the original production, shows Maurice Barrymore as Rawdon, a rôle now played by John Mason



Photo Byron

The ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. Word of the coming battle has just been received



Photo Byron

Becky back with her old friends, the students

Our Leading Theatre Managers

WITH one or two exceptions, the American theatre manager of to-day is the showman, pure and simple. He no longer wears the white plug hat and his diamonds are smaller, but in his instincts and methods he is still the old-time showman. He is in the theatrical business to make money, and he cannot understand what other incentive there can be to become a theatre manager. He knows little and cares less about the literature of the drama, and he is supremely indifferent to the art of acting except where it helps or hurts his pocket-book. Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer were men of a different mould, men of culture who, while they strove for financial success, had a real passion for the theatre. They catered to cultivated tastes, were conservators of the best traditions, fostered literature and lent dignity to the stage of their day. Such men are now in control of the leading theatres of Europe, and that is why the European dramatists are constantly producing plays that command the attention of the world, while here in America our productions, with very few exceptions, are merely replicas of foreign successes where they are not trivial and commonplace.

But if the American manager is not a student, we must give him credit for those qualities which he does possess—qualities necessary in the “make up” of all successful men. He is alert and enterprising and more liberal with his money than any other manager in the world. Nowhere are such vast sums spent on stage productions as in America, nowhere are actors paid so generously, and as to our theatres, while the playhouses of Europe may be more pretentious as buildings and possess the advantage of promenade foyers, nowhere is the auditorium as comfortable or as safe as here. There is a great outcry about “commercialism.” It is all idle talk, for our managers do not sail under false colors. They make no pretense to be other than plain business men. Except for the truculent attitude of certain ill-

advised managers, the question of “commercialism” in theatrical affairs would never have assumed the unreasonable attitude it has. To these managers, who are, it is grievous to relate, a little “shy” on grammar, literature is as a red rag to a bull, tempting them to bellow and threaten and sometimes to destroy the fences which enclose and preserve their own domain. But as the rag is actually harmless to the bull, so, if he did but know it, is literature to the manager. Indeed, with little moral suasion, literature might become his docile companion to solace him in times of mental dyspepsia and in times of financial depression to help him fill his coffers.

It is unreasonable to expect a man to engage in any business unless it offers him a living and a little bonus besides. As a matter of fact, in this unsubsidized country, no one expects him to sacrifice hard work and time without a golden reward. But that there is a heavy responsibility devolving on the theatrical purveyor is equally trite and true. He will be held to answer as justly as the purveyor of shoes. If the latter should yield to the cry of the unthinking public and furnish imitation leather, he is as certain to go bankrupt as his shoes are to admit water. No man who provides amusements for the public can disdain literature, the highest form of which is admitted to be the drama.

Leaving out the parasites who have had the cunning to attach themselves to the fortune of a popular play or actor, there are left in New York only a small number of men who can rightfully claim to be producing managers. The first of these, from qualities in himself and because of popular opinion, is Charles Frohman. He has been called the “Napoleon of the Theatrical Map”—an absurd title—which defines nothing and least of all, this man. There is no record of his ever having been interested in any other pursuit than theatrical management, and his beginnings were experiments in adversity. Scarce a score of years have elapsed since he was at the head of a troupe of thespians occupied less with the task of finding plays which should interest the play-going public than with the more immediate problem—how to get money to transport his company to the next town.

That his abilities only lay dormant was proved when the money situation had eased and he could become a play-producer. The war play, “Shenandoah,” was his stepping-stone to fortune in 1889, then the stock company in the Twenty-third street house, with Maude Adams playing small parts, to the building of the Empire Theatre at Fortieth street and formation of the Syndicate. Charles Frohman has been a plunger, but his success has not been all luck. He is shrewd and quick in his judgment, and he has worked hard. A large proportion of the plays he produces in this country he has seen produced by others, and possibly to exercise judgment in such cases is easier than in the case of the remainder, which he saw first in manuscript. There may be some question about this, however, for in both instances the manager has to weigh the uncertain element of a different public. What is certain is that this manager has made as many mistakes in the plays he imports bodily as those he creates, but, indeed, it may be granted that he uses a proportion of acted plays because he must. If his market were as restricted as his choice, he might not have to produce any plays, except those which should have a moral



The managers, from top to bottom, are: Henry W. Savage, Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Harrison Grey Fiske, Marc Klaw, Abraham L. Erlanger

or literary influence, and delight wise and simple alike. In other words, if he had but one theatre and one company, Mr. Frohman might reject every sort of dramatic pabulum not based on inspiration. We wonder, but it is futile—for Mr. Frohman has elected to be a prolific producer of plays and to limit himself to no particular kind.

Is his knowledge of a play derived by reading and studying or is it gained by that "instinct" of which we hear so much? It is to the best plays or, at any rate, the serious plays of his list that he gives personal attention. These he directs himself, and his manner at a rehearsal indicates that before putting them on he has sucked out their marrow. Never in the tedious rehearsals of "L'Aiglon" did his interest flag, never did he fail to murmur "what a villain!" when Metternich closed the play with this sententious order to the attendant of Napoleon's son, so significant yet invariably lost on an American audience, "Clothe him in the white uniform of Austria." By little things like this one may learn that Charles Frohman is not a mere play-speculator, but a man of genius, curiously many-sided. Actors (no longer in his pay) say that, despite his diminutive stature and fleshly face, were he so minded he could act tragic parts. To them he is a constant inspiration, and if he is not so to playwrights, it is because he has in their case to resort to defensive measures. The practice of life, the evolution of society, the development of humanity, are not meaningless words to him. He has written his name indelibly on theatrical records in America and England and he remains in the front of our dramatic time. Mr. Frohman, strange to say, is an abnormally modest man and shuns publicity like the pest. He has always declined to allow the publication of his portrait, which explains why it is conspicuous by its absence here, and he is not to be held responsible for the absurd utterances put into his mouth in the six-column "interviews" published in the daily papers.

Daniel Frohman's theatrical interests, at one time as large as those of his brother Charles, have been curtailed one by one owing to his greater love for music and his ambition to figure as a musical impresario. Mr. Frohman built and opened last season the handsome New Lyceum Theatre and announced his intention to conduct a stock company. This year he is bringing over Vecsy, the famous boy violinist, and will make a star of Miss Cecilia Loftus, opening the Lyceum season with her in Israel Zangwill's play, "The Serio-Comic Governess."

By contrast with the Frohmans we have the mute and picturesque Belasco. In this manager the personal note dominates. Belasco's play, Belasco's company, Belasco's Theatre, constituted his dream from his call-boy days in San Francisco, and the attainment came quickly. Liberally endowed with that fine sense of dramatic feeling which gropes for but always attains just what the public enjoys, with appreciation of whatever is fresh and original in the work of other men, with a super-knowledge of what is fitting in *mise-en-scene* and *ensemble*—behold Belasco's equipment. His glass, like de Musset's, may be small, but unlike the French poet's it does not limit his artistic potations, for when he is thirsty for effects, he drinks deeply from the glass of other men. No man better than Belasco knows the tricks of his trade. In person he is as spectacular as Frohman is retiring. He dresses like a priest, poses for his photograph with an inspired expression, affects mystery and would like to be thought a *littérateur*. On the other hand, if he compels the contributions of other minds, he gives at least as largely as himself of his prodigious tempera-

ment, his capacity for work, his peculiar and unquestionable talent.

A comparatively new comer in local theatricals, yet a man who has met with nothing but success, is Henry W. Savage, who has given us the best grand opera in English ever heard in America, and a number of successful operettas. Formerly a real estate dealer in Boston, Mr. Savage went into the theatrical business as an experiment, and about ten years ago found himself the lessee of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. Although frankly ignorant of operatic management, he organized a stock operetta company and applying ordinary good business sense and methods to his venture found success at the beginning. The Castle Square English Opera Company became known from one end of the country to the other. Mr. Savage gradually improved his company, chorus, orchestra and soloists, until in time there were two organizations, one for operetta and one for grand opera. He continues in the path of musical production by putting on the American musical comedy with the best talent at command and with excellent accessories. Mr. Savage is no sentimentalist. He loves success for its own sake, and recognizing to the full the law that the public will pay to see what it wants to see, he prepares his wares accordingly. During the past disastrous season Mr. Savage, thanks to "The County Chairman," "The Yankee Consul," and other successes, was the only producing manager in this country who made money.

A firm of theatrical managers, frankly practical and organized for the express purpose of making vast theatrical enterprises vastly remunerative is Klaw & Erlanger, who started their career as managers' agents. Booking traveling companies in the big chain of important theatres they control throughout the country is still the most important part of their business. Klaw & Erlanger believe in the power of gold, and in their stage productions they seek above all to attract the public by lavish expenditure. They unroll the great canvasses of their spectacles with superb disdain of expense and rapid-



From top to bottom: Samuel S. Shubert, George C. Tyler, Kirke LaShelle, Oscar Hammerstein, Frank McKee, Fred C. Whitney, Heinrich Conried

ly and vigorously they fill almost countless theatres with big shows. Nothing is too lofty or too little for them. They will spend on Shakespeare as much as they would on McNally, and "Midsummer Night's Dream" glows under their Midas touch with as much brilliancy as "Rogers Brothers in Paris."

George Tyler, head of Messrs. Liebler & Co., is comparatively a new comer. A dozen years ago he was a reporter for a local dramatic weekly, and he owes his present position to his success with "The Royal Box" and "The Christian." Mr. Liebler was in the printing business when Mr. Tyler went to him and suggested that they should form a theatrical partnership, one to furnish ideas, the other the capital. Charles Frohman had just declined to produce "The Christian." That was their chance. They signed a contract with Viola Allen and made a fortune out of this one play. When the era of book-plays dawned, the Lieblers were early in the field with the greatest swashbuckler of them all—Kyrle Bellew. World stars then Mr. Tyler coveted, and his urbanity easily induced Duse, Salvini, Réjane and Mrs. Patrick Campbell to sign contracts.

If Harrison Grey Fiske, who controls the Manhattan Theatre, had not married a distinguished actress he might never have been a theatre manager, but rested content on the laurels of successful dramatic journalism. His temperament is calm, his judgment clear; he is earnest and a man of culture. Literature to him is a goddess to be served on the knees. His house is very popular with the thoughtful theatre-goers of New York.

Heinrich Conried, who succeeded Mr. Grau as director of the Metropolitan Opera House, is one of the best-equipped managers in this country—a fine actor and musician, a master of languages, and an excellent man of affairs. His German Theatre in Irving Place gives the most artistic performances to be seen in New York, and he made a success of last season's grand opera when most people prophesied failure.

Charles Frohman's mistakes have made the fortunes of several managers, and Kirke LaShelle, who produced "The Earl of Pawtucket" after Gus Thomas' piece had been "turned down" by the theatrical Napoleon, is one of them. Formerly a newspaper man, then an advance agent, and later a dramatist, Mr. LaShelle entered the managerial arena well equipped, and lost no time in making his way to the front. His judgment in regard to "The Earl of Pawtucket" was confirmed by a run of almost a year in New York, and profits of \$100,000. But that he does not consider his judgment infallible is shown by his faint-heartedness over the play "Checkers." While it was in rehearsal he sold one half interest to the father of his star, Thomas W. Ross, and a little later parted with another half of what remained. Yet "Checkers" proved a popular play, and its career has but begun.

Another prominent New York manager, who promises to

follow closely after Mr. Frohman in Napoleonic methods, is Sam Shubert, the lessee of the Lyric, the Casino and the Princess. Less than a dozen years ago Mr. Shubert was a poor lad in Syracuse, making a precarious living by buying up grandstand tickets at baseball games and reselling them at a slight advance. Shrewd, active and a master at driving a close bargain, Mr. Shubert is now an admitted power in the theatrical world, owning three leading playhouses in the metropolis and a chain of other houses out of town.

From publisher of a tobacco trade journal of New York, Osear Hammerstein passed by way of real estate transactions to become the king theatre builder. The Harlem Opera House, "Olympia" (now the New York), the Criterion, the Republic (now Belasco's), and the Victoria theatres are monuments of this man's wonderful energy. Two more theatre buildings are in his head, but they will probably not remain there, while his ambition to "produce" has suffered a sea change. Mr. Hammerstein is the humorist of the managerial guild, and as a fighter he has no equal.

Frank McKee, the lessee of the Savoy Theatre, inherited the money made by the successful Hoyt farces.

He has used it carefully in making quasi-serious productions. Mary Manning was his first successful star, and while his ventures are sufficient to occupy his mind, he shows no disposition in any way to plunge.

Fred C. Whitney was literally born in the business, his father being owner and manager of the old Whitney Opera House in Detroit. After graduating from his father's box-office, F. C. Whitney organized the "Dr. Carver Wild West Show," traveling with it round the world. His first venture in comic opera was when he brought Marie Tempest over from England. His next success was "Quo Vadis."

Wagenhalls & Kemper are young managers who aim high. Their work at first was devoted to the quasi-classical drama. With Blanche Walsh they floated triumphantly Tolstoi's powerful drama, "Resurrection." Collin Kemper is himself a dramatist and a serious student of the play, while his partner is a shrewd business man.

Charles B. Dillingham learned the ropes under Charles Frohman. His success has been largely due to the clever stars for whose fortunes and incidentally his own he works after the most up-to-date methods.

One cannot with justice accuse William A. Brady—that irrepressible graduate from the roped to the arched arena—with being solemn or didactic. Originally a theatre usher, Mr. Brady caters to the popular taste with such pieces as "Way Down East," "Pretty Peggy," etc., etc.

The Hamlins, father and sons, of Chicago, have long been prominent in the theatrical business. "Lorna Doone" was not a success, but "The Wizard of Oz" scored heavily.

Henry B. Harris is the youngest among the producers.



ARTHUR BYRON

This favorite leading man will be seen at the Princess Theatre in a new play entitled "Jack's Little Surprise"



Photo Burr McIntosh

WILLIAM H. CRANE

After three seasons spent in "David Harum" and other book pieces, Mr. Crane will be seen this coming season in a drama of real power—Octave Mirbeau's much discussed "Business is Business." The part is that of a money magnate who sacrifices everything—truth, honor, family, friends, for the greed of gold. Mr. Crane was born in 1845 in Massachusetts, and first appeared on the stage in 1863 with the Holman Opera Company. Later he went West and played at Hooley's, San Francisco. In 1876 he was back in New York acting with Lotta, and not long afterwards he made his first hit as the notary in Rice's "Evangeline." The famous partnership with Stuart Robson was made in 1877, and "The Henrietta" gave them a fortune. This was followed by "The Senator," "Brother John," and other plays.



MRS. JOHN DREW



FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 3—THE DREWS



JOHN DREW, SR.

Photos from the collection of William Seymour

THREE generations of players have given histrionic distinction to the Drew family, which, like the Booths and the Jeffersons, originally came from Great Britain. The real founder of the American branch was Louisa Lane (afterwards Mrs. John Drew), the daughter of Thomas Frederick Lane, an actor of considerable provincial fame in England. In her Autobiography Mrs. Drew writes: "At twelve months old my mother took me on the stage as a crying baby, but cry I would not. At sight of the audience and the lights I gave free vent to my delight and crowed aloud with joy." She was seven years old when in 1827 she came to America with her mother, and began her American career as the Duke of York to Junius Brutus Booth's "Richard III," at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Her mother now married John Kinlock, the stage manager, and went with her daughter wherever engagements offered. For some time Miss Lane was destined to wander from town to town, now in Baltimore, supporting Forrest in "William Tell," and again at the New York Bowery Theatre; appearing also as Dr. Pangloss, with Joseph Jefferson's grandfather in the cast.

During this period, this child of nine took seven parts in "Winning a Husband," five parts in "72 Piccadilly," and six parts in "Actress of All Work." On a Chestnut Street Theatre programme, dated January 9, 1829, and including the names of many of the Jefferson family, the *dramatis personae* of the "Four Mowbrays" contains the following: Matilda Mowbray, Miss Lane! Master Hector Mowbray, Miss Lane!!

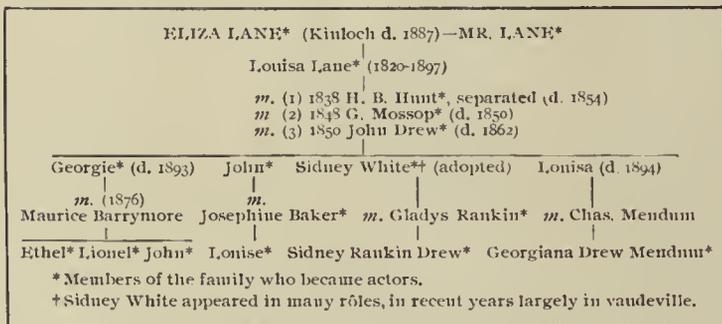
Master Gobbleton Mowbray, Miss Lane!!! Master Foppington Mowbray, Miss Lane!!!!

From 1829, when she received her first benefit, to 1836, when she was married to Henry B. Hunt, an English tenor, from whom she was afterwards separated, Miss Lane not only filled dates with the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre, and the Walnut, but traveled South and West. In 1830, under Mr. Kinlock's management, a company went to Jamaica, but shipwreck overtook them near San Domingo, and only after six weeks' camping were they able to get to the city, where a successful season awaited them. But Mr. Kinlock and baby, stricken with yellow fever, died, and mother and daughter, thus bereft, returned to America. It was before this that Miss Lane became associated with Celeste, the dancer, of whom she has written:

"In Buffalo, a pretty village, the only available music was one violin played by an old darkey, and all he knew was 'Hail, Columbia,' and 'Yankee Doodle;' so, as Celeste danced twice, the orchestra (?) commenced the first turn with 'Hail, Columbia,' and finished with 'Yankee Doodle,' and for the second reversed the order of precedence. Poor Celeste, who spoke very little English then, her patience exhausted, exclaimed, "D——'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail Columbia!'"

It must have been before 1830, also, that Jackson, then President, seeing her in Washington, called her a "very pretty little girl."

Miss Lane's career, before and after she became Mrs. Hunt, was marked by slow advance; we read of her



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE



As Belleville in "The Country Girl" Charles Surface in "The School" King of Navarre, "Love's Labours Lost"
 JOHN DREW IN THREE OF THE RÔLES HE PLAYED UNDER MR. DALY

making a second trip to the West Indies, and again being wrecked; of her Bowery (1833) engagement, at thirteen, where she essayed small parts; and of her stay in Boston and Halifax, where she saw "a good deal of human nature . . . all the petty strife of real actors without their ability." Now she played Maria in "The School for Scandal," with James E. Murdoch, George Holland, and Charlotte Cushman; and then, as Mrs. Hunt, she toured the South, where she was soon recognized as a leading lady, appearing in "The Lady of Lyons."

While her best remembered parts are of the rare old English comedy veins, Mrs. Hunt essayed Lady Macbeth with Forrest, and her performances are also recorded of Ophelia and Desdemona. Intermittently, she appeared at the Arch, the Walnut and the Chestnut, playing at the latter house with Tyrone Power. At Pittsburg "we produced 'London Assurance' with a degree of excellence unheard of in that vicinity—a fountain of real water, and entirely new carpet and furniture, mirrors and new costumes."

In Baltimore, during one summer, Mrs. Hunt played in casts of three and four, as a venture; after each performance—and there were successful nights—in imitation of Molière, the little band would gather around a table to divide profits. With Mrs. Hunt at this time was her step-sister, Georgia Kinlock.

In 1848, Mrs. Hunt married George Mossop, an Irish singer and comedian, but was a widow in 1849, the year she went to the Albany Museum, where she met John Drew, who had joined the stock company there. She became Mrs. John Drew July 27, 1850.

It was in 1833, the year Jefferson made his first appearance as Jim Crow, that the young Irish comedian was brought to America from Dublin, where he was born September 3, 1825. He spent a great part of his boyhood in Buffalo, and finally gave up all idea of a sea-faring life when he made his début at the Bowery Theatre (New York), 1845, playing during the run, Dr. O'Toole in "The Irish Tutor."

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Drew acted in Chicago and Buffalo, and in the summer of 1850, while at Niblo's (New York), their company included Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, W. R. Blake and his wife. The following season saw them at the Chestnut Street Theatre, and then at the Arch, which came under the management of Wheatley and Drew (1853). For two seasons the comedian retained his share in the

enterprise, but was replaced thereafter by J. S. Clarke.

In 1857, after touring, Drew sailed for England, leaving Mrs. Drew to fill her time at the Walnut. Here Mr. Drew soon returned to join the stock company. The next season saw Mrs. Drew in "The Octoroon," "The American Cousin," and "The Naiad Queen" among other pieces, while Mr. Drew successfully toured California, Australia, and England (1858-1862), returning after Mrs. Drew had assumed control of the Arch, and in time to help out a hard season by a successful run of a hundred nights, presenting "The Road to Ruin" and "The Emigrant" among other plays. His last appearance occurred on May 9, 1862, for on May 21 he died. Two rôles by which he is remembered are Handy Andy and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Of Mr. Drew the actor, estimates emphasize his excellence as an Irish comedian, and his wife has placed him in the following words:

"I don't think there are many persons surviving him now who remember him well, and he was worth remembering; one of the best actors I ever saw in a long list of the most varied description. Had he lived to be forty-five, he would have been a great actor. But too early a success was his ruin. Why should he study when he was assured on all sides (except my own) that he was as near perfection as it was possible for a man

to be." This judgment is characteristically candid.

Mrs. Drew as a manager was successful; she was versatile and original, both in ideas and execution; it was only after she changed the house from stock to the modern "combination" plan that the receipts began to fall off. She gathered together such names as Wallack, Davenport, Booth, Lotta, F. F. Mackay, Louis James, Stuart Robson, Fanny Davenport, and Charlotte Cushman. In 1892, Mrs. Drew gave up the management of the Arch. From 1880, through eleven seasons, she traveled with Joseph Jefferson as Mrs. Malaprop. "Every season was a happy one," she writes; "the latter part of the time Mr. Jefferson was busy on his delightful autobiography, and used occasionally to read it to us."

The testimonial to Mrs. Drew, and her removal to New York, after forty years or more in Philadelphia, bring us to modern conditions and remembrances of another generation. In fact, at seventy-two, the veteran actress appeared under the management of Charles Frohman, her last rôle being in "The Sporting Duchess" (January, 1897). She died at Larchmont, N. Y., on July 2 of that year.



MRS. JOHN DREW
As Mrs. Malaprop



Collection of William Seymour
FRANK DREW
Brother of John Drew, Sr., in a female rôle



ROBERT EDESON

This popular young actor will open his season with "Ranson's Folly" and will be seen later in a new play

On looking over the long life of Mrs. John Drew, the wide range of her work shows her to have been an actress of quick insight and apt interpretation. Contemporary opinion points to her Lady Teazle and Mrs. Malaprop as her best creations, although her Peg Woffington, Dot (in "The Cricket on the Hearth"), and her Lydia Languish were very superior. Clara Morris has written:

"What a handsome, masterful, young creature she must have been in the days when she was playing the dashing Lady Gay, the tormenting Lady Teazle, and all that swarm of arrant coquettes! Her high features, her air of gentle breeding, the touch of *hauteur* in her manner, must have given the same zest to the admiration of her lovers that the faint nip of frost in the autumn air gives to the torpid blood. And, good Heaven! what an amount of work fell to the lot of the stately gentlewoman! . . . She was always a wonderful disciplinarian: hers was said to be the last of those green-rooms that used to be considered schools of good manners. Some women descend to bullying to maintain their authority—not so Mrs. John Drew. Her armor was a certain chill austerity of manner, her weapon a sharp sarcasm, while her strength lay in her self-control, her self-respect."

Three of Mrs. Drew's children went on the stage. Georgiana, making her debut at the Arch Street Theatre in 1872, became one of the Daly company in 1876, and also appeared as support for Booth, Barrett, McCullough, and Modjeska. It was on December 31, 1876, that she married Maurice Barrymore, a young Englishman, who had made his American debut the year before in "The Shaughraun."

The career of Mr. Barrymore has been one of misguided talents; having the ability from which stars should be created, he was destined almost always to support others, since repeated ventures failed to establish him alone. We trace his stage career and find him in 1875 with the Daly company; in 1879, traveling in "Diplomacy" with Warde; then with Jefferson in

"The Rivals," and with Modjeska (1882) in extensive repertoire. For two years, from 1884, when he wrote "Nadjesda," he remained in England, playing "Jim, the Penman" and other pieces. In the years that followed he was with Mrs. Langtry (1887), A. M. Palmer, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Beere, Katherine Clemmons, and (1894) Olga Nethersole. The season of 1890 brought him success as a star in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" (F. Hopkinson Smith). Within recent years, before a weakened mind took him altogether from the boards, Mr. Barrymore played second to Mr. Gillette in "Secret Service," to Mrs. Carter in "The Heart of Maryland," and to Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." His repertoire extended from vaudeville to Armand Duval, Orlando, Romeo, and Captain Swift. By his marriage with Georgie Drew, the Barrymore branch of the Drew family added three names to the actor list. His three children, Ethel, Lionel and John, have each won success on the boards.

Mrs. John Drew has recorded that the keenest sorrow in her life was the death of Georgie Drew in California in 1893, followed, in 1894, by that of Louisa. Of John she wrote: "I look on him with considerable pride;" he is, indeed, the present distinct representative of the Drew family.

"When, at the age of 19," he has written, "I stepped upon the stage from surroundings where the dramatic traditions were preserved and disseminated by generations of actors belonging to my family, I was sanguine enough to believe that in ten years I might come to have a knowledge of my profession. But when the appointed time was completed, I found that I was still only a beginner."

John Drew was born in Philadelphia November, 1853, and on March 23, 1873, joined his mother's stock company for two years. His first rôle was Plumper, in "Cool as a Cucumber." While he learned much here, and gained experience in his tours with Fanny Davenport and Barrymore and Warde, Mr. Drew's

valuable training was secured under Augustin Daly, whose company he entered in 1879, remaining for twelve seasons, and with Ada Rehan, giving to American theatrical history a list of plays in which inimitable sparkle mingled with most acute and delicate handling.

To those who only know Mr. Drew in his modern society representations, the following list of his Shakespearian rôles will be of interest: Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the King of Navarre in "Love's Labours Lost," Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew," Demetrius in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Orlando in "As You Like It," and Guildenstern in Booth's "Hamlet." This reflects somewhat of the calibre of the Daly management, often more lavish artistically than wise financially. To these parts might be added Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal," and Robin Hood in Tennyson's "The Foresters."

This latter happened to be his last rôle with Daly, for in 1892-3 he broke from the old régime and came under Mr. Frohman's management as a star. His daughter, Louise, made her first appearance on the stage one afternoon in "The Tyranny of Tears," and has been seen in other plays since.

In the words of Mr. Dithmar, "Mr. Drew has met the chances of existence bravely, has performed his duties nobly, and won a high place in the esteem and affection of his contemporaries."

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



CHARLES F. EVANS

Well-known comedian who will play the leading rôle in the New York production of "The Sho Gun"

"The Maid and the Mummy" at the New York Theatre



The doctor (Geo. Beane) and the actress (Miss May Boley)

Miss Janet Priest who made a hit as "Mugsy." Miss Priest was until quite recently a dramatic editor of an important Western newspaper

The doctor and his youngest sister (Mrs. Yeamans)



The Egyptian Girls who appear in Act II, of "The Maid and the Mummy"



Photos courtesy New Shakespeareana

Kronborg Castle, Elsinore, Denmark, the scene of Shakespeare's master tragedy, as it appears to-day

In the Footsteps of Hamlet

IN view of the present conflict in the Far East, it is interesting to recall that Kronborg Castle, at Elsinore, Denmark, which is the scene of Shakespeare's master tragedy, "Hamlet," was erected to accomplish the same purpose for which the Mikado's forces are now fighting—to curb the grasping foreign policy of Russia.

In 1552, Ivan, Grand Duke of Moscow, afterward known as Ivan the Terrible, had succeeded in amalgamating the various states about him to form the Empire of Russia, and he next turned his attention to seeking an outlet to the ocean, then controlled by his neighbors, the Swedes and Danes. Kronborg Castle was built as a measure of defense against the Czar's predatory expeditions, and so successful were the defenders that it was not until the reign of Peter the Great, a century and a half later, that Russia obtained control of the Baltic.

It is believed, says a writer in *New Shakespeareana*, that this castle of Kronborg was the scene of Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet." A company of English actors was domiciled from June 17th to September 18th, 1586, at Elsinore, in Zealand, Denmark, for the purpose of playing before the Danish King, Frederick the Second, and among these players was the well-known William Kemp, and several others, known to have been the professional fellows of William Shakespeare. The earliest printed copies of "Hamlet" do not give the place where its action was supposed to occur. Prince Hamlet himself, however, four times in the course of the play, mentions Elsinore—the present city of Helsingør—its scene, and it is to Elsinore that he welcomes Horatio and the players. At Elsinore, guarding the entrance to the Kattegat, and so to the Baltic Sea, there still stands to-day, as it has stood for four hundred and fifty years (though now supposed to be crumbling as to its foundation), this Fortress of Kronborg. The old castle, therefore, has an interesting history apart from its probable associations with the Hamlet fiction. Except that Admiral Blake once sailed his fleet by it without permission, it seems always to have been adequate to its purpose, viz: the control of exit and entrance to the Baltic Sea, and so to the open ocean. For some half a century now it has been used only as a barracks for Danish soldiers.

Why should Shakespeare, who appears never to have visited Elsinore (had he been one of the company aforesaid his name would surely have been second, or probably first, on the list), have selected Kronborg Castle and Elsinore as the fortress and home and scene of the piteous story of Hamlet the Dane? Saxo places the scene of his Saga of Amleth in Jutland, and Belleforest, translating it into the Hystoric of Hamblett, says that the Danes "all with one consent proclaimed him (Hamblett) King of Jutie,



KRONBORG CASTLE—THE PLATFORM WHERE THE GHOST FIRST APPEARED
[Hamlet, Act I, Scene i.]



KRONBORG CASTLE—"THE DREADFUL SUMMIT"
[Hamlet, I, iv., 76]



KRONBORG CASTLE—QUEEN GERTRUDE'S CHAMBER
[Hamlet, Act III., Scene iii.]

[i. e., Jutland] and Chersonnesse, at this present the proper country of Denmark." Indeed, the necessities of local color for the Hamlet of Shakespeare seemed to require the removal of Saxo's story to Elsinore. To this local color we are indebted for Prince Hamlet being educated at Wittenberg (which, being a Lutheran university, was the favorite one for Danish scholars to resort to). Clearly, the prince must be at the Danish Court, and there was no Danish Court in Jutland! In a notebook kept by Maister William Segar, Garter King at Arms, who journeyed to Denmark in that year to aid in investing the Danish King with the Order of the Garter, is the entry of July 14, 1603: "This afternoone the King (of Denmark) went aboard the English ship which was lying off Elsinore and had a blanket prepared for him vpon the vpper decks which were hung with an awning of cloathes of Tissue, every health reported shot of great Ordinance, so that during the King's abode the ship discharged 160 shot." (Here we have the Danish custom, more honored in the breach, etc., of announcing the King's toasts by trumpets or by salvos "the great cannon to the clouds shall tell," etc.) And the presence of the English actors also proves it, as, had it not been the seat of the Danish court, the small city of Elsinore would not have attracted the presence for three months of a company of actors seeking continental employment. Besides, on its borders, Queen Mary, consort of this very King Frederick above mentioned, built a summer palace—still standing, called "Marienlyst"—(Mary's delight). Moreover, the province or baliwick of Zealand (which contains Elsinore, Marienlyst and Kronborg), is named "Fredericksborg" after the name borne by so many of the Danish Kings. And as for further reason, if further reason is necessary, there exist remarkable correspondences to points required by the descriptive parts of the play of "Hamlet," in the exterior and interior of this castle. Possibly William Kemp, or some of his fellow actors, became so *épris* with the gaunt and frowning battlements of the castle, that he described it to Shakespeare vividly enough for him to reproduce it in his *mise en scène*. Who can tell? There was enough of romance clinging about the old castle to have attracted Mr. Kemp. One of its legends is that, in its subterranean fastnesses, Holger Danske (the William Tell of Denmark) still sits asleep at a banqueting table, but still firmly grasping his great glaive, ready to spring to the aid, in danger, of his beloved Denmark.

To-day the story of Hamlet is as much a part of its legendary wealth as Holger Danske himself. But whether Shakespeare located the story of his master tragedy at old Elsinore because of England's diplomatic relations with Ivan the Terrible, whom Kronborg's walls so successfully resisted, or whether the description of his fellow actors there impressed him, it is noticeable that the same old fortress seems to-day to respond in its exterior and interior features to the points named in the play. Who will not willingly be convinced that here is the identical platform where Hamlet's father's spirit in arms first appeared to his doomed son? Here stood Francisco on guard, and to him approaching Bernardo—who had already once seen the ghost, and, whose nerves running away with him, gave the challenge instead of waiting, as a soldier should, to be himself challenged by the sentry. Next is the Hall of State, where Hamlet resents King Claudius calling him his "sometime cousin, now our son," and sneers that he is "a little more than kin and less than kind." Just as the English traveler in 1603 described it, there were then plenty of arras for Polonius to conceal himself behind when he sent poor Ophelia to interview Prince Hamlet. Danish kings are expressed in antique habits according to their several times with their arms and inscriptions containing all the conquests and victories. Next is the "more removed place," indeed, a dreadful summit, the "cliff," being in this case a place on the roof easily reachable from the platform, where the story of the murder, already half guessed by Hamlet, is fully told him by the Ghost. Then we have the Queen's chamber, where Polonius, spying through the arras, met his death-thrust from Hamlet's sword.

Be all this as it may, this Danish neighborhood is still redolent of Ham-



KRONBORG CASTLE—A ROOM OF STATE
[Hamlet, Act I., Scene II.]



KRONBORG CASTLE A DONJON KEEP



OPHELIA'S SPRING, ELSINORE--WHERE OPHELIA WAS DROWNED



HAMLET'S TOMB, ELSINORE

let and of Shakespeare—and just as at Wittenberg, we are still shown the house occupied by Hamlet when he was at school there, so the creations of Shakespeare have been acclimated into Danish folk-lore, and into the atmosphere of the delightful watering place, still called Marienlyst. In the grounds of Marienlyst has been erected a shaft surrounded by a cairn which, from a time whereof the memory of man runs not to the contrary, has been known as “Hamlet’s Tonib.” Nearby is a statue of Prince Hamlet himself by Miss Neilson, a famous Danish sculptress. And here, also, in a grove, is a small cascade, or welled-up spring, which by grace of an equivalent tradi-

tion is “Ophelia’s Brook,” the identical spot where Queen Gertrude’s poor Lady of Honor her pendant weeds was clambering to hang when the envious sliver broke and entitled her to Christian burial—(though the verdict of the first grave-digger that she wilfully sought her own salvation has taken precedence in most men’s minds of the Crowner’s Quest that entitled her to have her grave made “straight,” that is, east and west, the head reverently to the east). At any rate, it is here Sarah Bernhardt and Mounet Sully annually break bottles of champagne! And, standing on Marienlyst beach, one sees close by the stony battlements of gray old Kronborg itself!



The denial of Sákuntala by Dushyanta

“Sákuntala,” Hindu Drama, Performed in America

THE students of Smith College, who have already made several interesting experiments with the exotic drama, recently gave the first performance in this country of the Hindu play, “Sákuntala.” This piece represents the best type of Hindu drama and is known among students as the greatest work of Kalidasa, who wrote it during the sixth century. A condensed version of Monier Williams’ English translation from the original Sanscrit was made by Miss Alice Morgan Wright.

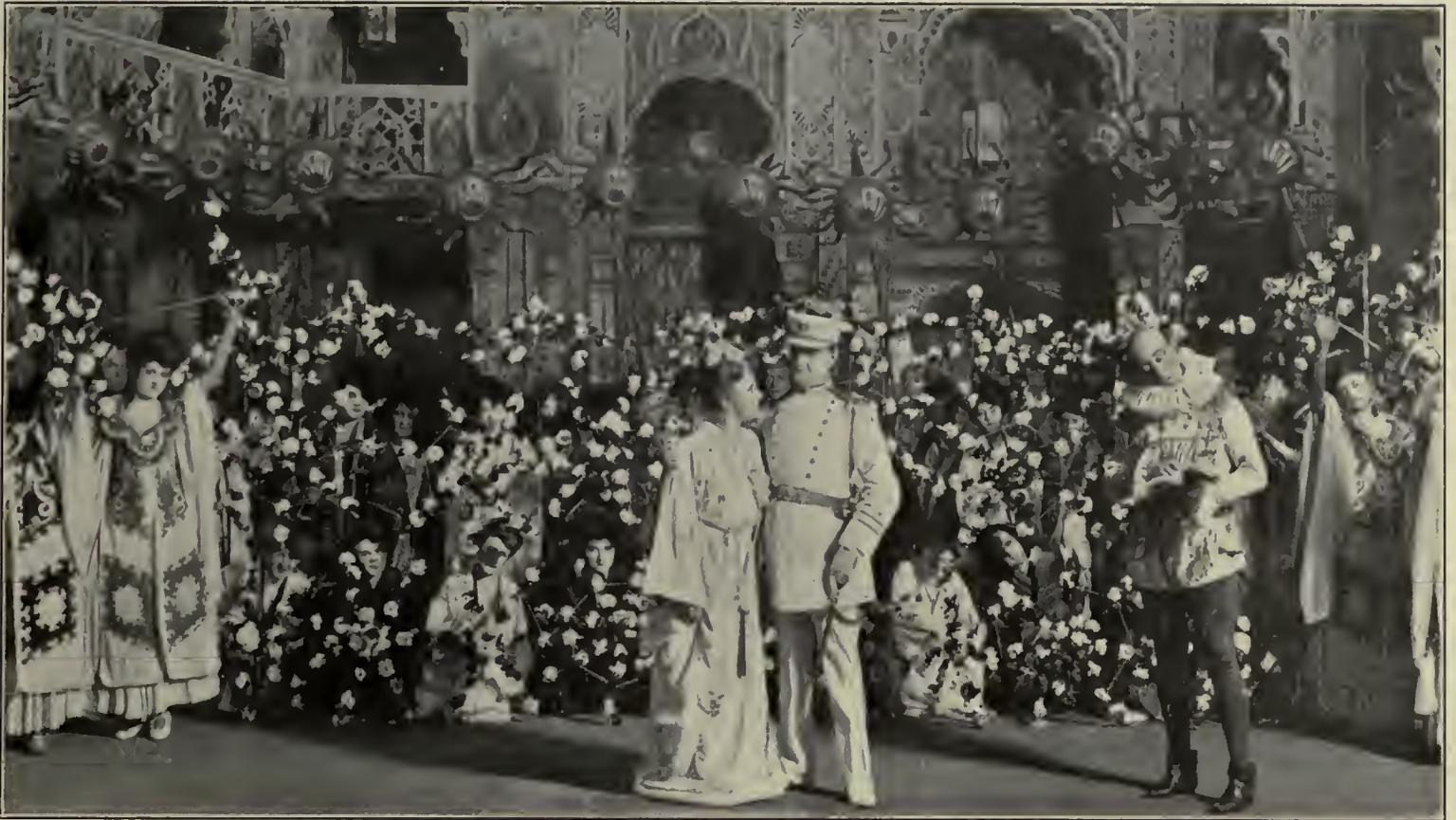
The play is founded upon an old Indian myth, and is typical of the conventional Hindu drama with its curious mingling of religion and sentimentality. The Germans were the first to discover the beauties of Kalidasa’s writings, and “Sákuntala” has often been acted in Germany. It has also been performed in England.

The play opens with a prologue. There are five acts and ten scenes, which reach a striking climax when the hero and heroine are re-united in the territory of the gods. Rajah Dushyanta, while hunting, arrives in a sacred grove. There he falls in love with Sákuntala, the foster daughter of the sage Kanawa, and persuades her to marry him secretly. On his return to his capital, he leaves with Sákuntala a ring, promis-

ing to send for her within a few days. While making their adieux, the lovers fail to pay proper respect to a visiting sage, and thus become objects of his curse. The curse causes entire forgetfulness in Dushyanta, but his memory is to be restored at the sight of the ring left with Sákuntala. As no word comes from Dushyanta, Sákuntala is sent to his court, where the Rajah denies all knowledge of her.

A fisherman meanwhile has found the ring and brings it to the court, where, immediately after the rejection of Sákuntala, it is brought to Dushyanta, whose memory at once is restored. But Sákuntala has disappeared, and her lover is stricken with remorse. He finally is summoned to lead the hosts of India into battle against a race of giants. At the successful termination of a seven-years’ war the gods reward Sákuntala—whom they have removed to their territory—and Dushyanta by reuniting them in the presence of their little son, Sarva-Damana, later known as Bhrata, the great hero of Indian literature.

Rich with Indian imagination and tenderness, admirably constructed and occasionally varied by beautiful rhythm, the text offers exceptional opportunity for fine elocution. The students presented the drama in a fine manner.



Finale to Act I of "The Isle of Spice," at the Majestic Theatre

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

Concluded*



JULIA WEMPLE

PLAYING an engagement in New York is a very different thing to playing on the road. In the metropolis you see little of your fellow actors, meeting them only at night, when every one is busy, and so you only become superficially acquainted. On the road you are thrown into such intimate association that you know the members of the company better in a few weeks than other people you have known for years.

I formed no new acquaintances during my New York engagement. I saw a good deal of May. We studied hard and each took up French. May also attended the art sales and I went with her. May had imbued me with her love for reading, and we read all the new books as fast as they came out.

We opened in "A Hillside Farm" in November, and the piece ran three months. Then Mr. Selby put me in a new play which went on in February—"Lady Carlisle's Ruse." My part was the second woman's part, very peculiar, but most important.

This time everything was different. I was the original. Sometimes I wished I wasn't. The thought I spent on that part! It was never out of my mind one second, waking or sleeping. If any one spoke to me, I answered, and occasionally I volunteered a few remarks, but always in the background of my mind this part was going on, working itself out.

The author, one of our best-known playwrights, was most kind to me. He told me that he had wanted me for that part when he saw me in "A Hillside Farm." My old teacher, Mr. Cranton, used to impress upon me the importance of working out the small things in a part. "The big scenes will play themselves," he would say. That is so true! A big scene seems to provide its own impetus. I had one splendid scene, but I worked away on what seemed the unimportant scenes, trying to start right and build the character up from act to act.

Mr. Selby was very particular about the tempo of scenes. We would go over a scene five or six times until we almost dropped with

sheer physical fatigue. Perhaps the director would not be satisfied with the way the scene had gone or something was wrong with one of the actors, and then they said: "Would you mind trying that scene again?" And this would happen half a dozen times!

No one ever refused, no matter how tired they were.

Every interruption or correction would interfere with the swing of a scene, and it took a few seconds to regain that. At the later rehearsals, sooner than disturb the continuity of a scene, we would play it all through, then the director would make the various suggestions and corrections, and we went all through the scene again, making the desired changes.

If anything can be worse than a first-night performance it is surely a dress rehearsal. You have all the excitement, bustle and nervousness of a first night and none of the stimulus provided by the audience. Then the ghastly delays and the waiting around. Our dress rehearsal lasted from 8 P. M. to 3 A. M. By that time we were all so worn out that it seemed as if the play were utterly bad, every member of the cast bad, and I the worst of the lot. Everybody felt the same about themselves.

First nights are solemn affairs among actors. Everybody feels the general nervous strain. About the only things said are: "I wish we'd ring up," or, "It will soon be over now."

So far, I had never played a dressy part, and my clothes in this were very simple, but I had arrived at the theatre so early I was all made up and dressed when they called the "half hour."

I received telegrams from David, Loraine and Anne. May's play was still running, so she could not be in front, but she sent around some American beauties.

This first night was not unlike the one I had with Miss Debramway, only I was much more important. I received a call after my good scene and a reception when I came on in the following act. That paid for all the weeks of misery which had gone before. May and Mr. Selby took me out to supper after the performance and Mr. Selby said I had made *the* hit. It scarcely seemed possible, yet the papers next day said so, too.

The play ran the season out. Mr. Selby had a smart press agent, and I grew tired of seeing my photograph in the newspapers and read-

*This serial began in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for April

ing of the wonderful things I did and said. I was a constant source of surprise to myself, in print. I was even interviewed.

Mr. Selby wanted me to sign to go on the road with "Lady Carlisle's Ruse" for the coming season, but I had the New York engagement idea strongly fixed in my mind. Besides, I did not want to play one part two seasons.

A few weeks before we closed, one of our most important managers sent for me and offered me a part in a new play. I signed with him and was much envied and congratulated.

I now saw a good deal of David Norman, but he wasn't a bit sentimental. Once or twice since we had been with Miss Debramway David had said, "Any time you change your mind, Julia," and "As long as there's no one else, I'll never give up hope, so all you have to do is to let me know." How stupid of him, as if I ever would! Besides, I wasn't sure myself—yet.

After I left May's, I sent for Aunt Nan, and she, Mrs. Siegrist and I went to a modest seaside resort. I was not a multi-millionairess even now, for, notwithstanding my two successes, my salary the first half of the season was only thirty dollars and forty the latter half. I was to have sixty dollars a week for my new part and the management was to furnish my dresses.

When I was called for rehearsals, I received an awful blow. The play for which I had been engaged was not to go on until later, and I was given a part in another piece. The part was absolutely colorless, and I was wretched.

I walked about in gorgeous gowns, for which, thank Heaven! I didn't have to pay. I muttered an inane nothing to one character and another to some one else, then drifted off the stage. I felt as if it was more like a millinery display than a play, and I one of the lay figures. I wished I was back playing my old part in "Lady Carlisle's Ruse."

But the play, or the dresses, had made a hit, and they were to keep the "thing" on, the other play being indefinitely shelved.

I begged to be put into something else, but they had so many people on their pay-roll, they had to use them, and their older people had to be taken care of first.

When I thought I had to waste a whole season on that stupid part I felt like screaming, yet I couldn't afford to resign.

Then, like an angel-of light, David appeared to deliver me! He laid before me a scheme which he had been working out for weeks. He had met a man, Barton Young, who had written what David considered a splendid play. Mr. Young was so anxious to have it produced that he put up five thousand dollars. David had five thousand dollars of his own which he was willing to risk on the piece. Then they read the play to Mr. Canfeld. He was willing to go in on the scheme, and thus a partnership was formed under the name of Canfeld and Norman.

David wanted me to create the leading part, providing I could be released from my present engagement.

"I'll give my two weeks' notice," I said, sharply.

"No, don't do that," advised my cautious David. "Let Mr. Canfeld write and ask them to lend you to us. Your part can be easily filled, and they are very nice about subletting their people."

David brought me the play to read. Why! the part was more than a leading part—it was positively a star part! Suppose they wouldn't release me. The suspense was awful!

But they consented to let me go, and next day the papers contained a paragraph to the effect that by courtesy of Messrs. Kale and Hammer, Julia Wemple would create the leading part in Canfeld and Norman's new play.

David asked how I'd like Herbert Heartwell for a leading man. I was delighted. There was a part that Anne was simply born for, so David gave it to her.

Preparations for the production began at once. At one time there was some hitch about a New York date, but Mr. Canfeld was immensely popular, David was energetic and the way was made clear. I felt awfully cheeky going on

with well-known actors to rehearse such an important part, but Mr. Canfeld and David had every confidence in me. The rehearsals were the same old story, one long agony.

David discussed with me every move that was to be made, and I heard every detail of the business—all about the scenery, the printing, and the million and one things that go to make up the responsibility of a production.

As the rehearsals went on and I realized more and more all that depended upon me—Mr. Young's success as a dramatist, and the fact that David and Mr. Canfeld had staked every penny in this venture—I would have backed out if I had dared, and yet, I wouldn't either. As things shaped themselves and everything pointed to success, David confided to me that if all turned out well, they were going to bring Miss Debramway back and put her into another play by Mr. Young.

Everything went unusually well at the dress rehearsal. The third act was one long scene between Herbert Heartwell and me. Herbert had developed marvelously as an actor, and it was a joy to act with him.

All the company were out in front. When the curtain went down they cheered and applauded. Anne and David rushed back. They both assured me the play was all we had thought it and I had realized every possibility. If I only did as well the opening night, fame and fortune were ours.

I felt better after that, but it seemed as if the curtain would never go up the next night, that day seemed years long.

The play went well from the very beginning, and the third act was a sensation. David was waiting in the entrance for me when I came off after the various curtain calls, and for the first time in my life I indulged in an hysterical cry.

As soon as I saw David and felt I had actually accomplished all that was expected of me, everything seemed to give way. I held out my hands to him, he took them and drew me to him. I put my head down on his shoulder and began to sob.

David waved every one away and led me to my room. Anne followed. David held me in his arms and Anne bathed my face.

I calmed down presently, but David still held me. It seemed good to have him there to comfort me. He suggested that the orchestra should play another selection.

Anne objected: "Long waits are such bad things."

David smiled his funny smile. "But I've had a long wait, Anne."

"I know you have, but you'll have to-morrow, and you know much depends upon following up that third act quickly."

David kissed me and went away. Then I looked at Anne.

"I wondered how long it would be before you realized you loved him," she said.



MISS FLORENCE HAYWARD SPITZLEY
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LYNN PRATT

Young Western actor who will be seen in a New York production next season

(Concluded on page vi.)

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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 insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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Actors as Deadheads

NEW YORK, August 15, 1904.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

That actors should witness as many plays as possible, is beyond all question. Next to actual stage experience, this is the best way for them to study the art of acting, elocution, stage deportment, ensemble, scenic effects, play-writing, etc., etc. First-class productions should be witnessed, not only once, but several times. The artist will be improved mentally; his methods will be broadened, and the value of his work will be greatly enhanced. Better actors will mean better business, entailing a possible difference of \$100,000 on the year in a single theatre. Who will benefit by this increase in receipts? The artist may receive a paltry advance in salary, but it is the manager who pockets the cash.

Surely, then, it would be a direct benefit to every manager to admit all actors free and with good grace to witness his performances. It is a generally recognized custom that actors are given seats, provided the business permits, and it is a courtesy for which, when extended, artists are truly grateful. The salary of the average actor is never more than a living, and were he to pay to witness all productions he would have to go without his dinner more than once. But what is the real attitude of managers towards artists in this respect? With a few exceptions, American managers are, to say the least, unevil. Should a manager grant free admission, it is usually done in such a condescending, supercilious manner that the actor creeps to the box-office heartily wishing he had the price of admission. Personally speaking, I have written, enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope to several theatres in New York, requesting the favor of a seat, and most of these letters have been entirely ignored. In other cases, a printed reply to the effect that "Mr. So and So could not comply with my request, owing to the enormous sale of advance bookings." Then I promptly bought a seat at these theatres where the advance sales were so enormous, and had the satisfaction of making one in an audience which about half filled the house. At some theatres, actors are only admitted to the Wednesday matinee. This is convenient for the manager, for they are placed in outside, or back seats, that no one wishes to buy, and it helps to make a bad house look fairly large.

In London, matters are different. To American artists the London manager is positively lavish in his kindness and consideration. Even if the business is heavy and the house is likely to be sold out before the curtain rises, he invariably sends the desired seats, or replies personally, requesting the artist to present himself at the box-office and he will be provided for. I myself was in London some time ago, and being desirous to see Mr. Cyril Maude in "The Second in Command," I wrote for seats for the Saturday matinee. He replied in a most polite note, asking me to present myself at the box-office and, if possible, they would find room for me. Upon arrival, I and my friend were ushered into the U. P. stage box. Imagine my surprise and pleasure on looking over the theatre to find it packed from floor to ceiling, and on peeping downward I could just see a crown worked in gold on the plush in front of the box. Then I realized that, rather than disappoint me, the management with rare courtesy and generosity had placed me in the royal box.

Let our American managers treat authors and actors with more consideration and encouragement, especially as regards free admission, and in a few years there will be less complaints of bad plays and empty theatres.

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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.

H. L. HOUDLETTE, Boston, Mass.—We know of no manager who will buy sketches. Managers engage performers who furnish them.

E. O. C.—We cannot give the information you desire, but any one of the dramatic papers in London will answer your questions, particularly the *Era*.

M. Q.—(1) No, we have had no interview with Maude Adams, but an elaborate sketch of her. (2) We cannot say positively. (3) It is a matter of public opinion.

RAE M.—(1) An interview with Mary Manning was published in the July, 1902, issue of THE THEATRE. (2) The actress is not playing at present. (3) We do not know.

K. S. MACKENZIE.—She went to Europe two years ago and has not been heard from since.

G. F. RILEY.—Several dramatizations of the novel have already been made. One was done at the Old Bowery Theatre in 1870.

HARRY WHEELER.—We cannot undertake to answer questions of this character.

R. K. H.—(1) He is going to play "The Crossing." (2) Read the theatrical forecast in the current issue of THE THEATRE. (3) We never heard of her. (4) Henry B. Harris. (5) Hudson Theatre, New York.

TRIXY TRIPPER—(1) Will do so shortly. (2) We cannot say—write to her manager. (3) It is announced for next season. (4) We do not know.

E. J. BAUGHMAN.—The schools of acting are commercial enterprises, and if we took notice of one, we should have to notice them all, although the school you mention is the best of its kind.

DAISY PRUDEN.—Pictures of Aubrey Boucicault appeared in the February, 1902, and April, 1903, issues of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. You can secure these numbers from the publishers, 26 West 33d Street, New York City.

A MEMPHIS GIRL.—(1) He has gone on a vacation to Europe, but will return in August, and has been engaged next season by William A. Brady. (2) We do not know her whereabouts. (3) "The Dictator."



MISS BLANCHE SHIRLEY
Leading woman with "Two Little Walfs" Company

A well-known actor has a daughter who is credited with being his severest critic. In a recent presentation of the "Tempest," the printer made a blunder, and the actor was put down as Prospero—"Frightful Duke of Milan," instead of "Rightful Duke of Milan."

The unfortunate man enclosed the programme in a letter to his daughter, in which he called attention to the mistake, and this is the reply he received:

"Dear Father:—I enjoyed your letter immensely, but, having seen the performance, fail to see wherein the programme was wrong."—*Tit-Bits*.

Charles Richman recently produced in Pittsburg "The Genius," a play which he will use next season in a starring tour. W. C. and Cecil De Mille are the authors. The piece is a satire upon New York society, those who effect to be connoisseurs of art. The studio scene is said to be copied from that of Richard F. George, of New York, a brother-in-law of Mr. De Mille. The character of Otto was modelled on a well-known New York musician, and can be easily recognized.



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Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl

(Concluded from page 238)

I could only look at her foolishly. "But you must hustle now, Judy, and change your dress," Anne advised, calmly ignoring the sentimental side of the situation in her anxiety to uphold the scene from a dramatic standpoint.

Personally, I was so relaxed after the strain of the act and the novelty of finding out what I really felt for David that I would have liked nothing better than to sit still and take things quietly, but Anne insisted upon helping me into my dress.



MISS RUTH HALBERT
(In private life Miss Page of Washington, D. C.)
Formerly with the Daly Musical Comedy Co. and "Mr. Pickwick," and later with "The Governor's Son" Co.

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As I went out for my cue, I turned to Anne, "You know I promised May I'd marry the first manager who asked me."

"Nonsense, he didn't ask you; you just threw yourself at him," she retorted.

"Anne!"

But the stage-manager appeared, "It's near you, Miss Wemple."

So I went on to finish the performance.

Still, even amid all the excitement that followed, all the congratulations, all the pride I felt over the genuine success I had made, I cherished above everything the thought that I loved David and he loved me. Our lives and our interests would be one, he as manager and I as actress, and I mean to work as hard to make him happy as a husband as I will to make him successful as a manager.



MISS MARY FERRIER
Leading woman with Joseph Murphy

I'm so glad that he wants me to go on acting, for I am just as stage-struck and as much in love with my work as I was at the beginning. Still, if he wanted me to give it up, I would, for, for David's sake.

But I'll save the rest of that confession for David.

THE END.

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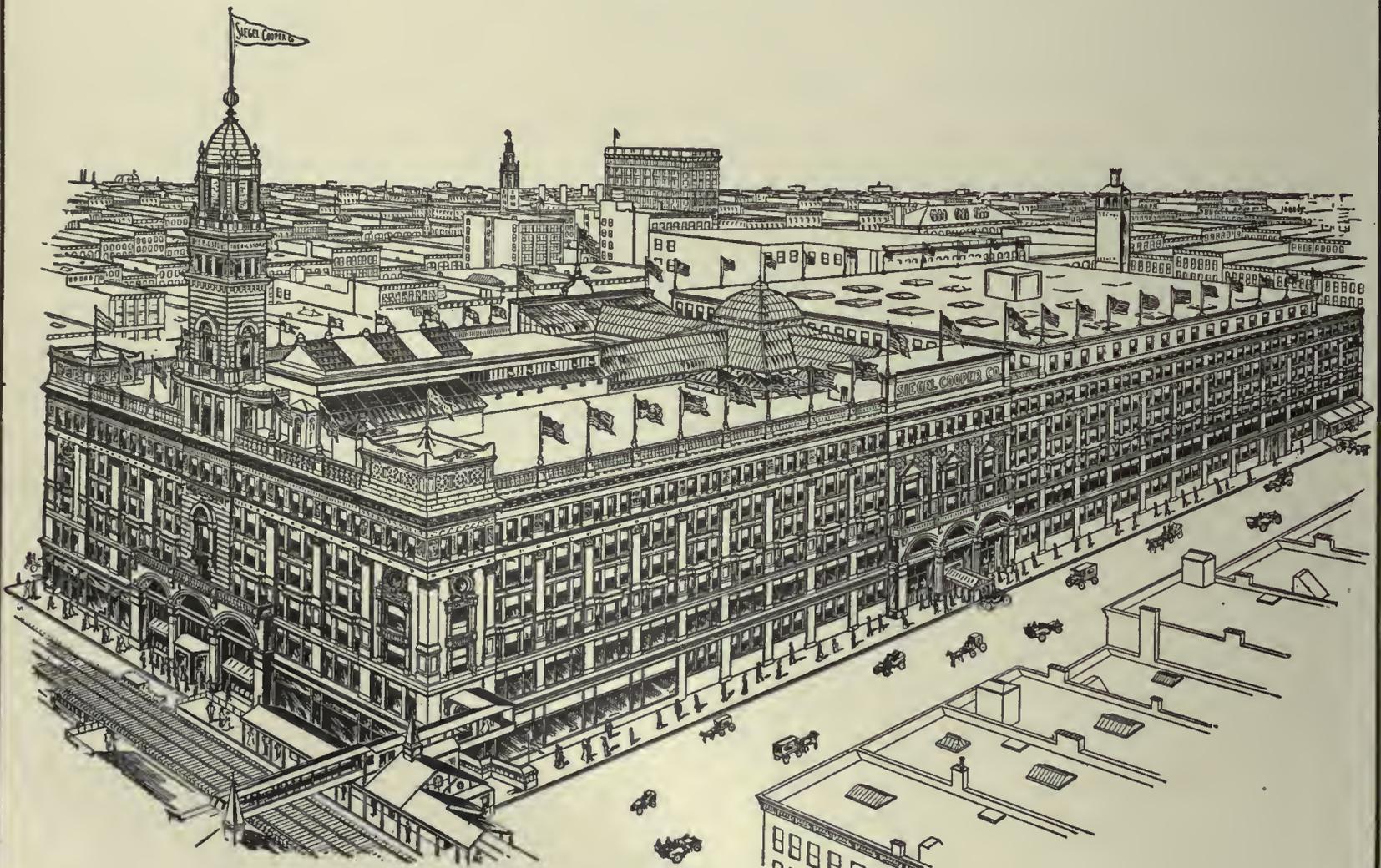
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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN IN HER FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "THE WINTER'S TALE"



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PRINCIPAL SINGERS IN H. W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL"

PLAYS and PLAYERS

AT the Hudson Theatre on Sept. 12 was produced for the first time in America a comedy in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero, entitled "Letty." The cast was as follows:

Nevill Letchmere, Wm. Faversham; Ivor Crosbie, Ivo Dawson; Copinger Drake, Frank Goldsmith; Bernard Mandeville, Arthur Playfair; Richard Perry, Fritz Williams; Neale, Tom Terris; Ordish, Sidney Herbert; Rugg, Wallace Widdecombe; Frederic, Henri de Barry; Waiters, Albert Cowles, John C. Tremayne; Mrs. Ivor Crosbie, Katherine Florence; Letty Shell, Carlotta Nillson; Marion Allardyce, Olive Oliver; Hilda Gunning, Julie Opp; A Lady's Maid, Margery Taylor.

A shop girl is saved by the merest accident from leading a meretricious life with a married man, whom she loves and who loves her. It is a question of modern social conditions which possibly agitates many shop girls. To be or not to be? The manner in which Mr. Pinero threshes it out should be of particular interest to maidens in that sphere of life whose bosoms palpitate in the conflict of honest sentiment and practical considerations. Pinero is anything but a preacher in his plays, but gives the "bounder" something to think about by giving him the opportunity to see himself as others see him. In the hands of one not truly great in the tricks of the stage this theme would not be mightier than the serial story made to be read over the kitchen range. But Pinero has the trick of lightness of touch. His method, in his most successful plays, is to treat everything in its aspects of gayety. Were he to write a "John Barnwell," "The Gamester," or any of the old plays that fit modern conditions, his treatment would make quite other plays of them. Some of these old plays which we may

imagine the Pinero equivalents, are daubs, but they have depth or the appearance of it. Pinero may also have "depth," but never the appearance of it.

In consequence of this characteristic, the production of his "Letty" at the Hudson Theatre lacks lightness of touch in some of its parts. Of course, a particular character may be played in many different ways and still conform to the mechanism of the action. Thus Carlotta Nillson is within her rights, as Letty, to be lachrymose and to repress half way up her

throat the sobs that gurgle up from her heart, but Letchmere, as played by Mr. Faversham, is not worth such a reckless expenditure of emotion and convulsions. Nobody will deny the right of a shop girl to emotion. A constant and unvaried meagre fare of brown bread and Frankfurter sausages is almost sure to produce emotions of various kinds. Letty was at heart virtuous, and she remained so through all her vicissitudes, until she married the photographer in the last act, a third party who would have stood no chance at the opening of the proceedings.

Through four acts it is largely a question of the bill of fare. She marries the photographer in the epilogue. "The events of the four acts of the drama, commencing on a Saturday in June, transpire within the space of a few hours," runs the programme. Inside these few hours Letty is proposed to by Mandeville, the "bounder" and vulgarian, and by Letchmere, the gentleman, who is separated from his wife. Learning of Letchmere's impediment, she consents to marry the "bounder," and takes supper with



Frederick Truesdell and Dorothy Tennant in George Ade's new piece, "The College Widow"

him at a fashionable restaurant, eating and drinking "hearty," runs away from him when he gets into a fight with the waiter, finds herself in the gentleman's chambers, and is about to consent to remain with him indefinitely, symbolized by letting down her back hair, when a dispatch informs him that his married sister has run off with a gentleman of his own kind. His ravings reconcile Letty to brown bread and sausages. She leaves. It was a happy dispatch.

Let it not be thought that these situations are not worthy and without emotion. They have plenty of emotion, but the emotion should be taken in Pinero's way. It is not so much a moral or social question with Pinero as it is a matter of character, atmosphere and episode. In fact, these episodic and incidental characters and what they do are far more interesting than lonely Letty, who would and would not, and the gentleman who would. Arthur Playfair, the "bounder," who unhesitatingly assures his crowd that he is giving them the best feed they have ever had, was a most entertaining personator of rich vulgarity, although he exaggerated the rôle. Fritz Williams, as Richard Perry, photographer, gave his full tithe of merriment. Sidney Herbert, as the agent for an insurance company, was also excellent. Miss Julie Opp gave us the cockney shop girl and overdid it entirely. The play is much too long, and should be cut with reference to the saving quality of its episodes. Its future prosperity will depend solely upon following this advice, which is given authoritatively on the part of its audiences.

At the New Lyceum Theatre, on September 13, was produced a comedy in four acts by Israel Zangwill, entitled, "The Serio-Comic Governess." The cast was as follows:

Eileen O'Keefe, Cecilia Loftus; Alderman Maper, W. J. Butler; Robert Maper, Earl Ryder; Jack Doherty, H. Reeves Smith; Montmorency Josephs, Herbert Standing; O'Flanagan, Charles Bowser; Jolly Jack Jenkins, T. Hayes Hunter; Signor Peleri, George Le Soir; Black Diamond, Emmet Shackelford; Jennings, Frederick Reynolds; Wilkinson, Gilman Haskell; Master Hubert Lee Carter, Harold de Becker; Mrs. Maper, Eva Vincent; Mrs. Lee Carter, Kate Pattison Selten; Mrs. O'Keefe, Ethel Greybrooke; Marcelle, Julia Dean; Mother Ursula, Rose Anthon; Miss Joan Lee Carter, Nesta de Becker; Bessie Bilhook, Nellie Butler; Lily St. Evremonde, Rose Hubbard; Kitty, Paula Gloy; Teresa, Margaret Kensington; Nora, Fanny Marinoff; Mintie, Kathleen Brown; Florie, Jane Boag; Biddie, Jean Hubbell; Edie, Katharine Keppell; Gertie, Nellie Campbell.

Theatre-goers who have seen Miss Loftus in this piece can scarcely have been edified by the performance, even if they were entertained. Some years ago, when this exceptionally talented young artiste first exhibited her powers of mimicry, she was billed as "Cissy" Loftus, in a vaudeville turn. Since then she has matured artistically, and risen to promising achievement in important legitimate rôles with Mr. Sothorn and Madame Modjeska. Naturally, therefore, the announced appearance of Cecilia Loftus as a star, in a new piece "written for the Lyceum Theatre by Israel Zangwill," awakened pleasing expectations. Alas for the disappointment! The new piece is no play at all, but simply a nondescript vehicle for the recognized accomplishments of Miss Loftus—and they are dragged in by the ears, at that. A little flicker of false sentiment here and there, and one or two explosions of misplaced melodrama, serve only to show what a clever actress is being wasted on such makeshift material.

The idea of Mr. Zangwill's curious contrivance is this: Miss Eileen O'Keefe is an Irish heiress to a mortgaged castle and some family debts. She leaves her convent to become a governess, because she needs the money. Then she discovers that, while teaching the young idea how to shoot brings her in only



Otto Sarony Co.

Cecilia Loftus in Israel Zangwill's new comedy, "The Serio-Comic Governess"

fifty pounds a year, she can make fifty pounds a week by being "Nelly O'Neill," the gallery boys' queen, at a London music hall. So runs the world—according to Mr. Zangwill. Eileen tries the double life, being the demure governess in black by day and the serio-comic in tights by night. Twenty-seven people, besides Miss Loftus, are employed in the sumptuous stage presentation of this futile fiction. Only one of them may be said to stand out in anything like individual characterization, and that is Eva Vincent, as Mrs. Maper of Holly Hall—a bedizened lady who has intermittent spells of cockney dialect.

At the Lyric Theatre on Sept. 17 was produced a play entitled "Taps," translated from the German drama, "Zapfenstreich," by Franz Adam Beyerlein. The cast was as follows:

Von Bannewitz, Albert Sackett; Von Hoenen, Paul Everton; Von Lauffen, Robert Loraine; Volkhardt, Mr. Kelcey; Queiss, Aubrey Noyes; Helbig, Harry M. Blake; Spiess, R. J. Struck; Micnalek, Ernest J. Mack; Major Paschke, W. R. Walters; Count Von Lehdenburg, Chas. Swickard; Lieut. Hagenmeister, Andrew Le Duc; First Judge, Albert Sackett; Second, W. H. Webber; Third, A. R. Voigt; Recorder, Ruddy J. Struck; Surgeon, W. B. Woodhall; Orderly, Archie Curtis; Clara, Effie Shannon.

Here is drama. Produced last year for the first time in this country at Mr. Conried's little theatre in Irving Place, it was at once pronounced one of the most striking plays that had come from Germany in a decade. When it became a question of adapting it for the American stage the pharisees shook their heads. No, its interest was too local, too German; its story too indelicate. Fortunately, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey, two metropolitan favorites of long standing, thought otherwise. They induced Mr. Shubert to secure the American rights, and the result is a success that promises to carry them through the season.

"Taps" is the sort of play which we get all too seldom, and which the stage needs badly if it is to regain its lost popularity with the lover of the serious drama. Inane musical comedy, the insipid book play, the tailor-made comedy—all of these are stultifying and paralyzing our dramatists. "Taps" is none of these. It is drama, a slice of life. Its story of the German military system may be briefly retold. The sergeant's daughter is caught by her betrothed, a corporal, in the rooms of Lieut. von Lauffen. The two men quarrel. The corporal attacks his superior and is arrested. At the court-martial neither man will compromise the girl, yet it is known there is a woman in the case. The sergeant's daughter comes forward and confesses she is to blame. The old sergeant, crazed with grief, attempts to attack his daughter's betrayer in court, but is restrained. The latter is filled with remorse, but his social station

prevents his making the only amends possible. For the same reason, he cannot fight a duel. Only one way is left. The father takes his daughter's life.

The American way would have been to shoot the seducer, but the object of the German dramatist is plain. He shows the absurdity of any social system that permits the man to escape, while it inflicts punishment on his victim. For German audiences, of course, this ending was the proper one, but in America, where its meaning may miss fire, it might have been better to adapt the author to the extent of satisfying the law of compensation and giving the betrayer his deserts, instead of the unfortunate girl.

Effie Shannon, who has already shown that she is capable of more ambitious work than the light comedy rôles in which she made her reputation, pleased every one by her sympathetic, intelligent grasp of the part of the heroine.

At the Empire Theatre on Sept. 5 was produced a comedy in three acts by Robert Marshall, entitled "The Duke of Killicrankie." The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Killicrankie, John Drew; Henry Pitt-Welby, M. P., Ferdinand Gottschalk; Lady Henrietta Addison, Margaret Dale; Mrs. Mulholland, Fanny Brough.

By the strength of his technique, the truth of his character drawing and the wit of his dialogue, Capt. Marshall may well congratulate himself on the place he has won among the list of contemporary dramatists. To follow up his other successes with such a daring and agreeable piece of literary worth as "The Duke of Killicrankie" shows that something more may yet be expected from the British playwright that will please and live. Frankly describing his three-act composition as a farcical romance, he proceeds by the surety of his touch and

the skillful manipulation of well-contrasted scenes to stretch out through an evening a story of really tenuous proportions. In the first act the repartee seems a trifle machine-made, and the final act is somewhat over-burdened with repetition of sentiment, but the second act alone, in its refreshing humor, would carry a much weaker piece to a triumphant conclusion.

The Duke of Killicrankie, constantly rejected by Lady Henrietta, kidnaps her and carries her off to his Scottish castle. How this is accomplished is developed through many ingenious complications. Mr. Drew acts with that aplomb that has stood him so well in characters of a similar kind and makes endurable the distinctly caddish act of His Grace. Miss Dale's graceful comedy is marred by some stupid affectations. The honors were borne off by Fanny Brough as the rich widow and Mr. Gottschalk as the egotist. In all, a delightful play.



MISS SELENA JOHNSON

Will be seen as Aurora in Arnold Daly's production of G. B. Shaw's play, "How He Lied to Her Husband"

At Daly's Theatre on Sept. 1 was presented a musical comedy book by Paul M. Potter and Henry Hamilton, music by Leslie Stuart, entitled, "The School Girl." The cast was as follows:

Lillian Leigh, Edna May; Mother Superior, Mildred Baker; Marianne, Clara Braithwaite; Mamie Reckfeller, Lulu Valli; Norma Rochester, Jane May; Yolande, Vivian Vowles; Violette, Ivy Louise; Mimi, Dorothy Dunbar; Louise, Barbara Dunbar; Margot, Madge Greet; Saaefrada, Lakme Darcier; Miss Yost, Virginia Staunton; Mrs. Marchmont, Mrs. Watt Tanner; Cicely Marchmont, Constance Hyem; Kate Medhurst, Jeannette Paterson; Mabel, Joyce Thorn; Jesse Campbell, Queena Sanford; Evelyn Summers, Eithel Kelly; Edgar Verney; Talleur Andrews; General Marchmont, Fred Wright, Jr.; Tubby Bedford, James Blakeley; Peter Overend, Robert Minster; Corner, W. R. Shirley; George Sylvester, Harry Hudson; Adolphe Delapoise, Murri Moncrieff; Sir Ormsby St. Ledger, George Grossmith, Jr.

Musical comedies continue to be as the Autumn leaves—"yellow and black and pale and hectic red." "The School Girl" is one of the pallid. The authors evidently had "Three Little Maids" in mind when they wrote; but the tender tints and tones that made that piece as nearly exquisite as a musical comedy has any chance to be have become faded and sickly and uninspiring in "The School Girl." The music lacks even the easiest distinction: the dialogue is deadly dull; and only Miss Edna May's physical attractions and the business of three sprightly comedians save the play from utter failure. Miss

May's powers, which were never of a quality artistically important—she has a good deal of the magnetic charm of intuitive femininity, that is all—have been developed to their limit during her four years in England. Her voice is possibly more pleasing, even when she sings, than it used to be; and she has acquired that certain level niceness of speech that is a rather pleasing characteristic of many of the London Gaiety girls. In this piece she has the part of an English maiden, Lillian Leigh, who runs away from a convent to carry a love message that may save her friend, Cicely Marchmont, from a marriage with Sir Ormsby St. Ledger. The customary musical comedy doings go on with more than customary insipidity, thanks to Mr. Potter's curious notion that dialogue does not matter.

Fortunately for "The School Girl," George Grossmith, James Blakeley and Fred Wright, Jr., are essentially funny. Mr. Grossmith is not inimitable as Sir Ormsby, since we can never forget how George W. Huntley does the "silly-ass" business. But there is about him something singularly clean-cut and wholesome and smile-enticing. Mr. Wright's personation of a nervous little old general, debilitated, but still game in heart skirmishes, is as good a bit of comedy as one should want to see in this kind of entertainment. The climax of the fun is



MARGARET DALE JOHN DREW FANNY BROUGH FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK
The two women are not on speaking terms, and the men's efforts to make things cheerful are very diverting

THE DINNER SCENE IN CAPT. MARSHALL'S COMEDY, "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE"



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM (Letchmere) CARLOTTA NILLSON (Letty)
Cured of her infatuation for a married man, Letty bids farewell to Nevill Letchmere
SCENE IN A. W. PINERO'S NEW COMEDY "LETTY"

reached when the three comedians sing, "Let Us Be Simpler, Simpler, Simpler," which is a ridiculous treatment of the periodical cry of soulful theorists for "the simple life."

At the Savoy Theatre on Sept. 3 was presented a comedy in three acts, entitled "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," adapted by Anne Crawford Flexner from Alice Hegan Rice's story. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Wiggs, Madge Carr Cook; Lovey Mary, Mabel Taliaferro; Miss Hazy, Helen Lowell; Miss Lucy, Nora Shelby; Mrs. Eichorn, Lillian Lee; Mrs. Schultz, Anna Fields; Asia, May McManus; Australia, Edith Storey; Europeana, Bessy Burt; Mr. Stubbins, Will T. Hodge; Mr. Wiggs, Oscar Eagle; Mr. Bob, Thurston Hall; Billy Wiggs, Argyle Campbell; Chris Hazy, Taylor Granville; Tommy, William Burton; Janes, H. Hunkadunkus Jones, Deputy Sheriff, Ed. Gillespie; Brother Spicer, Wilbert De Rouge; Deacon Bagby, A. W. Maslin; Mr. Schultz, Harry L. Franklin; Mr. Eichorn, William Sherlock; Joe Eichorn, John Walton; Pete Schultz, Willic Gray; Tina Viney, Ida Schwartz; Lena Krásmeier, Mina Haywood.

Here is a play, made from two popular books, which is highly successful as to some of its episodes involving subordinate characters, but "botched" as to its possibilities by inexpert dramatization. It has obviously been built up, little by little, by the actors. Without the business and the infinite detail supplied by them some of the scenes would not go at all. We may imagine the despair of actors when a manuscript scene, put in their hands, is all talk and without a particle of the pulsation of life. What is to be done? "We must put movement, animation, business of some kind in it," they say. The application of this heroic corrective to the opening scenes, to tell the truth, is somewhat overdone. The children are at play, Mrs. Wiggs is heard coming; presto, a convulsion of childish energies, darting to a hiding place under the bed, and when the confusion is all over one is seen perched on top of the bureau. What wonders Mrs. Wiggs performs in tying on her gingham apron! What grimaces the little girl makes as Mrs. Wiggs puts her wisps of hair on the ironing board and passes the hot iron over them to make them curl, and all by way of business, in order to be doing something until something really happens. We could not dispense with the inventive actor and his ingenious business when other interest is lacking. When a visitor is expected and knocks at the door, why should old shoes, the oil can, and all the miscellaneous domestic bric-a-brac be piled up under the coverlet? Business, business!

But something worth while is going to happen presently. Miss Hazy, a pessimist spinster, and Mr. Stubbins, of Bagdad Junction, meet, engage in a delicious courtship, and go through some matrimonial adventures that are very entertaining. Miss Hazy and Mr. Stubbins are the creations of the actors. Some conception of them, no doubt, existed in the manuscript, but it is the business that does it. Miss Hazy cannot be described in words. You might analyze her feelings and give her dialogue, but Miss Hazy cannot be imagined; she must appear in the flesh. Miss Helen Lowell is the actress who incorporates her. Stubbins has paid a dollar to a matrimonial agent for Miss Hazy. He has fallen in love with certain pies which he mistakenly supposes she baked—Mrs. Wiggs' pies. Miss Hazy is a finical old maid, the forlornest creature imaginable. Stubbins is a variety of the stage "Reuben." There is constant discord after marriage. Finally he gets drunk and Mrs. Wiggs ships him off, in his drunken stupor, in a freight car. Mr. Stubbins and others also figure in a stage marriage dance. A rural dance is always good business. The stage characters are capitally "made-up." Miss Lillian Lee as Mrs. Eichorn, a crosspatch, a tall, angular slattern, and Mrs. Schultz, her antithesis, a thing of fat, a neighborhood censor, are admirable. The dramatic management of the action of the story is hazy, while the characters, as presented by the actors, is not hazy. Will T. Hodge is unmistakably comic.

On the other hand, Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, the Mrs. Wiggs, do what she may, is in the background of the effect. Why? because the dramatization is at fault. Imagine the late James A. Herne with this material. How Mrs. Wiggs would have won our hearts in her affection for the children, and particularly in her love for Lovey Mary's treasure of a baby. Mable Taliaferro is a suitable Lovey Mary. To those familiar with the books upon which the play is founded, Mrs. Wiggs may stand out in better relief than she does to those who have not read them, but that is not drama. A drama must be complete in

itself. A play may very easily be better than the book from which it is dramatized, or which suggested it; and, in many cases, familiarity with the book would be exceedingly undesirable. Fortunately, Mrs. Rice's two stories are worth reading; but a play that depends on a book for its understanding is an abhorrent imposition on the theatregoing public. This belief in the all-saving efficacy of a large selling book to make and save a play is encouragement to every amateur dramatist to secure the rights and botch it.

At the Knickerbocker Theatre on Sept. 5 was presented a comic opera, music by Ludwig Englander, book by Harry B. Smith, entitled "A Madcap Princess." The cast was as follows:

Mary Tudor, Lulu Glaser; Henry VIII., William Pruette; Charles Brandon, Bertram Wallis; Sir Edwin Caskoden, Donald McLaren; Sir Adam Judson, Howard Chambers; Will Somers, Frank Reicher; Duke of Buckingham, Arthur Barry; Cardinal Wolsey, Ralph Lewis; Duke de Longueville, Guy Hoffman; Captain Bradhurst, H. Chambers; Farmer Blake, Reginald Barlow; A. Friar, Maurice Sims; Landlord, Herbert Freer; Goody Blake, Elsie Thomas; Queen Katherine, Maud Ream Stover; Lady Jane Bolingbroke, Mary Conwell; Mistress Jane Seymour, Gwendolyn Valentine; Mistress Annie Boleyn, Rose Earle; A Page, Lillian Lipyeat.

Lulu Glaser is a comic opera star whose infectious good nature, rollicking dash and unflagging animal spirits have made her deservedly popular with a large circle of theatregoers. Under her new manager, Charles B. Dillingham, it was to be hoped that the new opera he had secured for her re-appearance would give those particular qualities ample scope and play. It must be admitted, however, that the young lady's personal talents go much further in pleasing the audiences than does either the musical setting of Ludwig Englander or the libretto which Harry B. Smith has worked over from "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Mr. Englander is at present much in demand as a composer. Melodic invention is not to be forced, and a musical Pegasus, unlike an automobile, is apt to show fatigue if pushed too hard. The score of "A Madcap Princess" is distinctly commonplace. Jingle it has, but of the most ephemeral and tenuous-like quality. Its members, with few exceptions, suggest but variations on familiar tunes, and the whole score is written with a simplicity that indicates haste rather than that careful preparation from which only simple but real music is derived. And strange, too, the lyrics of Mr. Smith, always a fluent rhymster, halt more than once and frequent vocal gymnastics are required on the part of the singers to make the words and music meet.

The picturesque Tudor period makes a glowing background for the action of the piece, and both scenery and costumes are rich, appropriate and in excellent taste. The stage action is spirited and the performance moves with snap and precision. But the book has many dull spots, and the fact that the star is principally called upon to express the same emotions, rage and forwardness in each act produces a somewhat monotonous effect. But Miss Glaser is humorously effective in her moments of taptrum, indicates some depth of feeling in her admiration for Brandon, bullies her royal brother, Henry VIII., with comic zest, and in the disguise of a page carries off a swash-buckling scene with all the authority of a well-trained player. She sings nicely, too, and enunciates with refreshing distinctness. Bertram Wallis is the Charles Brandon. Tall and handsome, with a good voice, he, strange to say for a tenor, acts with dash and spirit. William Pruette is bluff King Hal. His make-up—an exact reproduction of the Holbein portrait—is excellent, and his impersonation and singing are sound and pleasing. Frank Reicher makes a Court Jester amusing by his



Photo White

The sergeant's daughter (Emmie Shannon) confesses that it was she who visited the officer's room, and her infuriated father (Herbert Kelcey) draws his sword as if to attack her lover (Robert Loraine)

THE COURT-MARTIAL SCENE IN THE MILITARY DRAMA "TAPS"

grace and skillful pantomime, and the chorus in form and face is quite up to the Broadway standard.

At the Princess Theatre on August 5 was presented a farce in three acts by Louis Eagan, entitled "Jack's Little Surprise." The cast was as follows:

Jack Van Allen, Arthur Byron; Alfonso Merrivale, E. A. Eberle; Bob Merrivale, Mortimer Weldon; George Peabody, Maurice Wilkinson; Murafek Pasha, Alonzo Price; Rev. Hosea Sibley, Burke Clarke; Antoine, Louis R. Grisel; Jim Bennett, John Mackin; Mr. Burke, Wm. Morley; Hassan, Albert French; Zedan, Fred'k Cooley; Abou, John Prentice; Baba, Samuel Greene; Ada Van Allen, Charlotte Walker; Dora Merrivale, Grace Barber; Mrs. Peabody, Carolyn Elberts; Fiametta, Katherine Keyes; Irene, Augusta Gardner.

The public must be amused. Into the maw of this public the manager throws adaptations, dramatizations, stolen goods, anything that comes to hand. It is not pure amiability that

very comical. If the inconsistencies of the piece had been remedied it might have served to amuse, otherwise not. Arthur Byron made his points with too much placidity, but his art is full of intelligence and his methods thoroughly effective.

At the Majestic Theatre on August 23 was presented a musical extravaganza, book by Allen Lowe and George E. Stoddard; music by Paul Schindler and Ben Jerome, entitled "The Isle of Spice." The cast was as follows:

Bompopka, Alexander Clark; Lieut. Katchall, George Fiske; Mickey O'Grady, Herbert Cawthorne; Slubby Mackinaw, Gilbert Gregory; Kashon, John Hendricks; Konner, James Phelan; Taric, Harry Truman; Sam Snap, Otto Booker; Teresa, Blanche Buckner; Kamorta, Mattie Martz; Asbena, Susie Forrester; Trinket, Maude Williams; Richshaw Boys, Stella Maury, Mollie Mack; Cayenna, Jessie Maury; Peppera, Aida Vaughn; Anchovia, May Kennedy; Saucanna, Merle Dumont; Tobasconne, Ivy Williams; Radisha, Minnie Woodberry.



TALLEUR ANDREWS CONSTANCE HYEM FRED WRIGHT, Jr. EDNA MAY GEO. GROSSMITH
 Sir Ormsby (Mr. Grossmith): "What are you doing Thursdays, Lillian?" Lillian (Edna May): "Nothing." Sir Ormsby: "Then let us do it together"
 SCENE IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE

prompts him, but business and the instinct of self-preservation. His existence depends, he is getting to think more and more, upon his "amusing" the people. Perhaps it is a mistaken view, but this multiple monster must be propitiated in some way, and laughter seems the easiest. Hence we were given "Jack's Little Surprise." It did not take two minutes after the rise of the curtain to see that the piece was from the French, and that the use of the name of an Englishman as the author is one of those theatrical fictions intended to make us believe that we are getting something new. Louis Eagan, we may readily believe, is the author of the changes from the original. It is not a matter of the slightest concern, however, how much or how little he contributed to the piece. Farces of this kind are indestructibly French. It took a Madison Morton to make them look like anything else. Certainly some of the situations were

No erudite essay need be penned about this piece. It is the usual chaotic musical extravaganza of the conventional pattern with nothing especially to recommend it, either in its book, its music or its *mise-en-scène*. One thing alone saved it from complete disaster, and this redeeming feature was the excellent comedians employed. With such professional fun-makers as Alexander Clark, Herbert Cawthorne and Gilbert Gregory one must be amused, no matter how nonsensical it all is, and while these three artists are on the stage one is sufficiently diverted. Susie Forrester, as a very corpulent discarded queen, contributed largely to the humor and gave a distinctly clever and artistic characterization. A number of very pretty girls in picturesque costumes were exhibited, and did some graceful dancing. Otherwise "The Isle of Spice" is a poor successor to "The Wizard of Oz."

At the Garrick Theatre, on Sept. 5, was produced a comedy in three acts called "Military Mad," adapted from the German of Franz von Schonthan by Leo Ditrichstein. The cast was as follows:

General Von Tross, Henry Kolker; Major von Cunzburg, Brinsley Shaw; Lieut. von Hoheneck, Leo Ditrichstein; Lieut. Benzberg, William Little; Baron von Gollwitz, Thomas Wise; Karl Hartwig, Henry V. Donnelly; Hans, George Henry Trader; Sergt. Krauss, Giles Shine; Yanicke, Charles J. Greene; Sergt. Hoeffler, Harry Surgent; Vlassack, Herbert Eyling; Sergt. Stemler, William Cline; Hahnish, Charles James; Friedrich, John Emerson; Marian Lee, Ida Conquest; Mrs. Winter, Edith Barker; Betty von Hoheneck, Elly Collmer, Mrs. Becker, Jennie Reiffart; Anna, Amy Lesser; Rosc, Florence Thornton; Clara, Elizabeth Emmet; Angele, Margaret Sutherland.

The time during which this comedy, warmed over from the German, was billed at the Garrick, was brief. It was not a bad play, and it must be accredited with an honorable if complete capitulation. Its chief fault was that it was not far enough removed from the land of its origin. The same play, so to speak, involving American affairs, written by an American, would have been hailed as a triumph. The best modern plays, those that have their roots in the soil, depend upon detail. In "Military Mad" innumerable details must have been lost to us. What was exquisite humor to the military-ridden Teutons had the air of matter of fact to us; and yet the play was filled with diverting episodes, entirely intelligible, little comedies in themselves. What was lacking was an understanding of the social distinctions, of the values attached to rank and title. A Count or a Duke, with us, is a mere dramatic figure, one of the cheapest commodities of the stage. You can give the dramatic value, but not the essence of him. The American girl does not fall in love with a Count *per se*, if he is merely on the stage, and unless the actor's pulchritude is equal to his rank, she does not like to see the love of the heroine light on him. Of course, we can appreciate a Baron who makes an ass of himself like von Gollwitz, in the play, who assumes the apron of the cook and helps the host out of his dilemma by doing the cooking. He is of some use in the world. But how are we going to get up any liking for Major von Cunzburg, or Lieutenant von Hoheneck, or what are we going to say as to Lieutenant Count Benzberg, and to General von Tross? Did not the bigness of the nose of his personal representative at the Garrick detract somewhat from that subtle dignity of rank which we must accept in order to appreciate him? We can adapt ourselves to almost any point of view in this country, perhaps the only country that will accept foreign-made plays almost in their entirety, but when we are asked to accept the humor of a people's servitude to military officers, our intelligence or sympathies fail us. Many of the episodes of the play were delightful. To the student of the drama the methods of Schonthan are exceedingly instructive. He is absolutely familiar with every detail of his subject, and no part of his material is lost. Still, New York is not a German province.

At the Herald Square Theatre on Sept. 5 was produced a comedy in three acts, entitled "The Spellbinder," by Herbert Hall Winslow and Charles Dickson. The cast was as follows:

Lucas Byng, George Ober; Mr. Call, Henry Powers; Eloise, Gertrude Howe; Marietta, Adele Luhrman; John B. Ruggles, Ralph Delmore; Grace Gelston, Charlotte Townsend; Angela, Violet Black; Harry Ruggles, Eugene Shakespeare; Howard Colby, Charles Dickson; Jackson White, Geo. R. Averill; Andy McGlory, Frank Russell; Nellie McGlory, Lansing Rowan; Attendant, John M. King; Hon. Bernard McCally, James R. Garey; Hon. James R. Hacklett, Geo. R. Averill; Hon. Aaron Snodgrass, E. G. Reynolds; Hon. Israel Lemstein, Henry Shean; Hon. Andrew Dillon, Jos. R. O'Mally; Hon. Oscar Boulter, William Pierce; Hon. Heinrich Schroeder, Ralph Locke.



Byron, N. Y.

EDITH TALIAFERRO

EZRA KENDALL

Scene in "Weather-beaten Benson" in which Ezra Kendall is appearing this season

It is a pity that Mr. George W. Lederer did not temper his enthusiasm with a little more judgment in selecting "The Spellbinder," by Herbert Hall Winslow and Charles Dickson, as a medium for the latter's reappearance here as a star. The combination of love and politics has frequently been used as a dramatic theme, and in the cases of "For Congress," "The Senator," and "The County Chairman," success has been the result. If the authors of this new play had been content to work out their play on the conventional but safe lines employed in the construction of its predecessors, they, too, might have reaped some laurels. But at its best, "The Spellbinder" is a feeble effort, deficient in moving interest and hopelessly overburdened with talk of a tedious and irrelevant description. It has some scenes that possess both novelty and interest, but they are weakly developed and are mostly incidents rather than actual happenings that effect the advancement of the story.

Strange to say, the authors signally missed it in the com-

position of the rôle of Howard Colby, the part player of Mr. Dickson. He does more talking than any one else, and holds the centre of the stage most of the time, but he is a lay figure at best. Mr. Dickson played it with easy reserve and fluent tact. Gertrude Howe and Adele Luhrman, as manicurists, gave a frank exhibition of those professional women whose methods are not above reproach. George Ober, as Lucas Byng, was cheerfully amusing in an eccentric rôle, and as an East Side tough, with a predilection for crooked politics, Frank Russell gave a strong character sketch. As his sister Nellie, a cloak model, Miss Lansing Rowan played her one emotional scene with convincing earnestness and force. Ralph Delmon was a conventional district leader, and the remainder of the cast was competent.

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre on August 29th was seen for the first time a piece by R. Melville Baker and Joseph Hart, called "Girls Will Be Girls."

The following performers were included in the cast:

Prof. Dodge, Al. Leech; Abner Sankey, Art Brock; Sheriff Ketelem, Hubert Cortell; Nathan Hanley, Winfred Young; Tom Sparrow, John McVeigh; Marvin Brown, Harry Davies; Henry Sniffens, Osear Watson; Police Officer Chase, Harry Wilson; Police Officer Holdhim, Ed. Schultz; Ned Raymond, Ed. Mora; Madeline Scribner, Lillian Bayer; Martha Young, Mary Karr; Lonely Sprouts, Roma Snyder; Esther Sprouts, Gladys Claire; Brussell Sprouts, Christine Cook.

When what is put forward as theatrical entertainment is frankly labeled "Just nonsense—that's all," serious criticism is completely disarmed. Even nonsense may be relatively good and bad, and it must be admitted that this medley of absurdities by Messrs. Baker and Hart is vastly more amusing than many current productions of like nature more ambitiously heralded. Al. Leech is a treat in himself alone. The American stage nowadays shows a sorry dearth of legitimate actors of the first rank, but it counts clever comedians by the hundred, and Al. Leech, who has long been a favorite in vaudeville, is among the best of them. His dry humor, his ever serious mask, his nimble dancing and hundred and one droll antics, is all exceedingly diverting, and as principal of the Dodge Academy for Girls he has plenty of opportunity to keep his auditors

amused. Mr. Leech is well seconded by three comely young women, respectively, Roma Snyder, Gladys Claire and Christine Cook, who are "cute" at all times, and sing ditties and wear pretty costumes with delightful versatility. Others in this cast amused.



Otto Sarony Co.

Two New American Playwrights Whose Work Will Attract Attention On The Stage This Season

RUPERT HUGHES

Rupert Hughes was born in 1872 of Southern descent and took his Master's degree at Yale in 1903. For many years a musical critic and editor, he has also written a mass of essays, verse, fiction, etc., for the magazines. His published works are eight in number and include "The Musical Guide," a valuable book of reference; "Love Affairs of Great Musicians;" "The Whirlwind," a novel; "Gynges Ring," blank verse poem; and "The Real New York." He has also published much on music as well as some original compositions. His dramatic work is, however, his chief ambition. At the age of 21 he wrote a libretto produced in 1895 as "The Bathing Girl," and in 1902 he was commissioned to write a smart social satire for Mrs. Osborne's playhouse. The same year saw the production of "In the Midst of Life," written in collaboration, also in 1902 "The Wooden Wedding," a one-act piece of his, was produced in London. The following year he wrote for Warde and James a five-act tragedy based on the life of Alexander the Great. His most recent play, "What Will People Say?" will be produced this winter by Mrs. Fiske.

ANNE CRAWFORD FLEXNER

Anne Laziere Crawford Flexner (Mrs. Abraham Flexner), the adapter of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and other plays, was born in Georgetown, Ky. She entered Vassar College in 1891, was editor of the College Magazine and wrote a few short stories and some occasional verse. She was the class historian and graduated in 1895. Miss Crawford spent the winter of 1897-98 in New York, observing and studying the stage. She outlined the scenario of an original play, "A Man's Woman," written the next year and submitted to Mrs. Fiske, who praised its construction, though not in sympathy with its theme as a problem play. She was then requested by Mrs. Fiske to write a play based on the novel "Miranda of the Balcony." This was produced on the opening of the New Manhattan Theatre in September, 1901. The play ran ten weeks in New York City. She married Mr. Flexner in June, 1898. Mrs. Flexner was one of the charter members of the Authors' Club, of which Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice is a member, and the Woman's Club of Louisville. She was designated by Mrs. Rice to dramatize her books, "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary."

A more hopeless muddle of stereotyped situations, moss-grown humor, ear-harrowing music, imbecile plot, was probably never inflicted upon the long-suffering and patient playgoer. Yet pieces even as bad as "The Royal Chef" may, like the mosquito, serve a good purpose. A few more productions on the order of this one, and that form of inane theatrical entertainment miscalled "Musical Comedy" will have received its death blow. There is a limit to the public's patience, and that this limit has been reached was plainly shown by the dubious reception this piece was accorded in New York. Pretty girls and clever comedians worked hard to amuse, but their efforts were vain.

Our last issue contained an article entitled "In the Footsteps of Hamlet," illustrated with pictures of Kronborg Castle, Elsinore. This article originally appeared in *New Shakespeareana*, and the pictures and text were reproduced in our columns by permission of the publishers of that publication. Credit was given at the time of the reprint, but, as we are unwilling that there should be any misunderstanding as to the source, we again thank *New Shakespeareana* for its courtesy.

At the Lyric Theatre, on Sept. 1, was produced a musical extravaganza in three acts by Geo. E. Stoddard and Charles S. Taylor, entitled "The Royal Chef." The cast was as follows:

Heinrick Lemphauser, Dave Lewis; The Rajah of Oolong, Henry Leone; Lord Mito, Joseph C. Miron; Badso, Joseph Allen; Harry Parkes, John Park; Admiral Noble, J. Allen; Midshipmen, Geo. Stevens, Harry Leonard; Princess Teto, Amelia Stone; Kitty O'Reilly, Stella Tracy; Mabel Noble, Gertrude Millington; Triko, Bertha Blake; Salamo, Estelle Libert; Kamo, June Lowery; Tomo, Ursula Thompson; Mohat, Caroline Sylvester; Kavat, Marie Glazier; Mariat, Daisy Reed; Bomat, Dolly Williams.

This preposterous conglomeration of nonsense, now happily removed beyond our ken, merits no mention save by way of record. It may be stated conservatively that nothing worse has ever been exhibited on the local stage.



As Old Gunnion in "The Squire"

J. E. Dodson

Copyright, Falk

As Richelieu

As Shylock

Richard Mansfield

Copyright, Falk

As the Baron Chevalier

Masters of Make-up

EXTERNALS and their effectiveness play a very prominent part in the success achieved by character actors. Even the lay mind is capable of appreciating the aid vouchsafed by a clever transformation of the face. Historical portraits strike home with particular force and the reproduction to the life of some familiar figure of history never fails to draw out a round of applause on its own account.

But it is axiomatic to repeat that no mask, however perfect, will accomplish much if the gray matter is not working actively behind it. After all, "the make-up" is simply an adjunct to the portrayal of a conception, a very necessary and important one, but still only an element of success.

"Character actor" is still a word much employed in the profession, and, to the general, is usually associated with red wigs and bizarre effects that find no counterpart in nature. But a little reflection goes to show that unless the dramatist is wholly lacking in his art, every rôle is a character evolved, built up and rounded out by the moving influences of each particular story. Even the "straight parts," so-called, such as the leading rôle in any play, must differ; and almost any one of such parts will gain if the leading man will add some positive feature to his "make-up" that will give it some distinctive difference from the last rôle he was called upon to play. But some managers are very insistent that their stars' individuality shall be retained, and so play after play presents these actors with no change in appearance save the difference supplied by a change of clothes.

In the general acceptance of the term, character and eccentric actors covered themselves with glory in "the olden days" of dramatic history when "make-ups" were of the most primitive kind. Grease paints, crêpe hair and the hundred and one accessories of the actor's toilet were then unknown. Such transformations as they did accomplish were achieved through the ingenuous use of whitewash rubbed from the walls of their dressing rooms, red from the bricks of the chimney and black from the carbonization of an old cork. With these simple aids something was accomplished, but a glance at the prints and engravings of theatrical happenings when Garrick was king show that much was left to the imagination, and some remarkable anachronisms may be marked in the way of wigs and costumes. To have achieved a sensation as Macbeth togged out in a full-bottomed wig and the uniform of a Scotch soldier of the 17th century speaks wonders for the effectiveness of the acting.

Contrast such a picture with Irving's wonderful "make-up" as the Thane of Cawdor, and the marvelous advance that has been made in this phase of the actor's art will be seen at a glance. It was a German who made face transformation an art. Carl Baudin was his name. A member of the Leipziger Stadt Theatre he, like many others, felt the need of something that would hide that demarking line between the forehead and the wig band. His grease paint was first used for this purpose alone, but its possibilities were recognized and he and his associates quickly widened its sphere of usefulness. To-day grease paint can be secured in any shade from corpse-like pallor to the ruddy hue of wind-beaten sailor. The color of any nationality is on immediate tap, and a few dabs from these sticks of pigment and you have an Indian, a Mongolian, or an Ethiopian ready at hand.

The portraits on the right are, (1) Elita Proctor Otis as Mother Frochard, (2) Forbes Robertson as Lord Nelson, (3) David Warfield as The Auctioneer, (4) Tyrone Power as Judas Iscariot, (5) Jacob Adler as Shylock, (6) Wilton Lackaye as Svengali



A palette may contain all the colors in the rainbow, but it needs the brush of an artist to blend them into a picture. So it is with these sticks of grease paint. To utilize them to the full advantage, study and experience are needed. How to cast shadows, how to bring wrinkles into relief, how to lengthen or broaden the face and all the other phases of theatrical "make-up" are subject to rules as imperative as those employed in the composition of an oil painting or a water color. It will thus be seen that the player who knows something of drawing and painting has a distinct advantage at the game.

The telling force and effect of Richard Mansfield's masks are largely due to the fact that with pencil and brush Mr. Mansfield is no inferior artist. Books are published on the subject, and about every player of note who has ever created a sensation by some particular "make-up," compelling admiration, has lately told in print just how he accomplished it, what particular stroke he applied here, what touch was employed there, and so on. It is a grave question whether it is not a mistake to enlighten the public too much on these subjects. With the mechanism of "make-up" carefully revealed and the method of manufacturing illusions explained to the full, the result is an audience that knows it all in advance and an additional burden placed upon the player if he would effect his point or create an illusion.

Of the players in this country who have achieved marked success in the outward delineation of pronounced character, J. E. Dodson is one of the leaders. It must further be added that Mr. Dodson is also a most finished actor with a wide range of ability. He is a firm believer in the value of accurate externals and declares that if one is outwardly attuned to the character his impersonation will gain in force and effect; for, seeing himself in his mirror the outward picture of this rôle, the emotional qualities are stirred, confidence is gained and the player is inspired to act with freedom and assurance. And to acquire a "make-up" that will satisfy his artistic sense, Mr. Dodson is not unwilling to devote plenty of his time. Never less than an hour did he give to making up Old Gunnion in "The Squire." And what a picture it was of senile decay and doddering fatuousness! Even the neck is built up to give the effect of wrinkles and creases of fat, the teeth marked out, the upper lip was drawn in, the very high forehead was, of course, false, and the sparse, scraggly gray hair and stubby beard of two or three days' growth made a picture of vivid strength and of wonderful effectiveness. Another of his finished studies was that of Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe." From a historical point of view it was an absolutely correct reproduction of Champeigne's celebrated portrait in the Louvre. The saturnine Capt. Warriner in "Miranda of the Balcony," the venerable Simonides in "Ben Hur," and the urbane Johnny Weatherbee in "Because

She Loved Him So," were further evidences of his graphic skill with the hare's foot and powder puff. Mr. W. Lafavor, a Chicago sculptor, was so much impressed with this mask that he asked Mr. Dodson to pose for him, and later presented to him the fine bust which he made.



WILLIAM H. CRANE

Showing his remarkable "make-up" as the money-grubbing Lechat in Octave Mirbeau's drama, "Business is Business," now being presented on the American stage

Of the English players, Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree are masters of "make-up." What a gallery of living portraits each has presented! Who can forget whoever saw the former's Van Dyck-like Charles I, the race-tortured Shylock, the aged veteran of Waterloo, the perfect Dante, the volatile Alfred Jingle, the sweet old Dr. Primrose or the magniloquent Don Quixote! Mr. Tree is best remembered here for his Falstaff, the old Detective in "The Red Lamp," Svengali and his Fechterian Hamlet.

The American stage is rich, too, in actors capable of making marvelous facial changes, and many women are artists enough to sink their vanity and with the aid of paint and powder turn their pretty selves into veritable caricatures and hags.

Richard Mansfield's work on the stage has been much enhanced by the study and care he has given to his

"make-ups." Not a little of the wonderful success he made the night he first appeared in "A Parisian Romance" was due to the artistry he brought to bear in painting his face to represent that decrepit and disgraceful old rake, the Baron Chevrial, while the physical transformations he made in shedding the skin of the suave Dr. Jekyll for that of the diabolical Mr. Hyde have been the admiration of countless theatregoers. His last portrait of Ivan the Terrible was fully its equal in ghastly and repulsive strength.

W. H. Thompson, Wilton Lackaye, whose Svengali more than realized the hypnotist that Du Maurier drew; David Warfield, whose graphic portraits of the Ghetto are life-like in their every suggestion; Elita Proctor Otis, who hideously realized the Widow Frochard; Jacob Adler, the distinguished Jewish tragedian; Tyrone Power, who reincarnated Judas Iscariot, and William Norris, are all players who show what patient skill and intelligence can do in giving verisimilitude to their author's creations.

There are many instances where a clever "make-up" has deceived even experienced actors familiar with all the tricks of the business. Joseph Jefferson, seeing Wilton Lackaye for the first time in "The Children of the Ghetto," could not be brought to believe that the apparently aged actor was a man barely in his forties, and J. E. Dodson tells this story: "When I was playing the Jew in 'After Dark,' I made up the nose to suit the part. One night at the close of the performance I was sent for by a Jewish gentleman who wished to meet me. I divested myself of my 'make-up' and went to him, saying: 'Well, sir, I am Mr. Dodson; what can I do for you?' He replied: 'I want Mr. Dodson, the actor.' 'I am he.' 'No, no,' he rejoined, placing his finger on his nose, 'he is one of us.'"

EDWARD FALES COWARD.



Dentatus in "Virginus"

Zouroff in "Moths"

Jim Hackler in "The County Chairman"

Ingomar

MACLYN ARBUCKLE IN FOUR WIDELY DIFFERENT CHARACTER RÔLES

Maclyn Arbuckle—An Interview via a Diary

(Chats with Players No. 31)



Maclyn Arbuckle's first part (1866)

TO interview an actor through his diary is assuredly a novel proceeding. Firstly, very few actors keep diaries, and those who do are seldom willing to let an inquisitive magazine writer have a peep into them. But Maclyn Arbuckle, our esteemed county chairman, is not like most other men. He is a distinct type in private life as well as on the stage, and it is a fine, lovable type, big-hearted, broad-minded, simple, close to the soil, the primitive, yet the best type of the American man. There was no idea of a diary when I called to see the actor and his wife at his comfortable suite in the St. Albans. Mr. Arbuckle, ruddy, broad-shouldered, loose-coated, natural as the plains of his native Texas, had chatted about the American play, the American player, and that potent thing, the American audience, while Mrs. Arbuckle, the novelty of whose bridehood had scarce worn away, black-eyed, black-haired, slender and gentle, brewed and served tea. Suddenly the eyes of the interviewer fell upon a book lying on the open desk. It was old and stained with much handling and excited the writer's interest.

"Household accounts?" we queried.

Mrs. Arbuckle smiled a sweet negative and looked towards her husband.

"My journal," he explained.

What! An actor actually keeping a diary and leaving it around loose for his wife to in-

spect? Unheard of! Our news instinct was at once aroused.

"M'm! Does Mrs. Arbuckle read it?"

"Oh, yes! I've been keeping it since I was a boy," explained the actor, "and my wife has been interested enough to read every line."

What an admirable means of getting acquainted with one's husband and one's husband's past. Perhaps he would allow the THEATRE MAGAZINE a peep? The county chairman immediately accorded us that favor, and the journal proved so interesting and so unique as a key to its owner's character that the peep was long drawn out, and the interviewer joyfully filled her fountain pen.

Thus does Mr. Arbuckle record his decision to go upon the stage after he had failed to make a livelihood either in the law or politics:

"Texarkana, Texas, December, 1888.

"December came in with cold, brisk weather. Politics are dead, and a great many of 'us aspirants' died on the same voyage. It is, however, with grateful heart that I think of the voters of Precinct No. 1, whom, they tell me, die at dawn with such a grand man as the lamented 'Cæsar' Cleveland.

So end my political aspirations and I return to the quiet, deliberate starvation of the law. Not for long, I hope.

"The profession is overcrowded and clients can dictate fees. I have set my heart on other fields where I can get something for my labor, and as soon as an opportunity offers I will go on the stage, where I can



As Touchstone (1889)



Photos Windeatt

Otis Skinner as the Harvester

Maud Durbin as Aline

Marion Abbott as the tavern wife

Lizzie Hudson Collier as Toinette

FOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN JEAN RICHEPIN'S IDYLIC DRAMA, 'THE HARVESTER,' SOON TO BE SEEN AT THE LYRIC

have the same chance at the 'greenbacks' and silver of this country.

"My knowledge of Shakespeare's works and other readings will serve me well. It matters not the nature of the drama, so it gives me a chance. I shall give my best thoughts and study to any part that falls to my lot.

"My friends seem to think that I have talent for the drama, and as I was successful in the Fireman's Concert and received much applause and three encores, perhaps there may be talent in me, which, if properly handled and encouraged, may be developed into useful and beneficial results. After mature consideration I have decided to make the change and start anew.

"I have spoken to several companies that have been through here. Mr. Pete Baker, the versatile comedian in German and other dialects, gave me much encouragement, and I only hope it may terminate in my joining him and then I will try my fortune on the stage."

Mr. Arbuckle explained that while he was conducting his campaign for Justice of the Peace he had concluded all his speeches by reading selections from Shakespeare. He didn't think that was the reason he was defeated for office. He could say without doing violence to his modesty that he was "the greatest tragedian in Bowie County, Texas." There was no other.

In this characteristic fashion he wrote of his debut as an actor, his decease as a lawyer and his burial as a politician. At this writing he was of the contemplative age of twenty-two.

"New Orleans, La., Dec. 31, 1888.

"The weather was clear last night and we opened to 1,790 people, standing room scarce. The large crowd did not disturb my feelings at all, and I was more enthusiastic and read my lines with more deliberation and acted with greater ease. The audience was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Baker was received with

a rousing demonstration. He is a great favorite here.

"As I go about the city I notice signs of 'Attorneys at Law.' Ah, me! I wonder if they are young lawyers. If so, my heart goes out to them. There they sit, companion pieces to Dickens' Micawber, ever watching and waiting for something to 'turn up.' Poor souls! They go to their offices and open their invisible voluminous mail, and take their clients one at a time, and fill their safe drawers with fives and retainers. Oh, it is glorious! Three short weeks ago I was one of them—shingle swinging to the tune of 'Destitute and Raggitty' by the gentle rough zephyrs of Legal Poverty, and it is professional, you know, to be legally poor.

"But how different now! I closed the lid of the casket that bore all that remains of the 'Legal Wreck' and consigned the remains to the Fraternity that they might be buried with becoming professional dignity—funeral expenses to be paid out of 'fees due me;' fees that never came!

"It is a great awakening from a three-years' sleep, a young Rip Van Winkle slumber!

"Fight, you lawyers, over your fees! Seize the farmers' lands, 'for fees, you know.' Take the mules and cows. Sound forth your legal arguments to the courts of justice! Look you wise and renew your 30, 60 and 90-day paper in the bank. Take all. I quit claim to you in fee simple for love and affection.

"And, oh, you candidates for political and judicial honors, ride your serawny horses and mules through Red River Bottoms, dine with the dear colored voters, kiss the sweet, pretty little dirty child of the dear voters, take your mysterious grips to the 'speaking,' ride all night, take stock in every church, colored and white, school, barbecue! Oh, what bliss, what felicity, to have a huge colored gentleman demand a five, and suggest that if it is not forthcoming he will 'surely turn his whole



From The Tatler

George Edwardes, the well-known manager of the Gaiety Theatre, London. Mr. Edwardes, who is the inventor of musical comedy, will come to New York in January to stage "The Duchess of Dantzic"

following and district against you, and oh, what woe when you haven't the five to stay his cruel power!

"At last the day has come! Up early, spreading tickets broadcast, 'Vote for Maclyn Arbuckle, Justice of the Peace.' Opponent looking slyly at you and wondering about your strength. Visit polls. Your men (colored) proclaim you elected without a doubt. 'Want a quarter' for their dinners. What's the news from Wagger's, Hoorn's, Holmes' Schoolhouse, Wilkins' Woods? Conflicting accounts. Sometimes ahead, sometimes behind. The sun sets and you little know that your glory and responsibility sets with it. Polls close. Niggers yell (for everybody). Returns slowly come in. Hope up, but votes down. Opponent gets full. You go to bed, full of expectations. Get up, fall down. Defeated!

"You are a member of the large and honorable body of 'Defeated Candidates.' Meet successful candidate. Congratulate him. Knew it all the time. Opponent gets full again. Friends console, tell you you are all right, only too young. Help you to prepare for the Salt River Packet. There you are. Three long months canvassing, starving, enduring, speaking, praying, hoping and wavering! Money and office gone. There you are! Where? You don't know yourself. Nobody else.

"O mighty Cæsar, hast thou fallen so low?
Have all thy glories, triumphs, conquests, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
Fare thee well!"

What an opportunity for a soul inspection, a true interview, was this! A man may make mental reservation with a scribbler. He may even have proper reserves from his wife. But he never deceives his diary. A testing of the pen and then this transcription of the young Maclyn's facing of himself at twenty-eight:

"Montreal, Can., July 9, 1894.

"At six o'clock this morning I reached my twenty-eighth



Burr McIntosh

ETHEL BARRYMORE

This talented descendant of a famous family finds herself at the early age of twenty five occupying an enviable position on the stage. The daughter of poor Maurice Barrymore, she was born in Philadelphia educated at a convent and spent much of her early youth with her grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. She made her first debut on the stage in 1894 with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Bauble Shop." but her first distinct success was as Mme. Trentoni in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Capt. Jinks." This season she will be seen in a play called "Sunday," in which she will have to lay aside her usual handsome gowns to wear tattered rags.

year on earth, having been born in San Antonio, Texas, July 9, 1866. My journal of past birthdays gives a more minute account of my movements and doings since I was a child. It is my custom on every birthday to ask myself what I have accomplished during the year past and what advance I have made. I was in Waddington last year when this (to me) auspicious day came around.

"Since then I have made an advance in my profession in various ways. Last summer I was telegraphed for to play Touchstone in the out-door production at Long Branch with Miss Rose Coghlan as Rosalind. I traveled from one ocean to the other, from New York direct to San Francisco, where I opened with 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' in which I played the part of the General, the same that I had played at the Empire Theatre in the spring. Before I closed the season with 'The Girl,' etc., I was engaged for a production of 'Lady Gladys,'

which Minnie Seligman-Cutting was to produce first in New York. I reached New York the following Monday, reported at Daly's Theatre, and here the play was in rehearsal. Suffice it to say in this short recapitulation that, owing to trouble with Mr. Miner, we did not play in New York, although we were to have appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. In the meantime I was called to play the General in 'The Girl,' etc., running as a big production at the Academy of Music, New York. I played the two remaining weeks of the run and closed June 2nd. A few days before closing I was engaged to play Sir Anthony Absolute and Old Dornton in 'The Rivals' and 'The Road to Ruin,' with Mrs. John Drew, supported by Sidney Drew. I was offered \$100 a week by Hoyt and Thomas to play Maverick Brander in 'The Texas Steer.' A new contract was sent me in Pittsburg some time before we closed, re-engaging me at an increased salary to continue next season in 'The Girl,' etc.

"So much for my professional doings, and I think I have

done fairly well in that line. Have written some essays and begun a story based upon the subject of a 'Log,' giving it (the log) the power of thought, reason, sense of feeling, etc., and sending it many hundreds of miles by water way, with expressions and experiences of the log itself.

"Have made many new and warm friends, yet the good old friends retain their place with me.

"Have contributed some of my earnings to charitable causes.

"Have read quite a number of instructive books, as well as much discussed 'novels.'

"Have liquidated several debts which I willingly and cheerfully contracted to aid my dear little mother in her time of distress, owing to the misfortunes which have overtaken father. Sent a great deal of money home and never failed to answer a single request from any member of the family. My purse has always been open to them.

"Abstained from the use of cigarettes, of which I am very fond, for four months.

"Reduced gradually another indebtedness.

"Have endeavored to give all work, thought and care to the end of advancement.

"Have enjoyed life with but one event to mar the course of the year.

"Thus much for the year just passed, and now to see what I can accomplish, and what my career and travels will be in the year to come. What a mystery is the Future!"

Once the young actor became angry with certain members of his craft. The reason therefor and a revelation of the tumult of his heart follows:

"Waddington, Aug. 22, 1894.

"For the first time in my life a question has arisen as to whether I should call on a gentleman's daughter. For some time past I have enjoyed the society and friendship of one of the most charming and beautiful girls that I have ever met, a most sensible young lady whom I admire very much. Lately, from certain signs, I have feared that her father did not relish my visits very much, as she appeared to, so I requested her to find out exactly and let me know before I would call again. This evening the young lady's father called, and as he re-

quested me to hold the conversation strictly confidential, I will not put it in my journal, for fear some one by accident or curiosity might see it. Suffice it to say that it was one of the strangest experiences that I have ever passed through. The conversation was not concluded, and a meeting has been arranged for to-morrow, when we will continue the subject."

Now comes his tirade against certain so-called actors:

"There are so many unworldly uneducated men, talented fools, in the profession who push themselves forward on all occasions, opportune or inopportune, and become absolutely conspicuous, simply to advertise the fact that they are known as 'actors.' Such people are judged by the public as representatives of the profession, while the gentlemen, the educated, artistic members of the profession who have modesty enough and self-respect enough to discriminate, must bear the brunt of those fools and disgusting idiots whom I first mentioned. I sometimes become disgusted with my professional life on account of being associated under the same title with people who have no more right to call themselves artists than a cow walking on a fallen clothes line of calling herself a



Reutlinger, Paris

A NEW PORTRAIT OF DRINA DE WOLFE

'tight-rope artist.' I fancy the public is not to blame in calling most of the 'actors' a worthless and ill-mannered set. Why can't people strive to better their condition in whatever pursuit they may be engaged in?"

He ultimately married the young woman. It was she who brewed and served the tea.

Mr. Arbuckle wants to go on playing types in clean American plays for clean American audiences. He has in mind a half-dozen such types. One is a lawyer, another a preacher. He is writing a play about an American citizen and he has written some exquisite plantation verses. Maclyn Arbuckle's highest ambition is to retire to a country estate, to be a country gentleman, and maintain the farm by writing something worth reading. That he may do this, does not his candid journal foreshadow?

ADA PATTERSON.



Bayreuth Revisited

EXTERIOR OF RICHARD WAGNER'S THEATRE AT BAYREUTH



ISADORA DUNCAN
Who danced in "Tannhäuser"

"CAN only think that my auditors are my friends!"

This sentiment, which was expressed by Richard Wagner in the year 1852, is the law on which the Bayreuth festival was founded—an assembly of friends who, at certain seasons in this little, old, red German town, should meet together to listen to the highest musical art.

The Mayor of Bayreuth, it is said, is now working diligently to fulfill a very dear wish of the great master's—namely, that his wonderful work should be heard by all who are worthy of enjoying it. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that the fund, one million marks, that is now being raised will be sufficient to enable all music-loving people, too poor to pay for tickets, to have free entrance to the "Jubilee" treat in 1913—the hundredth birthday of the master.

During the writer's present visit to Bayreuth, one is again impressed by the huge numbers of the master's admirers who, at this season, have come together to listen to his marvellous compositions. Streams of people are to be seen daily wending their way up to the red building on the hill, surrounded by groves of trees. They fill the streets of the little town, and the homes of the native artists. Favored ones are also entertained with great ceremony at the home of Siegfried Wagner, the heir of Bayreuth. As usual, on the way up to the terrace, in between elegant carriages, odd-looking vehicles are to be seen, some even so primitive as to be drawn by oxen.

One cannot help admiring the intelligent foresight shown by Wagner in selecting this secluded little town to erect the temple devoted to the performance of his works. Here the master found complete harmony with his conceptions—harmony which could not have existed in any great centre with its rush of modern, everyday life. The festival house might as well have been built in Munich or Berlin, but then it would

only have been one theatre among many others. It would have been nothing out of the common, the public would not have been different, the unique art atmosphere, now peculiar to Bayreuth and which constitutes one of its greatest charms, would have been absent. Here in its lonely solitude the home of the Music Drama must be sought out by those who profess to live by the sensations of pure art. To come there the enthusiast must free himself of his everyday surroundings and make a pilgrimage, through all sorts of difficulties, to the sanctified place.

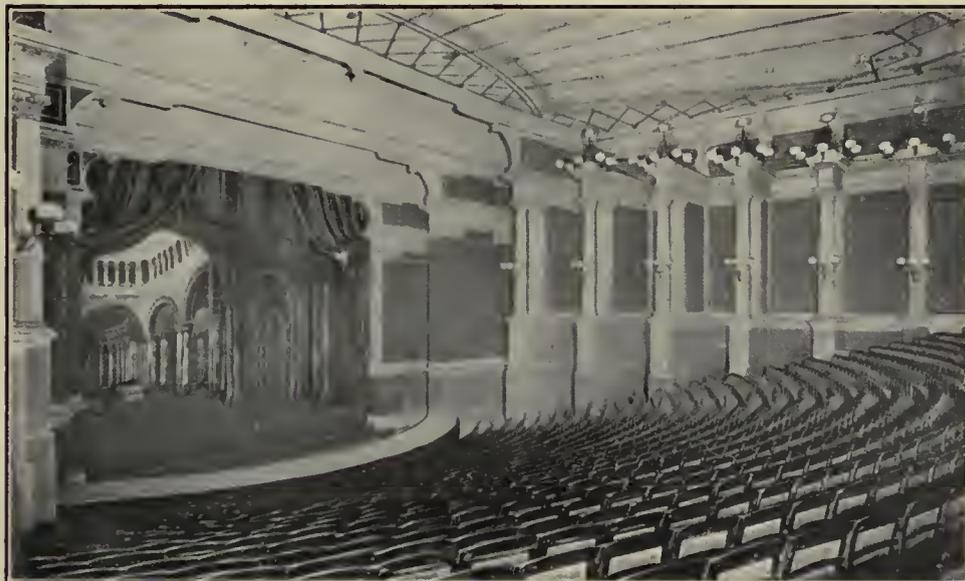
What above all pleases at Bayreuth is the sense of artistic equality. It is not a question here of this or that great singer. At Bayreuth, the smallest and the greatest work harmoniously together for the accomplishment of a unique object—the presentation of the Drama. It is impossible to find equal talent for all the rôles. That, of course, would be the ideal. But at Bayreuth the artistic sense is less shocked than elsewhere by the operatic star system.

The peculiar feature of the Bayreuth festival this year is the bare-foot dancer, Isadora Duncan, who some time ago made the conquest of Berlin. Herr Franz Stuck, it seems, an admirer of her grace and beauty, conceived the idea of making her, as it were, a picture apart, and even during this festival time at Bayreuth the serious beauty of this dancer is something quite conspicuous.

She drives about the town in an elegant carriage, drawn by two horses, and is always accompanied by a man servant, who sits with the coachman on the box, and a female companion dressed like herself in Greek costume, namely, sandals on their feet and ribbons drawn through their hair, which is dressed in Greek fashion. Only when the sun pours its beams down too

warmly do either of these women wear hats upon their heads, and then always the Thessalian hat of Ismene.

The small palace where the Duncans are lodged during their present stay at Bayreuth is called "Phillipsruhe." This house stands some little distance out of the town, near the Jean Paul Villa, and at the end of the road called "Rollwenzelic."



The auditorium of Richard Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth, showing the stage set for the first act of "Parsifal"

"Phillipsruhe" is at present mostly filled with the English and American friends of the Duncans, and among them all, Miss Duncan, bare-foot, and in a peculiarly-cut costume, walks over its drawing-room carpets. On the dancer's face, so I am told, is always an expression of sadness, which does not even wholly disappear when she joins in the gay laughter of her companions.

Miss Duncan dances in "Tannhäuser," and, therefore, this opera, next to "Parsifal" and the "Nibelungen Ring," excites the greatest interest.

The stage decorations this season, thanks to Prof. Brückner-Coburg, are even more beautiful than usual, and the orchestration is wonderful, as well as the ensemble singing. The ballets, however, danced by the Vienna and Berlin ballet corps, and which show representations of "Europa on the Bull," and "Leda and the Swan," are far more Parisian than Wagnerian

in type, and it strikes one as a pity that Bayreuth should have introduced anything of this style. The dance of grace is, without doubt, danced by Isadora Duncan. But, after all, even this is secondary in importance to the wonderfully illuminated Wartburg hall, or the exterior of the Wartburg (in the last act) with the singing pilgrims descending the hill; which is, indeed, so beautiful and impressive that once heard can never be forgotten.

Frau Kath. Fleischer-Edel makes a lovely Elizabeth, Krüper a strong and dignified Landgrave, Matray a commendable Tannhäuser, and Clarence Whitehall an excellent Wolfram, if he could only show a little more feeling.

Of "Parsifal" and "The Ring" one can only say, as usual, that there are no words in which to express their beauty, but which, invariably, serve to make the very name *Bayreuth* a dear remembrance.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.



Byron, N. Y.

Fiametta (Katherine Keyes)



Jack (Arthur Byron)

SCENES IN THE FARCE, "JACK'S LITTLE SURPRISE," LATELY AT THE PRINCESS

The Professional Play-Reader and His Uses

NEARLY every important producing theatre in New York has some person connected with it whose duty it is to read and pass judgment upon the numerous plays sent thither from all parts of the United States, Canada and England. He is known as the Reader of Plays. It may safely be assumed that among the men who fill this position

no one is to be found who either is not, has not been, or does not intend to be a dramatist. It may also safely be assumed that no such person is as yet a successful dramatist, using the word successful to denote public endorsement and adequate financial reward. If he were, he would be too much occupied with his own compositions to examine the compositions of other people, except-

ing so far as he might deem such examination necessary as a means of replenishing his invention.

It would be useless for any manager to entrust the reading of plays to any one, however highly educated, who was unacquainted with the methods of the stage. No play intended for the stage is to be regarded from a literary standpoint, and that is the only standpoint from which a merely literary man, or a man of large general culture, but without dramatic experience, would be capable of regarding it. Literary value alone is of no value upon the stage. There we look for a story unrolled by means of continuous action, such as might, to a great extent, be related in pantomime and yet remain intelligible.



THEODORE BURTSAYRE
Play-reader for Charles
Frohman



W. T. PRICE
Play-reader for the Man-
hattan Theatre



Lulu Glaser as Princess Mary

William Pruette as Henry VIII.

SCENE IN LUDWIG ENGLANDER'S AND HARRY B. SMITH'S NEW OPERETTA, "A MADCAP PRINCESS"

But knowledge of the requirements of the drama is not gained merely by witnessing plays, or by perusing them as the ordinary layman peruses them. It is gained by writing for the stage, and thereby becoming conscious of those defects which every aspirant must correct who would become a successful dramatist. But discovering wherein one's defects consist, is a very different thing from being able to remedy them, and it is because the discovery is easier than the remedy that there are so many would-be dramatists whose work, at the best, is only respectable, or comes just short of that excellence to which, it is to be hoped, they aspire.

Now, it is from just these ranks that the professional play-reader is usually recruited. He is a man who knows something about the art of the playwright. He knows that plays are not so much written, as built. He may even have had a number of plays produced, and some of them may have been artistically good; but whether they were or not, they were not money-makers; he has not yet become known as a successful dramatist, or you may be sure he would not be earning a not too luxurious living by reading plays. However

brilliant he may be in some respects, whatever acuteness he may possess as a critic, there is something lacking in his mental organization which prevents him from giving birth to a play that the dramatic public wants. And it is conceivable that, in some instances, the weakness of human nature may prompt him to give a dishonest account of plays, encountered in his professional readings, in which he recognizes elements of success that do not exist in his own. Hence, a good play would be returned to its author with the conventional regrets that it was unsuited to the needs of the manager. Or, where the play-reader is deliberately dishonest, its situations would be carefully memorized for use the next time he (the play-reader) essayed to write a play. There have been instances in which play-readers have so betrayed the trust reposed in them as to offer to buy, at a nominal price, excellent plays submitted to them, in order that they might attach their own names to them and become their owners and reputed authors. Anybody who knows much about the secrets of play-reading is aware that in the history of the world things like this have been done, or attempted to be done; while at the same time the temptation to steal plots, stories, characters, and situations, is so great,

and the opportunities so numerous, that the play reader who resists deserves canonization.

Among the numerous plays sent to a theatre are many which contain a single good scene, a single good character, or a single good idea, and nothing else that is good. They are written by people who have no conception that play-writing is an art, the mysteries of which it is difficult to fathom, and expertness in which it may take years to acquire. When the professional play-reader comes to consider plays like these, he says to himself, "Why should this scene, this character, this idea, be wasted? The author will never be able to make a proper use of it. Therefore I will take it unto myself." And take it he does. This is euphemistically termed "borrowing."

When this is proved against him—and occasionally it is proved—his counter-statement is that Shakespeare, Dumas, and other authors have done the same, seizing upon all good material everywhere and making it theirs by virtue of incorporating it with first-class matter of their own invention. They declare, and with truth, that Shakespeare habitually took two or three old plays and kneaded them

into one, omitting here, adding there, and rewriting the whole so as to stamp it with his individual genius.

Not, by any means, that all play-readers are dishonest. There are, of course, conspicuous exceptions to the rule. For example, William T. Price, who reads the plays submitted to the Manhattan Theatre, is a close student of the drama and a man whose personal integrity is unassailable. His book, "The Technique of the Drama," is a precious text-book for the aspiring dramatist. Theodore Burt Sayre, who reads manuscripts for Charles Frohman, is also a dramatist of repute and experience. In most cases the play-reader is not the sole judge of the suitability of a play. The manuscript is given to him with instructions to make a report on it to the manager. The reader, in his report, describes the plot and the principal situations. The manager then takes the manuscript, and if he is at all interested in the subject he is likely to read the manuscript himself, irrespective of whether his reader commented favorably on it or not. There are several instances of play-readers having become successful dramatists. Augustus Thomas read plays for A. M. Palmer before he won fame as the author of "Alabama," so did Charles Klein for Mr. Frohman.



Miss Helen Lowell as Miss Hazy, the pessimist bride

Will T. Hodge as Mr. Stubbins, the hayseed bridegroom

TWO CHARACTERS WHO MADE A HIT IN THE NEW YORK STAGE PRODUCTION OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"



Scene in "The Hat with Plumes," a typical Spanish zarzuela

THE THEATRE IN SPAIN

By FERNANDO SERRANO



A Spanish actress

NOWHERE in the world is the theatre-going habit more general than in Spain, and yet, curiously enough, in no country does the Drama as an art show greater weakness and decadence. Illustrious Spanish writers, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Echegaray, Perez Galdos have contributed masterpieces to the world's drama, and in the XVI and XVII centuries the Spanish stage was the envy of the world. It successfully resisted the persecution of the Inquisition and thwarted the

secular authorities who attempted to control it, yet, notwithstanding this vitality, it has gradually degenerated until now it is little more than an echo of its glorious past.

The development of the dramatic genius of the Spanish people coincided with the growth of that nation's political and military power, and declined with it. The magnificent period during which the Spanish drama was at the height of its prosperity is divided into two epochs. Cervantes (1547-1611) marks the climax of the first, and Calderon (1600-1681) that of the second. The secular theatre, in Spain as elsewhere, was a product of the religious theatre, and for centuries the ancient liturgical plays had been the only form of dramatic entertainment. In 1492 Fernando de Rojas astonished his countrymen with "La Celestina"—a story of two lovers brought together by a go-between Celestina, and who afterwards commit suicide—and this piece was the real starting point of the New Theatre. It taught the Spanish playwrights the art of dialogue and for the first time embraced all classes of society, each acting and thinking in accordance with their respective conditions in life. Rojas found many imitators, Torres Naharro, Lope de Rueda, Lucas Fernandez and Lope de Vega, the most illustrious of them all. Especially successful in the comedy of intrigue and

drama based on history, Lope's great merit was that he taught his contemporaries how to build up dramatic situations and to carry on a plot.

The so-called Golden Age belongs to the XVI and XVII centuries. Cervantes achieved immortality with his "Don Quixote," and romance reached the height of its prosperity. The stage became the medium of all the memories and aspirations of the Spanish people. Biblical stories, national traditions, the chronicles of Castile and Aragon, down to daily incidents of contemporary Spanish life, escapades and nightly brawls—all these subjects were turned to dramatic account. Tirso de Molina, Juan de Alarcon, Verez de Guevara also achieved success with comedies of character, and don Pedro Calderon ended this remarkable galaxy of playwrights with a number of masterpieces. Calderon, of all Spanish dramatists, obtained most celebrity abroad and is ranked by some writers with Shakespeare.

The period of decadence set in with the reign of Charles II in 1665, and the Spanish stage never again recovered its former élat. In the hands of second-rate imitators of Calderon the stage sank lower and lower. The romantic school founded in France in 1830 by Victor Hugo was imitated in Spain by such

dramatists as Garcia Gutierrez, Hartzenbusch, Escosura, Gil y Zarate, and Zorilla in drama, and by Breton de los Herreros, Rubi and Ventura de la Vega in comedy. Romanticism has survived in the works of Echegaray and even in those of Perez Galdos, both social reformers and chiefs of the modern realistic school. The former's drama of manners, "El Gran Galeotto," and the latter's denunciation of Jesuitism, "Electra," are typical, and in their methods of denouncing social and political abuses both authors resemble Ibsen. Other successful playwrights of the psychological school have been Ferrari and Tamayo, and more recently Guimera, Feliu y Codina and Dicenta.



Maria Guerrero, Spain's distinguished manager-actress in two of her rôles



ADELAIDE KEIM

Leading woman with W. Warren de Witt's company of players, now appearing in Baltimore

matist Lope de Rueda in the middle of the XVIth century. It is a piece in one act, sometimes in several tableaux, and consists of a medley of songs and dances, the characters being selected by preference from the lower classes, workmen or soldiers.

The theatrical companies which present these pieces travel all over the country, from town to town, carrying with them the primitive scenery called for by the repertoire. Each member of the company must act, sing, and dance, but the public does not insist upon his being an artist in any of these accomplishments, and the actors take full advantage of this tolerance.

A peculiar feature about the theatres where they present the *Zarzuela* is the division of the programme into four parts or sessions, each corresponding with a different play. Sessions are sold at the box-office like sausages at the butcher shop. For example, one theatregoer wants to see one piece, another another, and so on. Each pays only for the piece he wants to see, so that the same seat may be sold to, and occupied by, four different persons the same evening. It is very seldom that any one wants to see three sessions, and the buying of four is unprecedented.

The curtain rises about nine o'clock on the first *Zarzuela* and does not fall on the last until half-past one or two o'clock the next morning. The price of the seats is the same for each session; but it is raised when a *Zarzuela* enjoys greater popularity than usual or calls for unusual expense in scenery. In

But in spite of the magnificent repertoire and glorious traditions of his native stage the average Spaniard of to-day has little taste for the higher drama. The more thoughtful theatregoers, it is true, patronize the Teatro Español—Théâtre Français of Madrid—but most of the Spanish theatres, in Madrid as elsewhere, are given up to the *Zarzuela*, a sort of one-act musical farce enormously popular throughout the peninsula and so-called after the royal residence of La Zarzuela, where the kings of Spain had a theatre.

The *Zarzuela* was first introduced on the Spanish stage by the celebrated dra-

any case, it is very small. For instance, at the *Zarzuela* in Madrid, in the biggest and handsomest theatre devoted to this kind of amusement, the orchestra seats costs only 14 cents. At Sevilla or Grenada the price is lowered to 11 cents, and in less important towns it descends as low as 8 cents. The cheaper seats cost only from 3 to 5 cents.

The boxes, relatively more expensive, are occupied by the cream of Spanish society. The women come in fashionable gowns and during the intermissions chew candy which elegant young men present on bits of paper to the young girls who are the objects of their attention. Those occupying the cheaper seats seek their refreshments outside, and there they find cold fried fish and little donkeys laden with water barrels, the masters of which cry monotonously: "Water! Who wants a glass of cold water?"

A typical *Zarzuela* is "The Hat with Plumes," the plot of which is as follows: Two work girls, sisters and orphans, Juana and Pepa, have won the hearts, respectively, of regimental cornet Manolo and trumpeter Perico. The elder sister, courageous, virtuous and faithful, is entirely devoted to her fiancé. Pepa, the younger sister, however, is indiscreet enough to accept from a young swell a pair of ear-rings. Juana sees the danger and is trying to extricate her sister from the predicament when suddenly both the cornet and the trumpeter arrive, each hiding a present he is bringing his fiancé. Manolo's present is received with joy, but Perico's is disdained. Juana finally explains matters, and the lover in despair goes to mount guard at the Ministry of War. Change of scene. The trumpeter, overcome by this misfortune, forgetful of his duties, permits the Minister of War to pass by without calling out the guard. On the other hand, when he sees Pepa and his rival go by in a carriage, he loses his head, sounds the alarm, and followed by the guard and an officer dashes after the faithless sweetheart. For this exploit he gets three days in the guard-room.

The third scene brings us back to the sister's lodgings. Juana has run after the seducer, violently snatched away his prey and brought her sister back immaculate. But the cornet is filled with apprehension. Suppose the two sisters are alike! He resolves to test Juana. He sends her a hat trimmed with fine plumes,



AILLEEN MAY

Now playing a second season as leading woman in "Queen of the White Slaves"

slips into it a note signed by a false name, and concealed behind a door, watches the effect. Juana opens the box—surprise! reads the declaration—indignation! looks again at the hat—vanity. She tries it on. But duty, sustained by love, triumphs over momentary weakness, and throwing from her the tempting hat with plumes, falls in her lover's arms.

The foregoing piece is extremely popular in Spain, and is included in the repertoire of nearly all the traveling companies.

Those theatre-goers who desire more serious fare patronize the beautiful Teatro-Español, which, since 1895, has been managed by a woman—Maria Guerrero, Spain's most distinguished actress. The daughter of a well-to-do merchant, Signora Guerrero received an excellent education in a convent. She was irresistibly attracted towards the theatrical career and made her debut in Madrid in 1890. Later she went to Paris and studied for some time with Coquelin. She returned to Spain and soon gained a reputation as an

actress of versatility and power. In 1895, with the financial assistance of her father, she secured a lease of the Teatro-Español for ten years, and in the same year she married Signor Diaz de Mendoza, an actor of noble descent. Maria Guerrero's repertoire is extensive, including all the great classic rôles, and she has been as successful in comedy as in tragedy.

Under her intelligent direction the Teatro-Español has taken rank among the leading playhouses of the world. It occupies an imposing building in the heart of the capital, and one of its premières is an artistic event of the first importance. The theatrical season in Madrid being exceedingly short, Mme. Guerrero has made money in other directions by undertaking

extensive tours through the Spanish provinces and Europe, and in 1897 even South America was visited with considerable success. The repertoire of her company includes nearly all the

classics, most of the important modern Spanish dramatists and a large number of adaptations from foreign plays, particularly from the French. Recently performances have been given of "La Dama Boba" (The Stupid Girl), a very popular play by Lope de Vega, "El Desden con el Desden," a piece by Moreto, and "Casa con dos Puertas, mala es de Guardar," by Calderon. The story of "The Stupid Girl" is this: Two sisters, one a blue stocking, the other little better than an idiot, are courted by two love-sick youths. Unfortunately, each admirer has selected the wrong sister. Cupid, however, sets the matter right and the stupid girl actually recovers her wit, thanks to he who has touched her heart. Mme. Guerrero excels in rôles of this character.

By contrast comes the drama, "Tierra Baja," by Angel Guimera. A

landowner has taken a peasant girl for mistress. Later he wants to marry, and gets rid of his paramour by wedding her to a dull-witted shepherd. But the village gossips open the latter's eyes, and he is so enraged that he almost kills the woman. Meantime, a change of feeling has come over the wife. Married against her will, her hatred against her husband diminishes. He, after all, is her natural protector, and gradually she is filled with loathing for her old-time lover. And when the peasant, resenting a fresh insult, stretches her seducer dead at her feet, she flees with him to the mountains. An English version was seen on the American stage last season under the title, "Marta of the Lowlands."



Otto Sarony Co.

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF DAVID WARFIELD

This artistic character actor is now appearing in a new play by Charles Klein entitled "The Music Master"

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Millicent Moore

My dear William Faversham:

I have read somewhere, I think it was in one of Brander Matthews' books—you know Mr. Matthews? the virgin-bearded professor at Columbia, who tells you how to write successful plays and how to discern merit in acting—I think it is he who said: "All the great actors were small men." Small in stature, he meant; and then he cites the Elder Booth and Edmund Kean, Charles Kean, Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. And now that the point is brought home to me I begin to realize that many of our leading players are undersized. But you and "Jimmy" Hackett must be the exceptions which prove the rule. Both of you are well over six feet, and no one, I know, not even the most perverse or embittered critic, will other than admit that you two are also equally great in your art. What a distinction to physically soar into the empyrean and to tower mentally amid the heights of learning and genius! Oh, what a blessing it is to possess beauty and brains and yet what a responsibility! Those Titian locks of yours are one of your happiest points in my estimation. You, too, are one of the fortunate actors whom the rigors and vagaries of our climate have not robbed of their hair. My brother—he's the one who knows so many professionals and who poses as a "knocker," says he is not in the least surprised that you've not become bald. "Any man," he declares, "who massages his back hair for three hours during the performance every night and Saturday matinee, ought to have a shock that would make a Sutherland sister sit up and apply



Schloss, N. Y.

MAX FIGMAN

Now playing the leading male rôle in "The Marriage of Kitty"

lotion for a week." Talk about women saying nasty things about their own sex, why, I never saw the man yet who didn't turn green with envy when another man's good looks were mentioned. He says at the club they call you "The Blue Ribbon Hackney Actor," because you have such superb knee action; and that you are a graduate of the "Haute Ecole" of acting. I should think there would be a fight on at that club every night, and that no one would ever be on speaking terms with any one else.

What a great personal satisfaction it must be to be a romantic player; to live daily, if only for a few brief hours, where the soul rises above the petty commercial exactions of life and the spirit finds an outlet in the expression of beautiful thoughts couched in the language of poesy! I should think you'd never be content to play anything but Romeos and Don Caesars. I am crazy to hear you make love; they say there is a tremolo of passion in your fervid utterances that makes a matinee girl forget home and mother.

I was perfectly enchanted with that picture of you and your wife published in a recent issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. I mean the one depicting you as haymakers on your place in England. I think your wife's costume so charming. Why should people when they work wear their old clothes and look like frights? I'm glad to see that she and Marie Antoinette have the proper idea of retaining the real picturesqueness of a situation. As for your picture, Mr. Faversham, feeding that horse—how tame he must be, eating right out of your hand—I think it is just the cutest I ever saw. You look like the real "Maister of Woodbarrow Farm." I hear you are acting in a piece by Mr. Pinero called "Letty." Why don't you, though, to show your versatility and home training, get Mr. Charlie Frohman to make arrangements with Denman Thompson and alternate you with the Pinero drama as Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead." As they say in the bucolic drama, "By Gosh, I believe it 'd draw." There is a rumor along the Rialto that you are tired of shining on the stage, and regret the halcyon days when, after leaving aristocratic Harrow, you held a commission in one of her late Majesty's crack cavalry regiments. But I hope this is only a canard.



JAMES KYRLE McCURDY

A popular member of the Thanhouser Company in Milwaukee



William Faversham

Your sincere friend,

MILlicENT MOONE.

—Academy for Young Ladies,

—On-the-Hudson.



Scene of Alexandre Dumas' famous melodrama, "La Tour de Nesle," shortly to be performed in New York by French players

French Players to Invade New York



F. Cazelles

DURING the last fifteen years numerous attempts have been made by Frenchmen and others to duplicate the success of the German Theatre here and to establish in New York City a company of French actors presenting the classic, standard and new French plays in the French language. In a vast metropolis like New York—the most cosmopolitan city in its tastes and population in the world—with its thousands of wealthier citizens, speaking and understanding the French language, with its ten thousand resident Frenchmen, probably only too eager to see the great plays of their native drama acted in a competent manner, it is strange that until now no serious effort has been made to give French performances really worthy to be called representative of the first stage in the world.

It is true that we have seen here Mme. Réjane, M. Coquelin, Mme. Bernhardt, even M. Mounet-Sully, but these distinguished artists came only as visiting stars and with supporting companies more or less unsatisfactory. Moreover, during their respective engagements prohibitive prices prevailed at the box-offices. The first-class all-round French stock company as it exists in all its perfection at the Comédie Française and at the theatres of the Boulevards has never been seen here. Last season the appearance at the little Vaudeville Theatre of Mme. Charlotte Wiehe and company as a French organization was a dismal failure. The truth was that Mme. Wiehe, exquisite artiste though she be, is not French, but Danish, her company was mediocre and her plays of not the slightest importance. This season a wholly different effort will be made to give good French performances in New York. F. Cazelles, a well-known French manager, has decided to invade New York at once with a first class stock company of

which even Paris might be jealous. He has leased the American Theatre in 42d Street for a period of four weeks, beginning Monday, October 10.

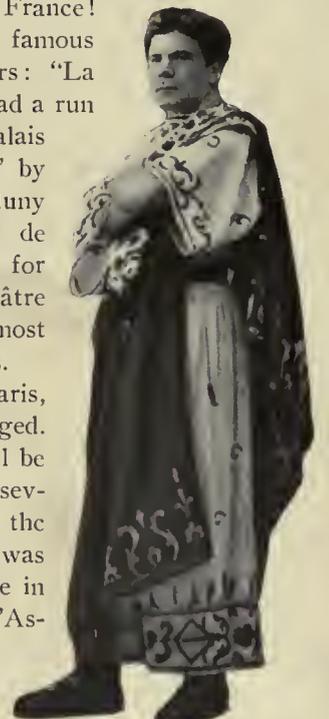
The list of plays to be performed is most interesting, not from the viewpoint of absolute novelty, for none of the pieces scheduled is new—but because the list represents, in addition to the classic repertoire, such as Molière's most famous comedy, "Tartuffe," a selection of the greatest successes of the French stage during the last half century. When you speak to a Frenchman of such dramas as "Le Bossu," "La Tour de Nesle," "Martyre," "Marie Jeanne," you conjure up what were probably the most vivid impressions he has ever received in the theatre. "Le Bossu," a drama in five acts and twelve tableaux, was written by Paul Féval. "La Tour de Nesle," drama in five acts and nine tableaux, is the most celebrated of the plays by Alexandre Dumas, the elder. Those other two famous melodramas, "Martyre" and "Marie Jeanne," are the best works of Adolphe d'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans." Neither piece has been seen in this country and yet what an ocean of tears has each caused to flow in France!

In lighter vein we have three equally famous comedies, also by distinguished authors: "La Boule," by Meilhac and Halévy, which had a run of nearly three years at the Théâtre du Palais Royal; "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," by Labiche, one of the greatest of the Cluny Theatre successes; "Bébé," by Emile de Najac and Alfred Hennequin, which for many a month held the boards of the Théâtre du Gymnase, and "Denise," one of the most celebrated plays of Alexandre Dumas fils.

The company will come direct from Paris, where each member was especially engaged. The leading feminine emotional rôles will be taken by Mme. Delphine Renot, who for several years has been a great favorite at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. Mme. Renot was selected by Sardou for an important rôle in "Thermidor," and later by Zola for "L'Assommoir." One of her greatest successes, however, was as Mme. Sans Gène, which she has played more than



Mme. Renot in "L'Assommoir"



M. Dulac in "Quo Vadis"



200 times. She is a pupil of Talien, and has acted on the boards of nearly every theatre in Paris. She was decorated by the French government in 1896, and the Czar also sent her a decoration after a visit to St. Petersburg, where she played Mme. Sans Gêne at the Imperial Theatre. M. Jean Dulac, who will play the corresponding male rôles, was a pupil of Féraudy, and made his début at the Théâtre National de l'Odéon. The poet, Jean Richépin, selected him to play the title rôle in his idyllic drama, "Le Chemineau," and he continued playing this part for nearly three years. Afterwards he was engaged to understudy Coquelin in the rôle of Jean Bart, and later he was seen in "Richelieu," "Quo Vadis," etc.

The leading feminine high comedy rôles will be acted by Milles. Annie Milliares and Coralie Arnaud. Mlle. Milliares is a pupil of Delaunay, and made her début at the Théâtre du Gymnase. Later, she was entrusted with such important rôles as Claire in "Le Maître de Forges." Serge Panine, Marguerite Gauthier, etc., etc. More recently she appeared with Réjane at the Vaudeville with great success. Mlle. Arnaud graduated from the Paris Conservatoire with first prize for tragedy and comedy.

The male comedy rôles will be played by MM. Bréant, Charny, Béranger and Cosset. M. Bréant, after graduating from the Conservatoire, made his début at the Théâtre du Gymnase, where he immediately attracted attention in such plays as "l'Abbé Constantin," "Dora," "Comtesse Sarah," etc. M. Charny is a pupil of Got, professor at the Paris Conservatoire. He acted for some time at the Théâtre National de l'Odéon, later making tours with his own company in the French provinces. For the past few years he has devoted



M. CHARNY
Stage director

most of his time to stage management, and ranks among the best play producers of the Paris stage. He will act in this capacity during the engagement of the Cazelles company at the American Theatre in New York. M. Béranger has played on the boards of the fashionable Théâtre de la Bodinière, the Théâtre Mondain, and at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. M. Cosset made his début at the Ambigu in 1893, and later was engaged to support Mme. Laurent.

M. F. Cazelles, to whose enterprise is due the forthcoming French season in New York, is prominent among the successful French theatre managers of to-day. A graduate of the Conservatoire and of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, M. Cazelles began his career as a sculptor. Gifted with a fine tenor voice, he soon deserted sculpture for the operatic stage, appearing with great success. At one time he was in negotiations with Mr. Grau to come to New York, but soon he left the stage to devote himself entirely to theatrical management. Previous to this he had been employed as stage manager in the leading Paris and provincial theatres, and in 1887 he was engaged as stage manager at the French Opera House in New Orleans for a season of four months, staging during this period no less than forty-six different operas. This season proved unprecedentedly successful, the receipts being over \$120,000.

After the successive disasters of the last few years under other management, the proprietors of the Opera House, finally selected M. Cazelles as the only man capable of putting the opera on a paying basis. He was willing to sign a contract, but only on condition of its being made for five years. If successful, the present engagement will be followed by another visit to New York next Spring with a repertoire of entirely new plays.



The above artists are, M. Bréant, Mlle. Milliares, Mlle. Arnaud, M. Béranger, M. Cosset, Mlle. Murger, Mlle. Costard, M. Joubert, M. Ferrin, Mlle. D'Hamy, Mlle. Darlauges, M. Dorban, M. Dane, Mlle. Sartres, M. Raymond, M. Roze

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS EDNA MAY in "The School Girl"

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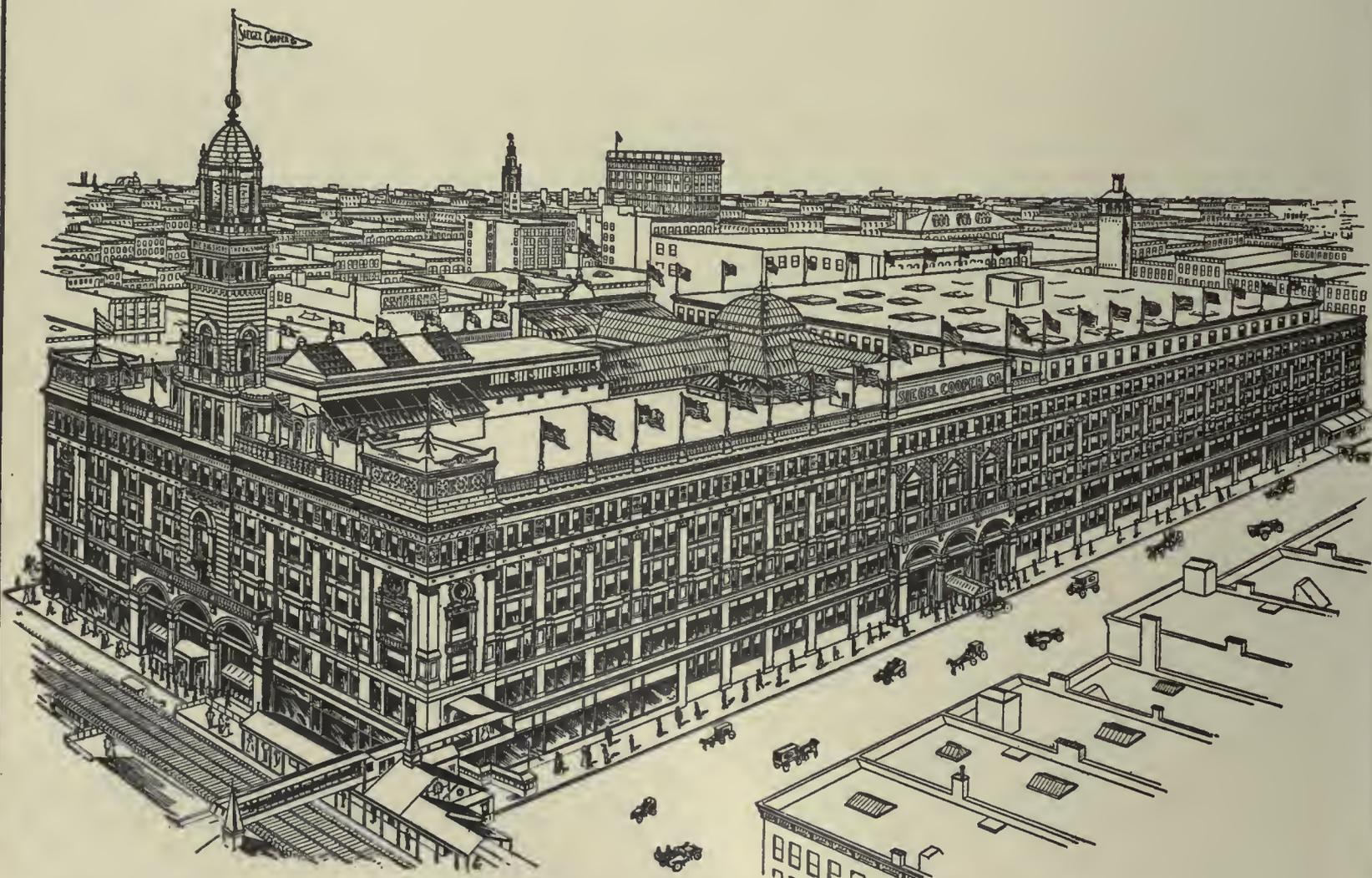
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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS THE SORCERESS IN VICTORIEN SARDOU'S LATEST DRAMA



Byron, N. Y.

Scene in Viola Allen's Production of "The Winter's Tale"

PLAYS and PLAYERS

MR. SAVAGE may be said to have coped successfully with the problem of producing "Parsifal" in English. He has done everything humanly possible to lead to a perfect and smooth performance. The scenic effects, the costumes, management of the lights, all the essential and terribly complex details of a stupendous undertaking, are all surprisingly well done, with the result that the production compares most favorably with that at the Metropolitan, which, as every one agreed, rivaled Bayreuth itself. None of the artists is a brilliant star, but each of them is serious in the work and a general scale of smooth excellence results. Mme. Kirkby Lunn, whose beautiful voice and nascent dramatic ability pleased New Yorkers two years ago, gives a vital interpretation of the emotionally chaotic Kundry. The Parsifal is Alois Pennarini. He is a trifle heavy for the rôle, but his facial make-up is excellent, while his voice is both sweet and telling. The Amfortas of Johannes Rothwell, the Gurnemanz of Putnam Griswold, the Klingsor of Homer Lind, and the Titurel of Robert Kent Parker, are all praiseworthy to a surprising degree. The conductors are Walter H. Rothwell, who was trained by Mahler, and Moritz Grimm. The chorus is vocally fresh and pleasing to the eye. To the trained ear of the musical sybarite the festival play loses atmosphere and charm sung in English, but the general public—which must see this child of Wagner's enfeebled old age at any price—will not feel this.

At the Garrick Theatre on October 11 was presented a comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "Joseph Entangled." The cast was:

Sir Joseph Lacy, Henry Miller; Hardolph Mayne, John Glendenning; Harry Tavender, Frederick Tiden; Gerald Fanmere, J. Hartley Manners; Jermyn Pyecroft, Stanley Dark; Prof. Tofield, Walter Allen; Knapman, Frederick Tyler; Staddon, Bertram Harrison; Lady Verona Mayne, Hilda Spong; Lady Joyce Fanmere, Lady Verona's sister, Grace Heyer; Mrs. Harry Tavender, Laura Hope Crews; Mrs. Knapman, Maggie Holloway Fisher.

The English dramatists owe their present predominance on our stage to their mastery of the art of playwriting, which enables them to seize upon the slightest suggestion and to make much of little. "Joseph Entangled"

is a case in point. The two characters are Sir Joseph Lacy and Lady Verona Mayne. They belong to the aristocracy. Lady Verona makes a flying visit to her town house, left for the summer in possession of the caretakers only, and spends the night. Sir Joseph is invited by the butler, who does not know of the presence of his mistress, to put up there over night. The two are astonished and delighted to meet at breakfast. A gossiping man and wife of their set happen to drop in, and the scandal begins. No one will believe their protestations of innocence, and the humor of the situation is enhanced by its bearing on the justly or unjustly celebrated incident in which the then Prince of Wales swore, on the honor of a gentleman, to an apparent falsehood to save the reputation of a lady. The propriety of such a course of conduct for a gentleman is not in question in the play, and we raise no question of it here. But would the like circumstances of an accidental meeting provide an American dramatist with an

American play for an American audience? Who would believe that a gentleman would choose such a place for an intrigue? The second act of the play is very clever and amusing. The discussion of the absurdity of Sir Joseph's denials is diverting, and carried out by typical characters it has constant turns that provoke laughter. Miss Hilda Spong, as Lady Verona, gave the part distinction, going from lightness to perplexity and sentiment with artistic ease and pleasing naturalness. Henry Miller, as Sir Joseph, plays with a lighter touch than he has had an opportunity for in many seasons.

At the Garrick Theatre on September 21 was produced a comedy by Clyde Fitch, entitled "The Coronet of the Duchess." The cast was:

Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Hone; Millicent Hampton, Clara Bloodgood; Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Thomas Whiffin; Laura Burrell, Georgie Mendum; The Dowager Duchess, Katharine Stewart; Lady Hilda, Elizabeth Emmett; Lady Dardale, Florida Peir; Nora Cholmonville, Flossie Wilkinson; Pussy Hawkins, Elsa Garrett; Violate Gootes, Katherine Bell; Jim Burrell, William Courtleigh; Mr. Hampton, Wm. H. Tooker; Jake Wheeler, Austin Webb; The Duke of Sundun, Ernest Lawford; Lord Beachly, Frank DeKun.

There are no half measures with Clyde Fitch's plays. They are either



Byron, N. Y.

Viola Allen in "The Winter's Tale"

great successes or great failures; they either run for a season or are taken off in a week. To the latter class belonged "The Coronet of the Duchess," which was a fine subject spoiled by flippant treatment. Flippancy is this brilliant dramatist's besetting sin, and it is the one great stumbling block in the way of his taking rank with the foremost playwrights of our time. Astonishingly accurate in the little details of life, a master of dramatic technique, a stage manager almost without a peer in this country, having a gift for crisp, pungent, epigrammatic dialogue and an instinct for dramatic situation—with all these advantages Clyde Fitch is fatally false and shallow in vital things, and the best of his plays, for this reason, fall short of being great plays and are certain to be forgotten in another generation. The principal reason for this flippancy and shallowness is probably to be found in the fact that writing "star plays" to order on time contracts is hardly conducive to inspiration; another and more serious one is that he himself does not feel deeply the deep problems of life. The plays that have survived have evolved from the brains of thinking men. A message to humanity, an object lesson in sociology, as all plays are in a greater or lesser degree, may be contained in a laughter-making comedy as well as in a tear-compelling drama. Molière, Sheridan, Shakespeare, Schiller, Hugo, and Dumas were philosophers before they were playwrights. Their plays contain vital truths and that is why they are eternally fresh. Mr. Fitch, at his best, only caters to the moment. The slang and the follies and fads of the hour he crowds into his pieces with almost bewildering profusion until the unthinking, dazzled by the glittering array of Nothingness, exclaims: "Isn't it all clever?" whereas there is nothing there!

The idea of the purchase of a British title with American money, the animate object of the infamous barter being the body and soul of an American woman, already utilized by Bronson Howard in "Aristocracy," is a splendid subject for dramatic treatment. Mr. Fitch failed with it simply because he was not sincere. He burlesqued where he should have flayed. With the single exception of the Duke himself, who

was capitally drawn, and no doubt a faithful portrait of most of the fortune-hunting peers that infest America, all the characters in the play were preposterous. Why do American dramatists insist on burlesquing their own countrymen abroad? No wonder the Dowager Duchess exclaimed contemptuously: "They are a queer lot!" speaking of the relatives of her American daughter-in-law. Well-bred American girls do not talk slang, nor do well-bred American men wear yellow shoes when invited to a Charity Bazaar to meet royalty. Mrs. Bloodgood was not at her best as the unhappy duchess; clearly the rôle did not suit her. The best feature of the performance was the clever acting of Ernest Lawford as the horsey duke. His "make-up," demeanor, intonation, was a perfect bit of acting.

At the New Amsterdam Theatre on October 10 was presented Victorien Sardou's drama in five acts, entitled "The Sorceress." The cast was:

Cardinal Ximenes, Frederick Perry; Don Enriquez De Palacois, Guy Standing; Lopez De Padilla, George Riddell; Cardenos, L. Rogers Lytton; Cléofas, Fuller Mellish; Zoraya, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Afrida, Alice Butler; Manuela, Gertrude Coghlan; Fatoum, Margaret Bourne.

A full account of this drama, which deals with the persecution of so-called witches under the Spanish Inquisition in the sixteenth century appeared in our issue for March. Written by Sardou at the advanced age of seventy-three, this latest work shows all too plainly that the master brain which gave us "Patrie" and "La Haine" is growing weary. The marvellous technique which has made Sardou a giant among the playwrights of his time, is still there, but the old-time fire, the scenes of human passion and suffering, that held one spell-bound in "Tosca" and "Gismonda," are absent. The puppets move, the drama itself is poignant and real, yet for some reason it all leaves you cold. The fine scene in the fourth act, where the wronged Zoraya faces her priestly persecutors in the dungeons of the Inquisition, is powerfully written in the true Sardou manner, yet not for one moment does it stir the auditor as did the somewhat similar scene in "Tosca."

The acting, perhaps, more than anything else, is responsible



Byron, N. Y.

ANNA HELD

THE SWISS GUIDE CHORUS IN "HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY" AT THE NEW WEBER MUSIC HALL

for this lack of interest. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is unsuited to the title rôle. She has some fine moments, especially when, in the prison scene, she denounces her accusers, but she is not the Zoraya that Sardou drew. She wears the clothes of the part, and gorgeous costumes they are, but she is not Zoraya, because she herself belongs to a different age. Mrs. Campbell is essentially the type of the modern woman, the woman of our drawing-rooms, the woman of Pinero and Ibsen. She is not the universal woman in the sense that Bernhardt is. Put the clothes of no matter what period on Bernhardt and she will act and talk like a woman of that period. Mrs. Campbell in gowns of the sixteenth century is an anachronism. Guy Standing was weak and unconvincing as Don Enriquez, but some fine acting was done by Frederick Perry as the Grand Inquisitor, and by Alice Butler as a fanatical old woman.

At the Broadway Theatre on October 3 was presented a comic opera, book by Stanislaus Stange, music by Julian Edwards, entitled "Love's Lottery." The cast was:

Sergeant Trivet, Wallace Brownlow; Sir Hervey Aston, G. L. Tallman; Squire Skeffington, W. H. Thompson; Laura Skeffington, Louise Gunning; Sally Lunn, Delight Barsch; Barney O'Toole, John Slavin; Tom Ryder, Heathe Gregory; Lina, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

The spectacle of a great Wagnerian singer struggling with the inanities of so-called American comic opera is a melancholy one. In a weak moment Mme. Schumann-Heink, a favorite prima donna with a brilliant record in grand opera, was induced to leave her proper sphere to try her fortunes in a musical piece especially written for her. "Love's Lottery" certainly bears all the marks, as it has all the defects, of the tailor-made piece. Unfortunately, the tailors have not fit their client. With the dullest of books, a lame story, mediocre music, there is little in it to please either eye or ear. The best that can be said is that it is written on legitimate lines and that Mr. Edwards' music, if absolutely uninspired, is well orchestrated. But Mme. Schumann-Heink, in the rôle of a frolicsome German laundress, is not an unalloyed joy. Her comedy is pathetically heavy, and her one idea of humor (?) is to mock her own broken English by saying repeatedly "Ist mein Englische goot?" Of course,

when she has a chance to show off her magnificent voice, then one forgets other shortcomings, but these moments are few.

Those New York theatregoers who have failed to profit by the present opportunity to see a first-class French stock company in French plays should forever have it on their conscience that they have missed an artistic treat. There are still a few days left before M. Cazelles and his actors leave the American Theatre. Profit by it to delight your eye with the sight of real acting. In melodrama, farce, classic comedy, problem play—in each change of bill these visitors from Paris have displayed a versatility, intelligence and high training in their art such as is unknown on our own stage. Let our actors hurry to watch their performances for instruction and inspiration; let our managers go see what a real stock company means! Three changes of bill a week and smooth performances each night! Let us not close our eyes to the fact that we have not to-day in America a single actor of the first rank. We have many self-styled "stars" and a number of very capable actors, but we have no *great* actors. Who saw Jean Dulac as Lagardère in "Le Bossu," and as Don Cæsar in "Ruy Blas," might well exclaim: "Here's an actor!" An expressive, mobile mask, fine stage presence, a perfect swordsman, a voice that alternately thunders or pleads—is it strange that this leading man made an impression we shall not soon forget? Then Mme. Renot, who was not delighted with her spirited, vivacious performance and superb enunciation as Dorine in "Tartuffe," and at the unction with which M. Perrin acted the famous old hypocrite, eclipsing in this rôle even Coquelin himself? And what a treat was it to see once more Victor Hugo's superb drama "Ruy Blas," with such artists as Charny in the title rôle, Dulac as the light-hearted Don Cæsar, and Raymond as the sardonic Don Salluste! The queen of Mlle. Coralie Arnaud was lacking in distinction, but the authoritative acting of M. Bréant, the delicious comedy of Milles. Milhares, d'Hamy and Costard we shall miss. We can only hope that M. Cazelles has received encouragement to return.



Byron, N. Y.

OTIS SKINNER

SCENE IN JEAN RICHEPIN'S IDYLIC DRAMA, "THE HARVESTER," NOW BEING PRESENTED BY OTIS SKINNER



Henry Miller and Hilda Spong in Henry Arthur Jones' comedy, "Joseph Entangled"

At the Belasco Theatre on September 26 was produced a comedy drama in three acts by Charles Klein, entitled "The Music Master." The cast was as follows:

Herr Anton von Barwig, David Warfield; Signor Tagliafico, W. G. Ricciardi; Mons. Louis Pinac, Louis P. Verande; Herr August Poons, Leon Kohlmar; Henry A. Stanton, Campbell Gollan; Andrew Cruger, William Boag; Beverly Cruger, J. Carrington Yates; Mr. Schwarz, Alfred Hudson; Mr. Ryan, Tony Bevan; Al. Costello, Louis Hendricks; Joles, Harold Mead; Ditson, H. G. Carlton; Danny, Richard Kessler; Collector, Downing Clarke; Mrs. Andrew Cruger, Isabel Waldron; Helen Stanton, Minnie Dupree; Miss Houston, Marie Bates; Jenny, Antoinette Walker; Charlotte, Sybil Klein; Octavie, Jane Cowl.

This is a simple story set forth by means of a stage management of the very highest efficiency and acted, as to its chief character, with uncommon naturalness and skill. A musician steeped in his heavenly art, living, before the beginning of the action, in Vienna, the very home of music, esteemed there and prosperous, is suddenly bereft of home, happiness and child by the flight of his wife with a friend. He comes to America, seeking trace of the faithless ones who have carried his peace of mind away with them. He secures employment in New York in a "museum," and becomes the companion in this nether world of the curious inhabitants of it, including those freaks that "eat 'em alive." A fashionably-attired young woman brings him a boy as pupil to his humble rooms in Houston street. This is his daughter. He discovers her identity when she also becomes a pupil. He confronts the destroyer of his home and is about to expose him when he realizes that by doing so he will prevent the happy marriage of his daughter with a worthy suitor. In the final act, as the music master is about to return "home" to Vienna, to the atmosphere of his art, his mission of revenge unsatisfied, but chastened by events which bring happiness to his child, she discovers his identity and makes him take heart again in the love she brings him. He would have effaced himself, but she makes him live again.

The story itself is trite; many of the incidents strike you as strangely familiar and theatric; but there is newness and freshness in the acting. In the hands of another stage manager and with another actor as the music master we might have had theatricalism and unreality in the place of genuineness of

the action. A stage manager of Mr. Belasco's skill may be relied upon to reproduce all the external marks of the life he depicts. The faculty should not be an unusual one, but it is. It is pleasing to note the skill with which the points are made. For example, the loss of the overcoat, which tumbles into the street, is not a mere incident lugged in for momentary effect, but it is used for the purpose of getting the other characters off the stage in order to leave it clear for the scene between father and daughter. It is true that other incidents are introduced in order to piece out the play, but the carpentering is well done.

Mr. Warfield has temperament. His methods are simple. His expression of feeling is delicate. His voice utters kindness in tones that come from a heart habituated to kindness and forbearance and suffering. The lines about the mouth respond to sentiment and attention is centred on a face lit up by eyes aglow with the soul. This, of course, applies to the character which he assumes, but no man can assume a character perfectly without having some of its attributes. The performance affords wholesome pleasure, and its distinct triumph is that of the actor, for he brings concord out of an instrument not always in tune. Min-

character and emotion. The bare story of the play would seem artificial, but sincerity is brought into it by the scenes, the incidents, the characters. Once or twice the discord and note of melodrama is touched, but that instant the dominant chord of pathos, sentiment or delicacy is struck by Warfield, and naturalness brings the action back to our liking. The musicians exercising, the spaghetti dinner, the dining together and the toast making, the seizure of the piano for debt, the music lesson to the daughter, the discovery of her identity by means of the doll with the glass eye broken out, which she had preserved in a case with her collection of toys, the music master's interest in the love affairs of a young couple, the stopping of the broken window with an overcoat and its falling to the street, and other incidents, gave a constant variety to



Arthur Dunn as Blutch in "The Runaways"

nie Dupree as the daughter is ingenuous and pleasing. Antoinette Walker as a girl in love helped along a bit of harmless comedy, supplying deficiencies of art with an agreeable personality. Marie Bates was not entirely successful as the boarding-house keeper, but as Marie Bates she is always entertaining.

"The Music Master" is one of the successes of the season.

At the Lyric Theatre on October 10 was presented "The Harvester," a drama adapted by Charles M. Skinner from the French of Jean Richepin. The cast was as follows:

The Harvester, Otis Skinner; Francois, J. M. Colville; The Seigneur, George Clarke; Tony, Walter Lewis; Thomas, Ben T. Ringgold; Martin, Russell Crauford; Simon, Daniel Pennell; Gustav, John Boylan; Toinette, Lizzie Hudson Collier; Aline, Maud Durbin; Catherine, Marion Abbott.

The spirit of true poetry pervades Otis Skinner's latest contribution to his art. "The Harvester" is a breathing poem of untrammelled liberty. It sings of the splendid fields, of insistent nature and of the joy of living. Into this drama of compelling charm and dramatic significance Jean Richepin, the French author, has poured a wealth of soulful enthusiasm and trenchant philosophy. It is a simple story that he tells of those whose life mission it is to till the soil; and its principal character of the careless, fascinating Romany speaks with eloquent force the message of happiness and responsibility. And the transplanting of the scene from France to Canada is happily accomplished. As is too frequent the case in such matters, no atmosphere is lost; the scheme and purpose of the play are preserved and the harmony of the idyll admirably maintained. Charles M. Skinner, who did the adaptation, deserves more than a passing word for his sympathetic rendering of the original.

Otis Skinner is the star who has brought to the Lyric this charming play. A much-abused theatre-going public should rise up and called him blessed for this whiff of romance and poetry. But he gets his own reward in the splendid oppor-

tunities which the title rôle affords, and better still realizes them. Buoyant, gladsome and cheery he sweeps through its action like a breeze scented with the blossoms of spring. What cause to wonder that a Toinette shall fall a victim to his saucy wooing? Carelessly he takes to the great wide way, only in later years to return and find that he is responsible for the woes of more than one. Right then he does according to his lights, but when the opportunity of home and rest arrives, the fascination of the ever-onward is too much for him, and out into the night he goes. There is a sigh, but it gives place at once to a song, and the wanderer is again on his endless way.

In voice and bearing, Mr. Skinner quite realizes the part; a beautifully poetical portrayal which only just misses perfection because of the occasional intrusion of the theatric. The production is a charming one and the company thoroughly attuned to the requirements of the piece. Sympathetic and graceful the Toinette is admirably acted by Lizzie Hudson Collier; while the generous-hearted Catherine is played with gracious breeziness by Marion Abbott. J. M. Colville scores heavily in his graphic rendering of the palsied Francois, and George Clarke as the Seigneur shows the absolute value of adequate training. Maud Durbin (Mrs. Skinner in private life) looked charming and acted intelligently as the Seigneur's daughter, while Ben T. Ringgold and Russell Crauford lend humor and weight to the cast.

At the Berkeley Lyceum on September 26 Arnold Daly produced George Bernard Shaw's one-act comedietta, "How He Lied to Her Husband." The cast was as follows:

Her Lover, Arnold Daly; Her Husband, Dodson Mitchell; Herself, Selene Johnson.

The comprehensiveness of George Bernard Shaw's humor is something that must appeal to all. For a laugh, or, rather, a chuckle, it is quite the same to him whether he pokes fun at his audience, himself, or his own creations. As a compliment



Byron, N. Y.

THE KOREAN DANCING GIRLS IN "THE SHO GUN" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE



Byron, N. Y.

DAVID TORRENCE

EDW. B. MARTINDELL

CHARLES EVANS

THREE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN GEO. ADE'S AND GUSTAV LUDERS' OPERETTA, "THE SHO GUN"

to Arnold Daly, who certainly made the paradoxical wit of the gifted Irishman, as expressed in "Candida," a known quantity to the metropolitan public, Mr. Shaw wrote for his enthusiastic young purveyor a "comediottina," as he is pleased to call it. This merry brochure, under the title of "How He Lied to Her Husband," gave delicious enjoyment to all who had the good fortune to see and hear it. The sketch is nothing less than the three principal characters of "Candida" placed in a distinctly up-to-date and local environment. That they act as they do, influenced so readily by the demands and conventions of modern society, instead of carrying out the theories so earnestly advocated by them in the original play, results in some admirable moments of perfect satire.

Mr. Daly is the poet lover, the warmth of whose verses to the other man's wife precipitates the misunderstanding. How feeble are his lies, how disenchanted becomes the wife and how disgusted is the husband at the poet's too feeble infatuation of his own wife, with an out and out rough and tumble fight in a drawing-room thrown in, are factors in a thirty-minute entertainment that must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Daly is an impulsive poet, Mr. Dodson Mitchell a splendidly self-satisfied husband, and Miss Selene Johnson a very feminine and attractive wife.

At the Garden Theatre on September 20 was presented a comedy by George Ade, entitled "The College Widow." The cast was as follows:

Billy Bolton, Frederick Truesdell; Peter Witherspoon, George E. Bryant; Hiram Bolton, Edwin Holt; "Matty" McGowan, Dan Collyer; Hon. Elam Hicks, Stephen Maley; "Bub" Hicks, Frederick Burton; Jack Larrabee, Edgar I. Davenport; Copernicus Talbot, J. Beresford Hollis; "Silent" Murphy, Thomas Delmar; "Stub" Talmadge, Morgan Coman; Tom Pearson, Robert Mackaye; The Town Marshal, E. Y.

Backus; Ollie Mitchell, Douglas J. Wood; Dick McAllister, George F. Demarest; "Jimmy" Hopper, John H. Chapman; Jane Witherspoon, Dorothy Tennant; Bessie Tanner, Amy Ricard; Flora Wiggins, Gertrude Quinlan; Mrs. Primley Dalzelle, Lida McMillan; Luella Chubbs, Mary McGregor; Cora Jenks, Belle Nelson; Bertha Tyson, Lucy Cabeen; Sally Cameron, Georgia Cross; Ruth Aiken, Florence Cameron; Josephine Barclay, Grace Quackenbush.

The apparent ease with which George Ade has provided us with entertainment in a "pictorial comedy," as it is described in the bill, of college life, is significant of the simple dramatic methods of the author and of the equipment of the man.

To say that "The College Widow" is "hardly a play" is to entirely mistake the plastic liberality of the art of playwriting. Plays require much or little plot, according to their purpose and kind. What is a plot? It is that about which a play is logically developed by means of the action. Its complications may be as simple as the operations of a child's mind in elementary mathematics; and if it leaves "that about which the play is" in solution until the end of the action it is as good a plot for the purpose as the most intricate one ever devised, which, for its purpose, with its material, is necessarily involved.

We have here a railroad president who attributes his success in business life to having been dismissed from his college in his youth so that he turned his attention to practical affairs, in consequence of which he takes a great interest in the institution, supplying it, from time to time, with the money it needs. He sends his son there to be educated, but the son, distinguished already as a football player, yields to the blandishments of the college "widow" and the persuasions of his friends at a neighboring rival institution, and remains there as a member of the team. Instead of going to the Baptist college he becomes a student (of football) at the Presbyterian college.

What holds the play together and keeps the interest alive? What is the problem? What is the question we are constantly asking? Simple enough: What will the old man say and do to his son when he discovers the state of affairs? In due course we have the scene that answers it. The father gives him a severe lecture, full of arguments and reproaches, and suddenly turns to him with the exclamation: "You are a hell of a Baptist!" When the Presbyterian team wins, the old man is as enthusiastic as a boy in sharing the victory which his boy has helped to win. Certainly it is a plot; certainly it is a play. There is little of what may be called the higher mathematics of the art in it all, but there is very considerable skill in utilizing the abundant material. The play is without the seeming of art, and, without the slightest dispraise of the author, it may be conjectured that his original manuscript was really artless, at many points, to the extent of crudity. The play, in printed form, luminous as it would be with the genuine humor of Ade, could, by no possibility, convey anything like the effect of the performance. The stage manager and the actors are absolutely essential factors. Are they not so in all performances? Certainly, but not in the dominating and creative way as where no amount of description can convey the details of business that must accompany the words, and where, indeed, there is much more business than words. It is a case in which the triumph of stage management and acting must be recognized.

George Marion's work as stage manager is distinctly original and formative. The stage manager of a conventional play is apt to overrate himself with reference to the author. No stage manager, however, rises superior to the source from which comes his opportunity unless he makes something out of nothing by usurping the functions of the author himself. This is not the case here. But it is an admirable instance of the employment of all the creative agencies. While stage management has improved in recent times, what may be called the



H. REEVES SMITH

This well-known actor, who played the rôle of Capt. Jinks at the Garrick, has been engaged by Daniel Frohman for a new production

that are familiar to those who know that life. His object was to present an animated picture without the loss of a single detail of any consequence. He has been entirely successful.

At Wallack's on October 10 was presented a comic opera by Geo. Ade and Gustav Luders, entitled "The Sho Gun." The cast was:

W. H. Spangle, Chas. E. Evans; Flai-Hai, Sho-Gun, Edward B. Martindell; Gen. Kee-Otori, David Torrence; Hanki-Pank, Thomas C. Leary; Tee-To Komura, Wm. C. Weedon; Beverly Dasher, Henry Taylor; O-Hung, Geo. Ollershaw; Wi-Ju, Arthur O'Bryan; Sha-Man, E. P. Parsons; Omec-Omi, Georgia Caine; Princess Hunni-Bun, Christie MacDonald; The Dowager Hi-Faloot, Carrie E. Perkins; Moo-Zoo May, Dorothy Maynard; Kee-Zi, Loris Scarsdale.

This piece is not

characteristic of George Ade at his best. We expect from him something new, but here we get but little that is new. A note on the bill says that the opera is meant to be an indirect treatise on the worship of titles, the formation of trusts, the potency of the American "pull," Yankee commercial invasion, legal manoeuvring, advertising enterprise, and other subjects of timely interest. But these things are only incidental, and only in the last act do they become essential to the plot and effective as amusing satire. The idea of the adoption of American methods by the Koreans is not bad, but the point of cohesion between the directly opposed elements is hardly reached, and it all remains oil and water. Mr. Ade misses the trick somehow. It is plain that he did not give the time to it. William Henry Spangler, "an energetic pilgrim," arrives in Korea, and finally, by forming trusts and fomenting strikes and employing the Sho Gun's chief man as his lawyer, gets to be Sho Gun himself. Mr. Ade could have made very successful foolery out of this. He has not done so. The epigrams, having no bearing on the immediate situations, are wholly ineffective. For example, "A trust is a large bundle of money entirely surrounded by water—common water." The performance itself has merit, and Mr. Luders' music is pleasing.

At the Criterion Theatre on Sept. 19 was produced an English version by Robert Hichens of Octave Mirbeau's three-act drama, "Business is Business." The cast was as follows:

Isidore Lechat, William H. Crane; Xavier Lechat, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.; Phinck, George Backus; Grugg, Sheridan Block; Lucien Garrand, Walter Hale; Marquis de Porcellet, Harry Saint Maur; Vicomte de la Fontenelle, Robert Paton Gibbs; Head Gardener, Guy Nichols; Retired Captain, George F. De Vere; Magistrate, Harry Gwynette; Doctor, Frederick Maynard; Tax Collector, R. S. Fife; Jean, W. H. Dupont; Gardener's Boy, Gabriel Ravenelle; Mme. Isidore Lechat, Har-



EDGAR SELWYN

This popular young character actor will be seen this season in support of Ethel Barrymore in her new play, "Sunday." Mr. Selwyn was recently seen as Fleix in "A Gentleman of France," Telemachus in "Ulysses," Foreman in "Sherlock Holmes," James Antrohus in "Gypsy" and last season as José in "The Pretty Sister of José"

riet Otis Dellenbaugh; Germaine Lechat, Katherine Grey; Julie, Emma Field; Magistrate's Wife, Isabel Garrison; Doctor's Wife, Madeleine Rives; Tax Collector's Wife, Josephine Mack.

A man, representative of every vicious modern business method, a schemer, heartless, grasping and relentless, accumulating money without regard for others, ambitious of financial power and social distinction, gains every end as to money and loses everything else that makes life worth while.

Such a man is Isidore Lechat in "Business is Business." His son, given over to a life of pleasure and idleness, is killed by the overturning of an automobile. His daughter, who abhors the splendor of his ill-gotten wealth, has an intrigue with a penniless clerk and thereby defeats the father's scheme to marry her to a Marquis.

This is the substance of a play the action of which is carried on largely by means of episode. While the type of character is universal in these days, finding its counterpart in every essential detail in every land, many of the circumstances of the life of Lechat are so distinctively French that the farce, if not the completeness of the portraiture, is impaired for an American audience. The alliance which the man of money seeks for his daughter with a Marquis is based on a reverence for title and aristocracy which is persistent in French drama. A modern business man is not necessarily a vulgarian and an aristocrat is not necessarily a gentleman. The daughter of a man of affairs may even be superior in everything that constitutes real gentility to an aristocrat who has not been in possession of sufficient sense to retain his estate and who has squandered his money in polite effeminacies. There is nothing more loathsome than a broken-down aristocrat. For that matter, inasmuch as every native-born American is a natural aristocrat in the best sense of the term, he can have no sympathy, from the French

point of view, with a degenerate who has only a past, which is not really his own, and has no present that amounts to anything, but pride, and no future except such as somebody else may provide for him. To get the equivalent equation the Lechats would have to be made infinitely more vulgar than they are in history, origin and fact. The business transaction depends on the favor of the Minister of War, who has control of the rights to the use of a water power, the circumstance being wholly French.

The daughter, when summoned to listen to the proposal for her hand by the Marquis, announces that she has "a lover." In French this means and is meant in the play to mean something dreadful and irrevocable. Here, the situation and the confession provoke laughter only. To give it its proper force some explicit treatment must be added.

The play is too much a play of detail and of one character in every possible aspect and incident of business to admit of close description. The dramatist has exhausted every manifestation of such character. In make-up and in manner, Mr. Crane succeeds in reproducing this sinister figure. It is a wilful and obsessed imagination which denies him this success. His personality, so familiar in its geniality, may at times be visible for a moment, but it is kept under with admirable art. In his transaction with the two promoters, of whom he naturally gets the best, he is as hard and implacable as could be demanded. With the character and the play Americanized, as it should be, his success would be complete. The same could not be said of others in the cast. Miss Katherine Grey gives nothing of the character of the daughter, and mispronounced some French titles. The play is effective enough, but the acting of it, in general, does not correspond to its French nature.



KATIE BARRY

ADELE RITCHIE

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS

PRINCIPALS IN THE NEW OPERETTA "FANTANA," RECENTLY SEEN IN CHICAGO

David Warfield in His New Play "The Music Master"



DAVID WARFIELD

W. G. RICCIARDI

L. P. VERANDE

L. KOHLMAR

ANTOINETTE WALKER

MARIE BATES

Photos by Byron N. Y.

Act I. Signor Tagliafico (Mr. Ricciardi): "This is a dish for aristocrats!"



WM. BOAG

MR. WARFIELD

MINNIE DUPREE

J. C. YATES

ISABEL WALDRON

Act II. Arrival of the Music Master



MR. WARFIELD MINNIE DUPREE
Act II. Herr Anton: "We're making progress"

CAMPBELL GOLLAN MR. WARFIELD
Act II. Herr Anton: "My wife and child were yours!"



MINNIE DUPREE MR. WARFIELD
Act III. Helen: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"



MARIE BATES ANTOINETTE WALKER MR. WARFIELD
Act III. Herr Anton: "I go away!"



LOUISE GUNNING WALLACE BROWNLOW MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK W. H. THOMPSON GEO. L. TALLMAN
 PRINCIPALS IN MESSRS. EDWARDS' AND STANGE'S NEW OPERETTA, "LOVE'S LOTTERY"

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK—The Woman

IN the case of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the artistic popularity enjoyed by a great and versatile operatic prima donna is doubled by the warm personal affection which her exuberant womanhood and exemplary domestic life inspire.

The daughter of an Austrian military officer, her only dower was a rich contralto voice. Necessity was her task-master, and the instinct of ambitious talent her early schooling. In the year 1883, when she was twenty years of age, she made her grand opera debut at Hamburg, in the rôle of Azucena, in "Il Trovatore." That was also the date of her marriage, so that the artistic and the domestic careers began simultaneously, and have developed mutually.

To-day, Mme. Schumann-Heink has some two hundred rôles of grand and comic opera to her credit, ranging all the way from Ortrud in "Lohengrin" and Magdalena in "Die Meistersinger," to the Witch in Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," and the rollicking Lina in "Love's Lottery." Also she has eight children, a beautiful villa near Dresden, and a secure place in the affections of the music-loving people of Europe and America.

Over the Villa Pini, Mme. Schumann-Heink's home in the Koetzschbroda suburb of Dresden, the American flag floats side by side with the German tricolor. She loves America, even though she does not believe "Parsifal" ought ever to have been performed here

—or anywhere else, outside its native shrine of Bayreuth. Her youngest son, now six years of age, was born in New York, and christened George Washington Schumann-Heink. Maria Theresa, one of the girls, inherits her mother's voice and talent, and seems destined one day to replace her on the stage—though, happily, the contingency of Madame's retirement now appears to be not immediate.

A splendid, whole-souled, glad and tender personality is this great prima donna contralto. A more domesticated woman never nursed a baby or cooked a meal. She is so full of life and gayety, that in her company it actually seems as if health were "catching."

Recently she was grieving over what seemed to her an unjust and peevish criticism. "Why?" she asked reproachfully. Some one intimated that the critic

suffered from dyspepsia.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Wagnerian goddess, in sincere commiseration, "how I wish I might cook for him. In ten of my dinners, I know he would be cured!"

Her sensitiveness to adverse criticism is, probably, less a matter of punctured pride than of disappointment in an eagerness to please. She is correspondingly delighted at a word of praise. It is said she used to shed tears over "bad notices" when at the height of her grand opera triumphs. Now she is making us laugh, disapproving critics really give her something to cry for!

HENRY TYRRELL.



Mme. Schumann-Heink as Azucena
 —her first grand opera rôle



Schumann-Heink at 18



Schumann-Heink with the first of her eight babies



Taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Byron

Annie Irish enjoying afternoon tea in her apartments at the Windsor

An Afternoon Chat with "Sweet Annie Irish"

(Talks with Players No. 32)

"SWEET Annie Irish!"

So they speak of this popular actress, and "they" are women, and furthermore, women of her own profession.

Annie Irish is famed for being the most amiable, as well as one of the most beautiful, women on the American stage. "A matter of inheritance, doubtless," the interviewer reflected, as Miss Irish, a composite of golden hair and changeable blue eyes, the sincerest and sweetest of womanly smiles, and attired in a cool sprigged blue and white gown, gave her a seat in that part of the drawing-room where a shaded window coaxed the wandering breezes from upper Broadway.

A little later the actress, with a low, well-bred laugh punctured that iridescent bubble of theory. She said:

"By inheritance I was entitled to a very hot temper, and I had it. When I was a child I threw a carving knife at a servant. She dodged the blow and escaped, but I had thrown the knife with such force that it stuck in the wall and stayed there until some one much stronger than I came and pulled it out. That was a lesson. I saw where that temper was leading me, and I began to try to overcome it. If I have been reasonably successful, it has been because of many a battle fought with that temper."

Two rules Miss Irish follows when circumstances conspire to overthrow her amiability.

"When exasperating things occur and I am on the verge of remarks, I walk away," she said. "One warning I keep constantly in my mind, 'Remember, you can't unsay it.' What is spoken is spoken for all time. A harsh letter you may tear to pieces or burn, but the words that have passed your lips you can never take back. If one keeps that always in mind, she will not often say what she will regret."

Rule second is, "Wait." Your mind is full of your injury. Bitter, biting things you would say crowd your mind. You are eager to say them. How tellingly you will speak those lines! But Miss Irish says, "Wait. Wait until next morning, and then"—a pretty, wafting gesture from the temple with her delicate hand—"it is all gone. It has disappeared in the night."

When women are beautiful and charming we think the gods have been liberal enough, but the generosity of the controlling powers amazes us when we find cleverness added to a woman's other gifts. Miss Irish is subtly, modestly clever, and the prominent position on the American stage that is hers to-day has been won by sheer ability. Quite recently Miss Irish, following the example of other stars, has gone into vaudeville.

In answer to my query, Why? she gave satisfying reasons. In answer to her "Why not?" I had none to offer.

"In the first place," she said, "I did not care to continue in the part of the Countess in 'The Two Orphans.' I don't wish to be identified with elderly parts, and because I played it one season, managers, who are busy men and form quick judgments, might go on asking for me for parts of that sort. The last thing they see an actress play, of course makes the deepest impression. That sort of parts will do later on."

"Considerably later on," observed the interviewer.

Reverting to vaudeville, Miss Irish said she had reflected upon the step not for professional reasons, but a personal reason, that personal reason being her husband, J. E. Dodson, the distinguished English character actor, who is now playing Pierre in "The Two Orphans," prior to starring later on in a new play.

"The season will be a bad one until after the election of the President," she said, practically, "and this opportunity came. You know our profession is full of unexpected happenings. 'You never can tell,' is the household word of players.

"Another reason, besides the practical one of large salaries, is that I have never known an artist to go into vaudeville whose professional standing was in the least impaired by it. On the contrary, and this strongly appeals to my business sense, the artist who goes into vaudeville adds to the clientèle she already has the patrons of those houses. If they like her, they will follow her to any house where she may be playing, after she returns to the legitimate drama.

"The public taste is inclining more and more to the refined playlet, and I have a delightful one in Martha Morton Conheim's one-act play, 'An Actress' Christmas.' It gives me an excellent opportunity."

From vaudeville we drifted to versatility, and here Miss Irish was most gracefully at home, for no other actress on the American stage has played a greater, nor perhaps as great, a variety of parts.

It strains the imagination almost to the splitting point to conceive her as the drunken Lancashire lass, Marian, in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," yet that besotted character, far as the poles from the true Annie Irish personality, was one of her greatest triumphs.

Miss Irish made her American début with the Kendals in

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," playing the ingénue rôle, the daughter. Since that appearance in 1893 she originated and won praise as Grace Brainerd in "The District Attorney," also

as Wm. H. Crane's leading woman in "A Virginia Courtship." She played Lady Rosamond Tatton with John Drew in "The Liars," and Nerissa with N. C. Goodwin in "The Merchant of Venice," and Iris, the Egyptian enchantress, in "Ben Hur."

A remarkable gamut, including an adventuress or two. Miss Irish has an interesting theory about women who prey, as opposed to women who pray.

"The adventuress who chooses society for her field does not look like an adventuress, else she would not be admitted into society," she said. "Most stage adventuresses look and dress and behave like wicked women as soon as they make their appearance.

The successful adventuress in real life does not betray her true character until the climax, and I think it should be so on the stage. There should be nothing to stamp her the woman of undesirable experience until the dénouement."

As to versatility she thought it of both good and bad effect, good as a foundation for a career.

"An actress should be able to play any part," she said. "She cannot play all parts equally, of course, for every one can play some one line of parts best, but she should be able to play any part. After this foundation is established, she should erect the superstructure of her career, that is, cultivate her specialty."

Miss Irish likes best to play "ideal women, women as they are becoming," she said. The ideal woman of her drawing is natural, self-reliant, helpful, of broadest charity, one who "thinketh no evil."

Miss Irish's taste in dress is a proverb.

"Appropriateness is the keynote of harmony in dress," is her dictum. "For instance, my one extravagance in summer is tub dresses, all I want of them, that I can take off and send to the laundry without any vexatious whalebone or ribbon removing, dresses simply made and cool. And that brings me back to my text, for coolness is the keynote of correct dressing in summer, isn't it?"

Miss Irish told an amusing story of her search in New York for just the right color and fabric for the dress of Marian, the drunken dairy maid.

"It had to be, first of all, a coarse cloth, such as milk-

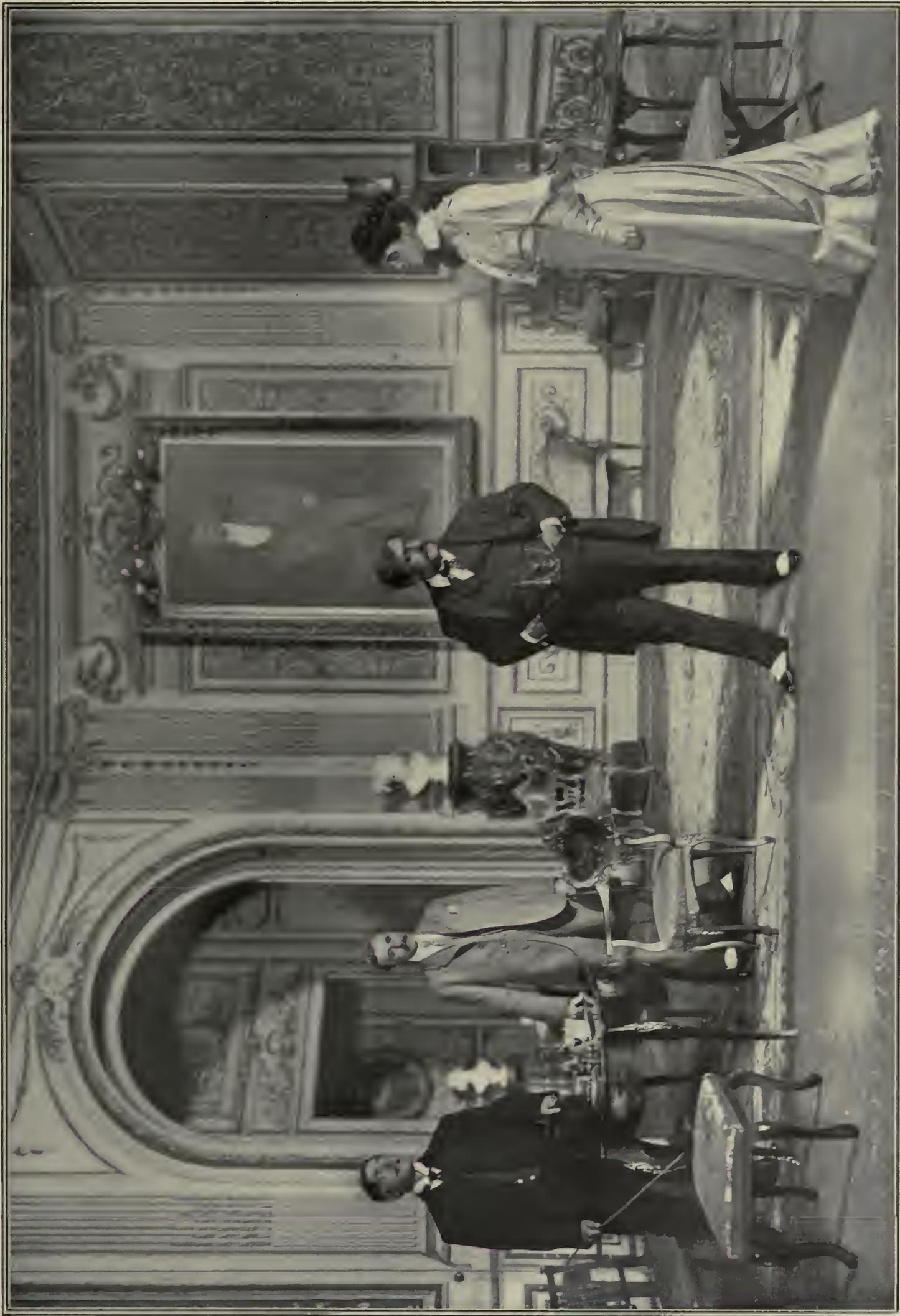


CECIL DE MILLE

WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

Two sons of the late Henry C. de Mille who have inherited their father's talent for playwriting

The late Henry C. de Mille was David Belasco's literary partner, and wrote with him "The Wife," "Lord Chumley" and other pieces. His sons have inherited his talent for dramatic work. William C. de Mille, born in 1873, was educated at Columbia and later in Germany. His first attempt at playwriting was a one-act sketch entitled, "A Mixed Foursome," produced in 1899 by Mr. Sargent's students. He also wrote with Charles Barnard a piece called "The First Ring," which was seen during the season of 1900-1 at Carnegie Lyceum. He has written with his brother, Cecil, a play for Charles Richman, called "The Genius," in which that actor will star this season, and he is the author of Robert Edeson's new play which will be presented at the Hudson in January. Cecil de Mille has had experience as an actor, having played with E. H. Sothern and other stars. He tried playwriting by constructing a melodrama which met with success, after which he collaborated with his brother on the play for Mr. Richman. He has just completed a play for a star in collaboration with Mrs. Charles Doremus



SHERIDAN BLOCK

GEORGE BACKUS

W. H. CRANE

KATHERINE GREY

Isador Lechat, the money magnate, presents his two business friends to his daughter

SCENE IN OCTAVE MIRBEAU'S DRAMA "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS," NOW BEING PERFORMED IN NEW YORK



MISS ROSE STAHL

Recently seen in vaudeville presenting James Forbes' comedy of stage life "The Chorus Lady"

maids would wear," she said. "It had to be easily torn, and to tear just right, by which I mean naturally, as a dairy maid's frock would tear. We must have the right color, so that it would fade in spots, and when I had found that I must find something red, for such a strong, passionate nature was sure to find its expression in red. There must not be too much of it, for I knew girls of her sort in England, and they had not many pence for finery. At last I found the vivid touch in some brilliant, cheap beads.

"When a character is well dressed, the actress has played a large part of her performance before she speaks a line, a very large part.

"It is a pretty fashion to wear white, for white is universally becoming, just as we once thought black is, before we discovered our appalling mistake. One woman said to another in my presence, 'You are too old to wear white,' and the woman answered, 'I think not. White is the first color we wear when we come into this world, and the last when we go out of it. No one is ever too old to wear white.'"

In England, where she was born, it is said that the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, as is Miss Irish, has a canny gift, the gift of deep, unerring intuition.

"I think the adage holds," said Miss Irish. "All goes well with me when I let myself be led by it, but the practical affairs of life often drown such inner voices."

A quaint box presented by Sir Francis Drake to an ancestor of Miss Irish's who helped to defeat the Spanish Armada, is one of the family relics she prizes. This box of Sir Francis' took us back to Miss Irish's birthplace. It was Devonshire. She was one of thirteen. She went upon the stage at seventeen to help the fortunes of the family, and to further help them she eked out her stage salary, while playing in Sir Henry Irving's support and understudying Ellen Terry, nearly doubling it by painting Easter and Christmas cards. Some of these she still has in her home at the Windsor, 1700 Broadway. She wrote stories, too; in those days, stories of child life, and as she grew older, stories of youths and

maidens and their sad and stormy loves. She still writes stories and verses, but the output of these latter days are more philosophical. Some day they may be collected in a volume.

Her home life is of the sort one might desire for an actress so gifted and versatile, a woman so lovable. Its setting is a large apartment suite, of the kind that New York architects have forgotten to design, spacious rooms that would seem to belong in a country mansion, rather than in the crowded human hive, New York. Here J. E. Dodson's scholarly tastes and his wife's artistic gift everywhere find joint expression, in the handsome old furniture and the elegant bits of new, in the rare prints and etchings on the wall, in the Sevres china on the sideboard in the dining-room, and the valuable library of books and plays in Mr. Dodson's mannishly comfortable den. To her other accomplishments Miss Irish adds that of being a model housewife and entertainer.

In her daily regimen the simple tastes of the English, rather than the hampered habits of the American woman, prevail.

For instance, there is the invariable walk to the theatre, no matter whether that theatre be four or forty blocks from her home, and the almost daily walk through Central Park. And for Miss Irish there are no after-theatre suppers. A glass of water, in winter hot, in summer cool water suffices. The English early morning coffee followed at eleven by *déjeuner à la fourchette*, three o'clock tea, whether at home or the theatre, and dinner at six, are quite enough, she thinks, without a midnight *séance* with bivalves and slumber-disturbing and complexion-destroying black coffee.

She is always the student. Just now it is French she is studying. Next year it will be Spanish, in part because she believes that Spanish is "the coming language," in part, too, because she wants to read in the original the Spanish tales, which she has heard are so delightful, of domestic life, placid, shadowless, barren of tragedy. Mindful of Robert Louis Stevenson's advice,

which looks at her from her bedroom wall, she has "a few friends, but these without capitulation."

ADA PATTERSON.



MISS ROSE FLYNN

Playing the part of Lucy Sheridan in "The Dictator"

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

No. VI— Sarah Siddons

IF ever a woman lived for Art's sake, her name was Sarah Siddons. If ever there burned in female bosom an ambition as unquenchable as holy fire, hers was the bosom

We first hear of her in the company of her father, poor Roger Kemble, who had tasted all of the bitterness of theatrical life and none of its sweetness, where she stood in the wings beating a pair of snuffers against a candlestick to imitate the clicking of a windmill. It was not his wish that she adopt the stage as a career, far from it, but in her blood was the Thespian lust, which would not be denied. She was given small rôles from time to time, and early evinced that remarkable ability which, in later years, was to make her the greatest tragedienne of the English stage. About this time she married young Henry Siddons, who was quite beneath her, we are told, since he lacked the uncompromising ambition which consumed her and lifted her to fame, but, in the chambers of his own heart he doubtless repented quite as much as did she, for there is no evidence that she gave him any of the tenderness of a wife. In youth, she loved romance; in maturity, art; but never any man or woman.

Her first London appearance was brought about by tales of her genius which had drifted there. On the strength of these, Garrick arranged that she should play Portia to King's Shylock. To the actress, longing as she was for worlds to conquer, the summons seemed a call from Heaven to the seats of the mighty, but when she faced the perfumed and brilliant London audience, fright almost robbed her of the power of speech. A hiss from the gallery, a gurgling laugh from the pit, and all her dreams had gone the way of floating clouds. The bitterness of that moment none may gauge. Her breath came hard, and it was as though a male hand clutched her heart, but the spirit of the woman rose above defeat, and even scorned it. She would go, but some day, some day, she would return, and these smirking fools who spurned her now would wait upon her slightest smile! More than a hundred years have passed, but one may still see the malice of those flashing eyes, and one may reflect that such determination had doubtless also its domestic vent.

She returned to the provinces to patiently await the flowering of her genius. At the end of seven years, Bath and Birm-

ingham pronounced her truly divine, and, though contemptuous of their opinion, her own judgment told her that the time was ripe for revenge. Sheridan, whose fortunes were waning, heard tales of her success and offered her an engagement at Drury Lane, which she accepted with avidity. The old failure, so crucial to her, had been but a ripple in the metropolis, and was long since forgotten. Glowing reports of her powers were circulated, and people grew curious to see the woman of whom Henderson said, "She is an actress who has never had an equal and will never have a superior." High praise! So high that Sarah Siddons, dressing for the rôle of Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage," shivered as the murmur of the gathering audience reached her ears.

"My dear," said Mr. Siddons, who was with her, "you must be brave. You must not think of failure. Strive——"

A flash from her glittering eyes silenced him.

"Sir," she said coldly. "Do not speak to me of failure. Do not mention the word to me. Kembles are not born to fail twice in a lifetime."

He was not convinced, but followed her with anxious gaze as she moved towards the footlights. In his hand was that of their little son, Henry, whose sobs during the death scene were to quiver on the air, charged with the intensity of conviction. Then from pit and gallery burst salvos on salvos of applause, so ringing that it seemed the play could not proceed. How sweet must have been that moment which crowned with success years of effort! How must those lips, supposedly cold in death, have really trembled under the wine of exultation! And must it not have seemed to her that the sound of her beating heart must

carry to the audience? We say *must* because, were it otherwise, then she were less than human, but there is no evidence that she felt aught save a cold, calm, judicial pride. Her own pen tells us that after the performance, "My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night;



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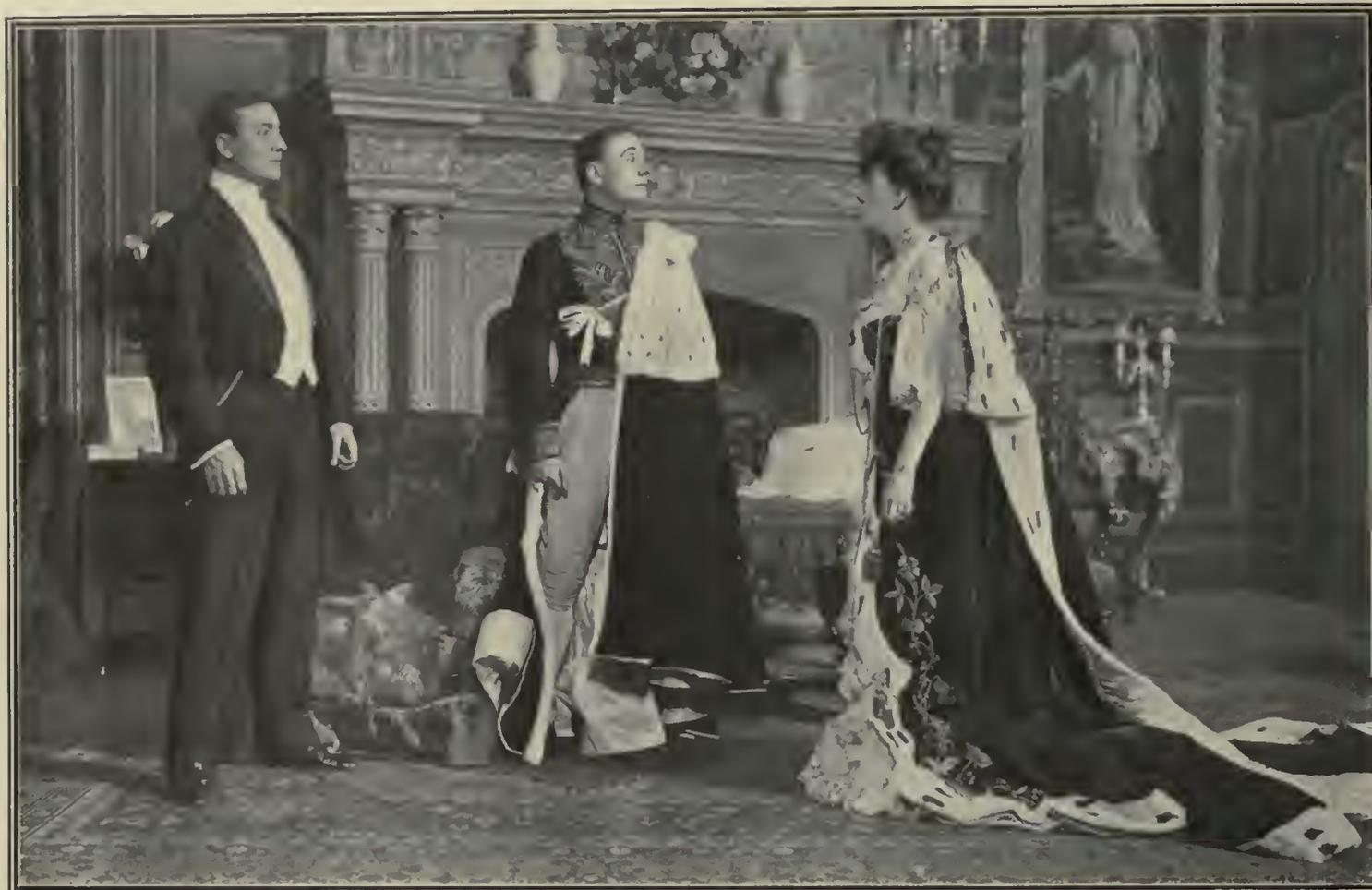
MRS. SIDDONS as Mrs. Haller

and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day."

Would that she had wept, and laughed, and clasped her husband to her bosom! Would that her eyes had been bright and

her lips red with the hot blood of delight! Would that her triumph had been tempered by some one of the sweet weaknesses of womanly nature, and her sleep been less sound! For with these, she would have twice won our sympathy.

AUBREY LANSTON.



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH

ERNEST LAWFORD

CLARA BLOODGOOD

Made desperate by her ducal husband's behavior, his American wife rebels and insists on a separation

SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S LATEST COMEDY, "THE CORONET OF THE DUCHESS"

Some Curiosities of Dramatic Criticism

The Editor has received the following letter:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1904.

To the Editor of the Theatre Magazine:

May I ask the THEATRE MAGAZINE to throw some light on a somewhat nebulous situation. On Monday evening last, Oct. 3, Mme. Schumann-Heink made her début in comic opera in New York. Being anxious to know the New York verdict on this début, I purchased two leading New York newspapers—the *Herald* and the *Sun*. To my consternation, however, I knew no more when I had read the notices than when I began, for each flatly contradicted the other. Here they are in parallel columns:

Herald, October 4.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, whole-souled and wholesome, the superb singer who has stormed and captured Wagnerian heights, made her bow to Broadway in the Broadway Theatre last night in "Love's Lottery," the best light opera that New York has seen since "Robin Hood." In addition to her personal triumph, a triumph that only a nymph-like figure

Sun, October 4.

Clad in the glittering panoply of the comic opera stage, speaking a German-English dialect which not the liveliest imagination could picture as intentionally comic, and carrying with her grand opera aspirations after spot lights, sentimental ditties, passionate emotions and cadenzas unto her own glory she (Mme. Schumann-Heink) became a pro-

could have intensified, the grand opera star scored heavily with all music-lovers—and the big theatre was full of them—by elevating American light opera to its proper plane.

In this laudable effort, Mme. Heink was ably assisted by Julian Edwards, the composer, as the music in "Love's Lottery" is brilliant and melodious. The part songs, trios and quintets and choruses were all gemlike—there is not a dull number in the opera, though once in "Barney from Killarney," the composer has catered to old New York in the days when Harrigan was king and Braham was his court musician.

Mr. Stanislaus Stanøe has furnished a libretto that is not exactly up to the standard of the musical setting, but you overlook that as you drink in solos that are delightful and the fine old English glees and madrigals that harmonize perfectly with the atmosphere of the opera which takes you back to England in the days of 1818, when George III. was King

blem of appalling character. In his struggle to fit her with a part giving full scope to her equipment for the line of business into which she had been lured by the temptation of the press agent, Mr. Stange fell into a veritable slough of despond. Picture Mme. Schumann-Heink as an amiable German laundress, clad in a heliotrope velvet bodice and a traditional satin operetta skirt of lilac and white, and enacting a rôle by turns titanically kittenish and tigerishly sentimental. This is the sort of personage Mr. Stange evolved from his meditations. It may be said that the admirable comic skill which Mme. Schumann-Heink used to show at the Metropolitan Opera House in Wagner's comic opera has fled far away from her and left her wabbling dismally between what she would be and what she unfortunately is. The thickened plot of this thick operetta was laid in merry England, which for the occasion became as solemn as British gayety itself. The locale

The costumes of men and women were of that period, too, and the scenery—well, scenery hasn't changed. The plot? It was something about a lost lottery ticket and a handsome villain who tried to steal a lovesick squire's wife. But a plot, in the words of Mme. Heink, "Ach! das is foolishness!" and, anyway, you forget all about it when in her closing number, "Sweet Thoughts of Home," sang with dramatic fervor and appealing sweetness, the superb contralto carries you off, a prisoner, to musicland.

Mme. Heink, who was heard for the first time in English, said: "Thank you vit all my heart. Ist my English goot?" Well, as the party orator says of the candidate, "Tis good enough for us!"

What conclusions can one draw from the above criticisms? Was Mme. Schumann-Heink delightful or was she grotesque? Is "Love's Lottery" a brilliant success or is it a flat failure? When doctors disagree, etc. Will not the reliable THEATRE MAGAZINE come to my assistance?

Very truly, (MRS.) SARAH L. HURD.

Our correspondent's letter opens an interesting yet delicate question. The remarkable contradictions shown in the notices submitted are nothing unusual. The lack of unanimity among the critics assuredly is most perplexing to the theatre-going public. To create doubt and confusion, when there is no possible room for doubt, is as serious a matter as to mislead. Honest and true criticism is essentially a business transaction with the public, for it concerns the outlay of money. From this practical point of view, the first duty of any publication is toward that public. Of course, critics, unlike the Pope, are not infallible, but wherever dramatic criticism is exercised without being based on the firm ground of proved principles and standards it must be fallacious. In New York it is too often the personal taste of the untrained individual, who is thus merely a unit in the audience, and who too often ignores, or is ignorant of, his responsibilities. Yet this kind of criticism suits many news-

did present handsome opportunities to the painter, and excellently did he use them. But when all is said and done, nothing could gloss the dullness of Mr. Stange's book or infuse life into the hopeless inanimation of the puppet offered to Mme. Schumann-Heink as a part. The actress herself could certainly not do the latter. She was pitifully heavy, and her humor confined itself to a crude emphasizing of her own cumbersome attempts at English. She hurled her own dialect and pressed her empty gags till even the first-night audience ceased to laugh at them. Her singing was by no means what must have been expected of a grand opera celebrity thrust into the narrow realm of operetta.

paper proprietors, who are wholly indifferent to serious criticism and prefer a so-called "notice," or more or less colored account of the play, the players and the audience, to a profitable or even intelligent discussion of the piece itself and the relations of the actors to it. One famous newspaper owner is candidly hostile to serious criticism. He prefers the personal notice, or "what-the-audience-thinks" kind of notice (in spite of the well-known fact that first-night audiences, influenced by personal feelings and the exceptional fervor of the occasion, are misleading in their manifestations of favor), and he orders such notices written in his paper. This implies that it is not necessary for the reporter to look at the stage at all, but to make a study of the audience. He must keep a tally of all the hand-clapping and jot down every stray bit of encouraging laughter without questioning the genuineness of any of it. He cannot go behind the returns. He can have no judgment of his own. He is simply a mechanical recorder of sounds, a cylinder to reproduce the "impressions" of the audience. He does not care about facts as they concern the play and the players. Why should he? He has no responsibilities. He would as soon praise as damn. The "traditions"

of his paper forbid him to have any sense or judgment of his own. Occasionally he does exercise both, and then he is likely to get into trouble. Uniformity of criticism can only be had where the critics are equal to their task, uninfluenced by personal considerations of dislikes or of favor, absolutely free in the expression of opinion governed only by fidelity to the art of the stage and to the public, and untrammelled by absurd restrictions. If a "critic" is dodging the truth all the time, for fear that he may inadvertently express an opinion, the readers of his employer's paper will get small satisfaction. Again, it is always much safer to praise than to criticize, for, in that case, no one can be offended but the anonymous theatregoer seeking information; whereas too much frankness may tread on goodness knows whose corns with direful results. We have no reason to doubt the sincerity of the gentleman who wrote the *Herald* criticism, nor of the gentleman who wrote the *Sun* criticism. In our judgment, the truth or falsity of any criticism is easily discernible on its face. We must, therefore, refer our fair correspondent to our own critical columns, where she may find a criticism of the play in question which, if not altogether to her liking, will at least have the merits of being honest and free from bias or any ulterior considerations whatsoever.

Charles Barnard, author of "The County Fair," read a new version of this well-known play before a large audience, October 7, at the Assembly Room of the High School at Stamford, Conn. The new version presents the old play as a new and amusing story.



DRAMATIC HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF
Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Beecham Tree, was recently seen in the part of Ariel in "The Tempest." The above picture shows Marie Tree, a sister of Mrs. Chas. Kenn, in the same part 80 years ago



From The Tatler, London

MR. TREE AS CALIBAN IN "THE TEMPEST"



FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 4—THE SOTHERNS

E. H. SOTHERN AS SIR RICHARD LOVELACE

E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

Photo Otto Sarony Co.

Photo Schloss

“UNTIL I saw St. Peter’s to-day,” wrote the Sothern of Dundreary fame, while on one of his continental trips, “I never saw anything of which the comic side didn’t strike me first.” Yet had he followed the inclinations of his father, and his own tastes for theology which always clung to him, E. A. Sothern might have been lost to the stage. Another striking element in contrast with his responsiveness to the comic was the desire always with him to make a marked success in tragedy. But to those who look back over his career, the elder Sothern’s talents lie between the extremes of Dundreary and David Garrick, by which he is best known to the present generation.

For the beginnings of this actor family, we must again turn to England. It was at Liverpool, in 1826, and on April 1, an auspicious day for a future practical joker, that Edward Askew Sothern was born. His father being a man of wealth, accumulated in the business of merchant and ship owner, young Sothern was educated under the guidance of an English rector; perhaps this gave him the impetus for a future three-years’ course in theology; perhaps an impressionable ambition was otherwise influenced to turn his thoughts to surgery; but the life tastes will assert themselves, and so Sothern soon found himself intent on acting, in the face of grim displeasure from his parent.

Jumping at the start into the heavy rôle of Othello, if naught else can be said of Sothern’s amateur essay, it was at least earnest and succeeded in bringing an offer from a manager on the Island of Jersey of thirty-five shillings a week, which was promptly refused. This was at the beginning of a career which Sothern, in after years, claimed “was marked by frequent dismissals for incapacity.” Accepting, in 1849, a position with a stock company at St. Heliers, the young actor, calling himself “Douglas Stuart” (his mother’s maiden name was Stewart), traveled to Birmingham, where a salary of thirty shillings awaited him, and which he gladly took. In these days his repertoire fluctuated from Hamlet to farce, and had he, after Charles Kean, witnessed his work as Claude

Melnotte, only waited a short while, a good opening might have been his, for Kean was much impressed. But through the advice of Mr. Lacy, a London dramatic publisher, Sothern turned toward America, and in Boston, at the National Theatre, on November 1, 1852, he appeared as Dr. Pangloss, and was frigidly received. Sothern seems to have approved the verdict, for he was undaunted by his consequent discharge, and braved another attempt, in the same city, at the Howard Athenaeum. Despite a second failure there, these trials indicate that the young man, “tall, willowy, and lithe, with a clear red-and-white English complexion,” must have had a magnetic personality.

Thereafter followed Sothern’s engagement at Barnum’s Museum, two performances a day, and the salary but twenty dollars a week. Then he became allied with Marshall, of the Broadway Theatre; afterwards playing at the Washington National Theatre, and at Baltimore for a while, joining Laura Keane, who was to be sort of a condescending god-mother to the future Dundreary. On September 9, 1854, began that association with James W. Wallack, lasting four years, and during which time he had the advantage of understudying Lester Wallack. Here likewise, on January 22, 1857, a turning point in his career was reached when, as Armand Duval, he seconded Matilda Herron’s Mar-

guerite Gautier, and won distinct applause. In the meantime, for it seems no actor can resist the managerial fever, Sothern, with Henry Isherwood, directed the theatre at Halifax during the summer of 1856.

It was as a widower that Sothern married in early life Fannie Stewart, daughter of the Rev. R. I. Stewart, of Ireland, and granddaughter of the Bishop of Derry; and during these first attempts and failures of her husband, Mrs. Sothern, cast for minor parts, accompanied him. It was while playing in New Orleans in 1859 that the actor’s expense-book contained the following entry: “Son born; named Edward Hugh.” Already, in 1856, a son had been born to them—Lytton.

The success of Duval had kept Sothern from a return to



Collection of T. Allston Brown
SOTHERN THE ELDER as LORD DUNDREARY

EDWARD ASKEW SOTHERN* (1826-1881) m. Fannie Stewart* (d. 1882)			
Lytton Edward* (1856-1887)	Edward Hugh* (b. 1859)	Eva*	Sam*
m. (1896) Virginia Harned*			
* Members of the family who became actors			

England, and he again joined Miss Keene, where for a while the rôles were insignificant and unpromising. Even when the forty-seven speaking lines of Dundreary were given to him, the actor frowned and objected openly, but he accepted the part on condition that he could do with it as he would, and thence, Dundreary, like Topsy, just "grewd." Many anecdotes, told by Jefferson, Mrs. Drew, and Sothorn himself are gathered about these rehearsals. The foppish hop of the lord was born of Miss Keene's sarcasm at an unconscious Sothorn antic, and the part became elastic; in the hands of any other than a refined artist, it might have become a minstrel "gag."

It is because of the note of originality in the rôle that none other has broken into Sothorn's traditional excellence. Even his son, Lytton, playing the part in Australia, won small comment, and when Edward first thought of playing Chumley, a characterization somewhat similar, suggested comparison arose. Taylor's "Our American Cousin," first presented on the evening of October 18, 1858, was destined for a brilliant run in America, having in the original cast Joseph Jefferson as Asa Trenchard. Indeed, these two, during their careers, were many times together: in "Box and Cox," and in the production of "The Rivals," September, 1858, with Laura Keene as Lydia,

W. R. Blake as Sir Anthony, Mrs. Blake as Malaprop, Mrs. Sothorn as Lucy, Mr. Sothorn as Absolute, and, of course, Jefferson as Bob Acres. Those were great casts truly, where, in but a short time, the play shifted to "A School for Scandal," with Sothorn's Charles Surface, Couldock's Joseph, and, as though a link with the present, Edwin Varrey's Moses. Then again we find a change to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," where Varrey must have made a good Quince, Sothorn a doubtful Lysander, and Miss Keene an interesting Puck.

It was purely a matter of the typical English in the part, and Sothorn's consummate handling of details, that made Dundreary run for 496 consecutive nights in London, beginning Nov. 11, 1861, and a previous 150 nights in America. It was perhaps the English in it that made it fail so signally in Paris, when Sothorn went there in July, 1867. But in London, Dundreary coats and whiskers became the rage, for the well-meaning fop was indeed, as the papers claimed, "the funniest thing in the world."

Though to dramatic history Sothorn's fame rests on a limited repertoire, it was not because he failed to present new pieces. With him it was almost constant change, and in two plays, Dundreary was "Married and Done For," and became "A Father." Once in London, after his great success, Sothorn remained there some time, traveling throughout the island; now in "The Little Treasure," with Ellen Terry, a new figure on the stage; and in a list of pieces by H. J. Byron and Robertson. It was in his David Garrick (London, April 30, 1864), his Fitzaltamont, in

"The Crushed Tragedian," which Sothorn claimed "was literally a tremendous hit," and his Sydney Spoonbill, in the "Hornet's Nest," that W. J. Florence recognized "the superb Meissonier-like minuteness of art with which he produced nature in pictures that were harmoniously perfect."

Sothorn was equally well known both here and in London. He always recognized America as his actor-birthplace, and though for years he traveled in Great Britain, he was likewise in the United States for long periods. Yet when he felt his physical condition giving way in 1880, he returned to London, where he died on January 21, 1881. A monument erected by his son Edward marks his grave at Southampton.

As a man, Sothorn was many-sided. While the stories told of him as a practical joker must be taken with a grain of salt, Pemberton's "Memoir" is replete with anecdotes, and descriptions of clever tricks which served Sothorn well in his spiritualistic investigations, and won for him a name as "medium." As a playwright, the actor figured many times, his greatest talent in that direction being in adding to his own rôles. His dread of wordiness in dialogue found expression in his bit of advice to a young dramatist: "Write your play in telegrams." He devoted a great deal of his time



Collection T. Allston Brown
E. H. SOTHERN IN "CHANGE ALLEY" ONE OF HIS EARLIEST RÔLES
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

to hunting, and his liking for horses is clearly seen in his many letters. In fact, Dundreary must have been good company; undoubtedly he was kind of heart, and had a large streak of pathos in his nature, that, finding its way in Garrick, became, in his son, Edward, a more intense sombreness. The instance of his crossing the ocean, while in the midst of an engagement, to attend a benefit, typifies Sothorn, the friend.

Edward Lytton, Sothorn's eldest son, was born June 27, 1856, and his first appearance was made at Drury Lane as Capt. Vernon in "Our American Cousin," on July 24, 1872. In the following year his professional début took place at the Philadelphia Walnut Street Theatre ("The Marble Heart"). Then he underwent a season of light comedy and "juvenile" rôles. With his father, in 1874, he toured the United States, returning to England later on in that year to play at the Royal Theatre, Birmingham. After that, he went to Australia, in his father's repertoire. His was a short career, for he died March 4, 1887.

The father had only one distinct successor, for the stage careers of Eva and Sam cannot be said to represent anything extraordinary. They both, at different times, appeared in the casts of their brother, E. H., who is the representative of the family.

Born, as before noted, on December 6, 1859, in New Orleans, 79 Bienville Street, Edward Hugh Sothorn was taken to England by his father at the outbreak of the Civil War, and there put to school with his brother Lytton. Both at Dunchurch,

near Rugby, and at St. Mary-le-bone and All Souls, he spent a great part of his youth, and thereafter his father attempted to make an artist of him. Examples of his work are common, and this is the third of the actor families thus far reviewed in which artistic tendencies are found. Jefferson has produced more than creditable canvases, and John Barrymore's pictures have attracted attention because of their imaginative scope, but save for the power to sketch, Sothorn's hereditary streak was Thespian, and the inevitable came. The young actor entered his father's company while "Brother Sam" was running at Abbey's Park Theatre, Broadway and Twenty-third Street (September, 1879); the part was that of a cabman, and the result was stage-fright. But undaunted, as his father before him, he went to the Boston Museum, where Pangloss had been turned down in 1852, and introduced by the elder Sothorn, began his long struggle. "Poor Eddie is a nice, lovable boy," wrote the father, "but he will never make an actor"—a prophecy which time has disproven.

Returning to London in the spring of 1880, young Sothorn joined Charles Wyndham's company; he remained in that city after his father's death, but when in 1882 his mother died, he traveled for a short period with Lytton, returning to America in 1883, thereafter to remain.

His experience with John McCullough did not add to his financial outlook, and unfortunately he had written a farce—"Whose Are They?"—which was destined to eat up whatever substance he had, and to strand him after a few weeks at the Star Theatre, beginning May 26, 1884. His sister Eva and Joseph Hawthorn were in the cast. Then followed the vicissitudes of short engagements, one with Charles Frohman. But it was while with Estelle Clayton in "Favette" and "Mona" that he attracted the attention of John Rickaby, who was managing Helen Dauvray. He signed with this new company, and it was there that Daniel Frohman began to recognize in the young actor a possible star. Through sheer pluck, Sothorn found



KATHERINE GREY
Now playing the rôle of the daughter in "Business is Business"

handles romance with an excellence that is noteworthy, since it is not forced. For some while Miss Harned was his leading lady; she became Mrs. Sothorn on December 3, 1896.

Mr. Sothorn is a lyric poet of some grace, and likewise a playwright; his comments on stage progress continually find their way into print, and as an actor his position is high. He is a worthy representative of a family we claim as our own, despite the English origin.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

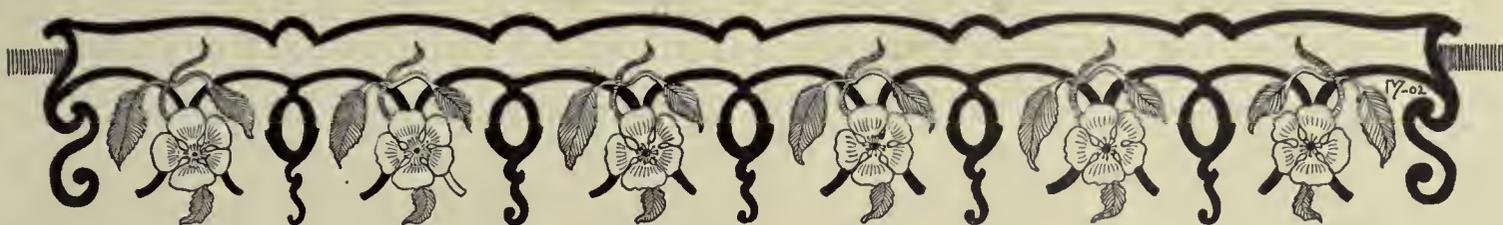


ODETTE TYLER

This clever young actress has temporarily left the legitimate stage and is now appearing in vaudeville

his opportunity in 1885, when Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls" was produced, and he made a hit. During the season of 1886-87 he remained with Miss Dauvray in a repertoire including such pieces as "A Scrap of Paper," "Met by Chance," "Masks and Faces," and "Walda Lamar" (with Alexander Salvini). Finally, when the company disbanded, and young Sothorn's fortunes were at their lowest ebb, Daniel Frohman formed with him the association that was to lead him to fortune. Successes without number followed: "The Highest Bidder" (1887); "Chumley" (1888); "Maister of Woodbarrow" (1890); "The Dancing Girl" and "Letterblair" (1891). Mr. Sothorn's artistic progress since then is too recent to need comment. Having shown himself capable of shades of comedy, perhaps the most noteworthy attempt of his has been "Hamlet," for which his temperament seemed well adapted. He

The Progressive Stage Society was recently organized in New York for the announced purpose "of increasing among ourselves the appreciation and influence of the drama." The society, which has for its sponsors Mr. Julius Hopp, president, and Mrs. Richard Hovey, proposes to produce a certain number of selected plays. Each member is entitled to one seat. Anything that will help to elevate public taste in theatricals should be encouraged, and while waiting until the more serious plan of a National Art Theatre, on the fine lines laid down by the National Art Theatre Society, can be realized, such movements as the Progressive Stage Society can do no harm.



George Ade Talks of His Stage Ideals

George Ade is the most successful of all the men at present writing for the American stage. He has no fewer than five pieces now being presented simultaneously in different cities, and he is at work on two others. His latest piece, "The College Widow," promises to make the record run of the season. His success is more remarkable even than that of Clyde Fitch, because it has come more quickly. It took Fitch ten years to win recognition as a playwright, while Ade, comparatively a novice, only began writing for the stage three years ago. His income from his royalties last year is said to have exceeded that of the President of the United States. Evidently Mr. Ade will be an important factor in the future development of the American native drama, and the following interview with him, in which he makes, as it were, a Declaration of Principles, will be read with keen interest.—THE EDITOR.

GEORGE ADE, the man of the hour in the theatrical world, does not haunt the scene of his successes. He fled from New York after launching "The College Widow," and was not present even at the metropolitan debut of "The Sho-Gun." At the present writing, the young dramatist is living in the closest seclusion at Hazelden Farm, Indiana, constructing the new piece he is writing for Joseph Wheelock.

Not, however, that Mr. Ade despises New York or its verdict. On the contrary, he has the greatest respect for the "big town," as he calls Manhattan, and finds our audiences quick to recognize his types and grasp the points in his dialogue.

Hazelden Farm is seven miles out in the wilderness, and here the satirist has found a quiet retreat while marshalling his ideas for the new play. All visitors, especially newspaper people, are politely but firmly barred. But Mr. Ade was willing to make an exception for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. When one steps into the dignified presence of this rising young playwright, one is immediately struck with his poise and masterfulness. His pale, serious, fine face beams with loftiness, there is a courteous charm about him, the quiet magnetism of a man of power, with a native sweetness and gentleness and modesty that proclaims him a man of much nobility of soul. One would take him at first glance for a lofty-minded and ascetic young parson, rather than a comic opera librettist.

What is this successful playwright's ambition? Will he continue writing pieces like "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," which have given him a fortune, or will he devote his talents to the service of the higher drama? The writer put the question.

"If I have any single ambition in reference to the stage," said Mr. Ade, "it is to depict every-day American life in such a manner as to amuse the public and not offend good taste. If, incidentally, I can touch upon some of the weaknesses and foibles of the present moment without slandering my own countrymen, or holding our home people up to ridicule, the plays will have a value which never can attach to an entertainment that is merely farcical.

"I do not wish," he continued, "to be serious or didactic. It seems to me that any writer who can amuse the American public without resorting to the use of questionable topics or physical buffoonery has done something of which he need not be ashamed, even if he sheds no great light on any national problem.

For instance, in 'The Sultan of Sulu,' I tried to throw a few playful side-lights on our thunderous and over-pretentious policy of benevolent assimilation. In 'The County Chairman' I tried to depict some of the humorous features of political excitement as it rages in nearly every small community in our country. 'The College Widow' is a rather highly-colored picture of the athletic mania which has laid hold upon all of our colleges. 'The Sho-Gun' is a playful treatise upon the gentle arts of promoting and trust-building. If I continue to write for the stage, I believe that I shall endeavor to treat of home topics of this simple and generic nature and not meddle with any large social problems."

When questioned as to whether he looked upon himself as the successor of Charles H. Hoyt, a broad smile lit up his grave face—a smile, maybe, of modest satisfaction, yet perhaps one of secret amusement.

"Several critics have been good enough to compare my later work," he said, "with



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF GEORGE ADE



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ROBERT EDESON

As the Indinn in W. C. de Mille's new play, "Strongheart"

the Hoyt plays, which should be flattering to me, as Mr. Hoyt was a very clever man and a keen observer of American fads and follies. However, I am not attempting to be his successor, and I trust I am not merely imitating him, although one who has seen and admired his plays year after year undoubtedly will be influenced by them if he undertakes any work on his own account."

That Mr. Ade, in spite of his modesty and desire to

avoid seriousness, may one day be tempted to write a serious play, is suggested by his earnest endorsement of the home-made play in preference to the foreign article.

"I am very much in favor," he went on, "of the play dealing with American life. The translations from the German, the English society dramas and the adapted French farces are all right in their way. We should welcome them because they help to give variety to the stage and are useful models for the coming American playwright, but it seems to me that they have received too much attention from our producing managers in view of the fact that we have over here a great country simply reeking with material all ready to be transplanted to the stage. Such men as James A. Herne, William Gillette, Charles H. Hoyt, Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, Denman Thompson, and indirectly, Mark Twain, are the ones who have done the great work for the American stage, because they have depicted our home life in such a manner as to build up our self-respect and incidentally keep us in better humor. If I can trail along respectfully in such notable company, my ambition will be satisfied.

"For the present, however, I shall not undertake any plays of serious purpose, and until I know more about the technique of the drama I shall not attempt any pieces depending upon a close and consecutive dramatic interest. There seems to be room on our stage for plays dealing very largely with familiar character types."

Mr. Ade likes New York audiences, and in this he is different to most other authors, who dread nothing so much as that most cynical, capricious and captious of juries.

"Only a few years ago," he said, "there seemed to be a common belief among managers and actors that no matter what 'The Road' liked in the way of simple character drama, Broadway demanded either the utterly frivolous or the highly seasoned. My brief experience has convinced me that the exact opposite is true. In no other city in America does the public receive with so much enthusiasm direct and pungent dialogue, or recognize so quickly the homely characters to be found in the smaller communities. When my first play was headed for New York, my wise friends frightened me almost to death. They said that no play by a Western man could succeed in New York, that all the critics were waiting with sharpened tomahawks to scalp any author whose post-office address was

west of Hoboken. This is absolutely untrue. I have been treated with much kindness in the big town, and I guess they haven't thrown any bricks at me except when I deserved them. When Mr. Savage and Mr. Marion and I were getting ready to produce 'The College Widow,' we felt so sure of finding a kindly spirit of encouragement in New York that we decided to change our policy of preceding the New York engagement with a long tour on the road. We played one week in Washington, which is one of the very best towns in which to present American material, and then we came into the metropolis and received so many bouquets that I am sure all of us were overwhelmed."

The play Mr. Ade is writing for Joseph Wheelock is a satire on the modern tendency to over-advertise.

L. FRANCE PIERCE.

Mystical Play in Boston

A mystical drama, entitled "Beyond," was presented for the first time on any stage in Chickering Hall, Boston, October 6, and another production of the play was made simultaneously in London. The story tells of the flight of the soul, and has for its motive the search of Poe for Lenore in the fields of Aiden. The last scene depicts the meeting of Poe and Lenore beyond the stars, in the drifting clouds, and is the most beautiful feature of the piece. The stage of Chickering Hall was rebuilt for the occasion, and the production was made on an elaborate scale, with fine scenic and electrical effects. The company included James A. Young, who had the rôle of Poe; Warren Conlan, Gordon Johnstone, Eugene M. Purkiss, Edith Rick, Edith A. Pond and Helen Tyrrell. The piece may be seen later in New York and other cities.



BLANCHE BUCKNER

The 18-year-old prima donna of B. C. Whitney's "Isle of Spice" company

Scenes in George Ade's New Piece "The College Widow"



Act III. Billy (Frederick Truesdell) to the "Widow" (Dorothy Tennant): "It's enough to make a man play to have a girl like you backing him!"

Act IV. Billy: "You played hide and seek with the others, hut you can't do it with me"

Act II. Billy: "This is the first college I've seen that has ivy and moss and traditions"



Act II. Freshman Hicks (Frederick Burton) to "Silent Murphy" (Thomas Delmar): "Where'd you get your dress suit?"



A III. Bolton triumphant after the winning touchdown for Atwater



Theatre presented by a philanthropist to the town of Red Wing, Minnesota

Minnesota Leads the Way

DECIDEDLY the idea of an Endowed Theatre is in the air. The National Art Theatre Society of New York, and its younger rival, The Progressive Stage Society—also of New York—are each striving to establish here a playhouse which shall cultivate the higher drama. The first organization, with a membership roll of 1,400 prominent names, is proceeding in a conservative, dignified manner to accomplish its object; the second organization, more anxious for immediate action, already announces a series of Sunday matinee performances of selected plays at one of the Broadway theatres. These societies are not antagonistic to, nor do they interfere with, each other. Each is proceeding in a different way towards the accomplishment of the same end—the foundation of a fine national stage worthy to rank with the great producing playhouses of Europe.

But while in New York, for the present at least, the ideal is still to be attained, out West, in a little Minnesota town of 8,000 souls, the dream has been realized and the idea of an Endowed Theatre taken practical form. The town of Red Wing, situated some seventy miles as the crow flies from Minnesota, to-day boasts a theatre, the gift of a generous citizen, which externally at least would do credit to any city in the world.

The theatre, which cost \$80,000, was a gift to the town of Red Wing by the late Theodore B. Sheldon, a wealthy grain dealer, who made the bulk of his fortune in real estate. An unusually modest man, ever unwilling to assume civic or political honors, he was always foremost in matters concerning the welfare or improvement of his native city. When he died he was found to have made a gift to Red Wing of a fine theatre, to be conducted for the sole benefit of its citizens. The bequest was made on the express condition that the house "shall not be used for purposes of gain, private or public, but shall be so managed as to become an educational factor in the community for the better development of the artistic feeling both in those who may tread its boards and in those to whom it is a gift." As it may be of interest (in case the experiment is repeated elsewhere on a more elaborate scale) to know exactly the terms on which the theatre was given over to the authorities of the city of Red Wing, we give herewith the principal passages from the deed of gift, addressed to the Mayor and City Council of Red Wing:

The said building shall forever be known as "The T. B. Sheldon Memorial Auditorium," and the lots whereon the same is situate shall be used exclusively as the site for said building. The management shall be vested in five resident voters of Red Wing, who shall constitute a body to be known as the T. B. Sheldon Auditorium Board. Said Board shall have full power and authority to lease the Auditorium for musical and theatrical entertainments, public meetings, lectures, and such other purposes as in their judgment can contribute to the education, enjoyment, improvement or amusement of the people of Red Wing. All

revenues shall by said Board be paid to the City Treasurer, and shall by him be set aside and kept as a separate fund known as the "Auditorium fund," and shall only be paid out or used upon written order drawn by some officer of said Board. The members of said Board shall be appointed by the Trustees of the T. B. Sheldon Estate, and shall hold their offices for one, two, three, four and five years respectively. Thereafter, their respective successors shall be nominated and with the approval of the City Council appointed by the Mayor, and shall hold their offices for five years. Any vacancy which may occur in the membership of the Board shall be filled for the unexpired term by appointment by the Mayor. The city shall not collect any fee or license for or from any exhibition or other entertainment by the Board allowed to be held in said Auditorium. It shall keep the sidewalks about said building in neat and proper condition; it shall furnish free of charge the water necessary for said building.

The gift was duly accepted by the city, acting under a statute of the State which was passed by the Legislature expressly to permit cities to enter into such obligations, and the T. B. Sheldon Memorial Auditorium, as it is called, was opened to the public with inaugural ceremonies on October 10 last. The manager of the house is Mr. R. G. Taber, and he was appointed by the Board of Directors. The theatre is not a producing house, but books attractions like any other theatre. Mr. Taber selects certain attractions, and, after submitting these selections to the Board and securing its approval, endeavors to book the attractions desired. In this, however, he is not always successful. The engagement of Henry Miller in "Joseph Entangled," booked for the opening, was cancelled at the last moment, and Red Wing had to be content with "The Royal Chef." On the second night the theatre had Florence Gale in "As You Like It." Other attractions booked are William Owens in "The Lady of Lyons," Walter Whiteside in "David Garrick," "Way Down East," "The Sign of the Cross," Nina David and Robert Grau's Concert Co., Marie Wainwright in "Twelfth Night," Adelaide Thurston in "Polly Primrose," Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress," etc., etc. The foregoing list will give some idea of the class of attractions that will be played at the Memorial Theatre. It is somewhat of a shock to find such a piece as "The Royal Chef" inaugurating a theatre built for the express purpose of educating the public, but as Mr. Taber explains, he had difficulty in getting good bookings for this season. He expects next year to secure the best of the companies that visit St. Paul and Minneapolis.

A point that needs some little explanation is that of the price of admission to the theatre. Manager Taber says that "No cheap plays, but moderate prices" is to be the motto of the house; yet in the same breath we are informed that the charge for the two opening nights was \$5. The dollar seats, says Mr. Taber, is to be in force on all but extraordinary occasions, when the prices may rise to \$2 and even \$5. Five dollars, or even \$2.50, for "The Royal Chef" is surely a trifle high! Mr. Taber explains that the theatre is not endowed, and \$1,000 is needed at once to pay for its insurance, besides which he wishes to create a reserve fund for contingencies. There was not one free admission on the opening night, and even himself and the widow of the donor paid \$5 for seats.

The experiment at Red Wing will be watched with interest, although inasmuch as the Memorial Theatre merely books ready-made attractions instead of creating attractions of its own, it is hardly likely to play any important part in the development of the dramatic art in America. The ideal Endowed Theatre must be a producing house.

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

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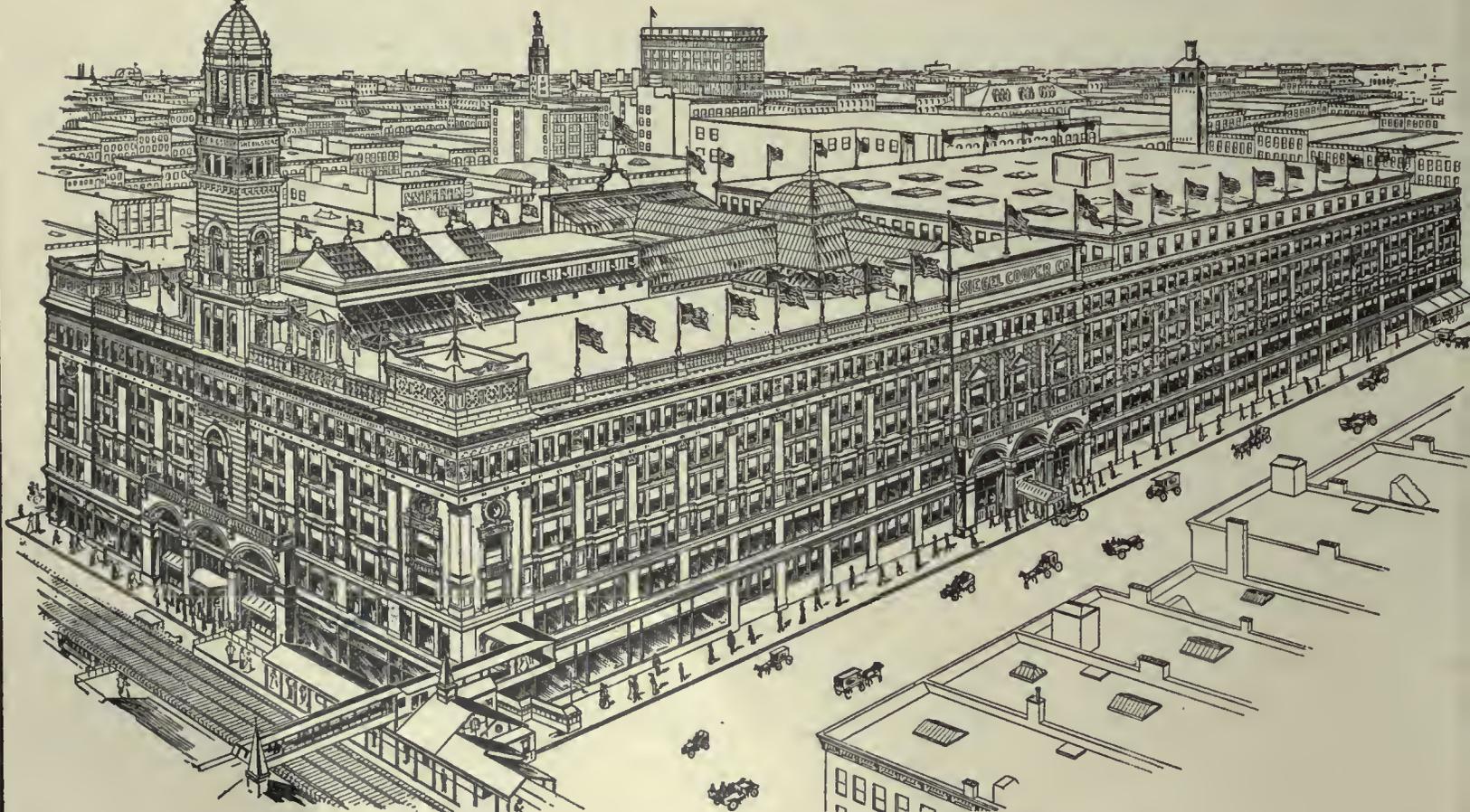
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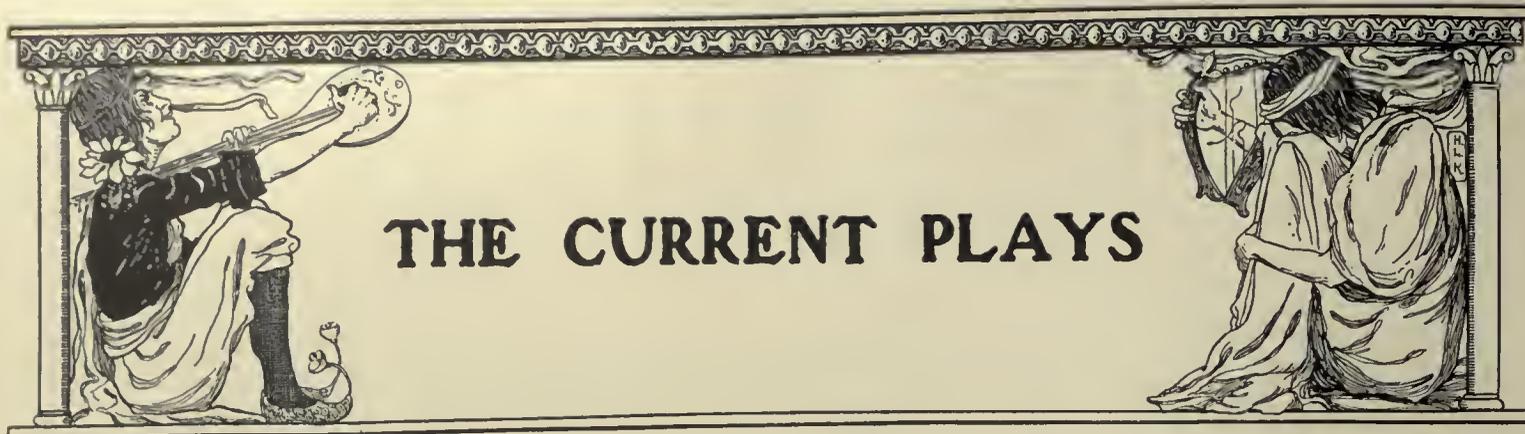
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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SIGNOR CARUSO

The great Italian tenor who has succeeded Jean de Reszké in the affections of American lovers of Grand Opera. Signor Caruso, who is now singing his second season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is seen here as the Duke in "Rigoletto"



THE CURRENT PLAYS

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "Romeo and Juliet." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented Oct. 17, with this cast:

Chorus, W. H. Crompton; Escalus, Frank Kingdon; Paris, Sydney C. Mather; Montague, Malcolm Bradley; Capulet, William Harris; Romeo, E. H. Sothern; Mercutio, G. Harrison Hunter; Benvolio, Norman Hackett; Tybalt, T. L. Coleman; Friar Laurence, W. H. Crompton; Balthasar, Robert S. Gill; Sampson, Morgan Wallace; Gregory, Gilbert Douglas; Peter, Rowland Buckstone; Abraham, Edson R. Miles; An Apothecary, Malcolm Bradley; An Officer, Percy Smith; Lady Montague, Doris Mitchell; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Woodward; Juliet, Julia Marlowe; Nurse to Juliet, Mrs. Sol Smith; Page to Paris, Katherine Wilson.

On Nov. 1, Shakespeare's comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," was presented with the following cast:

Don Pedro, G. Harrison Hunter; Don John, Sydney C. Mather; Claudio, Norman Hackett; Benedick, E. H. Sothern; Leonato, William Harris; Antonio, W. H. Crompton; Balthasar, Pedro De Cardoba; Conrade, Robert S. Gill; Borachio, Frank Kingdon; Friar Francis, T. C. Coleman; Dogberry, Rowland Buckstone; Seacole, Gilbert Douglas; Oatcake, Morgan Wallace; Verges, Malcolm Bradley; A Sexton, Edson R. Miles; A Boy, Dorothy Sadlier; Hero, Mary Hall; Beatrice, Julia Marlowe; Margaret, Doris Mitchell; Ursula, Mrs. Woodward.

The publishers of the Temple Shakespeare stated a short time ago that they printed and sold not less than a quarter of a million of copies every year, and that "Much Ado About Nothing" was the most called for volume of the series. Who shall say under these circumstances that the Bard has no following? Should a theatrical manager, with this statement

at hand, have the temerity to declare that there is no public responsive to the works of the drama's greatest genius? Fortunately for the younger generation, there are on our stage occasional players—moved either by ambition or by the purer motive of devotion to their art—who persist in playing the tragedies and comedies of the Immortal William, and so a pictorial knowledge of these great plays is still made possible.

It is Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern who are bravely flying in the face of the so-called insistent demand for that which only amuses, and after presenting "Romeo and Juliet," followed it up with the popular "Much Ado About Nothing" and the more sombre "Hamlet." There was much to criticize in their revival of the romantic tragedy of the Veronese lovers, shortcomings which were less apparent in their rendering of that sparkling duel of wits between Benedict and Beatrice. And yet, grateful as we should be for these limited opportunities of hearing the best, it would be wrong to ideals if some comment were not made on the deficiencies, as well as on the merits, of these Sothern-Marlowe productions.

Greatest of these is the lack of atmosphere, the want of homogeneity of spirit, temperament and even speech. The modern note is too intrusive and the sweep and swirl of com-



Photo Byron, N. Y.

Hedda burning the precious manuscript

Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's drama, "Hedda Gabler," at the Manhattan Theatre

elling romance is lost. The background, as far as scenery and the externals of costumes and accessories are concerned, is beautifully rich and adequate. The lighting is fair, but call it, if you will, want of experience, many of the performers suggest far more the Strand, or upper Broadway, by way of Pittsburg, than the vale of Messina. Mr. Sothern's rendering of Benedict cannot be classed among his happiest comedy efforts. It is painstaking in acting and carefully read, but Benedict was a soldier. Something more of breadth would enhance its value. There was earnestness and vigor in the church scene, but finicky is the adjective which attaches to too much of the interpretation. So gorgeous were his clothes that the star really seemed self conscious. William Harris made a sonorous Leonato and always sustained his scenes, in the which he received valuable support from the veteran W. H. Crompton, as Antonio. Sydney C. Mather gave a sustained picture of Don John, but G. Harrison Hunter was heavy as Don Pedrò, and Norman Hackett stilted and theatrical as Claudio. Rowland Buckstone was a very bronchial Dogberry, and F. C. Coleman an impressive Friar Francis. But leading them all in intelligence, charm, execution and brilliancy was Miss Marlowe as Beatrice. It is a long time since Leonato's niece has been acted with such richness of comedy, grace, personal distinction and delicious spirit. She was the sparkling, ebullient Beatrice.

Hazlitt has said that "Romeo is Hamlet in love." It is possible that Mr. Sothern has accepted this obvious error, for it was a very melancholy Romeo he showed us. Here is a play of elemental and eternal force, essentially modern, requiring no more footnotes to understand than the Bible. Mr. Sothern's production is full of footnotes and emendations. This may not be apparent to the unsophisticated, but it is burdensome to those familiar with the play. The rearrangement of scenes, the overloading with scenery and the introduction of new business are disturbing defects. Many of these innovations may be justified by a study of the text, for Mr. Sothern is scholarly, and it is not to the purpose here to enter into a discussion of them. Unquestionably, the original must be adapted to modern stage use, and the version made by Garrick, which has been in common use, is not finally authoritative. But it is not a matter merely of the arrangement of the text, for the accumulated labors of actors in the various parts form a mass of tradition that cannot be swept aside as of no value. Much of it must be the ultimate best. Romeo and Juliet alone cannot carry the play, and scenery can help little or nothing if the innumerable minute essentials, going to the intonation of the last syllable of the play, are neglected. "Romeo and Juliet" is one of Shakespeare's plays that will not yield its charm without the melody of the lines. Tradition is not strong enough to have us go back to the sing-song tones that prevailed at one time in the utterance of the lines, but the revulsion to colloquialism is an indignity to Shakespeare, who has superior rights to Mr. Sothern.



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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE
In the new drama of Western life, "Sunday"

External and incidental things may be modernized, in a sense, but the spirit of it never. Miss Marlowe cannot substitute anything, in the way of business, that is better than the spirit and manner of its performance according to tradition. At any rate, what she does do is tame, and Juliet was untamed except by death. She shines with incandescent love from the moment she meets Romeo. In the comedy scene with the nurse, Miss Marlowe is more in her element. Mr. Sothern is not happy in his new business in coming between Tybalt and Mercutio. He does not use his rapier to part them, but, taking a cloak from a page, he essays to "shoo" them apart with it. It may be assumed that he has laid aside his rapier in accordance with the command of the Prince, but he could have been just as peaceful in his intent if he had taken a blade



Photo H. McMichael, N. Y.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

In her new classical play from the German, entitled "The Eternal Feminine"

of steel from a bystander for the purpose in hand. "Why, the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm," says Mercutio. Romeo had called to Benvolio to beat down their arms. This innovation of a rag for a rapier is intolerable. This is not playing Shakespeare. It is playing with him.

LYCEUM THEATRE. "David Garrick." Comedy in four acts by T. W. Robertson. Presented Nov. 14, with this cast:

David Garrick, Charles Wyndham; Alderman Ingot, Alfred Bishop; Squire Chivy, Frank Atherly; Mr. Smith, Gilbert Farquhar; Mr. Brown, T. W. Rawson; Mr. Jones, Bertram Steer; William, C. Edwards; Thomas, C. Premayne; George, G. Vincent; Mrs. Smith, Miss Emily Vining; Miss Araminta Brown, Miss Ethel Marryat; Miss Ada Ingot, Miss Mary Moore.

Fourteen years have passed since Charles Wyndham's last appearance in this country. In that period of time he has won

from London full acceptance as its best comedian, he has been knighted by King Edward for his services to the stage, and, what in our sight is far more important, he has perfected his conception of the character of Garrick.

Has there been a better Garrick than this Garrick? We doubt it. Not even the original of the rôle, that player of the middle eighteenth century, of whom it has been said that he "enjoyed one of the happiest lots that ever gratified the ambition or rewarded the energy of a human being,"—not even David Garrick himself could ever have presented a finer picture of a scholar, a gentleman and a man than the beautiful enactment by Sir Charles. Through twenty years this actor has been reducing, refining, purifying the character in the alembic of his own rich imagination, till now it is difficult to determine, even if we cared to try, how much of Garrick and how much of Wyndham there may be in the perfect product. It is the surest tribute to Mr. Wyndham's compelling art that we do not question the idealization of the famous character, but willingly and joyously accept the "Wyndham version" as a lovely if possibly inexact interpretation of the rôle. Such delicious comedy, such easeful self-restraint, such brilliancy under perfect control, such affluence of passion, it is the too infrequent fortune of our theatregoers to behold. In the sparkling humor and bland satire of the earlier scenes at the merchant's house; in the suffering hidden beneath the merriment of the drunken episode, wherein Garrick sets himself to kill the love of the woman he worships; in the pathos and nobility and passion and self-sacrifice of the passage in which he advises Ada to return to her home, there were such discoveries of poetry and imagination and feeling as put the audience under a spell.

Of the supporting company none quite escapes detraction, save perhaps Mr. Atherly, whose simulation of intoxication was capital. Miss Mary Moore's Ada lacked feeling, and Mr. Bishop's Alderman Ingot, though well begun, went to pieces at the close. But Sir Charles' opulent gifts would carry a much less capable company safely to success.

LYCEUM THEATRE. "Granny." A play in four acts, by Clyde Fitch. Produced Oct. 24. The cast:

John Allenby, Emmett C. King; Mr. Allenby, Frank E. Aiken; Jack, William Lewers; Henry Allenby, Austin Webb; Jim Wells, Sydney Rice; Pete, Frank Brownlee; Boy, Herbert Marion; Mrs. Tomson, "Granny," Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Helen Mason, Dorothy Hammond; Dora, Marie Doro; Jane, Jennie Reiffarth; Katie, Olive Murray.

Mr. Fitch has made gracious acknowledgment on the Lyceum programme of indebtedness to the French of Georges Mitchell. The original play, we believe, is called "L'Aieule." It was adapted for the New York stage several years ago,—not by Mr. Fitch—but, for some reason, this early version was never used. When Mrs. Gilbert's farewell tour was arranged, the French play was selected as the vehicle, and the unused adaptation was sent to Clyde Fitch to "fix up." This explains how Mr. Fitch comes to be "indebted to Mr. Mitchell."

The delicate pathos and charming comedy that distinguishes

the French original has been lost, to some extent, in the process of adaptation. Mr. Fitch has introduced a good deal of his own invention, and this, as usual, is superficial and insincere. The play as adapted is slipshod in construction and careless and misleading in its exposition of the manners and the habits of people in that station of society in which the scene is laid. One thing, however, the adaptor or author has contrived to do—he has given Mrs. Gilbert a part which enables this aged and respected actress to display all those talents that have endeared her to American playgoers for nearly half a century.

"Granny" had kept green in her heart the memory of her dead daughter, and when her son-in-law took another wife it was in spite of "Granny's" disapproval, which went beyond sorrowful remonstrance and angry protest to the point of attempting to besmirch the reputation of the prospective bride (a divorced woman, with a daughter) in the New England town, and of causing an estrangement between her son-in-law, John Allenby, and John's own son. "Granny's" softening toward the new wife, and her atonement for her errors, gave occasion for some touching passages and for some excellent comedy. Mrs. Gilbert's acting, though she experienced an occasional difficulty with her lines, was generally excellent, and might have been considered remarkable in any player of her age—eighty-three. Had the play been of fine and stirring import, nothing in it could have touched us so much as the spectacle of a brave old lady embarking upon a starring tour at an age when most persons of whatever calling and position in life are glad to seek honored peace and rest. The lines of farewell which Mrs. Gilbert spoke at the end of the play will be found on another page of this issue.

LYRIC THEATRE. Madame Réjane in repertoire.

Distant as we are from the great centers of Europe, where art is fostered and cultivated for its own sake, it is the good fortune of America that she can always attract with her dollars the greatest artists the Old World produces. Thus we are able to enjoy the bell-like voice of Sembrich, the dulcet tones of Caruso, the wonderful piano-playing of Paderewski and Hofmann, the splendid acting of Salvini, Duse, Bernhardt, Irving, Coquelin, and Réjane. The last-named actress, who has just ended an engagement in New York, is now in the plenitude of her splendid histrionic powers, and those who witnessed her performances at the Lyric Theatre enjoyed a rare privilege. They saw a player of consummate art, a virtuoso in comedy with a tragic capacity of no mean value; skilled and potent in every form of dramatic expression. Her audiences were perhaps not as large as the merit of the offering justified, but those who did attend were amply rewarded in a study of the nuances of her art, so unobtrusive, so discreet, so natural, yet never a point, never a situation other than realized to the highest perfection.

Her repertoire was distinctly modern and Parisian, and most of her personations were morally hectic, subtle studies in faithlessness, psychological expositions of neurasthenia and introspective morbidity. In "Amoureuse," comedy by Georges de Porto Riche, an ingenuous if not wholly edifying author, Mme. Réjane was seen in the extraordinary position of a woman in love with her own husband. The lights and shades of this rôle were brought out by the distinguished actress with delightful art.

"La Passerelle," her second play, had already been seen in New York as "The Marriage of Kitty," and it was only when comparing the French performance with that of Miss Marie Tempest that we fully realized what an admirable artist Miss Tempest is. In the unadulterated French play there is much that is unsavory

for American audiences. M. Brioux' "La Robe Rouge" is a fine dramatic play, showing the injustice of legal procedure in France, and it applies as well to this country. An ambitious prosecuting magistrate, anxious for the sake of promotion to fasten a crime on somebody, accuses an innocent man, and so surrounds him with manufactured evidence that his victim is convicted. By his cunning, he also entraps the man's wife into accusing her innocent husband, and she, wreaking terrible vengeance, slays the prosecutor. In the rôle of the wife, Réjane was truly superb, displaying power that ensures her rank of a fine tragic actress as well as the most famous comedienne of our day. In this play the scope of Réjane's methods are seen in all their convincing versatility.

"L'Hirondelle," an emotional comedy, is from the unfamiliar pen of M. Dario Niccodemi, a young journalist-author of Italian origin and cosmopolitan experience. There is in this



Photo Falk

LILLIAN RUSSELL

As she will appear in her new play, "Lady Teazle"

piece a sustained interest and cogency of construction, a scintillant flow of dialogue combined with logical development of situation, which mark it as a genuine acquisition to the stage. Réjane is fitted with a rôle as Doucet might—in fact, does—fit her with gowns, while M. Dumény and Mlle. Avril equally find scope for those high artistic qualities which have won for them a measure of appreciation second only to that of the star.

CRITERION THEATRE. "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton. Produced Nov 16, with the following cast:

The Bishop of Droneminster, Arthur Lawrence; Lord Charles Dorchester, Ernest Lawford; Bryce Kempshaw, Arthur Elliot; Captain Pugsley, Edgar Norton; Edward Lurcott, Harold Hartsell; Paul Rance, Edward Abeles; Fitzroy Marrack, Vincent Serrano; Vellamy, Fred'k E. Beane; Jowling, Herbert Budd; Mrs. Fitzroy Marrack, Florida Pier; Norah Lamonby, Beatrice Agner; Miss Petworth, Katharine Stewart; Mrs. Jack Repton, Fay Davis.

When we have laws against cruelty to cats, Sunday baseball, automobiles on ferryboats, and expectorating in street cars, one wonders why there should not be also a law against bad plays. If such a law did exist, the author of the now defunct "Rich Mrs. Repton" would have honestly earned several years' board and lodging at the expense of the State. This gentleman—who certainly knows better, since he is the author of the successful "Lord and Lady Algy"—perpetrated a dramatic composition which for bald stupidity, utter inanity, meaningless idiocy, has never been equalled on the New York stage. But what is even more surprising than the absurdity of Mr. Carton's play is that such an astute manager as Charles Frohman should have waited for the general condemnation of a frigid audience before he hurriedly withdrew the piece and consigned it to everlasting oblivion. One rehearsal was surely enough. The plot defies description. A Mrs. Jack Repton, possessed of untold millions and much experienced in matrimonial adventures, is playing the rôle of fairy godmother to as silly a lot of men as ever smirked across the footlights. She supports

them and provides them with money, but why she does it and what excuse the men have for living at all is a problem left unsolved. It is not even worth guessing at. The lines were as trivial as the characters were ridiculous. One could only feel sorry for Miss Fay Davis—a capable actress who has already proved her ability—that such a sorry rôle had fallen to her lot. The same sympathy might be extended to the actors. They were all bad in wretched parts.

DALY'S THEATRE. "The Cingalee." Musical play in two acts. Book by James Tanner. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Lionel Monckton. Produced Oct. 24, with this cast:

Lady Patricia Vane, Martha Carine; Nanoya, Genevieve Finlay; Peggy Sabine, Blanche Deyo; Angy Loftus, May Hengler; Molly Loftus, Flora Hengler; Harry Vereker, Melville Stewart; Boobhamba, Hallyn Mostyn; Sir Peter Loftus, Harold Vizard; Myamgah, Charles Wallace; Bobby Warren, George Le Soir; Dick Bosanquet, Lionel Hogarth; Chambhuddy Ram, William Norris.

This is one of the musical plays cultivated by George Edwardes for London audiences and then forwarded to New York for inspection here. They are always proper in moral tone, sometimes new in story; they often bring new players that ingratiate themselves with us, and are distinctly English but the hereditary weakness of light operas from London lies in the excessive use of punning. "The Cingalee" abounds in an atrocious abuse of this form of humor. It might be possible to record the story, only it would not be worth the while; but it is impossible to record a dance, or to describe blended colors, and these are the only substantial things about "The Cingalee." Substantial for the moment, they fall into nothingness when the last curtain goes down. The Hengler sisters are features of the entertainment with their dancing, which is charming in the impression it gives of youth, grace and coquetry. William Norris is comical—at times—as the Baboo lawyer, and Genevieve Finlay is agreeable as the native girl.



Photo Byron, N. Y.

Nat C. Goodwin and Grace Elliston in the comedy by I. N. Morris, entitled "The Usurper"

HUDSON THEATRE. "Sunday." Drama by Thomas Raceward. Produced Nov. 15. The cast was as follows:

Colonel Brin thorpe, Percy; Tom Oxley, Charles Harbury; Towzer, Joseph Brennan; Davy, Harrison Armstrong; Lively, William Sampson; Jacky, Edgar Selwyn; Abbot, James Kearney; Mrs. Naresby, Virginia Buchanan; A Nun, Anita Rothe; Sunday, Ethel Barrymore.

This very ingenuous and amateurish play was saved from utter failure by the personal popularity of Miss Ethel Barrymore, who takes the title rôle, and, so firmly established is this charming and talented young star in the affections of the theatre-going public, the play, bad as it is, may serve her for the rest of the season. Considered as a piece of dramatic craftsmanship, "Sunday" is a very elementary composition, and does not call for serious critical consideration. Much of its movement traverses familiar lines, but its heroine is frank and honest and her affairs not uninteresting. Sunday is the daughter of an Englishman who, dying in the far West, leaves her to the care of four varied types of cow-punchers. Insulted by a blackguard Englishman, one of her protectors kills him, with the resulting complication that when Sunday returns to her English relatives she falls in love with the murdered man's brother. Back she returns to the breezy West, but the Briton follows her, and the final curtain falls on prospective happiness. The title rôle is well suited to Miss Barrymore. The occasional demands of strife and stress do not overtax her emotional powers, while the moments of comedy give her winning personality delightful outlets. The other players in the cast were satisfactory in not too logical parts,

WEBER MUSIC HALL. "Higgledy Piggledy." Burlesque by Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy. Produced Oct. 27. The cast:

Adolph Schnitz, Joseph M. Weber; Gottlieb Gesler, Harry Morris; Sandy Walker, Charles A. Bigelow; Charley Stringham, Aubrey Boucicault; Waldorf Lamb, Frank Mayne; Herr Baedeker, Franz Ebert; Hans, Walter Stanton, Jr.; Mimi De Chartreuse, Anna Held; Philcena Schnitz, Marie Dressler; Gertie Keith, Aimee Angelis; Mamie Proctor, Bonnie Maginn; Fifiue, May McKenzie; Hurrant, Florence French; Captain Pompon, Edyth Smyth.

This rignarole of fun and foolishness stands the test of the form of amusement with which the house is identified. It is perhaps not so distinctive in its local humor as we might expect, but in lavishness of production it meets what has become an exorbitant demand on the part of the public. Weber is seen in comical incidents that are new, while Charles Bigelow, with a bag full of tricks of his own, is always amusing. Harry Morris, who plays the opposite to Weber, is wooden at times, but generally acceptable. The best comedy of the piece is furnished by Marie Dressler, "heiress to her father's mustard millions," who is seeking marriage. She is stalwart, with a voice that can suddenly pitch at any note and a face of



Photo-Reutlinger

FRITZI SCHEFF

Who is now appearing in a new operetta by Messrs. Stanislaus Stange and Ludwig Englander, entitled "The Two Roses"

a mobility that only comedy could have use for. She plays the part of the desolate maiden, with the energy of a whirlwind and with delicious vulgarity in parody of the newly rich. Occasionally we have a scene of true dramatic quality. Anna Held remains her familiar self, resplendent in various attire and adornment. Bonnie Maginn maintains her celebrity as the leading show girl of New York. Aubrey Boucicault hardly fits with the foolery of the piece, but is an agreeable personality in the dramatic part of it.

BIJOU THEATRE. "Mrs. Black is Back." Comedy by George V. Hobart. Produced Nov. 17. The cast was:

Mrs. Black, May Irwin; Professor Black, Mr. Lipman; Emily Mason, Miss Burby; Priscilla Black, Miss Gordon; Jack Dangerfield, Mr. Atchison-Ely; Don Pedro Degazebe, Mr. Long; Tom Larkey, Mr. Lane; Lizzie, Miss Donohue; Major Thorne, Mr. Sanders; Bramley Bush, Mr. Johnson.

The complications in this piece arise from Mrs. Black's reluctance to confide to her husband her own age and that of her son by a former marriage. Cutting off seven years from her own age, she reduces her boy of seventeen to the immaturity of ten. When he suddenly turns up, he is relegated to the kitchen disguised as the cook. This is not very promising material out of which a play may be made. Pinero has used the identical situation as to the concealment of age, but we should have to look further than this master of true comedy for the cook. The good-natured prize-fighter is of more recent origin as a stage figure. The play is of the commercial kind and effective in its crude way. May Irwin is inimitable in her own field, while her command of acting as an art would fit her for the highest types of comedy. There is nothing indistinct or indecisive about her. She never fails to get her point across the footlights. Necessarily, there is a strong personality back of this. She possesses a sense of humor which is supposed to be a rare quality in a woman. In reality, her best work is in the pure comedy scenes, but her audiences never tire of her "coon songs."

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. "The Way to Kenmare." Play by Edward E. Rose. Produced Nov. 7. The cast follows:

Dan Maguire, Andrew Maek; Capt. Fairley, Hugo Toland; Roy Donald, Wm. J. Townsend; The Earl of Kenmare, George W. Deyo; Bentley Harden, Myron Calice; Baron Gustavus Hergogengarton, Richard Gorman; Rose Donald, Margaret Robinson; Miss Maloney, Annie Maek Berlyn; Moira Doolan, Gertrude Toland.

After many tribulations, which are not taken seriously by the audience, Andrew Mack succeeds in securing the marriage certificate of his mother and in procuring the succession to an Earldom in Ireland. He overcomes many obstacles by means of four new songs specially composed for this play. How large these and Mr. Mack's personality are factors in the success of the piece it would be difficult to determine. There are many subtle elements in an Irish play. No analysis by one without the inner light can explain all the laughter and emotion evoked. Can it be that there is some hidden potency in the mere name of Maguire? Would the play have less power over its audiences if Mr. Mack were a Doolan? Would Captain Fairley, who has a claim to this same Earldom, and is the rival in love, be more acceptable if he were an O'Hooligan? Would Miss Honoria Maloney afford any amusement whatever if she were a Brannigan? In any event, it is a play that is filled with characters, scenes and episodes that you enjoy at the moment, without quarreling with the probabilities.

LIBERTY THEATRE. "Little Johnny Jones." Musical play by Geo. M. Cohan. Produced Nov. 7, with this cast:

Anthony Anstey, Jerry J. Cohan; Sing Song, J. Bernard Dyllin; Timothy D. McGee, Sam J. Ryan; Henry Haggood, Donald Brian; The Unknown, Tom Lewis; Captain Squirry, C. J. Harrington; Inspector Perkins, Charles Bachmann; Hung Chung, Fred Williams; Johnny Jones, Geo. M. Cohan; Mrs. Andrew Kenworth, Helen F. Cohan; Florabelle Fly, Truly Shattuck; Bessie, Edith Tylor; Rosario Fauchette and Earl of Bloomsbury, Ethel Levey.



Gilbert & Bacon. Phila.

Louis Mann in his new play, "The Second Fiddle"

and Ethel Levy, a graceful dancer and comedienne, does not shine with any particular lustre in her dual rôle. Tom Lewis, a burly, good-natured comedian who has made a reputation in vaudeville, made a hit.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "Humpty Dumpty." Pantomime by J. H. Wood and A. Collins. Produced Nov. 14. Cast:

Little Mary, Frank Moulan; Peter, John McVeigh; King Sollumm, George Schiller; Prince Rudolph, Maude Lillian Berri; Princess Marie, Nellie Dalv; Blossom, Lillian Coleman; Humpty Dumpty, William C. Schrode; Pantaloon, J. H. Powers; Harlequin, Joseph C. Smith.

One must give Klaw and Erlanger credit for doing things liberally. It is clear that they are not afraid to spend money. Sometimes a lavish expenditure of dollars is resorted to in order to cover up deficiencies in art and taste, but in "Humpty Dumpty" one finds present all three—unparalleled stage settings, excellent art, unquestionable taste. The scenery and costumes are truly superb, all the comedians are artists in their line, the ballets are simply exquisite. Rarely has New York seen a spectacle that is at once so beautiful to the eye and so pleasing as entertainment. Tableaux of glittering splendor follow each other with bewildering rapidity, while the fun-making is perpetual. The familiar old nursery rhyme on which the piece is based is, of course, only there by suggestion, but the artistic clowning of William C. Schrode, the laughter-compelling foolery of Frank Moulan, more than makes amends for any lack of continuity in the plot. The tableau, "Divertissement at the Bottom of the Sea," with its battalions of comely, well-shaped girls attired in costumes representing coral and other vegetations of the deep; the "Ballet of the Seasons," the graceful, flying Grigolatis—all this is an ever-changing, dazzling spectacle. "Humpty Dumpty" should enjoy a long life.



PHOTO. BY BYRON, N. Y.

ROBERT LORAINÉ

MISS MATTHESON

in "As You Like It."



IBSEN

SUDERMANN

SARDOU

ROSTAND

PINERO

World-Dramatists of To-day

THE art of the dramatist, after three thousand years' practice, remains ever empirical. The classics of tradition furnish the soil from which spring the romantics of actuality. The world-dramatists of to-day, as of yesterday, and of all ages, are inevitably the revolutionists, the innovators.

It is of interest, therefore, to study a representative group of master-minds of the contemporaneous theatre, and try if we can define, by a broad synthetic analysis, their individual traits and methods of appeal.

Let us take, more or less at random, as subjects of this inquiry, the following authors: Ibsen, Pinero, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Hervieu, Fitch, and Thomas, creative dramatists; Rostand, Maeterlinck, Phillips, and Fulda, dramatic poets; Sardou, theatrical craftsman, and Shaw, critic—and cynic.

Each of these twelve men is an individuality, a distinct influence. Each has his style, or characteristic method of appeal to the universal play-going audience—and no two are alike. The style is the man. The more forceful the one, the more original the other. Style, with a true dramatist, means something deeper than mere clothing, or outward form—whether verse or prose, epigram or reasoning, classicism or romanticism. It is a matter of temperament, of environment, of the time in which he, the dramatist, lives, and of the multitude he addresses.

All established plays are living criticisms of life. We are interested in noting the idiosyncrasies of the playwright critics, and the various methods of expression by which they compel our attention and influence our ideas.

Ibsen stands first in importance—not, perhaps, on the strength of any one Ibsen play, or even of all of them together, so much as because of the dominating influence in modern drama, that restless spirit of curiosity, that passionate quest of soul-adventure and unflinching "standing-up to" the mysteries of life and death, so strikingly exemplified in the grim pessimist of the North, that it is generally called Ibsenism.

Southern suns have scorched Ibsen, but they have never warmed him. A Norwegian of the Norwegians, he was born, as he himself tells us, in the sordid market-place of Skien, where "to the right of the church stood the town pillory, and to the left the town hall, with the prison and the lock-up for mad persons." The obsession of these surroundings has been lifelong. With his big heart and big brain peering out into the world through such encompassing gloom, well may this melancholy Scandinavian exclaim in the words of Shakespeare's melancholy Dane:

"The times are out of joint. Oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right!"

But, all that aside, when we come to consider Ibsen technically, it is easy to account for his immediate and vast influence upon playwrights everywhere. His craftsmanship is consummate, such as could only have been attained through his long years of practical experience as stage manager at Bergen and at Christiania. His "method of appeal" is probably the most direct and realistic that has ever been applied to the purposes of the theatre. His plays have no beginning, preparation, or development, in the ordinary meaning of those terms. They are simply "amplified catastrophes." They start with what, in the conventional treatment of a story, would be the finish. In "A Doll's House," for example, Torwald and Nora are married and their children are growing up before the curtain rises on Act I. In "Ghosts," everything happened twenty years ago, and we gaze in uninterrupted, horrible fascination upon the consequences. Thus Ibsen obtains, and uses with unprecedented effect, the perfect unity of impression—the only one of the Greek Three that survives in the modern theatre.

When Ibsen's characters come on the stage, they reveal themselves at once, in dialogue that is astonishingly life-like—more so, indeed, than that of real life itself, because more concentrated. They never preach or philosophize, or talk epigrams and literature, as they would in Dumas or Augier under



HAUPTMANN

FULDA

HERVIEU

PHILLIPS

FITCH



MISS AMY RICARD
Now playing a prominent part in "The College Widow"

"The Sea-Lady," there is a young sculptor who asks a girl to remain single for his sake, just to think of him sympathetically during his student years—it will help him so much as an artist, you know, even though he can never marry her, because, as he says, "When I've made my way, she will be a bit too old for me, I fancy." Meanwhile this precious young egotist is dying of rapid consumption, and does not know it! That is humor—à la Ibsen.

But, what is the moral of it all? We might still be asking that question after reading G. Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" entire. The truth is, Ibsen is always and first of all a dramatist. He is a moralist only incidentally, if at all. Take his "Hedda Gabler" as a didactic purpose-play and you grasp nothing. But take Hedda—or leave her—as a pathological study, an intensified tragic type of the modern woman of nerves, driven mad by the boredom of what we call "everyday surroundings," and you have a masterpiece of dramatic impressionism, pure and simple.

Pinero—the latter-day Pinero of "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," and "Letty," and not of the idyllic phase of "Sweet Lavender" and "Trelawny of the Wells"—has acquired a masterly grip on the actualities of life, and on the resources of art for their stage representation. So has Henry Arthur Jones, for that matter—but Pinero goes much further. Straightway he "tackles" serious social problems, diagnoses the moral diseases of fashionable life, tortures himself with speculations, and sets people thinking. In other words, he has become a creative dramatist with a philosophic *état d'âme* of his own. This is Ibsenism tempered with Latin gayety. Gayety is Pinero's note, and with it he has sparkling wit, also some graceful

similar circumstances, but simply act, pushed on by unseen motives which you feel (at the time) to be those of absolute destiny.

Irony, subtle and bitter, is Ibsen's forte. His "good men," like Parson Manders, are always the calamity-bringers; while those who give hints of geniality, and whom we almost fancy we might like, are usually drunkards. Everybody is selfish—perhaps that is why Ibsen's characters seem so startlingly lifelike even when employed in the working out of a thesis that is radically wrong. In his fantastic comedy of

touches of sentiment—but of irony, scarcely a trace. He draws Quex and the manicurist with such zest and tact, with such a genial flow of animal spirits, that they are the characters one likes the most, while approving of the least. There is possibly a suspicion of cynicism here—and there is more than a suspicion of it in "Letty," where the weak heroine's reward of virtue is a life-servitude of marriage with the smug photographer, while her high-minded shop-girl friend Marion ends as a hopeless old maid.

Our two foremost American disciples of Pinero—as we may be permitted for the moment to designate Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas—have all of his keen buoyancy, combined with an eager spirit of inquiry into life, which as yet has not become *blasé*. The trouble with them is, that here in America we have no society, in the restricted sense of the word which we have in mind when we speak of English society or French society, as the proper field for polite comedy. We have home life, and we have public life, also local color and native humor in abundance. With these latter materials, our dramatists—notably Bronson Howard, George Ade, and William Gillette, in addition to the two already named—contrive to turn out some sound work. Mr. Thomas was compelled to import an Englishman for his delectable "Earl of Pawtucket," but he achieved a perfect unity without foreign aid in "The Other Girl," while Mr. Fitch may be similarly congratulated upon "Captain Jinks" and "Her Own Way."

When we come to the Frenchman, Paul Hervieu, and the two Germans, Hermann Sudermann and Gerhart Hauptmann, we have to deal with modern creative dramatists of the highest and most complex type.

Hervieu was a *littérateur* before he became a playwright; and all his pieces—"Les Paroles Restent," "Les Tenailles," "La Course du Flambeau," etc., are more or less "precious." The author has the malady of modernity, as acutely as Paul Bourget himself. He is a *raffiné*—a psychologist,—and his characters are personages of the ultra-*chic*, moving in a salon atmosphere strictly *à la mode*. His heroines "suffer from a careworn expression on the face of a friend," and remark that "you must ignore the fact that you are making people happy, in order not to make them miserable." Such plays, of course, cannot turn out pleasantly; but M. Hervieu is too much of an artist not to have the courage of his convictions. "Is the conventional 'happy ending' really true to nature?" he asks, in a recent *Figaro* interview. "All the plays I saw in London, during my late visit there, had a happy ending. However, there is an English dramatic author, named Shakespeare, who seems to have been differently minded. Let me add that the stage exercises a useful and moralizing influence on manners and customs by portraying life in its imperfections, misfortunes, and faults, much more than by taking advantage



FRED WRIGHT, JR.
In "One of the Boys," sung in
"The School Girl"

of the spectator's credulity in the matter of solutions."

Sudermann and Hauptmann are the dramatic progeny of Ibsen. Their philosophic preceptor is Nietzsche, more or less neutralized by Schopenhauer. Both are revolutionists of the Young Germany literary revival of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when the German drama was emancipated from servile imitation of the French.

Sudermann, born in Prussian Poland of a family of religious bigots, struggled from childhood against the depressing flatness of his surroundings, and found his career as novelist and dramatist in this liberation of his personality from overweening social environment. "Magda" is the concrete outcome of this struggle, symbolizing the right of the Ego to evolve according to the direction given by the inner force or light. But Sudermann is a sad skeptic, and in his plays the aspiring will is always balked. That is the theme of *Die Ehre* ("Honor"), as of *Sodom's Ende* and *Johannisfeuer*, of "Magda" as of *The Joy of Living*. In the last two pieces it is the woman who pays the penalty. But Beata von Kellinghausen is overtaken by a more tragic retribution than Magda, because she lacked the courage, in her Hellenic assertion of the right to free love, to cut loose from social tyranny as typified by her commonplace husband. When renunciation finally triumphs, she kills herself—in the phrase of a French critic, "The proud vessel filled to the brim with an old Greek vintage rejects itself, and runs to waste in confined silences."

In Hauptmann, as in Sudermann, there is no gladness. But there is aspiring poesy in *The Sunken Bell*, and transcendental religious emotion in the symbolistic dream story of *Hannele*. "The Weavers," the most realistic and Zolaesque of all Hauptmann's plays, seems to prove, after all, that so-called "realism," in its intensity, is nothing but frenzied imagination turning to rend itself. Hauptmann, who to-day is but little past forty, began his artistic career as a sculptor-poet and an ultra-idealist.

Ludwig Fulda, born in the same year as Hauptmann (1862), is a German dramatist of quite another sort. The old poetic forms appeal strongly to him, as might be inferred from the fact that he has written lyrics and translated Molière, and that his two best-known plays, *The Talisman* and *The Twin Sister*, are in verse. The comedy spirit, well spiced with satire, bubbles over in Fulda. His up-to-date prose piece, entitled *Cold Water*—which American producers thus far have unaccountably overlooked—is quite Palais-Royal-like in its exposition of the two cold douches—stolid complacency of

the husband, and fickleness of the casual flirtatious lover—said to be in store for the average married woman.

The present age is inimical to poetry, else Edmond Rostand would be a greater prophet than he is, and beyond the bounds of his own country. In him almost solely to-day survive the stage traditions of romance and chivalry in pure classic form—though Stephen Phillips as bravely keeps up the heritage of dramatic poetry in England. As it is, Rostand has given to the world-theatre an immortal legendary figure in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a Napoleonic epilogue in *L'Aiglon*, a deep and tender religious idyl in *La Princesse Lointaine*, and an exquisite comedietta in *Les Romanesques*. In England we find another poet of the Rostand stature—Stephen Phillips, in whose writings are recognized the spirit of the English classics joined with the inspiration of the ancient Greeks, and who has already enriched the theatre with three such acting poetic dramas as *Paolo and Francesca*, *Herod*, and *Ulysses*.

Maurice Maeterlinck is at once a poet and a thinker, who perceives that the modern drama must seek in the regions of psychology and of moral problems, the equivalent of what was formerly offered by exterior life. At the same time he concedes that, while always searching for a new kind of beauty, the sovereign law of the stage is and will ever be action. This action the dramatist of to-day has to develop mostly in "the conflict between a passion and a moral law, between a duty and a desire." In Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, this struggle results in the complete rout of moral law! Nobody is ever concerned about Victorien Sardou's soul-state, or his attitude towards moral problems, or his utter imperviousness to the smallest spark of poetry; but the old sorcerer can always be counted upon for a stunning *coup de théâtre* in the fourth act. He is the craftsman par excellence, the latter-day Scribe, the journalist-playwright, who keeps up with the times, and can be all things to all audiences.

In George Bernard Shaw, finally, we have the critic who has put an antic disposition on, and dressed up his whimsies as puppets for the stage. Mr. Shaw regards his audiences with a kind of quizzical contempt, and they cordially reciprocate the feeling. Being irresponsible, he can always shock or surprise or mystify us, and keep us wondering what he will do next. He is not a creator, but rather an intellectual eunuch, like Voltaire, and a profane scoffer at everything reputed sacred. His shafts are harmless, being as often turned against himself and his pet characters as against others. Shaw's humor is dangerous only when it becomes serious.

HENRY TYRRELL.



WILLIAM C. SCHRODE
As Humpty Dumpty at the New Amsterdam
Theatre



Bruch

Schnltze

Rudolf

Blumner

Herzogehurg

Joachim

Vierling

THE SENATE OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN BERLIN

At the head of this most important institution of the musical world of Germany now stands Prof. Joachim, the greatest violinist of our time. Its senators are Prof. Bruch, well known as the composer of the "Song of the Bell," and the much played "Odysseus;" Prof. Schnltze, director of the singing classes of the Academy; Prof. Rudolf, one of the most liberal and cultured of theorists; Von Blumner, who composed several of the greater choruses, and also the oratorio "Abraham;" Gernsheim, director of the "Stern Singing Club;" Prof. Radecke, composer of songs and a quartette-player; Prof. Von Herzogehurg, who died a year ago, founder of the Leipzig; and Prof. Vierling of the Berlin Bach Societies

Quaint and Historic Shoes

By Elsie de Wolfe



Photos Van de Weyde
1. Turkish shoes. Red. Left outside the Mosque while the Turk prays within. 2. Rich German Peasant's shoe. Heel in centre (16th century).
3. Woman's shoe of the Regency with patten (18th century)

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE, the well-known actress, owns a remarkable and valuable collection of quaint and historic shoes which, so far as we know, is unique in this country. In England there are several large collections of antique foot-wear, and France boasts of the finest collection of the kind in the world—that of M. Jules Jacquemart, now one of the sights of the Musée de Cluny, in Paris. The value and interest of such a collection, from the theatrical and archeological point of view, is obvious.—EDITOR.

I first began my collection of old and famous shoes about fifteen years ago, inspired by the wonderful Jacquemart collection on exhibition in Paris. How often I visited the stuffy Musée de Cluny to feast my eyes on those curious relics of the past! How vividly they appealed to my imagination, what memories of vanished glories they revived! I conjured up pictures of all the beautiful women now dead and gone—queens and courtesans, dames and peasants, who had worn these wonderful shoes—Catherine de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, the Dubarry, Marie Antoinette—the long and stately procession moved slowly past my mind's eye, until I, too, became an enthusiastic collector.

illustration) with the filling that properly shows them in the shape when worn.

A specimen of the cobbler's craft which I value very highly is a pair of child's shoes of the 16th century. These are what is known as a *pièce de maîtrise*, and were not intended to be worn, but were simply to show how far the apprentice had progressed in his craft, and that he was eligible for admission to the guild and to become a master workman. These shoes were given to the poor children on days of public rejoicing by the hospitals at Ghent. They are very plain shoes and specimens are rare. They are made of heavy leather and buckle across in the front, somewhat in the style of the modern Blucher boot. The soles and heels are also of heavy leather.

I am very fond of another child's shoe, a specimen of the type worn in the 17th century. It has an extravagantly high heel, but this is in a measure compensated for by the many thicknesses of the sole. The shoes add several inches to the height of the wearer. A bit of ribbon ornaments the front. The vamp of this shoe lengthens into a tongue, and the sides fold over the tongue and are tied together. A dainty border is carved around the heel. Nearly all the children of the period wore this quaint style of shoe.

In Spain during the same century much hand-embroidery was placed on all slippers and the richest kind of foot-gear of that period come from Spain. In my collection are two pairs of bed chamber slippers which came from north-

ern Spain. These are all hand-embroidered in the richest style and are wonderful specimens of fine workmanship. No leather whatever shows on these slippers, and it is doubtful if any leather at all enters into their interior construction. The slippers have no heels and consist



Dress slippers worn by Queen Marie Antoinette



Ladies' slippers, reign of Louis XV.



Venetian pattens (16th century)



Master shoemaker's specimen (16th century)

torze style. Exquisite embroidery covers the vamps from the silk bows down to the toes. The texture of the silk from which they are made is so delicate that the slippers would be shapeless if not filled out with tissue. They are exhibited in the cabinet (and in the accompanying



Spanish bedroom slippers (17th century)



Louis XV. slippers tipped with silver, white canvas body and green and red leaves embroidery



Low-cut shoe (15th century). Fine work on the sole



Children's shoes, Belgium (16th century)



Child's shoe with several thicknesses of sole (17th century)

only of the soles, the band that covers the instep and a band in the nature of an ankle-strap. The toes are uncovered and project from the instep band. Not only are these bands magnificently embroidered in silk and gold and silver, but the soles of the slippers are also most exquisitely embroidered. It is said that no richer embroidery was ever designed than that ornamenting the Spanish "soulie d'accouchée" of the 17th century.

Another very fine specimen is a master shoemaker's soulie of the 16th century. This is made entirely of leather, is heelless, and has a sole that is stitched to the upper in masterly fashion. While this shoe has no heel whatever, it is shaped in such fashion that there is a hollow under the part beneath the instep.

During the regency the women's shoes were generally made with pattens. A specimen of these shoes with the patten that accompanied it is shown in the illustration herewith. The shoe could be worn with or without the patten, as the wearer pleased. This specimen represents the style during the years 1715 to 1723. The sole of the shoe itself was made of thin leather, but the patten was soled with leather from a quarter to half an inch in thickness. The patten tied over the shoe with a bit of ribbon.

Another interesting piece is a low-cut shoe of the 15th century, in which all the fine work is on the sole. The carving on the sole is beautifully executed.

The largest shoes in my collection are a pair of dark-red Turkish shoes of the type worn by Turks when going to prayer. These are invariably left outside the mosque while the owner prays within. These shoes are studded with brass on the soles, the design being made of many little knobs of brass, much resembling the heads of upholstery tacks. Embroidery in silk and silver cover all of the shoe except the sole.

A very curious pair of shoes are those with heels in the centre. They are of German make and were worn by rich peasants in the 16th century. The shoes are made entirely of leather and are stamped all around the body with odd designs of circles, diamonds, etc.

Quite as interesting are a pair of Louis XV. mules, made with a body of canvas, delicately embroidered with leaf de-

signs in red and green silk. The mules come to a sharp point at the toes and are there capped with silver.



YVETTE GUILBERT

This admirable artist is to visit New York again next season when she will act in English in a play now being especially written for her.

Is Stage Emotion Real or Simulated?

By Clara Morris



I FEEL some doubt whether really fine acting can be the result of mere memory and unintelligent imitation.

There are indeed great authorities against me. Johnson said of Pritchard that she was a vulgar idiot, that her playing was quite mechanical, and that she no more thought of reading the play out of which her part was taken than a shoemaker thinks of the skins out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut. And Diderot has written an essay to prove that perfect self-possession and cold insensibility to the emotions which he represents are essential to a great actor.

"Such an actor," he says, "is the same in every representation and always equally perfect. All is prepared, all is learned by heart. His passion has its beginning, its middle, and its end. The same accents, the same gestures are repeated. If

there be any difference, the last representation, being the most studied, is the best.

"You ask me," he continues, "whether these plaintive tones, these half-stifled sobs, in which a despairing mother seems to pour forth her inmost soul, can be the result of no real emotion? Unquestionably, I answer; and the proof is, that they form part of a system of declamation—that they have elaborated by long study—that to be properly uttered they have been repeated a hundred times—that every time the actor listened to his own voice—that he is listening to it now—and that his skill consists not in feeling an emotion, but in imitating its external signs."

"Those screams of grief are noted in his memory; those gestures of despair have been laboriously prepared. He has fixed in his own mind the precise time when he is to weep. This trembling voice, these half-uttered, half-stifled words, these

quivering limbs, these trembling knees—all is pure memory, a lesson carefully learned and accurately repeated; a sublime deception, which the actor knows to be a deception while he is executing it; which wearies his body, but does not disturb his mind."

It must be remembered, however, that a French tragedy differs essentially from the dramatic representation which goes by that name in America and England. So much so that in the essay from which I have been quoting, Diderot admits that a man who can act Shakespeare perfectly is, in all probability, absolutely incapable of rendering Racine, *ne sait pas le premier mot de la déclamation d'une scène de Racine*.

It is probable that things so different as French and English acting may require different habits of mind, and different modes of study and execution; and that the long tirades of

Phèdre may be best declaimed by an actor who is really indifferent and merely simulates passion, while the rapid natural dialogue of Shakespeare must be felt in order to be adequately expressed. And absolutely without denying the possibility of the mechanical acting of Pritchard, I must affirm also the compatibility of the deepest real emotion with the most vivid representation of it. When Jenny Lind pulled to pieces the rose in "Somnambula," Dickens averred that he saw real tears running down her cheeks. And it is known that she declared that when on the stage she never saw the audience, and that if she ever thought of their presence it spoiled the truth of her acting.

All the great performers that occur to my recollection have enjoyed the dangerous privileges and have been subject to the painful joys of the poetic temperament.



The Stage as a Career for Young Women

By Clara Bloodgood



Otto Sarony Co.
MRS. BLOODGOOD

THE question as to whether the stage is a desirable career for young women who find it necessary to support themselves is a very widely discussed one. The main point at issue seems to be whether the temptations are greater in the theatrical profession than in any other. Personally, I think the unprotected position is always open to more temptations than the ideal home life, but that applies to any form of public work. Protection is a luxury, not a necessity, and no woman worth her salt needs it. It

rarely seems to occur to people that the real question is not whether the stage is good enough for the girl, but whether the girl is good enough for the stage.

No one can speak except from the standpoint of her own experience, and a good many things may have escaped me. But a few I have noticed. First, no one showing a sincere desire to work fails to meet with encouragement; second, the alleged jealousies of the stage are less (certainly no greater) than those of other professions. I have heard authors and painters discuss each other's work with quite as much criticism and less justice. Smallness exists, of course (we all have our bad days), but it is by no means characteristic of the actress. No profession in the world is so generous in lending a helping hand, both as a class and individually.

When I first went on the stage I had one, possibly two, lines to speak. I had never done anything, even in private theatricals, but I sincerely wanted to learn. As a first step, I took all the understudy work I could get the stage manager to give me. Far from meeting with discouragement, some of the principals even took the trouble to come to understudy rehearsals to help me with the scenes. When you consider that these people were playing difficult parts themselves, and had little

time for rest or amusement, this was a generous thing to do.

Suppose that sometimes they do criticise, is it human nature not to be a little biased in competition? Do you know many women who pride themselves on their housekeeping who are particularly enthusiastic about the housekeeping of their neighbor? The better you do anything the more critical you become, but criticism is not necessarily unkind.

Abuses exist in the theatrical profession, of course, but they become less all the time. In any community rules cease to exist as they become unnecessary. A rule that may seem very arbitrary now was probably very necessary when it was made. At times, too, one may be brought in contact with unpleasant people whose authority it is hard to admit, but you don't call the United States Government undignified because some of its policemen have bad manners. The same applies to theatrical management. Civility is the intention, and any rudeness is contrary to order.

Don't expect too much and always be ready. If you are given an understudy, learn it at once and go through it at least once every night after you *have* learned it. Do not wait until the principal sneezes or looks pale, and then try to learn it over night.

Be sincere, even if you are sincerely wrong. Aside from the question of honesty, no work is so tiring as that badly done. No matter how small a part you have to play, remember that you are supposed to be a real person. If you have no lines to say, *listen*. If you are doing the much despised "ensemble" work, mean it. It is not a particularly good preparation for a burst of merriment to stand in the wings discussing how bad your hotel is until your cue has actually been spoken. Good advice for the one-night stands is to keep your point of view and avoid pie. This applies to outside the theatre. Inside the theatre do your very best and forget the ridiculous idea that a one-night stand audience is any less desirable or less worthy of your best. Any sincere effort is worthy of respect, and any one who works just for the salary, with no love for their work, is nothing but a mountebank.



Forrest



Cushman



Booth

Stars of Today and Yesterday

I.

Dim and remote looms up the tragic stage
Where Forrest, Booth, and Cushman were the rage,
And elocution's art and rhetoric's flow,—
Richly distinct, majestically slow,—
Managed blank verse like undertaker's crape,
The poet's thought funereally to drape.
Long were the pauses in heroic speech
Whereby the actor sought the heart to reach,
And longer still the modulated stride
Wherewith he crossed the stage from side to side,
Or swept the scene and vanished from our view
With some imposing couplet for his cue!

The voice of Forrest, rich beyond compare,
Reminded one of granite hewn with care,
Or midnight,—where no star had ever dwelt,—
Whose blackness might be heard as well as felt;
And as in Milton's hell the demons keen
Beneath the lowest deep a lower deep,
So Forrest's bass, however low it fell,
Held lower deeps than even Milton's hell,
And oft to *Metamora's* guttural grief
Its *ne plus ultra* granted rich relief.

A daintier charm inspired the tones of Booth,
A subtler and more spiritual truth.
Though Shakespeare's Hamlet is the child of fate,
Booth kept him, as the author made him, great,
Showing alike the darkness and the light,
The moral weakness and the mental might,
Painting with sympathy's transcendent art
Each impulse of the Danish prince's heart,
Till spellbound audiences exclaimed, "Forsooth,
Is't Booth that's Hamlet, or is Hamlet Booth?"

Cushman her own perennially made
Each character she variously essayed.
Lady Macbeth's somnambulist scene,
The arrogance of Juliana's mien,
Meg's phantom witchery, Queen Katharine's pride,
Each stood alone, yet with the others vied.
But when the plaudits came not at her bid,
She held the pose she'd taken till they did.

II.

Each year they came, the same old parts to play,
Ad libitum until they passed away.
Now all is changed: each star must reappear
In some new drama with the opening year.
A brace of brothers keep fresh wares on view,—
What C. F. doesn't, D. F.'s sure to do!
Stars rise no longer by gradations nice,—
The manager creates them in a trice,
And every year the number complements
With some new find he "offers" or "presents."

And as plain men, or men who pass for such,
Are baroneted by a kingly touch,
Even so the leading man who in his sphere
Charmed every eye, delighted every ear,
Is raised beyond the rôles he used to grace
And cast in those he cannot but deface;
Compelled, beneath the managerial yoke,
Though but a sapling, to assume the oak.

The leading lady, too, poor, injured thing,
Though but a mocking-bird, is forced to wing
Her feeble way to altitudinous height,
Where Bernhardt finds a not too easy flight,
Till the tired victim, torn by dread and doubt,
At last gives in, because her strength gives out.

III.

Observe this phantom of departed grace,
With charm of person, greater charm of face,
A genial manner and a mellow voice
That made the soul of comedy rejoice.
Dress suits were only made for such as he,
Whose birthday suits they almost seemed to be,
Whose brilliant banter and contagious chaff
Made cynics chuckle and made conscience laugh.
Vainly our gilded youth, with fashion's whim,
Essayed to wield a monocle like him,
Envied his trousers, coveted his hat,
And marvelled how he managed his cravat!
But none except the rashest of the rash
Inanelly sought to emulate his dash;
Yet Lester Wallack's world was constant still,
And filled the house because he filled the bill.
If his successor lives, inform me where;
My knee I'll bend, my compliments prepare.
'Tis said his mantle's fallen; I admit
It may have fallen, but it does not fit.

IV.

In vaudeville, billed in letters wide and tall,
The small become the great, the great the small,
And classic stars' diminished heads compete
With stars that balance barrels on their feet,
Or some dead-shot who aims behind his back,
Poised on a rope that's tight or wire that's slack;
Shakespeare delights as much as if, at ease,
He swung, head downward, from a high trapeze,
And holds his own amid the illustrious group
Of champions, world-renowned, who loop the loop!
Though love of art might make œæ rather yearn
To act a character than do a turn,
Sometimes the latter will the former euchre,
And love of art subsides in love of lucre;
For vaudeville still cupidity confirms,
And splendid stars are sure of splendid terms.

A. E. LANCASTER.



Murdoch



Vandenhoff



Couldock



Photo taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron

Director Conried at his desk in the Metropolitan Opera House

The Pains and Possibilities of Grand Opera

By Heinrich Conried



THE honor of managing the Metropolitan Opera House has disadvantages.

Among them are the unceasing strain of responsibility, the worry of perpetual work (for even in his dreams the director of an opera house rests little), the anxiety incidental to the necessity of deciding upon a just compromise between the director's personal tastes, objects and ideals and those of the public to whom he appeals.

To all these may be added the difficulty of maintaining peace, good-feeling and discipline in an organization made up of the most sensitive of all artists, the excitement of having every day—and, indeed, every hour—to meet emergencies which it is very frequently impossible to foresee, and the physical fatigue of attending rehearsals from morning till midnight—ballet rehearsals, chorus rehearsals, and, at the end, dress rehearsals, for perhaps forty weeks during a brief four or five months' season.

Yet, despite all these very serious and onerous discomforts, it is an enviable privilege to have charge of a great lyric theatre like the Metropolitan Opera House, in which so much may be attempted, and possibly achieved, for the popular pleasure, and, if I may say so, for the improvement of public taste.

Although it receives no national or municipal subsidy, as many similar theatres do abroad, the Metropolitan Opera House is in its own field—which is a wide one—an educational institution of unquestionable value to the community.

Of all the arts, music perhaps appeals most strongly, albeit not most clearly, to the emotional in man and woman. History is filled with examples of instances in which individuals, mobs and even nations have been stirred to pity, faith, madness and heroism by music.

Happily, the good that has been done by music is immensely greater than the evil. Few who have ears can leave a concert

room after listening to a symphony of Beethoven without feeling that, for a time at least, they have been uplifted. And, as any one may see for himself this season at the Metropolitan Opera House, this is even more true in the instance of a work like "Parsifal."

All beautiful music is, in a sense, refining. Some—like the music of "Parsifal"—is ennobling. And in grand opera there is more than music. The eye, too, is delighted by beautiful scenery, costumes and lighting, even as the ear and the mind are charmed by beautiful harmonies and melodies, while the intellectual and emotional sides of human nature are interested (not, to be sure, always so deeply as they might be) in the drama, comedy or tragedy of which the music is alternately the expression and the embellishment.

The dramatic aspects of grand opera, I am free to admit, interest me fully as much as its musical aspects. One of the chief objects that I have had constantly in view since I took up the reins of management at the Metropolitan has been the introduction of much-needed histrionic reforms, for want of which opera to many excellent people seems irrational. The operatic conventions are necessarily and at the best somewhat hampering. But there is still room for legitimate acting, discreet movement, picturesque grouping, and for other things which tend to create, rather than to destroy, that illusion which is essential to the enjoyment of stage art.

Another and an equally ambitious object of which I shall not lose sight has been the development of American talent. I am glad to say that, within the brief space of one season, something has already been accomplished in this direction. Possibly before I lay down the honor and burden of managing the Metropolitan Opera House, much more will have been done to make it a theatre in which beautiful operas and music-dramas will be worthily interpreted—sometimes perhaps in English—by American artists so admirably equipped, alike by nature and by training, as to fear no comparison with the most famous of their foreign competitors. Such is, at least, my hope.



JULIET (MISS JULIA MARLOWE) ROMEO (EDWARD H. SOTHERN)

Romeo: "Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy be heaped like mine!"

THE MARLOWE-SOTHERN PRODUCTION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET"



“An Actress Must Live Life”—Says Carlotta Nillson

(Chats with Players No. 33)



“W HAT do they not expect of an actress?”

Carlotta Nillson, fair, gray-eyed, earnest, gowned in diaphanous white, sat in the darkened reception room of a New York hotel, and propounded the question which she herself answered. The question began with a half frown of perplexity, and ended in a smile of gentle decision.

“She must be wise and virtuous, young and experienced, cheerful and rich, at least rich enough to make an excellent appearance.”

“How can she remain young until she is forty?” A little despairing shrug of the white-lawn-covered shoulders, and again Miss Nillson answered her own question.

“By being as cheerful as possible, by keeping the heart young; but how can one do that when she looks upon life with open eyes?”

Clearly the actress is introspective.

“One must think of the deep things of life to act,” she went on, “and yet one sits alone and thinks and thinks of its problems and its sufferings, and suddenly her mirror reflects to her a face aged and worn, with deep, hopeless lines about the mouth, and she knows that is not practical. She must be pretty as long as possible, and she goes out and tries to be cheerful. But that, too, is hard. It is acting, acting all the time when off the stage.”

Miss Nillson is young and pretty and wise, and to all outward seeming fulfills the other requisites “they” demand of an actress, except, perhaps, cheerfulness. And yet that apparent lack she has supplied bountifully on the stage. When King Edward of England was Prince of Wales, he sent her his compliments upon her acting and his thanks for her delightful comedy, which had drawn several nails from his coffin by making him laugh.

“At least half the rôles I have played have been comedy parts,” she said, and laughed when she told the story of how, suddenly finding herself cast for the part of an American girl, she haunted the Hotels Cecil and Savoy in London to regain the American accent lost by living for three years in England.

Although Miss Nillson’s personality is tinged with the sadness of her native northland, being a woman, she has many facets. Her mirth is swift, subtle, elusive.

When a slim, blond girl, in a scant black skirt, tight brown covert cloth jacket and severe black hat, came on the stage of the Manhattan Theatre and played the scene of the runaway wife in “Hedda Gabler” with unexpected power and a remarkable command of technique last season, there was a well-bred but audible whisper:

“Who is she?”

There were sufficient reasons why this young actress was unknown to the critical, intellectual audience drawn to the Manhattan by the fame of Mrs. Fiske and the gloomy power of Ibsen. In London there would have been no such question.

Born in the district of Smoland, in Sweden, Miss Nillson came to America when she was ten years old. She lived until her stage début in the West. She joined a summer stock company under the direction of Burr McIntosh at Louisville, of which Elita Proctor Otis was a member. In the rôles of Violet Desmond and later of Ernestine Echo, she made an excellent impression in “The Crust of Society,” also as Lois in Jerome K. Jerome’s “Sunset.”

Marriage then interrupted her career, and Miss Nillson went to England, where she lived for three years. When she returned to the stage it was as an American girl in “A Happy Life,” the Louis N. Parker play, which was his first offering after his successful “Rosemary.” The next season she played quite the antithesis of this character, an English society woman in “The Ambassador,” under George Alexander’s management. It was this part which she played for two years, that won her the compliments and laughter of the King of England. Under Dion Boucicault’s management she appeared at the Court Theatre in “The Children of the King.”

Coming to this country four years ago she played Eunice in “Quo Vadis,” Countess Labia Latac in “Among Those Present,” and succeeded Annie Irish as the sympathetic friend with Mrs. Fiske in “Miranda of the Balcony.” It was when she signed with “Hedda Gabler” that Miss Nillson’s coveted opportunity came. Her appearance in the leading rôle in “Love’s Pilgrimage,” and also in the THEATRE MAGAZINE’s prize play, at special matinees, again won the discriminating praise of the critics, and shortly afterwards Charles Frohman engaged her to play the title rôle in Pinero’s new comedy, “Letty.”

All this Miss Nillson told quickly and modestly in the darkened room, on the shrouded divan, before we broached the



Photo Burr McIntosh

CARLOTTA NILLSON

subject of Ibsen. Strangely, at the mention of that great name, which most actresses speak in awestruck tones, she laughed.

"Yes, I know that critics have said that I am ideally Ibsenish," she said. "Mr. William Gillette told me he had the impression that I had always played Ibsen. As a matter of fact, I knew nothing about him when I took up my part in 'Hedda Gabler.' It would be hard to find any one who knows less about him than I. My tastes are not in the least for Ibsenish heroines. I should like to play strong emotional rôles and comedy rôles, natural comedy as opposed to theatrical comedy. I like plays that teach, such plays as Pinero's, Henry Arthur Jones', Capt. Marshall's.

Thus the "Ibsen heroine realized in the flesh," of whom the critics had been learnedly writing.

With the Swedish temperament, Miss Nillson was much better acquainted than with her great compatriot Ibsen.

"The Swedish character is in the minor key," she said. "It looks upon life and inwardly is afraid. And why should it not be? We come into the world, we know not why. We go through it, we know not for what reason, and we are called from it, not knowing whence the summons. As we grope our way step by step through it, why should we not be afraid? And yet"—her American training asserted itself over Swedish pessimism—"it is not practical."

Miss Nillson has many visits from young women who want advice about going on the stage.

"It would amaze you, and amuse you, too, to see them, so many of them, pretty, pink, helpless little things, who have gone to a dramatic school for a few months and read a few of French's plays, and think they are ready to go on the stage. It is so hard to make them understand—it is really no use to tell them that to act they must *live life*.

"To live life," Miss Nillson repeated. "You ask me what fosters an actress' art? Simply this."

A quick clasping of the hands, a sudden raising of the deep, sea-gray eyes, and one caught a flash of Carlotta Nillson's power.

"To go out into the world and be cuffed and beaten."

Her voice sank to an intense whisper. There was no touch of theatricalism about Carlotta Nillson then, or at any moment in the interview, no studied effects, only the words and gestures of a woman vastly in earnest.

"It is martyrdom," she said. "What can the petted women in homes know about it? How can these pretty little babes who come to me for advice about going on the stage know anything about it? Experience, that is it; deep, heart-wringing experience. That is what they need, but it is such a hard price to pay for success."

Miss Nillson believes that a reaction in public taste has set in, that the first up-creeping of the tide was seen in the tremendous success of "Hedda Gabler" last season.

"Put on for one week as a filler, you remember, it was probably the greatest success of the season. I don't know much

about the business of the profession, so I can't speak definitely as I would like, but I know when houses are crowded to the doors and box-office men are overworked. There is no doubt

that the revulsion of feeling toward silly, vapid plays has set in. The American public is full grown and is tired of food for infants or for depraved senility. This" (Miss Nillson tapped her forehead with the pointed nail of her dainty forefinger) "wants to be fed.

"I told a manager so the other day, and he said he did not agree with me. 'But the time will come when you will,' I said."

If Miss Nillson said it to the manager with half the impressiveness with which she said it to the writer, he will remember it for all time.

The deep-toned half whisper, the serious, sea-gray eyes, the tremendous earnestness of manner, make up a haunting, powerful personality, not without its pathetic wistful side.

But Miss Nillson being a woman, is of necessity many-sided. The most brilliant facet, however, the side that obtrudes upon the memory, is that expressed by the deep notes in her voice, the gray pathos of her eyes, by her sententious advice to those who would be actresses: "Live life."

Letty, the part Miss Nillson is now playing, is "the hardest woman character to play Pinero ever wrote," says Dion Boucicault, who staged the piece. She is a curiously complex character, sometimes suggesting the luxury-loving Iris, sometimes the calculating hardness of a "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but never once bursting forth into one of the raptures of love and abandon that cause the hardest auditor to forgive much because she has loved much. In the sacred sanctum of her heart I don't believe Miss Nillson entertains as a guest any deep affection for Letty.

In the sofa scene, Letty says, "I give you leave to shower as much bliss on me as you can, until I tire of you." That is the speech of a sophisticated, calculating woman, not a virtuous, wavering girl. And yet Letty is a good girl. It is a strange contradiction. It is a cramped part. Never, except on the roof, has Letty a chance to work up any emotion or throw herself into a scene. It is repression, repression, repression. Her work is to reflect the emotions of Letchmere.

"The critic who summed up the situation correctly," said the actress, "is a London writer. He said what seems to me absolutely true, that the play is so superb a piece of mechanism that the characters have been sacrificed. They have been made to be soulless and fleshless that the play might be perfect."

Then Miss Nillson said anent the critics:

"We are a bit crude in everything in America, and, perhaps, cruder in art than in anything else. A critic proved that by what he wrote of Letty, when he said, 'You never know whether Letty wants to be good or bad.'"

Her smile savored of a slight opinion of that critic. "As though any one were wholly good or entirely bad. Every human being is a blend of both."

A. P.



MISS GERTRUDE HAYNES
Will star next season in a play written to introduce her
choir celestial

A Tragedian's Christmas Dinner

By Otis Skinner



TO the mind of the man recklessly waving a welcome to dyspepsia and indigestion on the glad day of Noel, the spectacle of the actor's enforced digestive stop gap between two Christmas performances is somewhat disheartening. Ah! the turkey and goose, the mince pie and plum pudding, the nuts and raisins of our childhood; and, alack! for the liver-clogging sweetmeats, the sip of punch that we were allowed and the fruits and pastry that distended our overworked stomach to undue proportions and crept into our nightmare when the weary day was done! Gone into the *ewigkeit!*

When the overheated, overfed, overimbibed, and altogether overworked Christmas parent takes his comfortable orchestra chair at the diverting holiday play, let him not fancy that the gorgeously apparelled prince, the dainty fairy, and the button-bursting comedian are fairly throttling their effervescent spirits. They've all had their *matinée* and their hurried meal, and the pall of the day of rejoicing is settling upon them.

Some years ago I was playing in the company of a celebrated tragedian. Tragedians have to play on Christmas as well as comedians. We were traveling by private Pullman car, and in Cleveland we played our holiday engagement. The tragedian had given an unusually spirited and poetic interpretation of "Hamlet" in the afternoon, and we had gone back to the car to find that the porter had spread himself on holly, mistletoe, and flowers, and that the cook had achieved the ambition of a lifetime in the perfection of his menu.

The star came in, looked at it all, sniffed at the punch, and said, "Isn't it a pity Christmas can't come oftener!" Then, going to the door of his stateroom, he said, "Tell the cook to send me a cup of beef-tea and a biscuit. Enjoy yourselves; I'm going to get forty winks if I can."

In the evening, after an exhausting performance of "Shylock," to which an enraptured and packed theatre full of people had given tumultuous applause, the tragedian and I came down in the cab together to the station where our car lay on a siding. As we walked along the platform under the smokey rafters, he said, "I'm tired of dieting and I'm tired of that confounded Pullman cooking. Let's go in here—no one is in the restaurant. I'm going to eat what I want."

We perched ourselves on two high stools at the counter, and while I had a sandwich and a bottle of Bass, the tragedian ate two cold hard-boiled eggs, some greasy doughnuts and drank a cup of railroad restaurant coffee.

"It's been years since I've devoured a hard-boiled egg," he said, "and ages since I tasted a doughnut. I suppose I'll suffer from them to-night."

Our car porter had rejuvenated the dining table, and the cook, stung with the tragedian's apparent neglect of his carefully planned dinner, had risen to even more sublime culinary heights in his supper.

"Thank you," said the tragedian, "I'm going to bed. I've had my Christmas dinner. It was great!" and Edwin Booth shut himself in his room.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS DRINA DE WOLFE

Now playing the rôle of Mme. de Santenay in "The Secret of Polichinelle"



View of the city of Verona, Italy, showing the old Roman arena in which Eleonora Duse made her début as Juliet

In the Home of Juliet

WITH the modern tendency to deny existence to all our well-beloved heroes and heroines, it would be strange indeed if Shakespeare's lovely Juliet should escape.

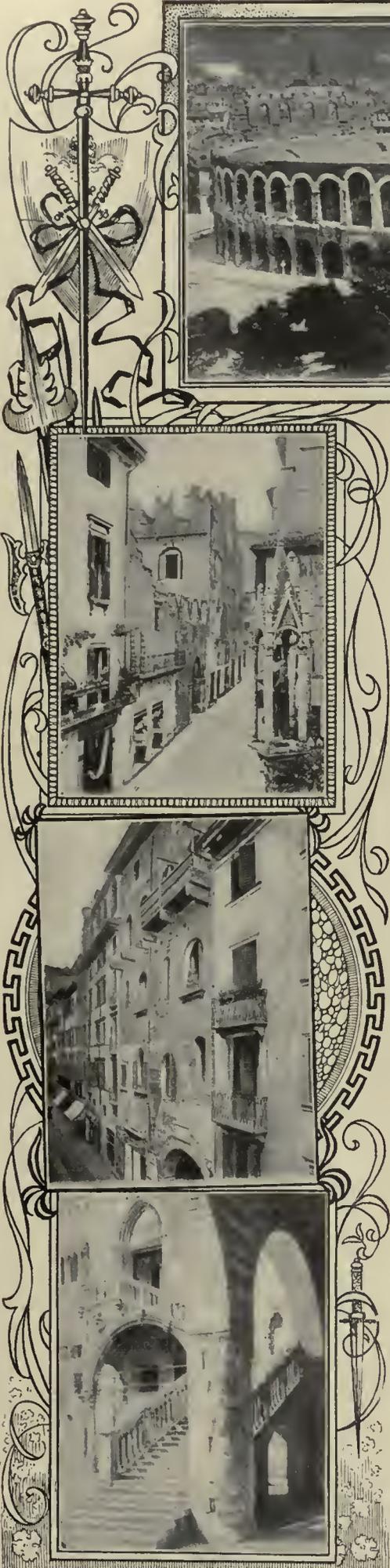
In spite of efforts to prove that the families of Capulet and Montague existed solely in the imagination of their original historian, Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of the nearby town of Vicenza, who died in 1529, and whose novel, "La Giuletta," was not published until six years after his death in Venice, he would be rash indeed who would undertake to convince the Veronese themselves that such were the case.

We are told that the early historian of Verona, Torello Sarayna, who published in 1542 a history of Verona and the Veronese in the time of the Scaligeri, makes no mention of any such families or love story, although he does refer to other families and their domestic affairs, while Girolamo della Corte, who relates it circumstantially as a true event, occurring in Verona in 1303, at which time the Scaligeri were lords of the city, perhaps one of them even figuring as Escalus, Prince of Verona, in the tragedy, is dismissed as unreliable and accused of adding the romance to lend charm to his pages.

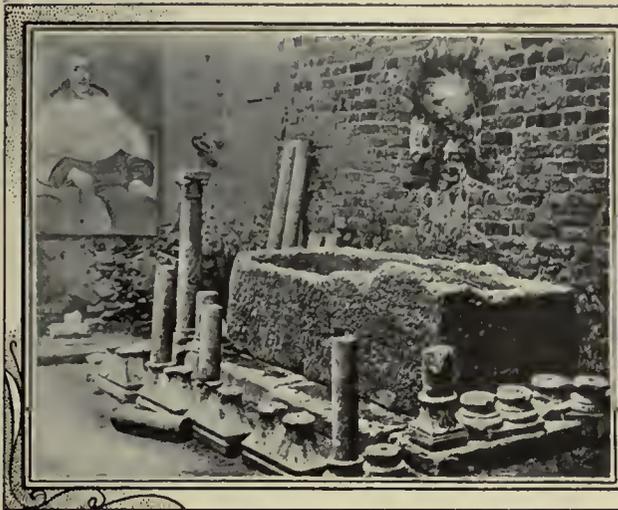
But the "Gentlemen of Verona," who act as cicerones to the tourists who invade their fair city, point out the very houses of the luckless lovers. On the road to Vicenza are two old castles, crowning neighboring hills, likewise designated as the "*Castello dei Capuletti*" and the "*Castello dei Montecchi*," respectively, and in view of these testimonials why refuse to believe that the lovely Juliet and her ardent Romeo did once actually pass along these very streets where now the modern tourist hastens, guide book in hand?

While Verona is not exempt from the modernizing influence which is slowly but surely transforming all the historic and picturesque spots of Europe, so that soon we shall search in vain for relics of mediæval times, nevertheless, it is less modern than many of the Italian cities. The electric tram is as yet unknown to its narrow streets, the horse car creeps lazily along, far less disturbing to the sleepy old atmosphere of the place. It is not difficult to imagine some quarters of the town as actually peopled by 14th century citizens. Take the Piazza delle Erbe, the ancient Forum, now a market place. The column of Venice, with its lion, was not erected until the lovers had slumbered in the tomb for more than five centuries, but the Casa Mazzanti was a newly finished mansion, the then residence of the powerful family della Scala, when their brief love drama was enacted, and within its walls one of the rival families may well have been guests at some of the magnificent feasts of the times, while opposite, the *Casa dei Mercanti*—the house of the merchants—now restored, and serving as the tribunal of commerce, was another new building, of which old Capulet, as a citizen of "Fair Verona," may have been proud. In this Piazza we may imagine Juliet's old nurse lingering for many a gossip with her old cronies.

In the Piazza dei Signori, close by, the Palace of Justice was not a new build-



From top to bottom: Romeo's House; Juliet's House, showing the famous balcony; Stairway, Mercato Vecchio



Juliet's Tomb before the removal



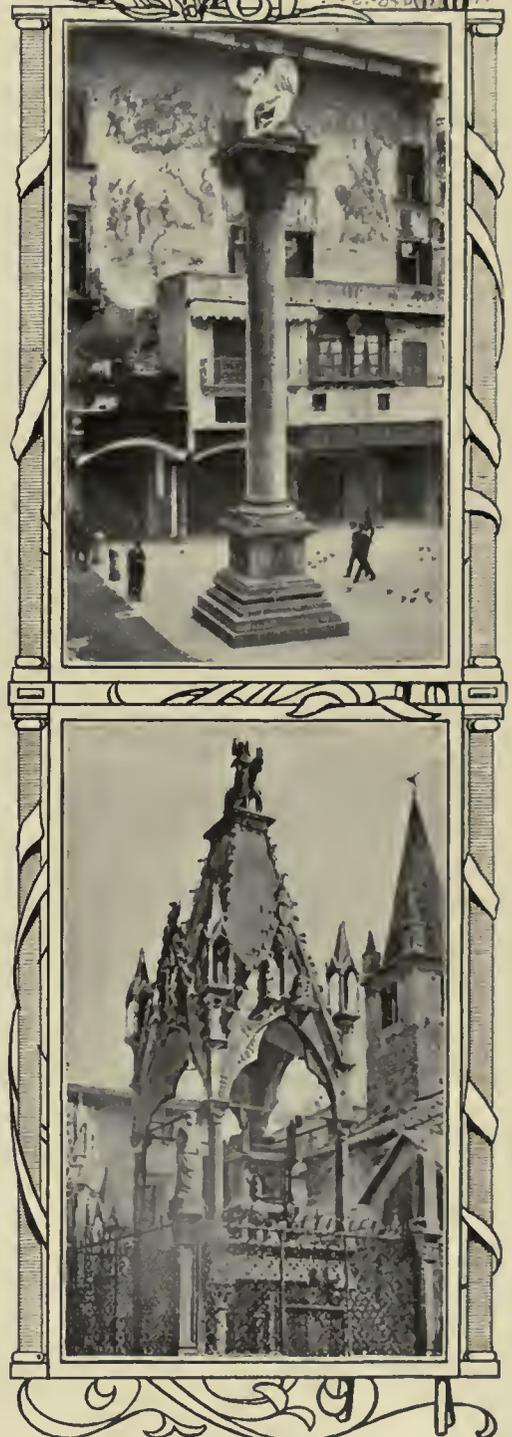
Juliet's Tomb as it now appears

ing, although the present massive stairway was not then built, while the two palaces of the Scaligeri family were occupied by their owners. Accepting della Corte's date, 1303, as the true one for the hapless lovers' brief romance, but one year before Dante, banished from ungrateful Florence, had found refuge with Bartolomeo Scala, and why may not he have been a guest in the house of fair Juliet's parents?

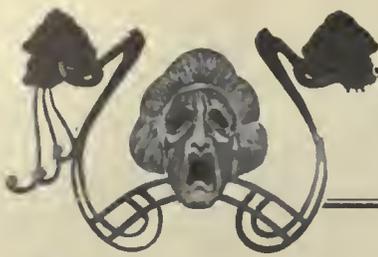
Near the tombs of the Scaligeri, which were built when the hatred of the rival families had become a thing of the past, is the house always pointed out to strangers as the home of Romeo, the third house from the foreground in the illustration. Not far away is the house of Juliet. Alas, the "open place adjoining Capulet's garden," like the garden itself, no longer exists. A narrow, dirty street runs close to the very walls of the house, a doorway gives entrance to a dirty court, filled with rubbish and refuse of all kinds, dirty children swarm around the gazing tourists, passing adults grin in amused comprehension, while more squalid houses line the opposite side of the street. Much imagination is needed to clothe the building with the aspect of wealth and magnificence which it must have worn, and alas for our recollections of "balcony scenes," enacted amid all the charm of setting of the modern stage! Juliet's balcony, as vouched for by the guide, is a tiny, narrow one, high up on the fourth, or what the Italians call the third, story. The projecting supports of former balconies on the lower floors still remain, but even so, one shudders to think of the perilous climb up a rope ladder to that height; and were the houses opposite, suggesting unlimited points of observation for curious neighbors, in existence in those days? The guide merely shrugs his shoulders in true Italian fashion, if one asks. The romance of the balcony flees before this reality, and one regrets the curiosity which tempted one to seek out Juliet's home. Better far to confine oneself to wandering idly about the streets of the old town, picturing scenes in which the lovers, their friends and families may have participated.

Was Juliet ever taken to the old Roman arena, in her native town, and told stories of the days when Rome was mistress of the world? Or like some modern Italian maidens, were such relics of a bygone time of little interest to her? Not far from its imposing ruin is the tomb of Juliet, which few visitors neglect to visit. Unfortunately it, as well as all the other tombs, has been removed from where it was discovered in an old churchyard when this was turned into an exercise ground for a cavalry regiment. It is within the barrack enclosure, railed off in a corner by itself, that one now finds it. Gone are the yew trees designated by Paris, when he bids his page: "Under yon yew trees lay thee all alone, holding thine ear close to the hollow ground," and where Romeo's attendant, Balthasar, lay in terror, hearing the combat with Paris, not daring to interfere. There are no trees left. The bare parade ground and barracks buildings are the setting for the tomb, empty now, save for the visiting cards of tourists from all parts of the civilized world. New pillars have replaced the original broken ones, and the portrait of Friar Lawrence, carefully replaced as it was when found, looks down in fresco from a bit of wall. Why or when the worthy friar's portrait was placed close to Juliet's marble sarcophagus, who can say?

ELISE LATHROP.



(1) St. Mark's Column, Verona
(2) Tombs of the Scaligeri family



Players in the Law Courts



By A. H. Hummel



SOME members of the dramatic profession are litigious by nature, others become so by force of circumstances and environment, while the vast majority who are anxious to keep out of court have litigations thrust upon them.

While the actress's divorce suit, her disputes with her manager, and her unpaid bills, are generally deemed good advertising for some forthcoming production, and, possibly, nothing more than the work of her press agent, I know from long experience that they more often mean bitter tears and suffering, and that the very publicity, with the golden harvest that is supposed to ensue, is what is almost invariably dreaded. The legal action, treated most flippantly in the press, may involve the wrecking of a once happy home, the shattering of high ideals and the loss of what once appeared indispensable to life.

A crowd will always flock to the court room to pick up crumbs of scandal to retail to convivial parties, but they avoid the dull arguments that characterize the technical portions of litigation. What the outsiders see is often only the superficial—the mummer's mask, whose grimaces often conceal a world of misery.

I have found actors admirable witnesses as a general thing, though there are notable exceptions to this rule. Most of them show the good results of their training, and they are not afflicted with the stage fright that mars the testimony of many persons who attempt to speak to a great audience for the first time. They understand that they must keep up their voices so every syllable will reach the men in the jury box and all others concerned. When they are instructed to give concise answers to questions addressed to them, and to volunteer no other information, they are far more apt to obey than are persons in other walks of life. They realize that the lawyer is the stage manager for their court performance, and that he understands just where the lime-light should be thrown and where the exit should be made. The talkative witness is usually detrimental to his own side, not only by weakening a climax, but by failing to impress upon a jury the exact point for which he was called.

I can recall few better witnesses than was the Earl of Yarmouth in a suit for libel which he brought here in the Supreme Court two or three years ago. Certainly while he played on the stage in Charles Frohman's companies as "Eric Hope" he never appeared to better advantage. He seemed the ideal, calm, unruffled gentleman, that so many actors have tried to portray in society dramas. A vile intimation had been made, and he was seeking vindication. To a thousand tantalizing questions he made perfect answer, never once showing the annoyance that any man must feel under such circumstances, never raising his voice beyond its normal tone, never attempting to retaliate for slurs.

He had a marked advantage over the lawyer who was opposed to me on this trial, and who became decidedly flustered during the long cross-examination, addressing the witness as

"Mr. Yarmouth," "Earl Hope," and using various other twists. My opponent was reading an old newspaper extract, and after hesitating for a moment, blurted out something about the Earl's "pie-routs."

"What is that?" I interjected.

"Pie-routs," said my adversary, "I don't know if that's quite right, as I am not up in French. It is spelled P-i-r-o-u-e-t-t-e-s."

Another occasion when I had admirable stage talent on my side was when Miss Olga Nethersole and her associates in the production of "Sappho" were brought to trial, on charges that the play was obscene. The prosecution arose from the mistake of an overzealous manager, and what was intended as an advertisement proved a boomerang. A daily newspaper not only rushed the case to court, but obtained a committal by an old foggy police magistrate, and an indictment by a Grand Jury. On the trial I was impressed by the fact that the witnesses for the prosecution overdid their parts to such an extent that the presiding justice warned them more than once to "be fair." The defendants were self-possessed as well as truthful, and there was no question from the outset that the verdict would result as it turned out to be, in their favor.

One of my stage favorites is Lily Langtry, of whom I cannot speak too highly. On her picture, which hangs in my office, she inscribed the words, "To my greatest champion and best friend." Like many other persons who have since become my clients, she was on the other side of a litigation when I first met her. I do not hesitate to admit that when I cross-examined her she had a distinct advantage, and one point that I attempted to make against her reacted strongly in her favor.

It was on her first trip to this country, and she had been playing in old Niblo's Garden Theatre. She failed to appear at a matinee, and the money taken in at the box-office was returned. Her plea was that the condition of her health had prevented her from acting that day.

I was anxious to show that she had been perfectly well, and I realized that she was making a good impression on the twelve jurors, and that not one would doubt her truthfulness.

"Tell me truly," I demanded, "isn't it a fact that you were out riding that day?"

"No," she replied.

"Do you mean to tell me you were sick?" I pursued.

"Oh, no," she said.

I sat down with a feeling of triumph; and then she turned and with a suave smile added, "But, Mr. Hummel, you in America may use the word 'sick' in a different manner than we do in England. In saying I was not sick I meant that I was not sick at my stomach. If you intended to ask if I had been ill, I wish to tell you that my health was so precarious that it would have been impossible for me to act."

Needless to say, the jury accepted her version.

Few women have done better on the witness-stand than Sadie Martinot. She is of magnetic personality, and was the idol of college youths, who showed devotion by drinking wine



Photo Schloss
A. H. HUMMEL
The celebrated theatrical lawyer

"Parsifal" in English. Scenes in the Opera



Alois Pennarini as Parsifal

FINAL SCENE. THE KNIGHTS IN ADORATION OF THE GRAIL

Kundry (Mme. Kirkby Lunn) and Gurnemanz (Putnam Griswold)



FLORENCE WICKHAM

CELESTE WYNNE

PEARL GUZMAN

HARRIET CROPPER

MARGUERITE LIDDELL

CHARLOTTE GEORGE

ACT II.—PARSIFAL AMONG THE FLOWER MAIDENS



BERTHA KALISCH

Known as the Hebrew Sarah Bernhardt and ranking as a great star in the New York Ghetto

out of her slipper, and by other feats too numerous to mention. Her popularity was unbounded at a time when she was summoned to appear in supplementary proceedings. The lawyer for the judgment creditor was a man whom she had known for some time. In his efforts to discover property that she owned, which could be applied to the settlement of the judgment, he inquired about some diamond gar-

ter buckles, about which stories had appeared in the newspapers.

"Oh," she replied, with a sweetly naïve smile. "We drank those last night at the dinner at which you were one of my guests. Those buckles brought me enough to buy the Sauterne and the Burgundy. My diamond crescent was also eaten. What I got on it was barely enough to pay for the terrapin and canvas-back duck."

The lawyer got nothing more in return for his impertinent questions than a laugh at his expense.

Like other men, I enjoy appreciation of my services, and I am delighted when my clients show that they are satisfied. An incident which I recollect with amusement is a trial before Chief Justice Van Brunt, of the Supreme Court, in which I represented Mme. Fursch-Madi, the great dramatic soprano, the plaintiff, and in which the American Conservatory of Music was the defendant. The singer claimed breach of contract, and sued for \$15,000. She had a good case, and she made the best of it. Understanding the foibles of mankind, she brought into court twelve of her young lady pupils—one for each juror—and never was a jury more interested than was that body of men, as her fair protégées were never out of sight. As the verdict in her favor was announced, she fairly took me off my feet with surprise, rushing up and kissing me with a resounding smack.

It is always necessary for a lawyer to fit his logic to his case. He argues one way for one client and the reverse for the next, as circumstances dictate. If he wins both ways, as may happen, he is indeed fortunate. While one comic-opera star was unable to break away from a manager who wished to have her wear tights in a production, I have enabled another star to quit her manager under similar conditions. In behalf of one manager I have frequently won on allegations which I have successfully combated from the other side.

Miss Lillian Russell refused to wear tights while the star of John C. Duff's company. She claimed, and with reason, that when she was clothed so scantily she caught cold, and her voice became affected, and so refused to continue; but she was permitted none the less to perform for Aronson at the Casino,

where she was not called on to appear in the objectionable tights.

I went to Boston as counsel for Camille d'Arville, against whom E. E. Rice had secured an injunction. The case came on for trial before Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the renowned author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and a most excellent jurist, whose services have since been rewarded by his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss d'Arville had been engaged as a prima donna by Rice by a written two-years' contract at a stupendous salary. She had been assigned to the leading part in "Little Christopher," a burlesque which had scored a great success in England. When she found that she would be expected to wear tights in this play, and that her lithographs in scanty attire would be displayed on every billboard, she firmly objected. She had a special reason to protest, as her young son was at high school in Boston, and she did not wish to have her pictures a subject of comment among the lad's fellow pupils. To dissolve the temporary injunction, which had been obtained by Mr. Rice, a speedy trial was had, and the case was bitterly fought. The trial lasted one week, one leading question being, the lexicographer's definition of the conjunctive words "prima donna," dictionaries taking the place of regulation law books in the court room. Nearly every musical leader in this country was examined as a witness, and the legal proceedings terminated by Judge Holmes vacating the injunction against my client, and rendering a verdict, which has ever since been followed.

Examples could be indefinitely multiplied to show that consistency is not alone not a jewel in the legal diadem, but that there are no end of unique unconventional reasons for actors and actresses coming into court with their grievances. In some legal frays the bitterness involved is really earnest, but take it all in all, no higher respect of the laws of our country can be found than in that great happy army of camaraderie, best known as the "Theatrical Profession."

A. H. H.



ISABELLE EVESSON

Leading woman with Proctor's Fifth Ave. Stock Company



London Stage in Sheridan's Day



THE eighteenth century stage was not lacking in splendor, for the age was one of glitter and gaud, but throughout it all ran no keynote of harmony.

At the time of the production of General Burgoyne's indifferent comedy, "The Maid of Oaks," Garrick spent fifteen hundred pounds on the scenes alone, a sum which would not be inconsiderable at the present day when the purchasing power of money has decreased by half, while some eight years before he had given twice that amount to adequately stage the extravaganza, "A Chinese Festival;" and yet he dressed Macbeth in a suit of scarlet and gold. As we thumb old folios we can only marvel that such gross incongruities as Hamlet in a bag-wig, Cato in a flowered dressing-gown, Portia in a salmon-hued sack, and Cleopatra in a capriole and hoop skirt, could have escaped the attention of press, people and players. A very few of the guineas lavished on Burgoyne would have given tights to the Dane, a toga to the Roman and diaphanous drapery to the beautiful Queen of the Nile. Dr. Johnson, the pompous, saw Mercutio don a cocked hat, laced with gold, a Steinker cravat with flowing ends of Flanders lace, a velvet coat, and gold buckled shoes, and thought him none the worse for that. Some years later, Kemble played Hamlet with the riband of the garter beneath his knee, an honor which the melancholy prince might not have scorned, but surely could not have earned.

In matters of stage business, anachronism was equally striking and sometimes sounded even the depths of buffoonery. There was Barry's effect in "Alexander," of which O'Keefe said, "Not only is it beautiful, but never have I seen anything to equal it for simplicity." "In the triumphal entry into Babylon," says Doran, "he was drawn down the stage in his car by uniformed soldiers. When he alighted to address them, each man placed his hand upon some portion of the chariot, the machinery of which broke up into war accoutrements; the wheels into bucklers, the axles into sheaves of spears, the body of the vehicle into swords, javelins, lances, standards, etc. All which likely work having been accomplished, and the soldiers having arranged themselves in battle array, Alexander addressed his easily provided army amid a hurricane of applause." Then there was old Mossop, who, in "Macbeth," invariably broke his prepared truncheon over the messenger's head, without ever reflecting that the cheapest of cast iron is supposedly tougher than the

best of skulls, and Quin, who, as Falstaff, disdained the tree stump prescribed by the author and sat on the battlefield in a red velvet chair.

As though this was not enough, some beauty of the theatre delivered a prologue before the play began, and some other stepped out of her rôle of tears that tragedy might come to a fitting end in an epilogue of more or less blatant comedy. What fair actress of heavy parts would to-day conclude her performances as did sweet Anne Oldfield the rôle of Andromache with such nauseous lines as—

"I hope you'll own that with becoming art
I've played my game and topped the widow's part.
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But died commodiously on wedding day,

While I, his relict, made at one bold
fling
Myself a princess and young Sty a
king."

Well might we say with Home—

—"Tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy and make your sorrows
vain."

—for it would seem that not even the crystallization of the art of the stage could withstand such odds, but in those days laughter was held to follow tears as rightfully as sunshine follows rain.

In this hasty pudding of incongruity but one thing struck the immortal Garrick as worthy of change, and that was the custom of selling seats on the stage, which had proved a source of great annoyance to both players and audience. The best of efforts must go for naught if tipsy gallants were to be allowed to ogle Ophelia and curse Laertes. Worse had happened. Once, in Dublin, when Garrick was playing Lear to Mrs. Woffington's Cordelia, a too amorous beau seized and held her in his arms while she struggled to



Richard Brinsley Sheridan

respond to the reproaches of her parent. It was in Dublin, too, that radiant George Anne Bellamy felt on her neck the all chaste kiss of a wine-flushed admirer, and more than once duels were fought on the boards to the dismay of Hamlet in his soliloquy, or Marc Anthony in his oration. At the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a noble but drunken earl, passed between Macbeth and his lady to speak to a friend in the wings.

"Sir," said Rich, the manager, who stood near, "for this breach of manners you shall never again be permitted here."

My lord slapped Rich and Rich slapped my lord. Up jumped my lord's friends, with swords bared, and out from the green-room came members of the company, similarly

armed. In the noble set-to which followed the beaux were driven off the stage and headlong into the street, where they rallied, stormed the house, broke the sconces, slashed the draperies, and were about to fire the theatre when a force of constables took them all to the lockup. "Very diverting," said the audience, but, in the meanwhile, what of Macbeth and his lady?

Garrick put an end to this abominable nuisance in 1762, but rather from motives of expediency than of art, for he still played Richard to a throng of courtiers in satin, patches, and powder. Although his genius led him to portray life in its natural semblance, rather than in the tragic strut and sonorous delivery of such players as Quin, still his artistic sense was

not offended by Juliet in a Tyburn cap. It is inconceivable that such a state of affairs should have entirely escaped the attention of such men as he and Goldsmith, Johnson, Sheridan, Walpole, all of the finest intellect, and all interested directly or indirectly in the drama. The explanation must lay in that informality which is bred of constant association. Theatres were few and actors and patrons were in rapport such as is impossible to-day. Those before the footlights were bound to those behind in a species of intellectual and Bohemian friendship, which made the play the thing and did away with all need of adventitious aids, just as we seek the society of a friend rather than his environment.

AUBREY LANSTON.

George Bernard Shaw as a Person

By Gustav Kobbé

I CONFESS to a weakness, an amiable one, I trust, for desiring to ascertain something about the personality of distinguished people. By this I do not mean that I care especially to know what kind of breakfast food a poet patronizes, or whether this, that or the other famous actress uses soap that floats or soap that sinks. But I am interested in those personal traits of celebrated men and women which somehow seem reflected in their work. Such personal studies are temperamental, not mere idle gossip.

I have read much about George Bernard Shaw's plays and the characters in them—*f. i.*, Professor Archibald Henderson's interesting articles and Shaw's own letter to Huneker, in which he gave a wholly wrong analysis of his own *Candida*. This effort to cheat the first public that displayed a warm interest in his work out of the enjoyment it derived from the character of a delightful, because a wholesome, woman, betrays a personal cynicism which accounts for much that is cynical in his writings. A succession of audiences indicate their appreciation of a play which is above the heads of the crowd, and their reward is an attempt on the part of the author to "string" them. Truly Shavivian, is it not?

However, Shaw is not a sham. He may have his con-

temptuous sport with the public that supports him (as Wagner did), but in the main his cynicism is aimed at the exposure of sham. And this, not only in persons, but also in things. Thus in the stage directions of "You Never Can Tell," which Arnold Daly is to produce this season, he describes, among other fittings of a dentist's office, an "ormolu clock, under a glass case, its uselessness emphasized by a cheap American clock disrespectfully placed beside it." The ormolu clock is one of the fittings which is supposed to give a veneer of "early Victorian commercial respectability" to the dental parlor, in other words, a sham, and hence a target for Shaw's cynic shafts.

When Arnold Daly visited Shaw last summer, he found several indications that cynicism and Fabian socialism are not unprofitable. Shaw lives in large apartments in the New Re-

form Club, overlooking the Thames embankment, and he has a country place at Welwin, too. Our authors do not yet affect residences on Riverside Drive, with a rural estate thrown in. However, again, there is no sham in the interior of Shaw's places of abode. There is a complete absence of the cheap æsthetic or of superfluous ornamentation. Simplicity of outline distinguishes such ornaments as there are. Handles, incrustations and the like are eschewed. Shaw ex-



George Bernard Shaw reading in his "den"

plained to Daly that he wished nothing in his abode that would collect dust. Even rugs are tabooed.

The actor who introduced "Candida" to American audiences did not find the author a poseur, but simply a man who was not an ordinary man. On the whole, Shaw was satisfied with the criticisms of "Candida" in the American papers, but delivered himself of the opinion that *he* could have written better ones. He also remarked, in a casual way, that he was disappointed at having been "discovered" while still living. He had hoped that event might have been postponed until some years after his death.

Possibly he does not think that even now he really has been

"discovered." He may believe that the "Candida" audiences were part of the sham. And it may have been for that reason he tried to fool them with his alleged revelation of Candida, and to satirize them to their faces in his "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Sham or no sham, however, a Shaw in our own country would be as impossible as a Whistler, who, though an American, had to leave us to find in England a suitable background and properly adjusted settings for his eccentricities. In this country, somehow, no genius ever seems to have thought it worth while to pose as queer. I suppose we keep our geniuses too busy.

Woman and Superwoman

(With apologies to George Bernard Shaw)

WHEN conditions had changed from what they are to-day, the Government brought Supermen and Superwomen together and made them Superman and wife. Naught was said between them, but by their silent consent they showed their patriotic zeal and their superhuman superiority. Now there come a time not long after when Superwoman found herself alone one day in a long hall, dedicated by the Government to such as she, and even as we, when time hangs heavily, often read to forget ourselves, so she began a tale of when man and woman occupied the earth. She pondered over this story of love, and some of the words seemed strange to her and vague of meaning at the first. When she had finished, the gothering gloom was creeping down the hall, yet she sat and thought, the forefinger of her right hand marking the happy end. Now and then a wistful, hungering look betokened Superwoman weakness, as she spoke:

How strange the tale: how very strange this love
That used to bring a quiver to the heart
Of woman; yet tho' weak of her, no doubt,
Had I a heart like hers, this void I feel
Would change to woman's love and tenderness.
I wonder what it is they call a blush?
This poet sings: "The red rose on her breast
Was naught beside the wild joy in her face."
But then he says: "She trembled at his touch,
And e'en a white rose, bending in the dawn,
Was naught beside the palor of her cheek."

Perhaps a blush was but a woman's way
Of showing man the mystery of love.
I see her, fragile, timid in her grace
Before the boldness of the world. Suppose
They robbed her of her heart and made her strong,
Unyielding to the silences of love,
With superwoman instinct for a mate,—
I wonder should she find this life so drear,
For lack of what the poet calls a soul.
She cried for love: Ah me, those tears, those tears!
These women cried for grief sometimes, 'tis said.
And oh! the glory of her eyes and his!
And oh! the secret of her touch and his!
How strange the tale: I wonder if 'tis cold
Like this, when love comes to the heart and soul;
I wonder if the tears of joy bring pain,
Like tears of grief—I wonder—
Ah, how good it must have been
To be a woman!

She buried her face in her hands, and the Romance fell to the floor. Down the long hall a line of Superwomen came, their way lighted by tapers; they found the lonely figure bowed and weeping, and instinctively they drew away as though from some dread disease; they had seen a woman, though they knew it not.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



MRS. GILBERT

MARIE DORO

SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY, "GRANNY," WRITTEN FOR THE FAREWELL TOUR OF MRS. GILBERT

Stage Fright and Its Horrors

"I T'S no use, Ellen. I'm flummuxed."

Edmund Kean, after a vain struggle with a new part in a London theatre, while his wife from the wings womanfully prompted him, thus defined stage fright. "Flummuxed" to Edmund Kean was a superlative. It presented the greatest heights of elation flung in one cruel second to the lowest depths of despair, as the topmost boulder of a towering Alp is carried in a swift, demoniac slide to the soundless depths of a crevasse.

More wordily, though not more expressively, a writer has described stage fright as "A nervous convulsion peculiar to the stage," and adds, "The sufferers from which cannot describe its symptoms." Perhaps the descriptions are not commensurate with the sufferings, but they are sometimes picturesque.

Maxine Elliott's dark eyes grow darker with reminiscent horror and her face pales at the mention of a first night, especially a first night in New York.

"I would rather be run over by a locomotive," she says, and Virginia Harned, with the same note of terror in her voice, says, "I would rather be torn limb from limb."

David Warfield can eat nothing the day of an opening, and Wilton Lackaye never takes any nourishment except soup for twenty-four hours before the awful event.

"What's the use?" he says, with a shrug that invokes memories of certain useless meals within the limit set by his nature, or the nature of his nervousness.

Max Figman says, "On the day of an opening I am a fit subject for an ambulance." Anna Held says: "I am always nervous in a new part. I tremble. So! You see? I feel that I am what you call a frost. I stammer and sing stupidly always, and my dresses seem weighted with lead. I am a silly amateur at a first night."

Marie Dressler made her audience shout with delight when she made her entrance recently at her debut at Weber & Ziegfeld's music hall, this because, with one grave look about the house, she dropped to her knees and began picking up potatoes. "The fact is," said Miss Dressler, "when I saw the audience I forgot my lines, and I began picking up potatoes to give me time to remember them. Since it brought a laugh,

we have kept on with it, but the truth is it was an accidental hit due to stage fright."

Mrs. Fiske, writing some time ago in the *Critic* on this subject, said:

"One actor is stimulated by the excitement of a first night performance to do his best, and all the conditions of such an event seem to inspire his most artistic efforts. On the other hand, another actor is depressed by the excitement of such an event, and fails utterly in a character those attributes that study, ability and purpose may have promised."

Mrs. Fiske admitted that she belonged to the latter unfortunate class, and had passed through strange experiences in consequence. She continued:

"To a player unhappily affected on a first night, the conditions seem to be abnormal, and they are destructive of confidence and a weight on the spirit. The excitement, the preliminary hurry, the worry over things that may go wrong, and the general nervousness—for even the players who pass through the ordeal successfully are themselves nervous before the play begins—all these things have a dispiriting, depressing and benumbing effect. The player who on a first night may be rendered inefficient by the peculiar influences of the occasion, may subsequently show the very best that is in him. Thus the temporary weakness must be accidental rather than a characteristic fault."

J. E. Dodson is the only actor the writer has ever known who denies an intimate and painful acquaintance with stage fright, and Mr. Dodson admits that he is anxious about the verdict of the uncertain public. Stage fright, though, that dread paralysis of all the functions, he says he has not known for many years, not, in fact since Arthur Wing Pinero, the playwright, cured him, by a little carefully administered philosophy. The playwright met the actor the day before Mr. Dodson was to appear in a new play of Mr. Pinero's.

"How do you feel about your part, Doddie?" inquired Mr. Pinero.

"I—I—O, I don't know," Mr. Dodson answered in manifest fear of what the morrow might bring to him.

"Don't you know your part?"



MISS ANNA HELD

This sprightly young actress admits that she dreads the ordeal of a first night

"Oh, yes."

"And don't you know your 'business?'"

"Yes."

"Don't you know exactly what you are going to do, and when you are going to do it?"

"Certainly."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"Truly," Mr. Dodson said, "what was I worrying about? And from that time I have never known stage fright. Anxiety? Yes, for we never know what the verdict of the public will be. But stage fright, I believe, is largely due to being somewhat unprepared, uncertain, to trusting too much to the inspiration of the moment, which is as safe as embarking on a ship with rotten timbers. The cure for stage fright I have found is to be sure of everything you are going to do."

Quite contrary was this view of John Coleman, the English actor, who said: "Try to imagine awakening after a heavy night spent with cheap, sparkling brown sherry, gin and bitters, red heart rum and fusel oil, whiskey and British brandy, opium and Epsom salts, your head splitting, your eyes bloodshot, your nostrils choked, your mouth baked in a red-hot oven, limbs paralyzed, muscles corrugated, vertebrae dislocated, tongue tied in a knot, cold, fever, bronchitis, influenza, delirium, and despair, all combined with acute susceptibility and perfect consciousness. Realize, if you can, that at that instant the prompter's bell rings to take up the curtain, and that you are airing your idiocy before the British public and the lady of your love to boot, then you may perhaps form some faint idea of the first phase of this diabolical malady. And now, oh stage struck aspirant, if you wish to know an infallible remedy for stage fright, here is one never known to fail. Don't go on the stage."

Equally harrowing is the picture drawn by Ellen Terry.

"You are standing apparently quiet and in your right mind, when you suddenly feel as if your tongue had



Gessford

MISS GENEVIEVE FINLEY
Now appearing in "The Cingalee"

become dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downward from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you begin to feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though somebody had cut the muscles at the back of your knees, your mouth begins slowly to open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it is well to get off the stage as quickly as possible—you are far beyond the hope of any human help."

On one occasion charming Miss Terry followed literally this advice of hers, for having reached the period when she was "beyond the hope of any human help," she dragged her-

self off the stage, seized the prompt book, called for a glass of water as a first aid to articulation, walked back upon the stage and was again Ellen Terry. Less fortunate was the late William Terriss, who, endeavoring to speak the line, "Straight

before us like two stars of hope we saw the harbor lights," substituted thus unhappily: "Straight before us like two bars of soap we saw the harbor lights."

Stage fright, it has been pointed out, is of two varieties. That which is so common as to be nearly universal is the nervousness incident to opening in a new play or a new city, especially in a metropolis whose verdict is fateful. The other is due to some sudden shock or temporary mental or physical incapacity.

Dr. Carleton Simon, the neurologist, says that stage fright manifests itself in one of three forms, either by loss of memory as in the case cited of Miss Terry; of substitution, as in Mr. Terriss' transformation of "stars of hope" to "bars of soap," and of impediment of speech, which locks lost words in the throat and turns the key of temporary paralysis upon



The Four Tea Girls in "The Cingalee"

them. Stage fright affects different temperaments in the same degree, but with different outward symptoms," said Dr. Simon to the writer recently. The nervous, emotional temperament, of which Mrs. Leslie Carter is an example, usually manifests it by a deadly pallor. The blood rushes from the surface of the body to the internal organs, leaving the skin ghastly. Persons of this type often suffer from loss of memory, or, to use a stageism, 'go up in their lines.' The heart seems to miss a beat. There is a temporary psychical paralysis affecting first the mind and later the body.

"The phlegmatic type, to which William Gillette seems to belong, shows stage fright first by the symptom of a flushed face. The blood rushes from the brain to the surface of the body. The mouth seems parched and the tongue thickens. There is increased heart action, a tension of the features and contraction of the muscles of the throat. Resultant, of course, is embarrassment of speech, shown especially by the substitution of one word for another." Among our woman stars, Julia Marlowe is not exempt from stage fright. The young



EDWARD B. MARTINDELL.
Now playing in George Ade's piece, "The Sho-Gun"

actress described her symptoms to the writer as follows:

"My hands are always cold when I am on the stage, but the form of stage fright that makes a player forget his lines I have never had. I have grown more and more anxious about a production as I have grown older, and realize the tremendousness of the undertaking. As a child, when I played a sailor boy, and afterwards Sir Joseph Porter in 'Pinafore,' writing my lines on my cuffs, I was not in the least nervous. I was bold with the over-confidence of a child. In my first eight years on the stage I played thirty parts, all Shakespearean or the classic drama. I was youthful and over-confident, having no notion of the magnitude of the meaning of Shakespeare's splendid lines. But when I played Juliet last month in New York, I was terribly anxious the first night. An artist has at the back of his head a perfect knowledge of what he intends to do, and that does not mean that he will be mechanical, but he is not sure that the audience will like what he intends to do, and this is the secret of stage fright."

ADA PATTERSON.

American Dramatists Honor George Ade at Delmonico's

A HUNDRED men, all prominent in the world of the theatre, in literature, art, and other professions, assembled at Delmonico's on November 6 at a dinner given to George Ade by the American Dramatists' Club. Bronson Howard, Henry W. Savage, Homer Davenport, John Kendrick Bangs, Charles Battell Loomis, Edward E. Kidder, Raymond Hitchcock, W. H. Crane, Eugène Presbrey, J. I. C. Clarke, and Melville E. Stone made speeches, each paying a glowing tribute to Mr. Ade's success.

What any dramatic author might reasonably consider the reward of a lifetime's devotion to his craft has come to George Ade after a brief apprenticeship of three years, and if we may judge by the quality of his work and its popularity with the public, he is as yet only on the threshold of a long and brilliant career as a writer of plays for the American stage.

But what we may ask ourselves is this: Will Mr. Ade turn his success to good account in the best interests of the American drama? Now that he has a public, will he endeavor to educate the taste of that public for something more substantial, something higher than the vacuous, inconsequential form of entertainment so much in vogue on our stage today? As we understand it, Mr. Ade's present plan is to portray in his pieces certain well-known American types, to satirize certain American institutions. And he succeeds admirably! But let us hope that this work—excellent as it is of its kind—is only preliminary to more serious work to come. In an article written last month for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, Mr. Ade disclaimed any ambition of serious intent in playmaking. This, probably, is only modesty on his part. While throwing to us those lighter pieces that merely amuse, he is doubtless

already evolving plays that will make us think.

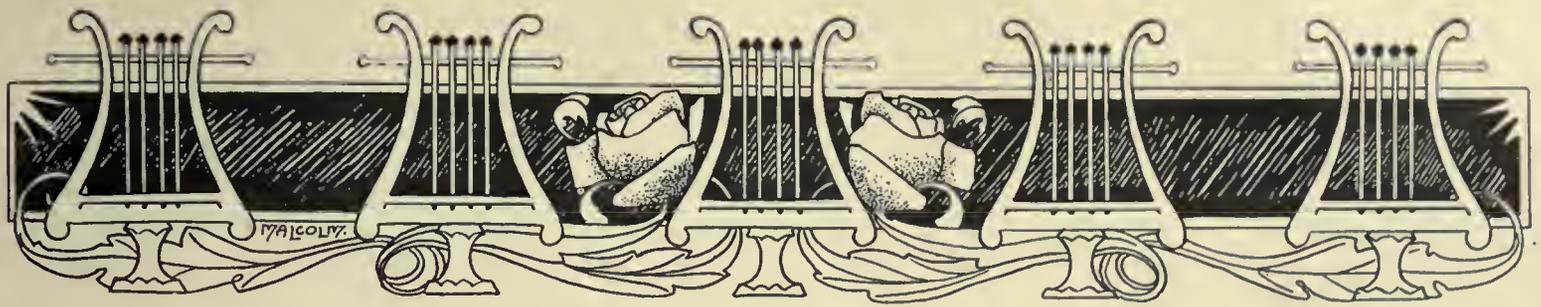
No thoughtful man can fail to be discouraged at the anæmic condition of our drama, at the growing scarcity of good actors, at the general deterioration and degradation of our stage. Who is to blame? Our dramatic authors, perhaps, more than our managers. The American theatrical manager is frankly a man of affairs. He is in it "to make money." The American dramatic author has higher ambitions, loftier ideals. If he has not these ambitions, these ideals—then he is not an author in the sense that Sheridan, Dumas, Augier, Pinero, Ibsen, are authors, but a mere purveyor of theatrical spectacles. Can we picture Mr. Ibsen writing a play to order?

But, alas! the money fever has seized many of our fashionable playwrights, and we find most of them wasting their talent on the veriest hack work, turning out two or three plays a season for so-called stars, thus prostituting themselves and their art in efforts that usually result in failure. And these authors cannot even urge the excuse of necessity, for they are all rich! Let us look abroad! Take the examples of the successful German and French dramatists—Sudermann and Rostand. Does money tempt them to write tailor-made plays when inspiration is lacking? No! Rostand has produced nothing for three years, yet in all that time has been writing, writing, and one day soon the entire world will be discussing another masterpiece.

In George Ade we hail another standard-bearer of the dignified American drama. His graceful wit, his keen satire, his gift of fine observation—in a word, his genius—put at the service of our stage, gives promise for the future upraising of the dramatic art in America.

A. H.





Music and Mechanics

IS THE UNDERSTANDING OF MECHANICS AN ADVANTAGE TO PIANO STUDENTS?

By Josef Hofmann



Copyright, N. Sarony
Josef Hofmann at the
time of his first visit
to America in 1888

THE pianoforte is a physical apparatus for the generation of sound waves by means of a stroke or attack. The art of piano playing must, therefore, stand in close connection with physical laws, and the understanding thereof is of great advantage to the student. This condition naturally applies only to the purely mechanical side of pianoforte playing. Strictly speaking, however, everything that the fingers of the executant perform upon the instrument is entirely of a mechanical nature; for even

the emotional features, which at times move the listener to tears, depend actually upon certain dynamic and rhythmic conditions which may be regarded as equally mechanical.

This exposition of the Art of Pianoforte playing appears somewhat dry. Nevertheless, it can readily be tolerated when one realizes that the instrument, as such, only serves as a medium between the performer and the listener; that it can be justly looked upon as a machine without thereby bringing into close touch either the art or the artist. On the other hand, how much more to the credit of the performer when, through the power of his genius, he is capable of transforming a merely mechanical reading into a soulful utterance!

Of course, it is hardly possible to attain this when one is not familiar with the nature of the pianoforte from its mechanical viewpoint, and the strongest imagination of the player will fail to assist him in overcoming this obstacle. I will go more closely into this consideration.

The imagination of the player demands a distinct acoustical picture. The piano works in opposition to his own natural indolence. This purely mechanical indolence can only be met in a purely mechanical manner, and if the player be unacquainted with the foundation, then his entire fancy will fail to help him, and he will ever remain an unhappy dilettante. If, however, he understands the principles of dynamics and kinetics, then will he discover many correlative points which may be of the utmost service in the development of his piano-playing gifts.

In what relation, however, do certain features of the pianoforte stand to those of purely physical nature, as, for instance,

do those of an engine or motor?

In order to illustrate this question, I must begin by comparing the velocity of the fingers on the piano with the movement and speed of the piston of an engine. If the fingers are moved slowly on the keyboard, they must be raised to a height that will correspond with that speed. As the pace is accelerated the height must be reduced, so that the raising of the fingers may continue in proportion to the increased speed. If this strictly mechanical principle be not followed, then only a limited degree of velocity can be attained.

In mechanics, this corresponds with the idea of the piston-working engine, wherein the slow runners are those which

work with the longer crank, whilst the so-called quick runners employ the shorter crank. Moreover, the action of moving the hand on the piano (from key to key) may be compared with the shooting of a projectile. In order to accomplish this movement with unflinching accuracy and the utmost economy of physical force, the player must reckon as exactly upon the direction as the descent of the hand, as well as upon the strength imparted to it at the outset. If, too, much or little strength be employed, if the descending curve be falsely calculated, the hand has to be stopped at the limit of the former by counter-force, which can easily result in a slip, apart from the fact that it is not economical.

In the launching of a projectile, which must fall upon a certain spot in order to fulfill its amiable purpose, all these points have to be kept in view, otherwise the projectile can also easily "strike a false note." Here, too, in things whose nature seems to lie far apart, there reigns a certain analogy.

In regard to the precision of the fingers, I demand from the piano-player the

same precise brain function as in the mechanical arrangement of a thought-out theory of construction. In a faulty connection between brain and fingers, resulting in a given impulse on the part of the actuating brain-centre, there occurs a hesitation in the corresponding movement of the fingers. The delay thus caused, namely, that the fingers do not work simultaneously with the brain, gives rise to the condition known in mechanics as the "todte Spiel," and which there arises from badly-fitting joints, cogwheels, bolts, screws, etc. This condition, alike in piano-playing and mechanics, constitutes an



Photo A. Lambert

JOSEF HOFMANN

Showing the muscular development of this famous pianist's right arm

elimination of the precise function of the guiding factors.

In conclusion, I come to the relationship between strength and speed in pianoforte playing, once more comparing the mechanical principle with that operating in certain machines, such as steam or benzine engines, and especially in electric motor work.

If a particular passage in some composition be played with a certain strength, whilst maintaining a certain speed, any increase of that speed must be accompanied by a corresponding diminution in the strength, in order that the strength of the whole may be made to appear the same. Without this a *cre-scendo*, or an unintentional *forte*, would necessarily result. On the other hand, by the use of increasing strength one can "retard" at a given place in a piece without the fact being noticed. It is evident, therefore, that there exists a relationship not only in mechanics, but in pianoforte playing between speed and power. This can be illustrated by the working of motors, of whatever kind, but above all the electric, which by the act of augmenting its turning gear in creases its inner resistance,

and in this case requires less supply of energy per revolution than before.

The student who recognizes this can, through theoretical comparison, clear up many difficult problems, and I should hail it with joy were the many pianoforte students of to-day (old ones not excepted) to devote themselves to the study of physics instead of to useless novels.

All the examples and statements here put forward (and apart from them there are hundreds of moments for comparison) are the results of observations which I have made in pianoforte work as well as in my own study of physics, not mere hypotheses or newly invented methods which are the outcome of fantastic ideas. The purely technical side of pianoforte-playing is absolutely mechanical (the interpretation naturally excepted), and therefore I cry: "Piano students, take physics for your hand book!"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Josef Hofmann wrote the above article in the German language and we are indebted to Mr. Hermann Klein, the well known musician and author, for its excellent and faithful translation.

"Symbolism" in Modern Music



AMONG the many fetishes of modern days—the newspaper, the view of the majority, superficial education, hare-like speed (directed by analogous brains), high trade-tariffs, standing armies, indecent, unhealthy ball-dresses, patent medicines—there are several, of minor popularity, appertaining to the arts. "Symbolism," "impressionism," and some other confusionisms, though not enjoying the universal acclaim devoted to the penny propagator of credulity or the fashionable disseminator of pneumonia and prurieny, yet count a goodly number of adherents. In the realm of music we encounter an idol before which the faithful sink prostrate to the very dust of humble surrender, exclaiming: Oh,

Leitmotif, we worship thee!

Now here counsel is given all practical people, as hangmen, insurance agents, manufacturers—whether of trade-tariffs or patent medicines—to read no further, for what follows concerns simply things that do not matter much. The present writer happens to like the un consequential, though he prefers the fantastic, and dotes upon the absurd. So, exonerated from any suspicion of foolish common sense, he feels free to proceed with his theme—his *Leitmotif*.

A *Leitmotif* is, in

fact, a recurrent musical theme. It is, however, more than a given set of notes repeated in various forms. It rejects the restriction of standing as a mere sequence of sounds. It claims definite significance: a human emotion, a phenomenon of nature, a person, a beast, an implement, or what not. Lohengrin's warning to Elsa against curiosity, "Ne'er shalt thou voice the question" (as to his name and origin), translated into music by a peculiar series of seven notes, is heard frequently during the opera. The sinister, heavy-browed Hunding, Sieglinde's savage consort, finds embodiment in a musical portrait contrived by a certain arrangement of nine notes. The hammering of Mime, the smith; the up-darting flames summoned by Wotan to encircle the slumberer Brünnhilde; the twitter of forest birds; an invincible sword; a monstrous, angry, steaming dragon; the cloud-careering Valkyries, those amazons of the air—all are somehow represented or rendered, depicted or described, through orchestral devices.

But is the representing, describing faculty of music truly so literal, so exact, so determined?

Logic would aver that an orchestra could do no more than make sounds, and that sounds could go no further than to imitate other sounds. A piccolo might approximate the piping of a bird, a big drum the roll of distant artillery, violins the wailing of the wind. And of a few other sounds, equally common, an orchestra might provide acceptable illusion. But what of the infinite varieties remain-



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MISS PAULINE SLOSSON

Ohio girl who has won a reputation in the West as concert soprano. She began her career as a child pianist and later went on the comic opera stage. For the last few years she has been identified chiefly with church and concert work

ing—the smash of a falling tree, water boiling, a sail flapping, a carriage driving, the tramp of a regiment, a horse's neigh, and thus on and on? Then, if it be impossible, or at best problematical, to reproduce that sole, familiar, equine characteristic, how distinguish between a mare and a gelding; a Percheron and an Arab; a horse running free on the prairie and a horse tied by a rope in a stable; a spirited three-year-old sorrel prancing at the starting post for the Derby, and a woe-begone, ancient bay hobbling down a desolate mountain ravine of Persia? Nonetheless, Herr Wagner com-

poses something to be played over and over again by fifty fiddles and flutes, basses, bassoons, kettledrums, clarionets, triangles, trumpets, trombones, and wants to persuade you that while this something is in process of intonation you cannot but imagine a troop of horses galloping overhead through the air, with armored women on their backs, carrying away the corpses of dead warriors thrown across the saddle-bows. In reality, to whatever degree you were delighted or excited, amazed or dazed, by the crashing splendors of the Ride of the Valkyries, if uninitiated you never would perceive its meaning.

Collateral evidence: During a performance of Richard Strauss' orchestral piece, "Don Quixote," and when, according to the "analytical" programme (which declared that "each variation portrayed an incident in the novel"), the Knight of the Melancholy Countenance had already been "reading books of chivalry," "knocked down by the sails" of windmills, "upbraiding Sancho Panza for preferring the easy and comfortable realities of life" to the ideal—it was then that a lady seated next to the present writer asked the loan of his programme. The lady perused the sheet, returned it, and said: "Thank you. I wanted to find out what the music was about." Her subsequent remarks showed her a favorite frequenter of concerts; still, she was deaf to the intention of those orchestral sounds until *after* being informed what they professed to signify.

Contradictory evidence: An acquaintance of ours played a composition of his own upon the piano to a circle of music lovers, asking them to guess the title of the piece. One answered, "Regret," another, "Disappointment," a third, "Re-

morse." The rest of the company were unable to give opinions. The composer announced: "'Remorse' is the correct name." Therefore music seems capable of rendering moods and emotions. But is it not limited to creating vague, uncertain impressions of a few mental states? How are even such ordinary manifestations as vanity, jealousy, indifference, suspicion, irony, forgiveness, impudence, to be recognizably expressed?

Summing up: You cannot make a dictionary out of tin, wood, and the guts of dead cats.

A *Leitmotif* is a very short, usually unfinished, melody, sometimes an ingenious, often an ugly, and nearly always an unsuccessful attempt to turn sounds into facts. Neither a *Leitmotif* nor any other combination of tones has the right to exist unless it bears the distinction of admirable music. Mime's ceaseless tinkering on six notes throughout the first act of "Siegfried" becomes a nightmare of eternal monotony; in "Parsifal," the four ascending notes believed by gullible persons to represent a crystal cup containing drops of blood far from satisfy one's taste for a good tune. There, indeed, lies the whole story. Inventing a certain arrangement of a few notes; labeling the result as a definite mental or material conception; tooting, drumming, fiddling the affair fifty times over, and afterwards explaining what you mean by talking about it, or by writing in a book or pamphlet or essay—does not make a good tune. Chopin's Funeral March, Händel's Largo from "Xerxes," Rubinstein's Melody in F, the Marseillaise, the Despair Song in "Tosca" (E luccvan' le stelle), the serenade preceding "Cavalleria Rusticana," the septette concluding the first act of "Tannhäuser," Isolde's Death Song—these are good tunes. They stand by themselves as such; repeated or not they are worthy of remembrance; they need no vindication. They enchant the ear, and thus fulfil the proper purpose of music.

LIONEL STRACHEY.

Richard Strauss is working on a new opera, "Salome," based on the Wilde play of that name. It will be produced soon in Munich and other cities.

Hermann Sudermann is writing a drama with a modern plot, treating of an ethical problem. It will be produced shortly at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin.

Former Lieutenant Bilsle's new military drama, "Autumn Fruit," had its first performance at Hannover on November 12.

At the Savoy Theatre, London, on Nov. 14, was seen Mrs. James Brown Potter's first London production of "For Church or Stage," which she had previously produced in the provinces. The play met with a somewhat mixed reception, but, according to report, Mrs. Brown Potter was well received.



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STORIES OF

The Defection of Zaza , An Idyl of a One Night Stand ,

By ANNA MARBLE

THE STAGE

IT was noon meal hour in the dining-room of the United States Hotel at Skeginac.

The head waitress strutted noiselessly about ushering guests into undesirable seats with a complaisance that defied protest.

A commercial man, sitting near an electric fan, which lifted the edge of his toupee embarrassingly, ventured a mild dissent. The head waitress pushed back

his chair, and with a smile of light sarcasm promenaded the full length of the dining-room, followed by the crestfallen drummer, whom she seated with a warning flourish of the hand close to the swinging doors of the kitchen, whence a steaming odor of food emanated, in unsavory waves, at each exit and entrance of the waitresses. Then she retired with a withering glance of offended dignity to her post by the doorway, there to lay in wait for other diners.

The incident of the rebellious drummer had happened at an unfortunate time. Not that the head waitress was unequal to emergencies of that sort; as a rule, she rather enjoyed such breaks into the routine monotony of her duties, since she was thus afforded the center of the stage and managed usually to come out ahead when it came to a question of disputed authority. But to-day the urbanity that proclaimed her sureness of her throne was lacking, and when "Daisy," the little waitress with the big pompadour clattered through the swinging doors on her high heels, and pausing to smirk at a cigar salesman, allowed a large, three-cornered slice of watermelon to slip from her tray with a thud, the ire of the head waitress rose to the point of expression.

"Daisy," with admirable nonchalance, set out deftly twenty tiny dishes containing samples of various foods in front of the prospective diner, and then, in response to an unpropitious nod from the head waitress, tripped mincingly across the room.

"I told you about them high heels, Daisy Thompson, yesterday, I believe."

The last phrase, frequently employed by the head waitress as an elegant embellishment to her remarks, had been overheard and annexed promptly from the conversation of an actress who had once remained over night at the hotel.

"Daisy" rearranged the broad bow which tied her diminutive apron.

"I got a new pair, but they hurt me feet," she avowed.

Was this to be further mutiny? The head waitress' expression was one of great distress.

"You needn't tell me no more lies, please. If them things doesn't pain your feet, it ain't likely common-sense heels will. Common sense ain't never hurt your head, and I guess it won't hurt your feet."

The logic was unanswerable. "Daisy" waited silently for an opportunity to return to her work, but the head waitress fixed a detaining glance upon the saucy bit of blue silk that did duty

as a sort of figurehead in Daisy's pompadour. There was no getting away from that glance.

"I ain't goin' to stand for no more spilling," announced the head of the dining-room, in staccato accents. "Last night Zaza dropped a bowl of cornmeal mush in the night clerk's lap, and you might as well understand——"

"Have you given Zaza her month's notice, Miss Flick?" Daisy ventured an interruption by way of turning the channels of her superior's wrath.

"You girls has been talking about her again, I bet," was the sharp reply.

"Well, Kittie Shine and Maggie Webster has threatened to leave if you don't discharge her. As for me" (with a toss of the blue silk bow) "I ain't never worked yet in no place where the people wasn't respectable."

"You better wait on No. 3 table over there; nobody's took their order yet." The head waitress looked serious as her underling obeyed.

Left to herself, she faced a problem that for days past had taxed the limited resources of her reasoning.

"Zaza," so nicknamed since the advent of a Number 7 theatrical company, which had displayed the title on local fences beneath the portrait of an auburn-haired lady, was a pale, freckled-faced girl with a shock of uncompromising red hair. She was taciturn and unpopular. Her work was accomplished with absolute disregard to the possibility of lessening its drudgery. This in itself was an offense to the others, who found in the gratification of small feminine vanities and the interest attached to personal adornment a pleasant alleviation of labor, and who regarded Zaza's heresy in these matters as a mute reproach, a pharisaism that merited their resentment.

The ball given by the State Association of Lady Waitresses Zaza had not only refused to attend, but had positively refused to contribute toward. From this point her unpopularity had waxed.

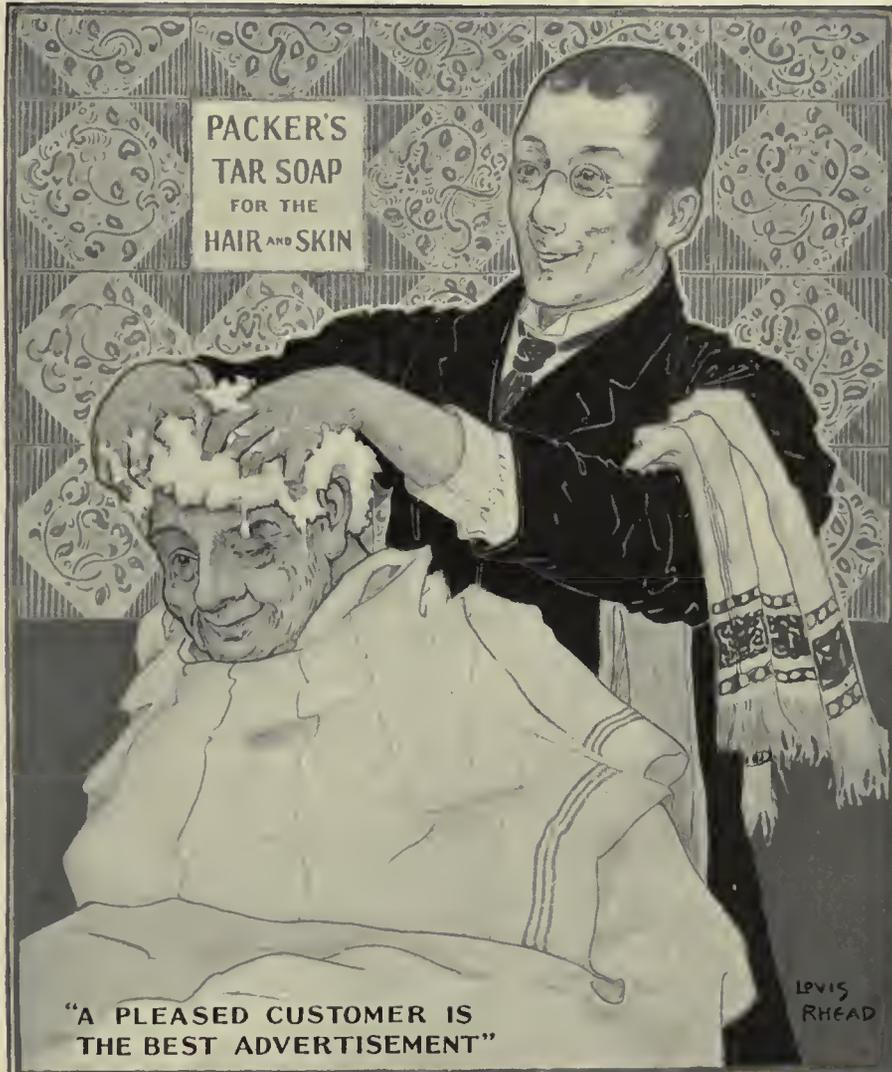
"Daisy," whose heart was bigger than the proportions of her slim waist indicated, had on one occasion proffered her services and the benefit of her taste in the matter of arranging a new coiffure for Zaza, whose coarse, ruddy hair was worn in an uncompromising, tightly-wound coil at the most unbecoming curve of her head. Everything about the girl was uncompromising, even her curt refusal of Daisy's kindly offer.

Personal unpopularity will offset good service in any profession, and thus it was that the whispers of unfriendly comment in the dining-room grew to openly expressed hostility as days went on.

(Continued on page vi.)



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The Defection of Zaza

(Continued from page 326.)

It was Maggie Webster who first gathered the reins of gossip and drove it straight under the upraised brows of the head waitress.

"That's what they say," was the time-worn phrase with which Maggie interlarded her accusations, as she was "setting" her table for supper, "an' you know, Miss Flick, she never would come to the hotel to live. Now, you do know that, don't you? And what's more, I jes' took it into my head to find out where she *does* live, an' I followed her home one night, an' she lives down there in one of them ramshackle boardin' houses by the X., L. & W.'s tracks."

"Well, there ain't anything disrespectful about that. I be—lieve," retorted the head waitress, moved to momentary pity at sight of the discussed one, who was engaged in cleaning silver at the other end of the room, and whose face looked particularly haggard in the half light of a darkening day.

"Well, Miss Flick," went on the informer, thrusting a red bordered napkin into a tumbler, as she spoke, "it's just come to this, that me and Kittie are going to give notice unless she quits."

"Oh, you are, are you?" said the head waitress, opening her eyes at Maggie portentously. "And where are you two thinking of going? Back to ironing in the State Almshouse lanndry, I be—lieve?"

The head waitress felt uncertain as to the aptness of her favorite phrase just here, but she was comforted with a sense of its impressiveness.

"No, we ain't, Miss Flick; we are thinking of goin' to the Battle House, down by the Junction. They're talkin' about makin' a change down there and puttin' in waitresses in place of niggers."

"Well," said the head waitress, placing a nickel-plated castor in the exact center of the checker-board table cloth, and fixing the waitress on the other side with one of her compelling glances: "As far as she's concerned, you nor Kate Shinc, nor no other waitress in this dining-room, ain't going to tell me my business. If she ain't respectable, she's goin', if she is, she's stayin', and there ain't nobody here that can dispute that, I be—lieve." And she polished off the pepper cruet in conscious pride of her diction.

Maggie moved to another table further down the room and Miss Flick caught Zaza's eye and beckoned her.

"Look here, Zaza," she said with something less imperious than usual in her tone, "I don't know as you know, I mean to say, I don't understand if you heard anything,"—then she paused. It was not so easy telling a young woman that her associates in work believed her to be disreputable. Zaza glanced up sharply.

"Well," she said, looking straight into the eyes of the head waitress. The latter sneezed violently. "Laws! this pepper's hot," she exclaimed, by way of giving her mentality time to take firmer hold of the situation.

"I was going to say that the girls has been complainin' of late—"

"Of me?" quickly and uncompromisingly from her listener.

"Yes, I guess you might as well know that there has been certain parties has complained about the black eye you had last week—and others has said you ought to be living in the hotel, so long as you are working here. Now, I ain't so awful partic'lar about you living here if you have folks to go home to, but there is some that says that you—"

"That I *what*?" Zaza's pale eyes did not waver. "You never did tell nobody how you got that black eye," went on Miss Flick weakly.

"It didn't concern nobody."
"Well, you better git the rest of that silver cleaned, I be—lieve," said the head waitress, retiring with dignity.

"Girls," said the head waitress that evening, as attired in the acme of provincial elegance, with only the tiniest of lace aprons to officially indicate her humble calling, she stood gong in hand waiting to open the dining-room door, "I wish to git supper over on the minute of eight to-night. I am going to the Op'ra House. That show is here that the advance agent give me passes for." When she went into the corridor, banging the

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gong with a vigor that betokened splendid nerves, the waitresses smiled significantly at one another. No need to wonder with whom she was going. It was the night clerk's evening off.

Miss Flick and her "gentleman friend" walked up main street to the opera house and talked "shop."

"It's the first trouble I've had with the help since I took charge of the dining at the United States," she complained. "I don't want to lose Maggie and Kate, but somehow my conscience don't feel right about discharging Zaza on them girls' say-so. Now, what do you think about it, Jones?"

The heart of the night clerk leaped. She called him "Jones" only to signify deep respect and esteem. It seemed almost as though they were married.

"Why, now, really, Caroline, I do not feel as you might call it, in a position to advise in regards to these delicate matters," he replied in a light falsetto.

It was Miss Flick's heart which beat faster now. Mr. Jones was certainly a perfect gentleman, and his language—how delightfully adequate! They were nearing the theatre, and he took from his small pocket-book the pass which Miss Flick had given him. After placing the former carefully in the inside pocket of his neat black coat, he turned to his fiancée.

"Zaza isn't a pretty girl—" he began musingly, and then catching the flash in his companion's eyes, he hurried on in the tone of one explaining. "Of course, I mean it seems incomprehensible, therefore, that she should not be all—"

"There is good people that has good looks as well as bad, I be—lieve," snanned Miss Flick somewhat irrelevantly.

"Beauty when accompanied by virtue is a charm that few can resist," observed Mr. Jones, with an eloquent glance from his small eyes, that brought instant capitulation from the lady at his side.

"Well, I wisht I knew what to do," said she, as they pushed their way through the crowd at the Opera House door.

When "Lady Isabel" had thrown herself sobbingly across the body of her child and the ornate curtain displaying highly colored squares of local "ads" had dropped finally, Miss Flick arose, and tucking her moist handkerchief into her pocket and her white cotton gloved hand into the bent elbow of her escort, they went forth into the night air.

"It was grand," opined Miss Flick. "Do you know that there Sir Francis What's-his-name reminded me something of you, Gussie, although, of course, you ain't—My Laws! Look!—Look over there, will you! The girls was right, after all."

They had turned the corner and were passing a narrow alley leading to the stage entrance of the opera house. A group of boys stood there idling. One of them was whistling a few mournful bars of Barbara's song in East Lynn, "Then You'll Remember Me." Another lad was noisily devouring the last of a bag of peanuts, and leaning against a projecting billboard, from whence she had a direct view of the stage door, stood Zaza, the light of an oil lamp which hung above the entrance throwing her uncomely profile into startling relief.

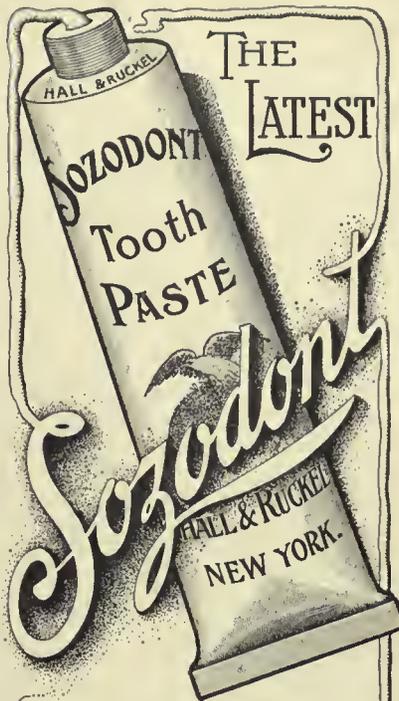
"Come on, said Miss Flick excitedly, pressing her companion's arm. "She ain't seen us. Let's go down to the corner and cross over in the undertaker's doorway and watch."

"Watch?" repeated Jones.

"Yes," she said, impatiently, hurrying him along. "Don't you see? It's all true—she ain't respectable. She's a-waiting for some of them troupers. Like as not 'he one she waited on at the hotel. She'll have to go now. She'll have to git right out. I don't blame the girls. My, she must have went about it foxy! I never seen her as much as give a civil reply to no man." Volubly the head waitress vented her excitement as they stood waiting in the deep shadow.

"I cannot say, Caroline, that I see the use of our remaining in this position," objected Mr. Jones.

"Never you mind, Gussie—I see it. I got to prove I'm right. That's what! I got to—Look!



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Look! Ah that's the last straw. What do you think of it now!"

A man had come out of the stage door, and catching sight of Zaza had suddenly paused. Taking her hand, he had drawn her aside from the group of loiterers, and after talking to her for several moments, they walked down the street together.

"I'm going to follow them," announced Miss Fliék. But Mr. Jones objected in the tone which Miss Fliék knew she must respect. "Well, anyway, I'm going to see which way they go."

"I think, Caroline, we will return to the hotel," said Gussie with quiet authority.

Miss Fliék's astonishment at what she had witnessed increased, when the couple ahead turned down the street in the direction of the hotel. It increased further when Zaza went up the wooden steps leading to the hotel porch and, followed by the man, disappeared in the darkness.

Although opposed by Mr. Jones, the head waitress insisted on going in at the side entrance, and after sniggling in the dark hallway at the surreptitious kiss implanted on the tip of her nose by the ardent Gussie, she bade him good-night hastily and took her way up the back stairs to her room. At the head of the landing she paused, listening until she heard Gussie's door shut on the floor below. Then she stole softly down the stairway once again, and opening the dining-room door cautiously, let herself into the darkness. Over there in the corner was the most secluded side of the porch. Miss Fliék had long ago prohibited piazza courtships. Perhaps, after all, Zaza was only disobeying the piazza injunction, and Miss Fliék would be willing to forgive a flirtation.

Yes—they were there. Through the chinks of the closed shutter she saw them and could hear them as well, for the inside windows of the dining-room were never closed in hot weather. Miss Fliék sat down on the floor to watch and listen.

Zaza was leaning against the rail of the porch. Facing her sat the man. His hat was on and he was smoking a cigar. It was Zaza who was talking:

"Oh, if you will only do it! If you will only do it!" she said in a low tone, stretching out one hand imploringly as she spoke.

Miss Fliék recognized the man now. He was Sir Francis "What's-his-name" at the Opera House and a guest at the hotel. In the moonlight she could see his white hand as he shook the ashes from his cigar, and the sparkle of the diamond in the ring he wore.

"I'll git him anything he needs in the way of costumes," Zaza went on supplicatingly, "and he's got a good street suit. I have the ticket fer it home. I'll get it out fer him right away. He put it in when he went on the tear."

The man looked up. He spoke with an emphatic drawl and gesticulated.

"He's a good 'juvenile,' Bert is—I haven't a word to say against his usefulness with a rep. show. He doubles in brass and makes a good appearance in the parade, can do illustrated songs at a pinch, and is willing to work the 'props,' but, my dear little girl" (it was the habit of the man to address all females so, even the old woman in the company), "he will get off on these awful sprees."

"I know—I know," Zaza interrupted, "but listen! You'll try him again, won't you? Say?"

The man was silent a moment. Then he said suddenly:

"Look here, why don't you let him shift for himself? He's a beast when he's drunk. I know him! Why, he's told me himself that he beat you."

"Only when he's drunk," she replied in quick defense. "He never teeches me when he's sober, but when he's drinkin' he allus lieks anybody that comes near him. He can't help it! Liquor makes some folks do that way."

The man gave a deep grunt and threw away his cigar.

"You women make me sick," he said disgustedly. "Does he ever send you any money when he's on the road?"

"No—no, sir," she confessed reluctantly. "But I don't need it. I can get along all right. It's only hard—"

(Continued on page xii.)



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With its January issue THE THEATRE MAGAZINE will enter upon its fifth year of uninterrupted success. Beginning next month the magazine will be permanently enlarged. Its pages will be considerable longer and broader, thus permitting of greater pictorial embellishment and their number will be increased. The colored cover will also undergo a radical change. The policy of independence and general excellence, which has made this magazine a success, will be continued and a number of new interesting features introduced. Full announcements of our plans for the coming year will be made in the next issue.

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(Concluded from page viii.)

"Hard when he lays around and drinks your wages, eh? Well, then, what the — do you stand it for?"

"I love him," she said.

It was the same uncompromising tone that Miss Flick had heard before, and that lady's heart was thumping behind the closed shutters.

The man was silent.

"It's a — shame," he said at last, rising, but he's your husband and it's your funeral."

"Will you take him on again, then?" asked Zaza, her voice trembling now with eagerness.

"All right—you can send him around to the theatre in the morning. He's the best all-around man we ever had with the show; but you can tell him it's his last chance; and say, he'll have to have a dress suit to go on in the ball room scene in *Camille*."

"I'll get it," said Zaza, promptly. "Good-night, sir, I'm awful grateful. Bert'll be round in the morning. He said he'd go sure if I'd ast you to take him back."

She hurried around the corner of the porch, and the sound of her footfall as she ran down the wooden steps came back through the dining-room window and startled Miss Flick out of a deep reverie.

* * * * *

Daisy was distributing stewed prunes into infinitesimal portions when Miss Flick walked into the dining-room the next morning.

The head waitress looked about critically to see that everything was in order. At one end of the room Zaza was filling the sugar bowls. Daisy put two prunes into the last glass saucer and added a scrap of lemon peel as a compromise in place of the prunc which should have been, but was not. Then she picked up the empty bowl and started for the swinging kitchen door. On the way she stopped before the mirror in the walnut sideboard in order to adjust the blue bow in her pompadour.

Miss Flick picked up the gong on the sideboard at the same moment, and catching Daisy's self-satisfied glance in the mirror, stared at her sternly through that medium.

Their eyes met belligerently in the reflection.

"You ain't took off them high heels yet, I see," observed the head waitress. Daisy ignored the question defiantly. "When is Zaza goin' to leave, Miss Flick?" she answered in retaliation.

"Not at all, as I know of," replied the head waitress, airily. "Me and Mr. Jones has investigated into the matter, and that's all that's necessary, I be—lieve!"

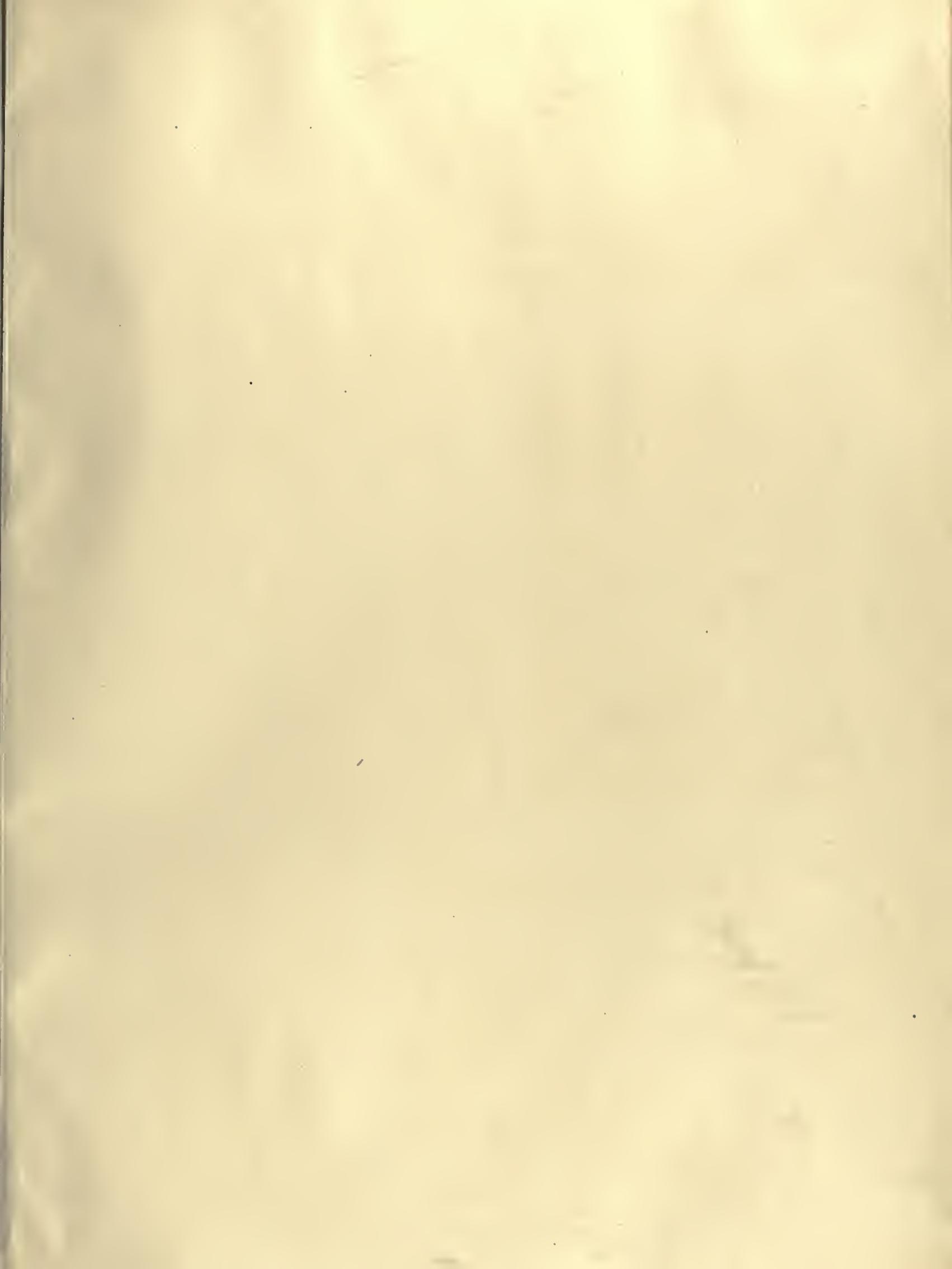
Lifting an Opera House

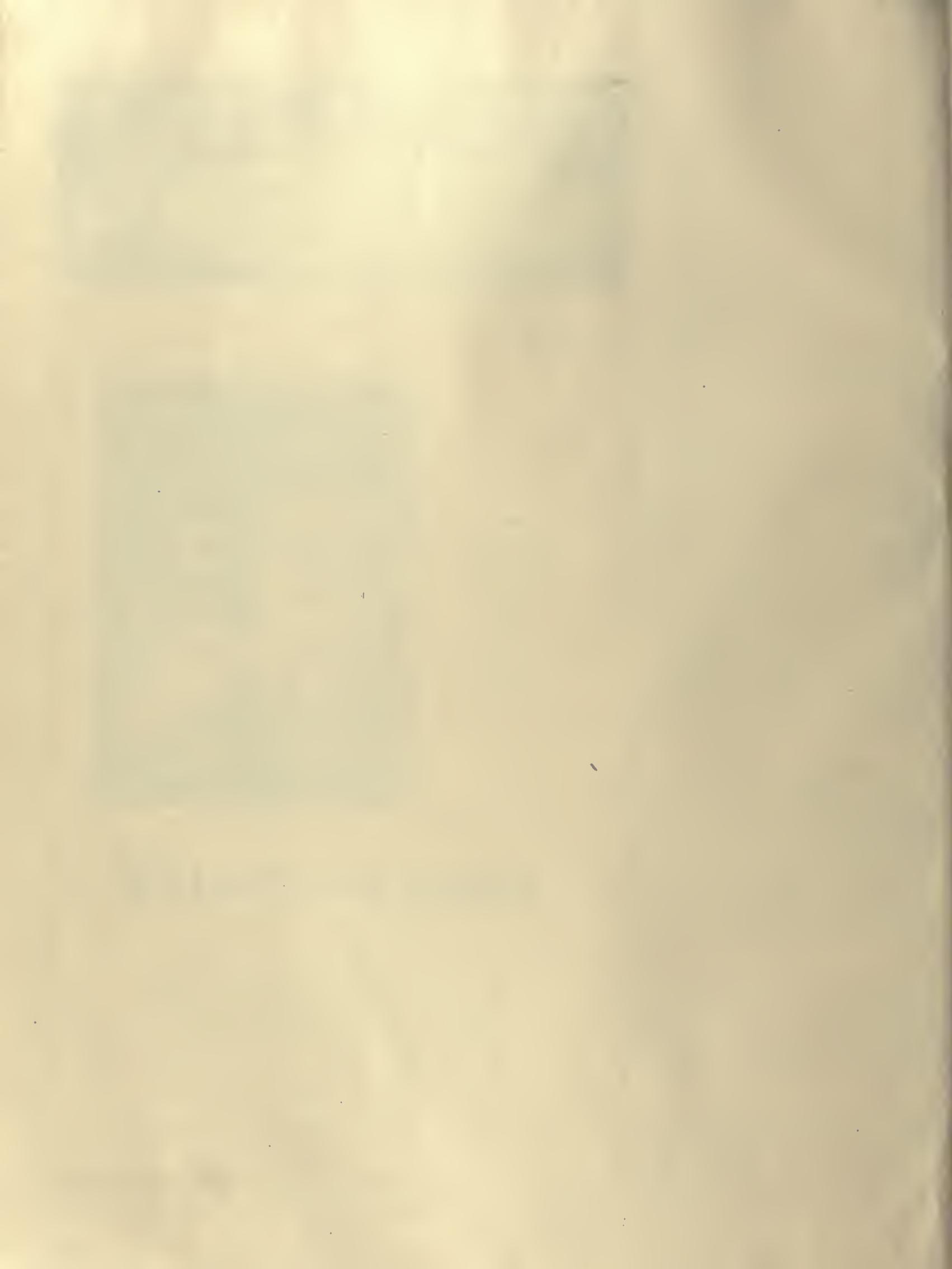
Thirty men have accomplished in Pittsburg the feat of moving a weight of 4,992,000 pounds a distance of 22 feet. They have lifted the Grand Opera House of the city off its foundation, moved it forward 22 feet and planted it on a new base. It required less than thirty-six hours to accomplish the job, and one could not see the structure moving. In this colossal building were the largest theatre in Pittsburg, the largest billiard and pool room in the United States, a bowling alley, a barber shop, and various other establishments, yet the whole massive fabric has been transplanted without accident, without jar, and without even the slightest injury to any part of it.

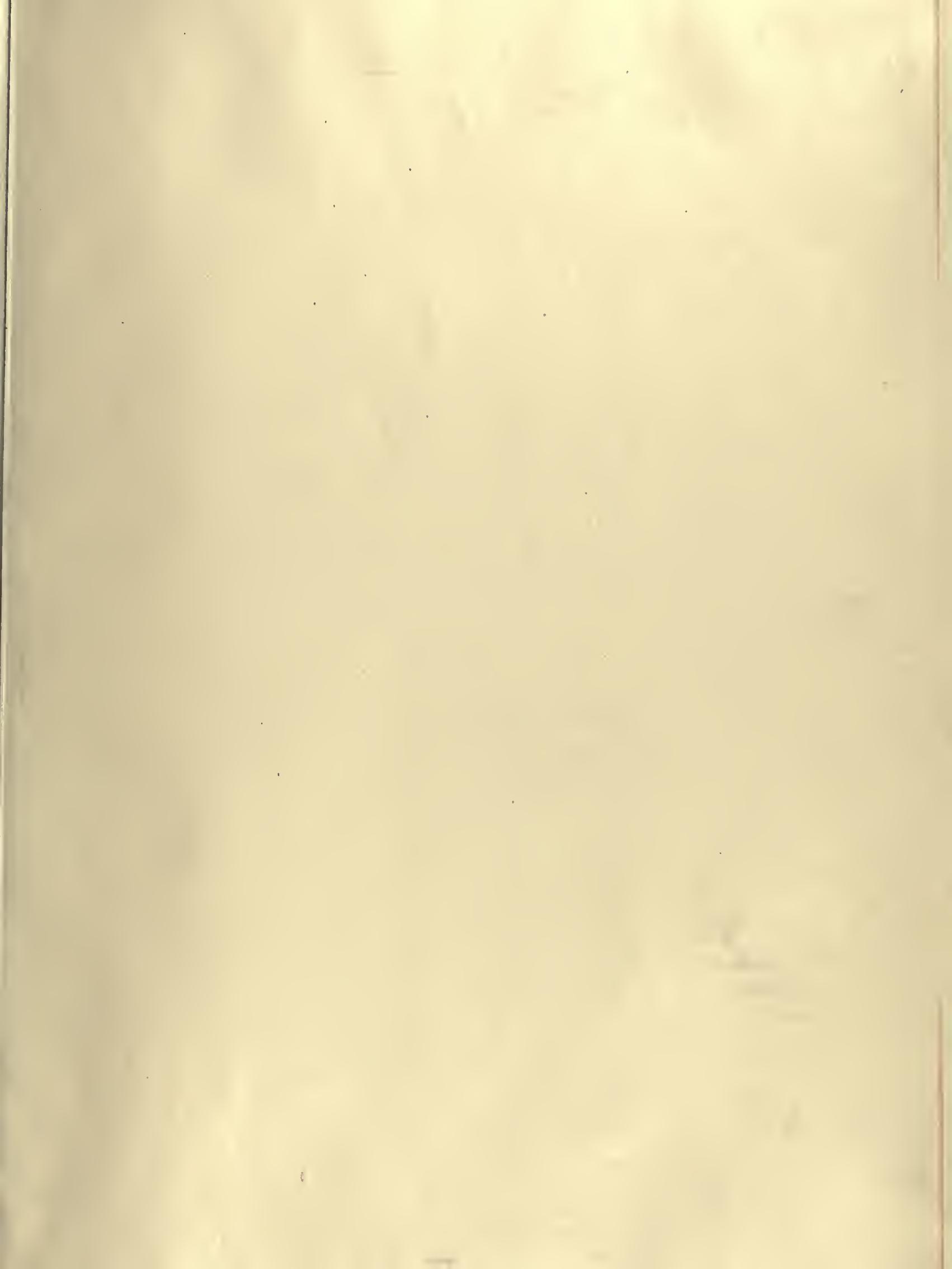
Before her marriage with Baron Cedarström, Mmc. Patti had seen but little of the world, save from across the footlights of the opera houses of Europe and America. "Town's mean nothing to me," the prima donna said once, "but arrival and departure; spending my days strictly, resting at an hotel, putting on my smart frocks and being driven to a concert hall to sing. Then flowers, applause, emotion, and home to bed."

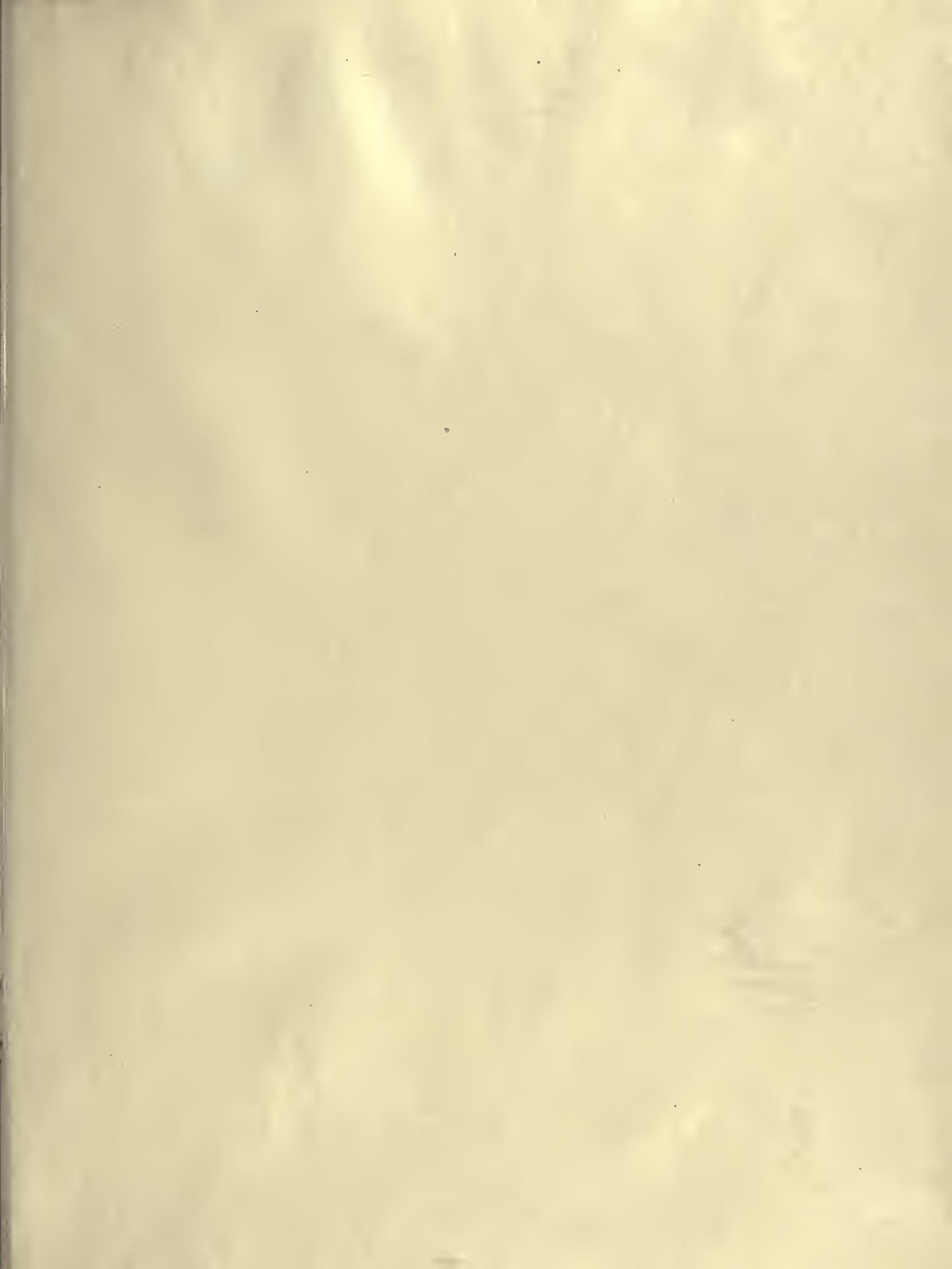
At a smoking concert recently a young man with a better opinion of his own vocal powers than his audience had volunteered a song, but did not get an encore. When he had finished an old friend remarked:

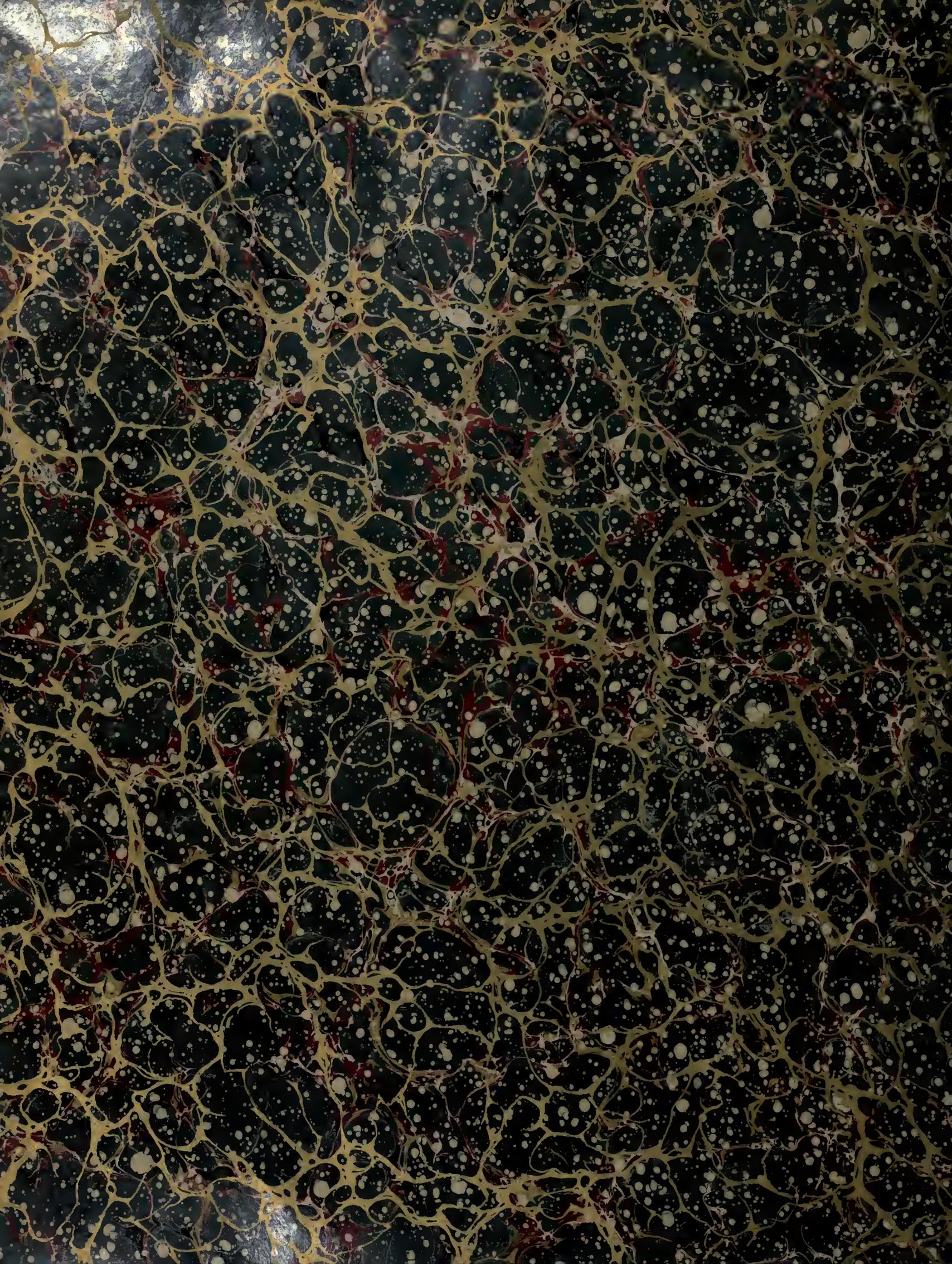
"Well, lad, I'm not blaming thee; thou'st done thy best; but if I knew the chap as asked thee to sing, I'd crack his stupid head."











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Theatre magazine

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