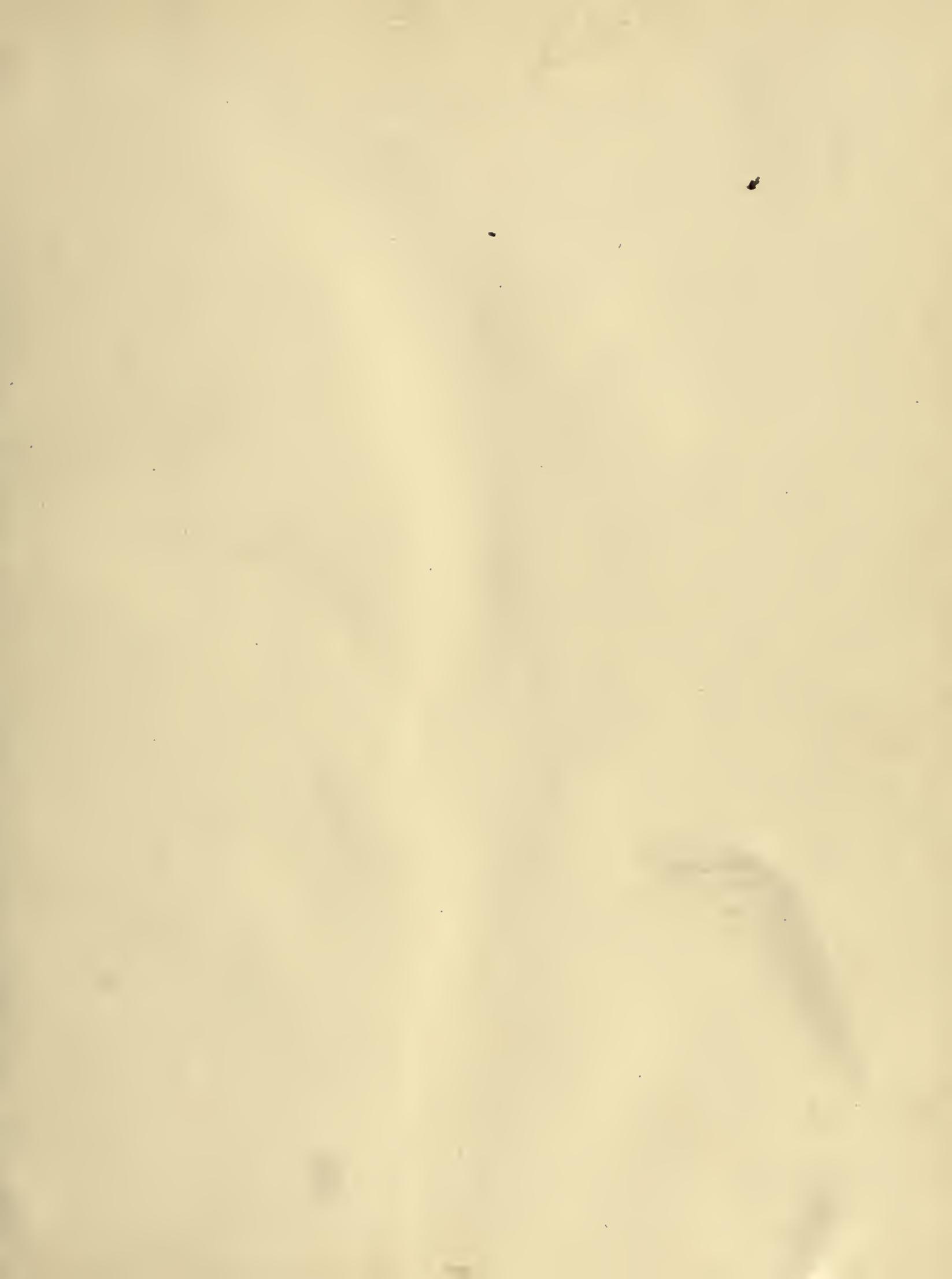




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78

# THE THEATRE

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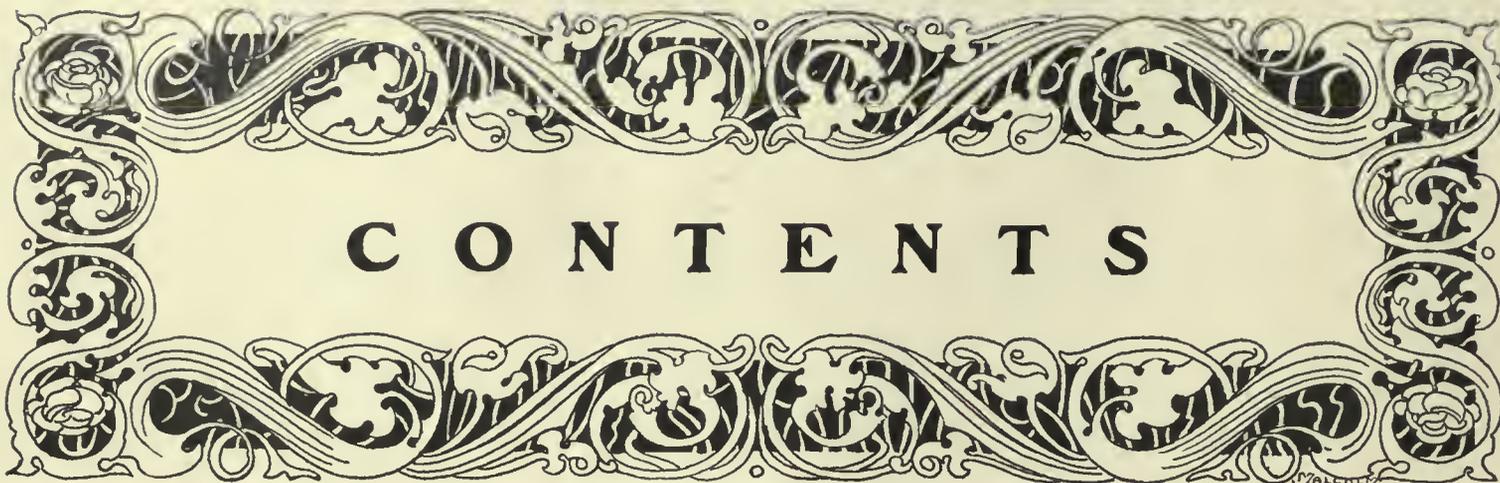


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# CONTENTS

## Special Articles

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
Acting vs. Elocution, by F. H. McMechan . . . . .	Oct.	17	Outlook for the Opera Season, by August Spanuth . . . . .	Dec.	28
America's Greater Players, by Alfred Ayres . . . . .	Dec.	21	Personality vs. Individuality, by J. E. Dodson . . . . .	Dec.	12
Critics and Criticism, by W. T. Price . . . . .	Sept.	12	Players at Home . . . . .	Dec.	10
Chorus Girl to Leading Woman, by Irene Bentley . . . . .	Sept.	16	Players and Playgoers, by Alfred Ayres . . . . .	Aug.	16
Essence of Rostand's Genius, by Cleveland Moffett . . . . .	July	10	Some Players of the West, by A. L. . . . .	Nov.	18
Essentials of Stage Success, by Julia Marlowe . . . . .	Dec.	13	The First Lady with the Camelias . . . . .	Oct.	14
Henrik Ibsen—the Man, by E. Limerdorfer . . . . .	Sept.	8	The Tale of François Villon, by Justin H. McCarthy . . . . .	Dec.	7
Love Letters of an Actor, by George H. Payne . . . . .	Dec.	24	Two Tributes to THE THEATRE, by Mrs. Fiske and A. E. Lancaster . . . . .	Dec.	6
Music and Musicians, by Emily G. von Tetzels . . . . .	Dec.	33			
Our American Dramatists, by Edgar Saltus . . . . .	Nov.	14			

## Plea for an Endowed Theatre

ARTICLES BY	ISSUE	PAGE	ARTICLES BY	ISSUE	PAGE
E. H. Sothorn . . . . .	June	10	Horace B. Fry . . . . .	July	12
A. M. Palmer . . . . .	June	12	Wilton Lackaye . . . . .	Aug.	13



## Interviews

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
Clyde Fitch . . . . .	May	10	John Drew . . . . .	Dec.	17

PN  
2000  
T5  
v. 1  
no 3-10

## Poetry

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
In Memoriam, James A. Herne, by Ed. E. Kidder . . . . .	July	6	On Shakespeare's Grave, by N. L. H. . . . .	July	15
My Theatrical Dream, by Henry Tyrrell . . . . .	Dec.	16	Wm. McKinley, a Player's Tribute, by Bertha Galland . . . . .	Oct.	13

## Plays Reviewed

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
"A Flower of Yeddo" . . . . .	Aug.	15	"Eben Holden" . . . . .	Dec.	4
"A Message from Mars" . . . . .	Nov.	3	"Ein Unbeschriebenes Blatt" . . . . .	Nov.	10
"A Royal Rival" . . . . .	Oct.	6	"Forest Lovers" . . . . .	Oct.	12
"Auctioneer," The . . . . .	Nov.	4	"Fantasticks," The . . . . .	July	11
"Are You a Mason?" . . . . .	May	2	"If I Were King" . . . . .	Nov.	2
"Beauty and the Beast" . . . . .	Dec.	6	"King's Carnival," The . . . . .	June	2
"Bonnie Brier Bush" . . . . .	Nov.	11	"Liberty Belles" . . . . .	Nov.	11
"Brixton Burglary," The . . . . .	June	2	"Lovers' Lane" . . . . .	May	4
Castle Square Opera . . . . .	Oct.	6	"Manon Lescaut" . . . . .	May	6
"Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines" . . . . .	May	4	"Miranda of the Balcony" . . . . .	Nov.	6
"Climbers," The . . . . .	May	4	"Nazareth" . . . . .	Aug.	10
"Diplomacy" . . . . .	May	2	"New England Folks" . . . . .	Dec.	6
"Don Caesar's Return" . . . . .	Oct.	9	"New Yorkers," The . . . . .	Nov.	8
			"Power of Darkness" . . . . .	Nov.	8
			"Quality Street" . . . . .	Dec.	2
			"Richard Lovelace" . . . . .	Oct.	4
			"Salamambo" (Opera) . . . . .	May	14
			"Shades of the Night," The . . . . .	May	2
			"Strollers," The . . . . .	July	2
			"Second in Command," The . . . . .	Oct.	2
			"Tom Moore" . . . . .	Oct.	10
			"Up York State" . . . . .	Nov.	11
			"Under Southern Skies" . . . . .	Dec.	5
			"Under Two Flags" . . . . .	May	4
			"Way of the World," The . . . . .	Dec.	3

## Scenes from Plays

	ISSUE PAGE
"A Flower of Yeddo".....	Aug.....15
"A Royal Rival".....	Oct..... 9
"Auctioneer," Tbe.....	Nov..... 4
"Beauty and tbe Beast".....	Dec..... 6
"Ben Hur".....	Players' Gallery.....16
"Betsy Ross," Act IV.....	June.....16
Act III.....	June.....16
"Brixton Burglary," Act I.....	July..... 3
"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines".....	May..... 12
"Climbers," The, Act II.....	May.....12
"Cyrano de Bergerac," Act I.....	P. G.....12
"Diplomacy," Act IV.....	June..... 1
Act I.....	June..... 3
Act III.....	June..... 3
Act IV.....	June..... 3
"Don Cæsar's Return".....	Oct..... 7

	ISSUE PAGE
"Eben Holden".....	Dec.....20
"First Duchess of Marlborough," The.....	Nov..... 1
"Florodora".....	June..... 15
"Forest Lovers," The.....	Oct.....13
"Foxy Grandpa".....	Sept.....18
"If I Were King," Act II.....	Nov..... 5
Act IV.....	Dec..... 7
"Janice Meredith," Act III.....	July.....15
"l'Aiglon," Act II.....	P. G.....11
Act V.....	P. G.....12
"Liberty Belles".....	Oct..... 5
"Lovers' Lane," Act IV.....	May.....11
"Merchant of Venice," The, Act IV.....	June..... 6
Act IV.....	June..... 7
"Miranda of the Balcony".....	Nov.....6-7
"Mistress Nell," Act III.....	June..... 9
Act II., Scene II.....	June..... 9

	ISSUE PAGE
"Nazareth," Act I.....	Aug.....10
Act II.....	Aug.....11
Act IV.....	Aug.....12
"New England Folks".....	Dec.....16
"Quality Street," Act IV.....	Dec..... 1
Act II.....	Dec..... 3
"Second in Command," Act II.....	Oct..... 1
Act II.....	Oct..... 3
"Shades of Night," The.....	May..... 3
"Tom Moore," Act I.....	Oct.....10
Act II.....	Oct.....11
Act III.....	Oct..... 11
"Way of the World," The, Act I.....	Dec..... 4
"When Knighthood was in Flower," Act IV.....	May..... 5
"Winchester," end of Act II.....	Aug.....17
"Wooring of Priscilla," Act I.....	July..... 7

## Portraits

	ISSUE PAGE
Adams, Maude, as l'Aiglon.....	Players' Gallery.....10
as Juliet.....	P. G.....27
as Lady Babbie.....	P. G.....23
as l'Aiglon.....	July.....11
in private dress.....	Sept.....12
in "Quality Street".....	Nov..... 3
Adams, Miss Suzanne, bust.....	Dec.....33
Adler, Adeline, in "Ben Hur".....	P. G.....16
Allen, Viola, as Dolores.....	P. G.....18
as Glory Quayle.....	P. G.....18
in "Under the Red Robe".....	P. G.....18
Alvarez, M., in character.....	Dec.....30
Angelin, Margaret, in private dress.....	May..... 3
Arden, Edwin, in "l'Aiglon".....	P. G.....10
Athelston, Editb, in "Lost River".....	P. G.....17
Bandrowski, Herr, in "Manru".....	Dec.....32
Barrymore, Ethel, in private dress.....	P. G.....24
as Mme Trentonl.....	May.....12
in private dress.....	Aug..... 1
Bates, Blanche, as Cigarette.....	May..... 3
Bauermeister, Mme, in cbaracter.....	Dec.....30
Beach, William, in "Toll-Gate Inn".....	Sept..... 5
Belasco, David.....	Nov.....15
Bell, Digby.....	Sept..... 4
Bell, Hillary.....	Sept.....13
Bellew, Kyrle, as Romeo.....	July..... 5
as "A Gentleman of France".....	Dec..... 4
Belleville, Frederic de, in private dress.....	P. G.....4
Bentley, Irene, in "The Strollers".....	Sept.....16
Bennett, Gertrude, in private dress.....	June.....10
Berkeley, Ruth, in character.....	Dec.....12
Bernhardt, Sarab, as l'Aiglon.....	P. G.....23
as La Tosca.....	P. G.....23
as Hamlet.....	P. G.....23
as Fedora.....	P. G.....23
in private dress.....	Oct.....15
in coffin.....	Dec.....27
Bingham, Amelia, in private dress.....	June..... 2
Bispham, Mr., in cbaracter.....	Dec.....30
Blass, M.....	Dec.....33
Bloodgood, Clara, in private dress.....	Dec..... 3
Bouclcault, Aubrey, in "Quo Vadis".....	P. G.....21
Boyle, F. J., in "Lohengrin".....	Oct..... 6
Branwell, William, as Don Cæsar.....	Nov.....13
Breval, Mlle., as Salamambo.....	May.....15
in cbaracter.....	Dec.....28
Calve, Emma, in private dress.....	Dec.....29
Campanari, Signor, in character.....	Dec.....33
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick, in private.....	Dec..... 9
Carlisle, Francis, as Bertie Cecil.....	June..... 9
Castle, Egerton, bust.....	July..... 8
C Chapman, Miss Edith, in private dress.....	Nov.....19
Chase, Miss Pauline, in "Liberty Belles".....	Nov.....21
Cohen, Mr. A. J. (Alan Dale).....	Sept.....13
Conquest, Ida, as Dorothy Manners.....	June.....14
Coquelin, Constant, as Cyrano de Bergerac.....	P. G..... 9
in "La Dame de Montsoreau".....	P. G..... 9
in private dress.....	P. G..... 9
Courtleigh, William, in "Lorna Doone".....	Aug..... 4
in "Lost River".....	P. G.....17
Crosby, Miss Juliet, in private dress.....	Nov.....19
Crosman, Henrietta, as Mistress Nell.....	P. G.....15
as Mistress Nell.....	June..... 8

	ISSUE PAGE
Dalton, Chas., in "Helmet of Navarre".....	Dec..... 8
Dippel, Herr, in character.....	Dec.....28
Drew, John, in private dress.....	P. G.....24
in private dress.....	Aug..... 3
as Petruchio.....	Dec.....17
Duse, bust.....	Oct.....15
in "The Dead City".....	Dec.....19
Dodson, J. E., in "The Merchant of Venice".....	July.....12
in "Miranda of the Balcony".....	Nov..... 8
at bis desk.....	Dec.....11
bust.....	Dec.....12
Doche, Mme. Eugénie.....	Oct.....14
Dithmar, Edward A.....	Sept.....13
Dickson, Cbas., in "The Explorers".....	Sept.....14
Delmore, Ralph, in "Lorna Doone".....	Aug..... 5
Eames, Emma, as Marguerite.....	P. G..... 8
as Aida.....	Dec.....30
Earle, Virginia, in "The New Yorkers".....	Dec.....14
Elliott, Maxine, in private dress.....	P. G.....25
in "Cowboy and the Lady".....	P. G.....26
as Portia.....	May..... 6
Farrington, Nina, in character.....	Sept.....15
Faversham, William, in private dress.....	P. G..... 4
in private dress.....	May..... 4
in "Don Cæsar".....	Oct..... 8
Fealy, Maude, in character.....	Oct.....17
Figman, Max, in "Miranda of the Balcony".....	Nov..... 21
Fernandez, Bijou, in "Quo Vadis".....	P. G..... 3
Filkins, Grace, in "The Brixton Burglary".....	July..... 3
Fiske, Mr. Harrison Grey.....	Sept.....10
Fiske, Mrs., in private dress.....	P. G.....29
as Becky Sharp.....	June.....13
in private dress.....	Sept.....10
as Miranda.....	Nov..... 1
Fitch, Clyde, head.....	May.....10
in his study.....	May.....10
head.....	Nov.....14
Forrest, Edwin.....	Dec.....21
Frawley, T. D., in private dress.....	Nov.....19
du Fre, Ethel H., as Carmen.....	Sept..... 7
Freizi-Scheff, Mlle.....	Dec.....33
Fyles, Franklin.....	Aug..... 8
Gadski, Mme., in character.....	Dec.....20
Galland, Bertha, in private dress.....	Aug..... 3
George, Grace, in "Her Majesty".....	P. G.....13
in private dress.....	July..... 2
in private dress.....	Dec..... 5
Gilbert, Mrs., in private dress.....	P. G..... 4
Gillette, William.....	P. G..... 4
.....	Nov.....14
Glaser, Lulu, in private dress.....	P. G.....20
as Sweet Anne Page.....	P. G.....20
in "Dolly Varden".....	Nov.....22
Goodwin, N. C., in private dress.....	P. G.....26
as Shylock.....	May..... 6
Gran, Maurice, bust.....	May.....14
Greene, Daisy, in Florodora.....	Aug.....14
Greene, Clay M., bust.....	Aug.....10
Green, Lillian, in "King Dodo".....	July..... 5
Grey, Katherine, in private dress.....	May..... 3
Hackett, James K., in private dress.....	P. G..... 4
in private dress.....	May..... 3
in "Don Cæsar's Return".....	Sept..... 8

	ISSUE PAGE
Hading, Jane, bust.....	Oct.....15
Haines, Robert, in private dress.....	Oct..... 4
Hapgood, Norman.....	Sept.....12
Harned, Virginia, in private dress.....	P. G.....30
in private dress.....	July.....14
in "Alice of Old Vincennes".....	Dec.....23
Hart, W. S., in "Ben Hur".....	P. G.....16
Hassett, Kate, in private dress.....	Sept..... 4
Hawtrej, Charler, in private dress.....	Nov..... 2
Hazleton, Geo. C., Jr., in private dress.....	Nov.....16
Held, Anna, in "Little Dncbess".....	Nov..... 9
Herne, James A., bust.....	July..... 6
Hoffman, Maude, in private dress.....	Dec.....16
Hofmann, Josef.....	Dec.....34
Holland, E. M., as Eben Holden.....	Dec.....20
Homer, Louise, bust.....	Dec.....32
Hopper, Edna Wallace, in private dress.....	June.....15
Huneker, James.....	Sept.....13
Ibsen, Henrik.....	Sept..... 8
.....	Sept..... 9
Irish, Annie, in private dress.....	Oct..... 4
Irving, Isabel, as Lady Joselyn.....	June..... 5
Irving, Sir Henry, as Cardinal Wolsey.....	P. G.....31
Jade, Mlle. Diane de, in various impersonations.....	Nov.....23
in "Trianon".....	Nov.....23
in "Trianon" (colored plate).....	Dec.....
James, Louis, in "Marie Stuart".....	Nov.....12
Janvier, Henry, as Pasquinet.....	July.....11
Jefferson, Joseph, in private dress.....	P. G..... 4
in his studio.....	Sept..... 1
Johnston, Fanny, in "Florodora".....	July..... 9
Kahn, Florence, as chorus in Henry V.....	June.....12
in private.....	Oct.....18
Kellerd, John E., in private dress.....	Dec.....26
Kent, S. Miller, in character.....	Nov.....22
Kester, Paul.....	Nov.....15
Kidder, Edw. E.....	Nov.....15
Kelcey, Herbert, in private dress.....	P. G..... 4
Krehbiel, H. E.....	Sept.....13
Kubelk, M. Jan.....	Dec.....33
Lackaye, Wilton, in "Quo Vadis".....	P. G.....21
in private dress.....	Aug.....13
Lambert, Alexander, in his study.....	May.....16
La Pierre, Miss Irma, in "Bonnie Brier Bush".....	Dec.....15
Lawrence, Lillian, as Priscilla.....	July..... 7
Lehmann, Frau Lilli, in character.....	Dec.....33
Le Moyne, Mrs. Sarab, in private dress.....	Aug.....16
as First Duchess of Marlborough.....	Nov.....10
Leslie, Elsie, in "The Christian".....	Aug..... 7
Lipman, Clara, in "Red Kloof".....	Nov..... 8
Loftus, Cecilia, bust.....	Aug.....16
in "Richard Lovelace".....	Nov.....13
Lorraine, Robt., in "To Have and to Hold".....	June..... 4
Ludwig, Josephine, as Ortrud.....	Sept..... 7
Lyons, E. D., as Myles Staudish.....	July..... 7
Mack, Andrew, as Tom Moore.....	Aug.....19
Mapes, Victor, bust.....	Aug..... 8

## Portraits — Continued

	ISSUE	PAGE		ISSUE	PAGE
Mancinelli, Signor, bust.....	May	14	Otis, Elita Proctor, in "City of Pleasure".....	May	8
Mann, Louis, in "Red Kloof".....	Nov	8	in "Sporting Life".....	May	8
Mannering, Mary, in private dress.....	P. G.	5	in private dress.....	May	9
as Juliet.....	P. G.	6	in "Brixton Burglary".....	July	3
in "Janice Meredith".....	July	14	Paderewski, Ignace, in private dress.....	July	17
Mansfield, Richard, as Cyrano de Bergerac.....	P. G.	30	Plançon, Poi, as Mephistopheles.....	P. G.	8
riding in park.....	June	17	in private dress.....	Dec	31
in private dress.....	Dec	2	Paur, Herr Emil, in private dress.....	Dec	33
de Marchi, Signor, in private dress.....	Dec	33	Potter, Mrs. Brown, in private dress.....	P. G.	7
Marlowe, Julia, as Parthenia.....	P. G.	2	Potter, Paul M.....	Nov	16
as ColINETTE.....	P. G.	2	Powers, James T., in "San Toy".....	May	7
as Barbara Frietchie.....	P. G.	3	in "Messenger Boy".....	Oct	23
as Marie Tudor.....	May	5	Price, W. M., as Bergainin.....	July	11
in her Summer home.....	June	17	Quinlan, Gertrude, in private dress.....	July	2
in character.....	Dec	13	Rehan, Ada, as Portia.....	P. G.	7
Martinot, Sadie, as Sapho.....	May	13	Rennyson, Gertrude, as Marguerite.....	Sept	7
in private dress.....	Sept	7	Raveille, Hamilton in "Sapho".....	July	16
May, Edna, in "Girl from up There".....	May	7	Reske, Edouard de, in character.....	Dec	28
May, Olive, as Lorna Doone.....	Aug	5	Reyer, Ernest, bust.....	May	14
McCarthy, Justin H.....	Dec	7	Ricardo, Corona, in "Ben Hur".....	P. G.	16
Merington, Marguerite.....	Nov	16	Richardson, Henry S., as Percinet.....	July	10
Modjeska, Mme., as Lady Macbeth.....	P. G.	7	Richman, Charles, in private dress.....	July	9
Morgan, E. J., in private dress.....	July	8	Roberts, Florence, in private dress.....	Nov	19
Morris, Clara, bust.....	Oct	15	Roberts, Harry, as John Alden.....	July	7
Morin, Mme. Pilar, as Mme. Butterfly.....	Nov	17	Robson, May.....	Aug	6
Morton, Martha.....	Nov	16	in the "Messenger Boy".....	Oct	23
Neill, Mr. James, in private dress.....	Nov	19	Robson, Eleanor, in "A Gentleman of	P. G.	18
Nethersole, Olga, in "The Second Mrs. Tan-	P. G.	24	France".....	Dec	18
queray".....	P. G.	24	Rockwell, Miss Florence, in private dress.....	Sept	6
in bust.....	Dec	15	Rostand, in his library.....	July	10
Nielsen, Alice, in "Fortune Teller".....	P. G.	24	Russell, Lillian, in private dress.....	Aug	9
Nilsson, Charlotte, in "Quo Vadis".....	P. G.	21	in private dress.....	P. G.	7
Nordica, Mme., in character.....	Dec	30	Russell, Annie, in "A Royal Family".....	Dec	26
Norman, Miss Beatrice, in character.....	Oct	16	Saleza, Albert, as Don José.....	P. G.	8
Norris, William, as King Dodo.....	July	4	as Math.....	May	15
Norwood, Adelaide, as Juliet.....	Oct	6	Salignac, M., in character.....	Dec	30
Odiion, Frau, in private.....	May	4	Sanders, Mary, in "Lost River".....	P. G.	17
Olcott, Chauncey, in private dress.....	P. G.	31	Sanderson, Miss Sybil.....	Dec	32
Olney, Channez, in "Brixton Burglary".....	July	3	Schumann-Heink, Mme., in character.....	Dec	28
O'Neill, James, as d'Artagnan.....	P. G.	14	Scott, Miss Grayce, in private dress.....	Nov	20
as Count of Monte Christo.....	P. G.	14	Scotti, Signor, in character.....	Dec	30
Opp, Julie, in character.....	Oct	12	Sembrich, Mme. Marcella, bust.....	Dec	28
Otis, Elita Proctor, in "Quo Vadis".....	P. G.	21	Seymour, Miss May Davenport, in private	P. G.	20
as Nancy Sykes.....	May	8	dress.....	Nov	20
as Carmen.....	May	8	Shannon, Effie, in private dress.....	P. G.	4
in "Woman and Wine".....	May	8	Sheehan, Joseph F., as Faust.....	Sept	7
			Skinner, Otis, as Norbert.....	June	14
			Snyder, Ella, in "Casino Girl".....	July	12
			Sothorn, E. H., in private dress.....	P. G.	31
			as Richard Lovelace.....	Sept	2
			in his study.....	Dec	10
			as Hamlet.....	June	11
			Spong, Miss Hilda.....	Dec	14
			Standing, Guy, in private dress.....	Oct	12
			Stanford, H. B., bust.....	July	2
			Steger, Julius, in private dress.....	Sept	18
			Stoddard, J. H., in private dress.....	June	12
			as Lachlan Campbell in	P. G.	3
			"Bonnie Brier Bush".....	Oct	3
			Sylva, Marguerite, in private dress.....	Oct	19
			Ternina, Mme., in character.....	Dec	30
			Terry, Ellen, in private dress.....	P. G.	31
			Thomas, Augustus.....	Nov	14
			Van Buren, Mary, in private dress.....	Nov	18
			Van Dresser, Marcia, in private dress.....	P. G.	30
			in private dress.....	Sept	5
			Van Dyck, Herr, in character.....	Dec	30
			Van Rooy, in character.....	Dec	40
			Walsh, Blanche, in private dress.....	P. G.	7
			in "Joan of the Sword	P. G.	2
			Hand".....	Oct	2
			Warfield, David, in private dress.....	Aug	8
			as Simon Levi.....	Nov	4
			Warren, Rebecca, in "A Colonial Girl".....	July	16
			Whittlesey, White, in private dress.....	Nov	19
			Willard, E. S., in private dress.....	Dec	18
			Wilson, Francis.....	July	2
			in "The Strollers".....	Sept	17
			Winter, William.....	Sept	12
			White, Miss Ruth, in "The Explorers".....	Sept	14
			Wolfe, Elsie de, in private dress.....	May	4
			in character.....	Dec	4
			Worthing, Frank, in private dress.....	June	4
			Wynn, Celeste, in "King Dodo".....	July	4
			Zabelle, Flora, as San Toy.....	May	7
			Ziegler, Charles P., as Straforel.....	July	11

*"The Players' Gallery" (being Nos. 1 and 2 of THE THEATRE) will be found at the end of the volume.*



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- I OWE HEALTH AND VITALITY TO VIN MARIANI. *Max O'Rell*
- VIN MARIANI IS WELL KNOWN. IT IS UNIVERSAL. *Marcella Sembrich*
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Emile Zola  
Alexandre Dumas

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Bartholdi

VIN MARIANI IS SOLD AT ALL RELIABLE PHARMACIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

# THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

## A FOREWORD

THE THEATRE, recently known as Our Players' Gallery, starts on its career with good will to all; prejudice against none. Its purpose is to put before the public in an attractive form all that is going on in the sister worlds of the Drama and Music, the text being profusely illustrated with fine reproductions of photographs of scenes from plays and operas, and of artistes.

THE THEATRE is not intended only to appeal to the relatively small class directly interested in the stage, but it has the broader aim of winning favor among the great general public—always interested in the doings of the theatre and its people—who will see in this periodical the most complete and elaborately illustrated chronicle of the stage ever issued in this country.

In THE THEATRE will be found pictures from the principal scenes of every play produced in the United States and from

many of those produced abroad. There will be also published in each issue many portraits of actors, actresses, and singers, which will have been posed specially and exclusively for THE THEATRE. Its cover, printed in six colors, will be maintained at the high artistic standard of the present number.

The policy of THE THEATRE will be to approve and encourage everything that tends to elevate the tone of the stage and add to the dignity of the profession of the artiste. It will praise good work, by whomsoever done—playwright, actor, manager, scene-painter—and censure fearlessly where Art has been trampled upon and debased.

The general plan and programme of THE THEATRE having been communicated to some of those prominently connected with the stage, their expressions of approval and good will are appended below.

From Mr. Daniel Frohman.

I hope so artistic a publica-  
tion like "The Theatre"  
will win the success it  
deserves  
Daniel Frohman

From Miss Julia Marlowe.

My best wishes for your success  
Julia Marlowe

From Mr. Richard Mansfield.

I am glad to hear of  
your project and I wish  
it every success  
Richard Mansfield

From Mr. Charles Frohman.

I wish "The Theatre" every  
success  
Charles Frohman

From Mr. Maurice Grau.

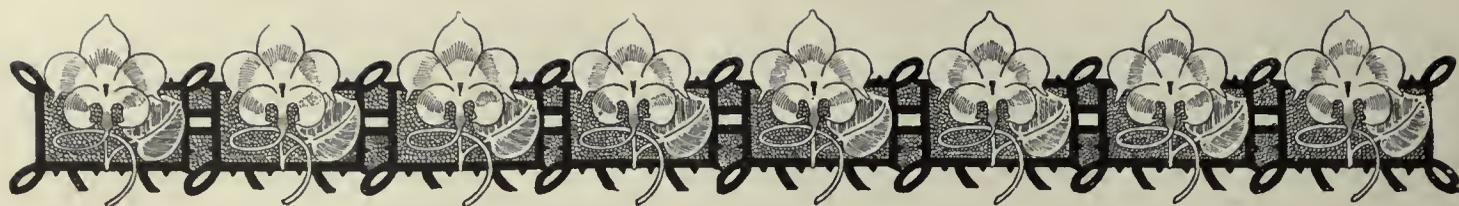
You have my best  
wishes for the success  
of "The Theatre".

Its appearance  
will certainly be  
heartily welcomed by  
all interested in  
music and drama.

Maurice Grau

From Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszke.

Our best wishes accompany your  
publication of the "Theatre",  
Jean de Reszke Edouard de Reszke



## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE tail end of the present theatrical season sees a rather singular dearth of new plays on the boards of the New York theatres. With the exception of "The Prima Donna," the musical comedy by Messrs. Harry B. Smith and Aimé Lachaume, most of the recent productions are revivals, to wit: "Diplomacy" at the Empire, "The Casino Girl" at the Knickerbocker, "San Toy" at Daly's, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Academy of Music, "On and Off" at the Lyceum, which last house is now closed.

Few of the older generation of theatre-goers who recall the famous Wallack production of "Diplomacy" in 1878 had much fault to find with the performance of Sardou's masterpiece by the members of the Empire Stock company. The experiment of the revival was a bold one, as Mr. Charles Frohman practically invited comparison between his best players and exceptionally gifted predecessors. Obviously, this fine play might be better acted in some instances, but taken altogether it was a polished, intelligent performance that did not fall far short of the established standard. To be sure Mr. William Faversham as *Henri Beauclerc* and Mr. Charles Richman as *Julian* did not entirely satisfy those who have seen finer interpretations. Neither of these actors seems able to merge his own individuality

in the characters he impersonates, an artistic defect that necessarily disturbs the stage picture. Mr. Guy Standing, as *Count Orloff*, succeeds in doing this admirably, and his impersonation will be remembered as one of the best ever seen. Mr. Edwin Stevens made a satisfactory *Baron Stein*, but burlesques the part too much. The honors of the revival unquestionably went to the women: to Miss Jessie Millward for a very fine portrayal of the part of the trapped *Countess Zicka*, and to Miss Margaret Anglin, who as *Dora* scored a positive triumph, playing the part with all the intensity of pathos, sincerity, and technical skill which have always marked her work and earned for her a prominent place on the stage.

"Are You a Mason?" an Americanized version of a German farce, has been drawing crowds to Wallack's, and its run at that theatre has been interrupted only because of a previous arrangement made with Miss Henrietta Crossman, who returns to New York with "Mistress Nell." The farce is made of the usual ingredients, two married men deceiving their wives, and in this case pretending to be Freemasons in order to explain frequent absences from the conjugal roof. The piece is amusing and is played with spirit by competent performers.

There has been nothing cleverer or daintier among the mass of plays produced this season than Capt. R. Marshall's fantastic



Photo by Byron

LADY MILDRED YESTER  
(Miss Elsie de Wolfe)

SIR LUDOVIC TRIVETT  
(Mr. E. M. Holland)

"THE SHADES OF NIGHT," AT THE LYCEUM

LADY MILDRED: "'Tis I who mean to live, alas, alone."



Photo by Sarony

Photo by McIntosh

Photo by Marceau

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN  
Will be leading woman of the Empire Stock  
Company next season

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT  
Has retired from the stage, owing to illness, but will  
resume his starring tour next season

MISS KATHERINE GREY  
Now playing the part of *Glory* in "The Christian,"  
in the West

little comedy "The  
on at the Lyceum by  
defunct "Lash of the  
with the commen  
king his pa  
silly French  
ghost play is  
delightfully  
treatment,



BLANCHE BATES  
as *Cigarette*  
Under Two Flags"

Shades of Night," put  
Mr. Frohman after the  
Whip," doubtless  
dable purpose of ma-  
trons forget that  
farce. The little  
a quaint conceit,  
unconventional in  
and

*Sir Ludovic Trivett* (Mr. E. M. Holland) and *Lady Mildred Yester* (Miss Elsie de Wolfe), attired in the height of fashion of a century and a half ago, haunt an English country house where some, one hundred and forty-four years before, they were the principals in a love tragedy. Each year they meet in the old house to re-enact the tragedy, which they have now come to look upon in the light of a joke, and on one of these annual visits they surprise two of their descendants engaged in a lover's quarrel. The ghosts undertake to make matters right between the young people, and an amusing scene follows in which the fashionable spooks, watched by the badly frightened mortals, rehearse their tragedy, and finally coax the young lovers to "make-up." When, finally, all are the best of friends and ghosts and mortals are about to drink a bumper to each other's health, the cock crows, and the spooks fade from sight.

Mr. E. M. Holland, who always distinguishes himself in parts calling for skill and *finesse*, is capital as the shade of *Sir Ludovic*, acting the part in exactly the right spirit and with delicious humor. Miss Elsie de Wolfe makes a charming picture in a Louis XV. gown and is equally successful as *Lady Mildred*, bringing to the part that intelligence and personal charm for which her work on the stage has long been noted.

Foremost among this season's successes must be mentioned "The Climbers," "Lovers' Lane," "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines," "Under Two Flags," and "Florodora," all five of which pieces have held respectively the boards of the Bijou, Manhattan, Garrick, and Garden Theatres and the Casino for many weeks. Mr. Clyde Fitch, the author of the first three, is seen in three different veins—serious in "The Climbers," sentimental in

spark-  
ling  
with witty lines. It is only a  
trifle, but it is an exquisite trifle, and  
it came like a glass of c'ampagne  
after pretty heavy fare. The ghosts of



Photo by Ben Yusuf MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE  
To star next season in a new comedy by Mr. Clyde Fitch

"Lovers' Lane" is a simple little pastoral play, full of pretty sentiment. A great hit was made in the piece by Miss Millie James, daughter of Mr. Louis James, the well-known tragedian, who, although a well-formed young woman of twenty-five years, plays the part of the ten-year-old, tattered orphan *Simplicity Johnson*, with delicious ingenuousness.

"Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines" verges close to burlesque, and, in fact, has since been cleverly parodied at Weber and Fields' by Mr. de Wolf Hopper, Mr. David Warfield, and Miss Fay Templeton. It is a fantastic comedy, thin in texture but amusing, and a capital vehicle for Miss Ethel Barrymore, the pretty and talented daughter of Mr. Maurice Barrymore, and the quaint costumes of 1872 make it picturesque. Miss Barrymore is rather young and inexperienced to be starred, but she is clever and has a charming personality and refinement of

"Lovers' Lane," humorous in "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines."

"The Climbers," perhaps the best work Mr. Fitch has yet done, is a play with a purpose. The motive and the story is told in these few words uttered by one of the characters: "There are social climbers, but wealth is as good as goal. I was a climber after wealth and all it brings." The speaker is *Richard Sterling*, a lawyer who speculates in Wall Street with other people's money, and finally commits suicide. The play is interesting, well written, contains some strong situations, and is well supplied with comedy. It is also admirably staged and exceedingly well acted, the work of Mr. Frank Worthing, Mr. Robert Edson, Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Annie Irish and Miss Clara Bloodgood being particularly good.



Photo by Bieber FRAU ODILON  
Known as the German Sarah Bernhardt, and who was recently seen at the Irving Place Theatre as *Camille*.

manner that is often wanting on the stage. Mr. Richard Mansfield, addressing the students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts the other day, said very pertinently in this connection: "It is quite time, that people with the manners of, let us say, a sea cook, should cease from disporting themselves on the stage, especially in society dramas." Then he cited the case of the actor who enters the stage drawing-room, puts his hat on the mantelpiece, shoots out his cuffs from his sleeves, parts his hair with his hand and engages the hostess in conversation.

The popularity of "Under Two Flags," a new version of Ouida's old novel, formerly done by Lotta, under the title of "Cigarette, or the Child of the Army," is chiefly due to the splendor of the production made by Messrs. Charles Frohman and David Belasco and the clever acting of Miss Blanche Bates, who has



Photo by Sarony MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM  
Leading man of the Empire Stock Company, who will star next season



Photo by Byron

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (Mr. David Torrence) LADY JANE BOLINGBROKE (Miss Norah Lamson)

MARY TUDOR (Miss Julia Marlowe)

DAUPHIN OF FRANCE (Mr. Willfrid North)

ACT IV. "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER," AT THE CRITERION

MARY TUDOR: "I'll dance only with the King."

shown more than ordinary ability in the part of *Cigarette*, displaying unsuspected temperament and power. The sensation of the production is a storm scene which is almost terrifying in its realism.

Mr. Sayres' stage version of Abbé Prévost's famous novel "Manon Lescant," produced recently at Wallack's, did not prove a success. The play, however, is not as bad as some claimed; many worse have been inflicted on the public. It is a weak, invertebrate piece, and lacks the requisite literary quality, but it contains scenes that are not without merit, and which stir the audience, notably that at the end of the third act. The last act is entirely too abrupt. The truth is that Miss Effie Shannon—still as sweet and lovable as when she was the joy of the old Lyceum Stock Company—has not the siren charm of the frail *Manon* and is unsuited to the part, and Mr. Kelcey—whose old-time mannerisms, which always marred his acting, and are, alas, still with him—is too heavy, too modern, in the essentially romantic part of the *Chevalier des Grieux*. The dramatic illu-



Photo by McIntosh

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT as *Portia*

sion was never for a moment present, but this was as much the fault of the acting as of the play. Mr. Frederick Perry deserves much credit for his artistic work as the lecherous old *Comte de Varney*, and Miss Winona Shannon made a dainty little serving-maid.

An interesting Shakespearean revival is that to be made shortly by Mr. Nat Goodwin, who will essay the part of

*Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice," Miss Maxine Elliott, of course, playing *Portia*. This will be a novel and ambitious flight for Mr. Goodwin, whose laurels have been gathered chiefly in the field of low comedy, and who has not so far displayed much taste for the classics. There is naturally much curiosity as to what his interpretation of this famous rôle will be.

*Nathan Hale* is, perhaps, the nearest approach to anything serious Mr. Goodwin has yet made. He has, it is true, essayed the classics at sundry benefit performances when, as he himself puts it, those who "came to scoff remained to pray." Miss Elliott will make, at least, a beautiful and imposing *Portia*. The production is to take place in Syracuse on May 6th next, and will be seen later in New York, probably at the Knickerbocker. Mr. J. E. Dodson and other prominent players will support Mr. Goodwin.

Next season there will be a shower of stars in the theatrical sky. Miss Bertha Galland, who succeeded Mr. James K. Hackett at the head of "The Pride of Jennico" company, when that actor was compelled to retire through ill health, and whose pretty face graces the cover of this issue of THE THEATRE, will star under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman in a play, the title of which has not yet been announced. Mr. Hackett, one of the most popular of our romantic actors, is to become an independent star, under his own management, and he will begin his tour in a new play by Mr. Victor Mapes, entitled "Don Cæsar's Return," a new version of Victor Hugo's "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

Mr. William Faversham will also be seen next year as a star at the head of his own company.

Another prominent star next season will be that fine old stock actor Mr. John H. Stoddart, who will be seen as *Lochlan Campbell* in Mr. Kirke La Shelle's production of Ian MacLaren's novel "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." It is said that the venerable player will bid farewell to the stage in this character.

The recent benefit given for Mme. Janaushek at Wallack's aroused the heartfelt interest of all acquainted with the personal



Photo by McIntosh

MR. NAT GOODWIN as *Shylock*

character and artistic eminence of this actress, whose whole life has been given to the stage. Mme. Janauschek's comradeship was ever elevating; she inspired always with her own artistic fervor those associated with her; she never wearied in her advice to the striving, and turned away from no appeal for help. Her art was beneficial and elevating to her profession and to her public. With a strong individuality of her own, she belonged to the school of Rachel and Ristori. She was inspiring on the stage and equally so in her conversations on art. Her *Lady Macbeth*, *Medea*, *Lady Dedlock* and other great creations will long be remembered for their power. The emulation to honor her at a benefit brought together a host of our best performers, who furnished an entertainment lasting the entire afternoon. Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Blanche Bates, and Miss Julia Marlowe constituted the committee in charge, and the list of actors and actresses who paid this tribute of esteem included almost every one available.

Mr. Heinrich the Irving Place of the great presented on known as the Odilon was in Fulda's



Photo by Marceau MISS EDNA MAV in "The Girl from Up There," which will be seen in London this season

Conried, the artistic director of Theatre, who has brought several German actors to this country, April 15th Frau Odilon, who is German Sarah Bernhardt. Frau seen here as *Camille* and comedy, "The Twin Sister."

That versatile and talented actress, Miss Elita Proctor Otis, will star next season in a new play now being specially written for her. Much secrecy surrounds Miss Otis' preparations, but we understand that the play is by one of the most prominent of the younger German authors, and that the period of the play is in Biblical days.

Eight years have passed since Miss Otis, then an amateur actress enjoying considerable

vogue, made her first professional debut at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in the high-comedy part of *Mrs. Ernestine Echo* in the

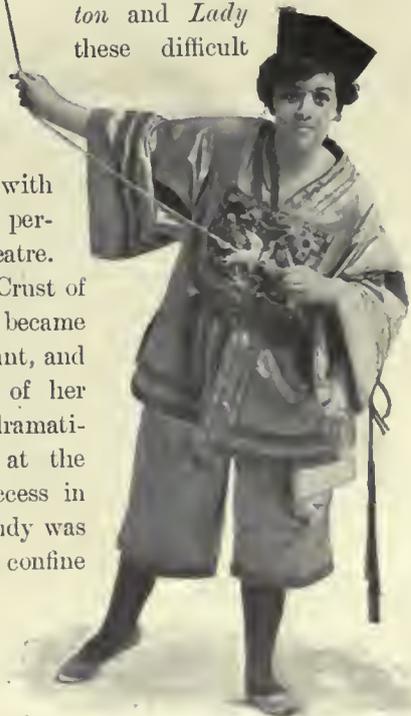
"Crust of Society." She was then compared with Mrs. Kendal at the time she was Madge Robertson, and also with that other fine actress of the old school, Mrs. Nesbitt. Since then she has been seen in many and widely varied parts calling for much intelligence and versatility, and in all of them she has won a distinct personal success. A critic once said of her: "If Miss Otis wore cotton gowns with bone buttons, she would be just as artistic as if she wore the most gorgeous Worth creation."

Miss Otis is related on her father's side to Adelaide Proctor, the poetess. That is where she took the name Proctor. She is also related to the Harrison Grey Otises, of Boston, and General Otis, late commander-in-chief in the Philippines, is her father's cousin. She was born in Cleveland,

her debut on the boards with Dramatic Society, of Brooklyn, fifteen years of age, and still a er she appeared, at the open-ley—pronounced Barklay in ceum, this city, with the edy Club. Miss Otis essayed ton and *Lady* these difficult

Ohio, and made the Kemble when she was school-girl. Lat ing of the Berke those days—Ly fashionable Amateur Com the parts of *Peg Woffing Gay Spanker*, and even in rôles showed of what she would be capable with a broader stage experience. Later, she became associated with a large number of charitable performances at the Lyceum Theatre.

After appearing in the "Crust of Society" in 1892, Miss Otis became a manager on her own account, and scored the greatest success of her career as *Nancy Sykes* in a dramatization of "Oliver Twist," at the American Theatre. Her success in this remarkable character study was so great as to induce her to confine her work to the portrayal of adventuresses, with which parts she has been identified ever since.



MISS FLORA ZABELLE as *San Toy*

MR. JAMES T. POWERS as *Li*, in "San Toy"



Photo by Edlowes Bros., N. Y.  
MISS OTIS as *Nancy Sykes*



Photo by Conly, Boston  
As *Carmen*



Photo by Sarony  
In "Woman and Wine"

Five years ago Mr. Charles Frohman engaged her for "The City of Pleasure," in which she played for some time. Then she joined the Lyceum Stock Company and was seen in Pine-ro's comedy "The Benefit of the Doubt." On the conclusion of that engagement she appeared in "The Sporting Duchess" at the Academy of Music, and shortly afterward played the leading part of *Mrs. de Carteret* in "Sporting Life." She appeared in this rôle nineteen weeks in New York.

During a brief starring engagement in Boston, Miss Otis was seen as *Carmen*, and last year she appeared at the Manhattan Theatre in "Woman and Wine." More recently she played the part of *Poppæa* in Mr. Whitney's production of "Quo Vadis."

Next season, we hear, will witness an upheaval in theatrical affairs in New York City. The recent substantial success at a Broadway house of a certain star, in a play produced by herself after it had been refused by other managers—a success which,



Photo by Sarony  
In "The City of Pleasure"



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston  
As *Poppæa* in "Quo Vadis"



As *Olive de Carteret* in "Sporting Life"



Photo by Marceau

MISS ELITA PROCTOR OTIS

apart from the real merit of the play, was largely due to the admirable manner in which the piece was staged and also to the fact that, while only a mediocre player herself, the star was clever enough to engage competent actors—has set the wise-aeres thinking, and it is hinted that plans are on foot for the erection of a first-class theatre on Broadway to be the perma-

nent home of a new stock company. The pernicious star system, while it has gradually dismembered the old stock companies, has also demoralized the actor and driven many excellent players to the vaudeville stage. It is believed there is room for another first-class stock company in this city, and the experiment is at all events to be tried.



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## MR. CLYDE FITCH—An Interview

I HAD not yet seen Mr. Clyde Fitch's new house. Turning east from Fifth Avenue into Fortieth Street I set about looking for No. 113, among the ungraceful, formless, brown-stone residences that make the older New York streets so hideously ugly in their monotonous uniformity.

Suddenly, some distance away on the left, I descried a house, conspicuous by its artistic unconventionality among its commonplace neighbors and reminding one of M. Edmond Rostand's picturesque villa in the Monceau quarter of Paris.

This, I had an intuition, was the abode of the playwright. Nor was I mistaken. Having acquired, with a trifling fraction of his royalties, one of the houses in the block, Mr. Fitch simply tore it down and re-

fashioned it to suit his own taste. It is a four-story, brick building, the basement being built right out to the sidewalk and having a species of portico that partly screens the massive iron door from the street. The first floor slightly projects from the rest of the house, forming a little balcony, ornamented with a balustrade, and surmounted by two naked cherubs in joyous attitudes.

A ring brought to the door a ruddy-faced man-servant. "Mr. Fitch?"

The man opened wide the door.

I passed into a roomy Pompeian hallway paved with stone slabs. Directly facing the door, and the first thing noticeable, is a languid Apollo on a pedestal, and smiling amiably. In the centre of the hall a small Roman fountain was spraying new cut lilies around the rim of the basin. In a corner, under a tiny, latticed window, stands a large, cheval-glass with a fancy gilded frame. A classic mantel is surmounted by plump cupids, and a few Roman stools are scattered around.

By the time I had taken in these details the servant returned, and said Mr. Fitch would see me up-stairs.

The man preceded me up a winding marble stairway, the walls of which are covered with old tapestries. On the first floor a passage, hung with crimson

draperies and more tapestries, connects the drawing-room in the front with the dining-room at the back. The drawing-room, white and gold in its general decoration, looks a labyrinth of massive and handsome furniture, rare porcelains and statuary. The dining-room is panelled in dark oak, and has a heavy rafted ceiling in the English style and a huge carved Spanish chimney and mantel. Near the window is another Roman fountain, the tiny stream of which is falling gently over stately lilies growing in the basin.

Past these rooms I went, on to the floor above, where I was



Photo by Marceau

MR. FITCH IN HIS LIBRARY



MISS HUNTER  
(Miss Annie Irish)

RICHARD STERLING  
(Mr. Frank Worthing)

EDWARD WARDEN  
(Mr. Robert Edeson)

MRS. STERLING  
(Miss Amelia Bingham)

FREDERICK MASON  
(Mr. John Flood)

ACT II. "THE CLIMBERS," AT THE BIJOU

EDWARD WARDEN: "It's too late to catch the 11.20 now."

ushered into the study, the sanctum of the playwright, where a restful green is the prevailing color. Here is an atmosphere of books and plays. Two shelves well filled with tomes stretch all around the room, and while waiting I glanced at some of the titles. It is an interesting theatrical library in which biographies take a large place. I noticed also many psychological works and books dealing with curious people, such as "Twelve Bad Men," "Twelve Bad Women," "Famous Crimes," "Celebrated Poisoners," etc. Scattered here and there are autographed photographs of authors and well-known players, a photograph of Mr. W. D. Howells "To my young friend Fitch," a portrait of Miss Julia Marlowe as Barbara Frietchie subscribed "From your grateful Barbara"; others from Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, et al. Greek ornaments, French posters, and other evidences of a cosmopolitan taste are on the walls and furniture.

The door suddenly opened

and Mr. Fitch appeared. He had on a gorgeous flowing dressing-gown of purple brocade, full in the skirt and plaited and fastened at the waist by a heavy silk girdle. Under this he wore brown velvet trousers turned up at the bottom. The playwright is slight in build and resembles M. Rostand in some particulars, although the author of "L'Aiglon" is considerably shorter. Both, however, affect the aesthetic in their dress and, as is well known, the French author still wears the old stock, fashionable fifty years ago. Mr. Fitch used to wear a similar stock, but admits that he was laughed out of it by his friends.

Mr. Clyde Fitch was born in Elmira, N. Y., thirty-five years ago, but he prefers to regard as his natal place Hartford, Conn., where his family settled while he was still an infant, and with which place they have been identified ever since. The Fitches came originally from England, and his father went through the Civil War, holding the rank of captain. After



Byron, N. Y., Photo.

SIMPLICITY  
(Miss Millie James)

REV. THOS. SINGLETON  
(Mr. Ernest Hastings)

ACT IV. "LOVERS' LANE" AT THE MANHATTAN

SIMPLICITY: "Pops, how would you like to have your church back again?"

graduating from Amherst, Mr. Clyde Fitch wished to adopt the literary career, although his father had intended him for an architect. When his son declared it was his ambition to become a playwright, the paterfamilias prophesied a dismal future, but, finally, told his son that he might try his luck in New York at writing for three years, and if at the end of that time he could not support himself, he was to become an architect. That was about 1887. The young man spent these years of probation writing stories, articles, and poems; then he made the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Mansfield, and he wrote for that actor "Beau Brummel," which, produced in 1889, met with enormous success.

Since then he has written twenty-two plays and adaptations: "Betty's Finish," "Frédéric Lemaître," "A Modern Match," "An American Duchess," "A Social Swim," "The Masked Ball," "The Bohemians," "April Weather," "Gossip," "A Superfluous Husband," "The Head of the Family," "Mistress Betty," "Pamela's Prodigy," "His Grace de Grammont," "The Moth and the Flame," "Nathan Hale," "The Cowboy and the Lady,"

"Barbara Frietchie," "Sapho," "The Climbers," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and "Lovers' Lane." Recently Mr. Fitch

established the extraordinary precedent of having four plays produced simultaneously at New York theatres. The three last plays named are now running successfully in this city, and Miss Sadie Martinot is starring in his adaptation of "Sapho."

"How does it feel to be so successful?" I asked the playwright.

"Success was so long denied to me that I don't realize even now that it is here."

"Yet your very first play—'Beau Brummel'—was a success!"

"Yes, but the managers would not admit that I could write plays. It has been a hard struggle to convince them to the contrary. Every hand seemed raised against the newcomer. All refused to take me seriously, and because I paid some attention to dress, I was dubbed the 'dude playwright.' I met with rebuffs for ten years, and now I simply cannot accept all the orders that are continually coming in."

"The way of the world."

"I suppose so, but it's discouraging."



Photo by McIntosh MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE



MRS. STONINGTON  
(Miss Fanny Addison Pitt)

MISS MERRIAM  
(Miss Sidney Cowell)

MME. TRENTONI  
(Miss Ethel Barrymore)

CAPTAIN JINKS  
(Mr. H. Reeves Smith)

ACT I. "CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES," AT THE GARRICK

[MME. TRENTONI: "Do you really think so?"]

*Ting, ting, ting!* went the telephone bell. Mr. Fitch took up the receiver on his desk.

"Hallo?"

Then came in confused jumble of words among which I could distinguish "Play—contract—scenario—terms."

"Impossible!" replied Mr. Fitch. "Got too much to do. Very sorry. Good-bye."

"That's the way it goes," he said. "I have an accumulation of three months' work on my hands now, owing to my rehearsals, and I simply can't undertake anything else. Still it's pleasant to be able to say 'no' after having waited so long for 'yes.'" And Mr. Fitch smiled grimly.

"What was the truth of that "Beau Brummel" controversy? Did Mr. Mansfield claim the authorship?"

"No—not to my knowledge. I never had any unpleasantness with Mr. Mansfield, whom I consider a most brilliant man and gifted actor. It was merely newspaper talk. I met Mr. Mansfield later at a dinner, and he toasted my health. There was no quarrel. I have never written for Mr. Mansfield since, because I insist on rehearsing my own plays."

Mr. Fitch's languid manner, æsthetic stoop, and dress suggest the superficial dilettante rather than the practical playwright; as a matter of fact, however, he is an earnest and indefatigable worker with ideas and a philosophy distinctly his own. "How do you find time to write so many plays?"

"I work hard. I read a great deal, mostly biographies, of which I am very fond, and I think out new plots while talking to dull people."

"What are you doing now?"

"I have three plays on the stocks. 'Major André' is one. That will be produced next season. I am also at work on a new play for Mr. John Drew. It will be a costume play, but not a romantic play, that is to say, it will not be of a remote period, but of a time when our dress still retained some picturesqueness. I have also finished a society comedy entitled 'The Way of the World' in which Miss Elsie de Wolfe will be seen next season. Another comedy by me, to be produced by Miss Sadie Martinot, is called 'The Marriage Game.' I am also writing another play on social life, like 'The Climbers.'"

"It is curious," went on Mr. Fitch, folding his arms in his characteristic manner, "how experienced managers will sometimes refuse plays which afterward turn out to be big money-winners. Take for instance 'The Climbers.' I offered it to two of our leading managers and each refused it. One manager marked a certain scene in the play, which is applauded nightly, with the word 'futile.' 'Lovers' Lane,' now so successful, was lying in my trunk for nine years for want of a bidder. No, managers are not infallible."

"What do you consider the essential quality in a play to ensure success?"

"The power of amusing. The American public must be amused. In this respect we are more like the French than the Germans. It will be a long time before the American theatre-goer will give substantial encouragement to psychological and poetical plays such as Hauptmann, Sudermann, or Ibsen are producing. As regards my plays, I always strive to convey a moral in each of them, without making the lesson obtrusive. But preaching on the stage is unpopular; to amuse and interest is the thing."

"If I can help it," he continued, "I shall do no more adaptations. I don't care to dramatize or adapt another man's ideas. It is just as hard work as writing an original play. If it's a success the other man gets the credit, while if it's a failure it is apt to be put at the door of your adaptation."



Photo by Marcen

MISS SADIE MARTINOT as *Sapho*



Photo by Ben jus

M. ERNEST REYER

## SALAMMBO AT THE OPERA

THE production recently of M. Reyer's grand opera "Salamambo" at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of the most interesting musical events of the season. This work was written twelve years ago and was first produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in 1890, but it had never been heard in this city. In the original cast, Mme. Caron sang *Salamambo* and M. Sellier sang *Matho*, and in 1892, when the opera was put on at the Paris Opera House, M. Saléza took the rôle of the barbarian. At the Metropolitan Opera House the

cast was as follows: *Salamambo* (Mlle. Bréval), *Matho* (M. Saléza), *Shahabarim* (M. Salignae), *Hamileur* (M. Seotti), *Narr' Havas* (M. Journet), *Spendius* (M. Sizes), *Giscon* (M. Gilibert), *Autharite* (M. Dufriehe).

Though musically disappointing, "Salamambo" is a magnificent feast for the eye. As a spectacle, it has never been approached

flight of steps down which *Matho*, the barbarian, takes his sensational tumble—each of these tableaux was presented on a scale of magnitude and magnificence which reflects great credit on Mr. Grau, his stage managers, Messrs. Parry and Rigo, and on Mr. Homer F. Emens who painted the wonderful scenic effects most successfully, and who has established a precedent for splendid stage settings, which only too often are neglected at the Metropolitan Opera House.

M. Ernest Reyer, the composer of the opera, is librarian of the Paris Opera House and was for many years music critic of the *Journal des Débats*.

When a young man, he formed the acquaintance of Théophile Gautier, and through the latter's influence had performed at the Théâtre Italien "Le Sélem," an Oriental symphonic ode based upon one of Gautier's poems. Later, he appeared at the opera with "Sakountala," a ballet-pantomime in two acts. Then came a three-act opera comique, "La Statue," followed later by the opera "Sigurd," which is considered his masterpiece. In view of the fact that Reyer's long and active career has been spent struggling for the new in music, and that he was one of the first to take up the cause of Richard Wagner in France, one might expect to find the score of "Salamambo" saturated with Wagnerism. There is, however, little to suggest Wagner in the opera, except, perhaps, that the work shows an effort to unite the arts of poetry, music, painting, and action. The music is, indeed, reactionary and a reversion to the methods of Meyerbeer and other composers of



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MR. MAURICE GRAU

at the Metropolitan Opera House, and it has certainly never been surpassed by any dramatic production in this country. Scene follows scene of marvellous beauty. The feast of the mercenaries in the gardens of *Hamileur's* palace, the Temple of Tanit from which the goddess' robe is stolen, the subterranean temple of Moloeh in which *Hamileur* is reappointed commander, the terrace of *Salamambo's* dwelling from which is a beautiful moonlight view of the Carthaginian Acropolis, the barbarians' camp and the battle-field, strewn with dead elephants, broken standards, and fallen soldiers, and lastly the exterior of the Carthaginian Forum, with its terraces and long



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SIGNOR MANCINELLI



MR. PARRY  
Stage Manager

M. SALÉZA  
MLLE. BRÉVAL

M. SALIGNAC  
M. SCOTTI

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LAST REHEARSAL OF "SALAMMBO" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

the old school. It lacks originality and variety, and there is an almost entire absence of characteristic melody, although there are one or two fine passages—notably the hymn to Tanit in the second act, and the duet between *Salammbô* and the barbarian in the latter's tent.

M. Camille du Locle, who made the libretto from Gustave Flaubert's picturesque and powerful novel, has arranged the book into five acts and seven tableaux. The famous Carthaginian

general, *Hamilcar*, after the first Punic war returns with his mercenaries to Africa; Carthage, impoverished, is unable to pay the soldiers, who revolt, and under the leadership of *Matho*, put the gardens to pillage. In the midst of the rioting, the priests of Tanit, the tutelary goddess of Carthage, appear and, with them, *Hamilcar's* daughter *Salammbô*, for whom the barbarian *Matho* conceives a mad passion. The Carthaginians believe the sacred veil of Tanit to be the source of their city's strength, and *Matho* decides to steal it from the temple. *Salammbô*, torn between her love for the barbarian and her devotion to her people,

comes to the temple to gather courage from the sacred veil. Aghast at her audacity, the priests flee from the sanctuary. *Matho* enters, steals the veil and departs with the relic. *Salammbô* in the next act goes alone to *Matho's* camp, and profiting by his passion for her, recovers the sacred robe. *Hamilcar* then conquers *Matho's* army, and *Matho* is scourged through Carthage, dying at the feet of *Salammbô*.

M. Saléza, as *Matho*, was heard to better advantage than in any rôle he has yet sung here. The part is well suited to his fine voice and robust style, and he acted with vigor and intelligence.

Mlle. Bréval wore magnificent costumes and made a striking picture as the sinuous, mystical *Salammbô*, and was in fairly good voice.

MM. Salignac, Sizes, and Dufriche also contributed to a performance that was artistic from every point of view. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

All the costumes for the production, which were unusually elaborate, were made by M. Castel-Bert, with the exception of those of Mlle. Bréval and M. Saléza, which were brought by them from Paris.



Photo by Bary  
MLLE. BRÉVAL as *Salammbô*



Copyright by Dupont  
M. SALÉZA as *Matho*



## MUSIC DEVELOPMENT IN AMERICA.

**H**AS America made progress in music during the last decade? Are we—a wealthy, vigorous people but young in art—still dependent on the older civilizations of Europe for the best interpreters of music, the best singers, the best orchestras, the best instrumentalists?

These questions of vital interest to every American loving music and loving his own country, are easily answered. America has made wonderful progress. While some years ago it was enough for a foreign artiste to arrive in America to meet with success, merely because he was a foreigner, nowadays even those successful in Europe often meet with utter failure here. We have heard the best which Europe can produce, and we have so much of our own which is superior that, unless a foreign artiste is of the highest order, he is doomed to such disappointment as we have seen recently happen to a host of young pianists. The foreign artistes that we crowd to hear in America and who carry away fortunes with them when they go—the de Reszkés, the Sembrichs, the Calvés, the Melbas, the Paderewskis, the Hofmanns—are the cream of what Europe produces—Europe with its centuries of art culture, and art training, and its magnificent opportunities. Such artistes belong to the whole world. But that the day will come when we shall send as many great artistes to Europe as now Europe sends here, no intelligent observer doubts. Have we not already Mmes. Eames, Sanderson, Nordica, and Mr. Bispham? Have we not Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Theodore Thomas? Do not our Philharmonic and Boston orchestras compare with the best in Europe? Have we not seen only recently a much lauded orchestra come here from Leipsic, which was found to be a very inferior article when compared with our own?

To whom do we owe the development of music in this country? To a few intelligent and energetic men like Mr. Theodore Thomas, and the late Leopold Damrosch, so ably succeeded by his son Walter, and, in the educational field, to Messrs. Alexander Lambert and Van der Stueken.

We may refer to the admirable work done here by the man who has founded what might well be termed a national school

of music—the institution known as the New York College of Music. The reputation of this school abroad is such that nearly all the eminent artistes visiting this country show their interest in it by appearing before the students. Thus Paderewski, Sembrich, Gadski, Hofmann, Marteau, all played and sang for the students of the college—a rare privilege for Mr. Lambert's pupils and a high tribute to his institution. It is a fact that Paderewski recommended several young pianists of promise, who sought his advice, to study with Mr. Lambert in preference to any European teacher.



MR. ALEXANDER LAMBERT IN HIS STUDY

Alexander Lambert was born in Warsaw, Poland, and began the study of music at ten years of age under the direction of his father. One day Rubinstein heard him play, and advised that he be sent to Vienna, where he studied at the conservatory under Julius Epstein, graduating with the highest honors, at the age of sixteen. Later he went to Weimar and studied with Liszt. The youth had by this time developed into a pianist of the first rank. He toured Germany in company with Joachim, Sarasate, and Teresina Tua. In 1885 he came to America

and made his New York debut as solo pianist with Mr. Van der Stueken's orchestra. The brilliancy and clarity of his technique, the beauty of his tone, and the poetic spirit of his interpretation, won him a recognized place among the best pianists of the day. Later Mr. Lambert played in many important concerts, with the Seidl Symphony Society of New York, the Damrosch Symphony Society of New York and Brooklyn, the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Gericke, etc.

In 1887 he was appointed director of the New York College of Music. It was Mr. Lambert's ambition to make the college an American edition of the Vienna Conservatory, and he planned the courses of study to resemble those of that famous institution. The success of the school under Mr. Lambert's direction is since then a matter of musical history. When such a musical education is to be had at home we no longer wonder why each year students show less eagerness to seek masters in foreign countries.

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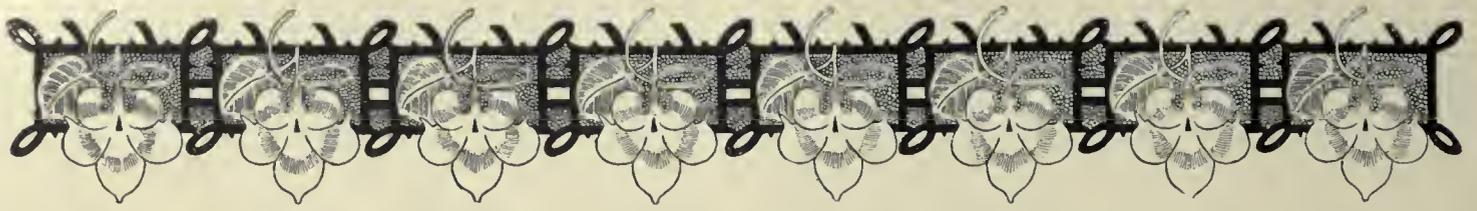
HENRY BEAUCLERC  
(Mr. William Faversham)

COUNTESS ZICKA  
(Miss Jessie Millward)

HENRY BEAUCLERC: "What a curious perfume!"

ACT IV. "DIPLOMACY" AT THE EMPIRE

PHOTO BY BYRON



## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

**A**LTHOUGH theoretically the theatrical season of 1900-1901 is now closed and it becomes the turn of the roof gardens to cater to the public amusement, as a matter of fact several of the plays that have already enjoyed phenomenal runs on the local boards promise to continue on late into the Summer. In truth, the substantial success that has attended many of the metropolitan productions has been a remarkable feature of the past season. "Florodora," now in its seventh month at the Casino, gives no sign of losing its hold on the public favor; Miss Julia Marlowe, in view of her success with "When Knighthood Was in Flower," has abandoned her plan of taking the play to London and will continue to present it at the Criterion; Mr. William Collier recently celebrated his 150th performance of "On the Quiet," and the comedy remains a potent attraction at the Madison Square; "Capt. Jinks" is still drawing crowds to the Garrick, and several of the other current attractions are equally prosperous.

"The King's Carnival," the new review at the New York, is an amusing burlesque of some of the current plays and furnishes good entertainment of the vacuous order. Several local favorites contribute clever fooling, including Miss Nina Farrington, Miss Marie Dressler, Miss Amelia Summerville, Mr. Louis Harrison and Miss Adele Ritchie. A scandalous feature of this production, and one which the management will do well to remove at once, is the brazen manner in which ticket speculators are allowed to ply their trade at the theatre entrance. The nominal price for any seat in the New York is 50 cents, but if one tries to purchase seats at this price at the box-office the usual answer is that they are all sold. In other words, they

are all in the hands of the speculators, who sell them for \$1.50 or even \$3 each. A speculator is reported to have said in self-defence that he himself was made to pay \$1 each for the tickets he held, the inference being that some one besides the speculator profits by this traffic. The remedy, of course, really is in the hands of the public, who could soon end the abuse by refraining from purchasing from the speculators; but the theatregoer is good-natured, and having started out for an evening's amusement puts up with the imposition. No theatrical management, however, can afford to wilfully ignore the public's interest, and the Messrs. Sire should lose no time in devising some way to protect their patrons. It is futile for managers to argue that they are powerless to stop the nuisance. Augustin Daly stopped it, so can any manager who tries in good faith.



PHOTO BY FALK

MISS AMELIA BINGHAM

The actress-manager who has had a remarkably successful season at the Bijou with her production of "The Climbers"

"The Brixton Burglary," the new farce at the Herald Square, is mildly entertaining, and, like most farces, its incidents are preposterously improbable, but it has an exceptionally good cast, including Mr. Joseph Holland, Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Miss Elita Proctor Otis, and Miss Grace Filkins, and will probably do well.

Miss Henrietta Crosman, whose piece, "Mistress Nell," has been one of the most striking successes of the season, will not be seen as *Nell Gwyn* next year, but will make several new productions, one of which will be a play of colonial days, by Mr. G. C. Hazelton, Jr.

That picturesque romantic actor, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, will star here next season under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co., in a dramatization of Mr. Stanley Weyman's clever romance, "A Gentleman of France." Mr. Bellew will be supported by Miss Eleanor Robson.



PHOTO BY BYRON

BARON STEIN  
(Mr. Edwin Stevens)

COUNTESS ZICKA  
(Miss Jessie Millward)

ACT I. BARON STEIN: "Procure me that paper and the house is yours."



PHOTO BY BYRON

DORA  
(Miss Margaret Anglin)

JULIAN BEAUCLERC  
(Mr. Charles Richman)

ACT III. DORA: "Is it so hard to trust me?"



PHOTO BY BYRON

MARQUISE DE RIO ZARES  
(Mrs. Thomas Whiffen)

LADY HENRY FAIRFAX  
(Miss Ethel Hornick)

DORA  
(Miss Margaret Anglin)

COUNTESS ZICKA  
(Miss Jessie Millward)

HENRY BEAUCLERC  
(Mr. William Faversham)

JULIAN BEAUCLERC  
(Mr. Charles Richman)

"DIPLOMACY" AT THE EMPIRE

ACT IV. DORA: "I'll forgive you, Zicka."



MR. ROBERT LORAÏNE

The English actor who came recently to America to play *Ralph* in "To Have and To Hold," and who has been engaged as leading man for Mr. Daniel Frohman's Stock Company next season

The Manhattan Theatre has now passed into the hands of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske who in the *Dramatic Mirror* has carried on for some time a vigorous campaign in defence of the independence of the artiste, and Mrs. Fiske, who has been barred practically from performing in this city owing to her differences with the powerful Syndicate, will be able now to play long engagements in New York. This will be a distinct benefit to the local stage, for the influence of Mrs. Fiske's fine art on managers and players alike cannot be other than salutary. The Manhattan, formerly the Standard, has had varying fortunes as a playhouse, and was never very popular with the better class of theatregoers owing largely to its unfortunate location near the Sixth Avenue Elevated structure. First-class companies have played there, but there has always been an odor of cheapness about the theatre which even first-class prices did not entirely dispel. The exits in case of fire were also inadequate. Under Mr. Fiske's régime, however, all this will be changed. The house will be conducted on an artistic and dignified plane and both the interior and exterior improved beyond recognition. The theatre will be devoted primarily to Mrs. Fiske's own productions, and when she goes on tour the house will be open to other independent artistes. Mrs. Fiske will open the Manhattan in September with a play of modern life. A religious drama by a German dramatist, having the Magdalene for its central figure, will follow later.

It is curious how certain subjects suitable for dramatic treatment are suddenly pounced upon by several dramatists

simultaneously after having been neglected for years. We have had recent instances of this in "Manon Lescaut" and "Nell Gwyn." Next year we shall see two plays dealing with la Du Barry, the famous mistress of Louis XV. One is M. Jean Richepin's play arranged for Mrs. Leslie Carter by Mr. Belasco; the other is a play on the same subject by Messrs. Max Pemberton and James MacArthur, which Mr. Daniel Frohman will produce.

Mr. Otis Skinner is weary of romantic plays, which, he says, always remind him, with their heroic rapier combats, of impaling bits of liver on a skewer. Mr. Skinner will be seen next season in a modern psychological piece in which religion and the church figure prominently. He has also under consideration a Napoleonic play in which the Man of Destiny is treated in an entirely new way, the principal part being a dual one—Napoleon and his double.

Miss Bertha Galland will make her debut as a star at the Lyceum in September, in a dramatization, by Miss Clo Graves, of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's novel, "Forest Lovers." Mr. Henry Stanford will be her leading man.



MR. FRANK WORTHING

PHOTO BY MARCEAU  
Now appearing as *Richard Sterling* in "The Climbers" at the Bijou

Mr. Wilton Lackaye will play the part of *Don Carlos*, King of Spain, in Mr. Victor Mapes' version of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," with which play Mr. James K. Hackett will inaugurate his career as actor-manager at Wallack's next season. The part of the King is a very prominent one and has always tempted good actors. In Mr. Mapes' version it has been considerably elaborated. Miss Florence Kahn, who acquitted herself with credit as the Chorus in Mr. Mansfield's production of "King Henry V." all this season, is to be Mr. Hackett's leading woman.

The theatrical season in London appears to have opened very auspiciously. In addition to the success scored by Sir Henry Irving in "Coriolanus," Mrs. Langtry has met with a cordial reception as *Marie Antoinette* in her new play, "A Royal Necklace." Other plays that have been well received are a sentimental piece entitled "Sweet and Twenty," produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss; a farcical comedy called "The Man from Blankleys," by Mr. F. Anstey, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in the leading role, and Mr. H. V. Esmond's new comedy, "The Wilderness," produced by Mr. George Alexander. In Paris the great success is "La Veine," a comedy by M. Capus. All these plays will be seen here next season.

Miss Amelia Bingham, who has had a most successful season with "The Climbers," will produce next January, at the Bijou, a modern society comedy by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the English dramatist. With the exception of one or two changes her company will be the same as this season.

The general revival of interest in the classic drama continues and even the most commercial managers are becoming convinced that there is money in Shakespeare when the bard is adequately presented. Two of our most prominent stars, Mr. Richard Mansfield and Mr. E. H. Sothern, have been successful all season with fine productions respectively of "King Henry V." and "Hamlet." Mr. Louis James, who may join forces next year with Mme. Modjeska in a revival of "Henry VIII.," has done well with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have won a great triumph in London in an elaborate revival of "Coriolanus," in which play, unfamiliar to the majority of theatregoers, they will be seen here in the Fall. We are also promised next season Mr. William Gillette's "Hamlet," Mr. Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Sothern's "Much Ado About Nothing," Miss Maude Adams' "As You Like It" and Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné's "Macbeth," in addition to Mr. Goodwin's "Merchant of Venice," which will remain in that actor's repertoire.



MISS ISABEL IRVING as *Lady Jocelyn* in "To Have and To Hold"

Mr. Goodwin's presentation in New York of "The Merchant of Venice" was made too late for review in this issue of THE THEATRE. The out-of-town papers were unanimous in pronouncing his *Shylock* a dignified, forceful and intelligent conception. The *Syracuse Post Standard* said: "In his finely intelligent, pictorial, authoritative and convincing portrayal Mr. Goodwin disclosed histrionic qualities that entitle him to rank among the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare to-day." The *Journal* said: "That the mimic of a score of tragedians in as many years before Syracuse audiences should show the originality that Goodwin last night displayed is more than a passing surprise. He becomes the Jew of middle ages, not the doddering old man of former characterizations. He is the Baxter Street denizen, much given to philosophy. But it is not the philosophy or subtlety to which we are used. It is the real Jew of to-day, harmonized with the Jew of Shakespeare. You feel as if he is the man that you are bargaining with for money on your watch. He is vindictive, exultant, dramatic yet dignified and wholly interesting." The opinions regarding Miss Maxine Elliott's *Portia* are conflicting.

Mr. Mansfield will not present "King Henry V." after this season. His most important production next fall will be a stage version of Mr. Booth Tarkington's dramatic and charming story, "Monsieur Beaucaire," which should afford Mr. Mansfield one of the best opportunities he has ever had for his special and peculiar gifts. The period of the play is

during the reign of Louis V., and Mr. Mansfield will be seen as the *Duc d'Orleans*, who, while masquerading as a vulgar barber, courts the proudest beauty in England. The book fairly bristles with exciting situations, and if the dramatization made by the author is as good as the story, the success of both the actor and the play is assured.

An operative production to be made next season that is likely to arouse more than usual interest will be that of an opera by Mr. Walter Damrosch, based on the Rostand play, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mr. Damrosch has been at work on the music for some time, and expects that the work will be ready for next winter. Few themes could be more tempting to the composer than *Cyrano*, which should lend itself admirably to operative treatment. The trio, "Roxane's kiss," should be the gem of the score.

Masegni, who has immortalized himself by composing "Cavalleria Rusticana," is coming to America in October with an orchestra. One might have thought that the recent unhappy



PHOTO BY BYRON

BASSANIO  
(Mr. Aubrey Boucault)

PORTIA  
(Miss Maxine Elliott)

GRATIANO  
(Mr. Vincent Serrano)

NERISSA  
(Miss Amie Irish)

PORTIA; "Nerissa teaches me what to believe; I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring."

ACT IV.—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"



PHOTO BY BOON  
ANTONIO  
(Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle)

BASSANIO  
(Mr. Aubrey Bonecaut)

GRATIANO  
(Mr. Vincent Serrano)

SHYLOCK  
(Mr. N. C. Goodwin)

PORTIA  
(Miss Maxine Elliott)

ACT IV.—PORTIA: "Thou shalt have justice; more than thou desirest."

M. N. C. GOODWIN'S REVIVAL OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"



COPYRIGHT, AIME DUPONT

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN as *Nell Gwyn*

experiences here of other European orchestras would discourage others from crossing the Atlantic, but Mascagni counts doubtless on a success of curiosity, and this, at least, he is likely to have. Mascagni, by the way, is busy writing a life of Verdi.

It is a curious fact that plays dealing with the American revolution are not very popular with our public. Those plays especially in which George Washington has figured prominently have been received with scant favor, and it has been urged in explanation of this that Americans have placed the Father of their country on so lofty a pedestal that no

dramatist has yet succeeded in creating a stage character that quite comes up to the public ideal. Certain plays dealing with revolutionary times, such as "Janice Meredith," recently played by Miss Mary Mannering, and "Nathan Hale," produced by Mr. N. C. Goodwin, have had a certain measure of success, but this has been due rather to the popularity of the performers than to the subject matter of the play. The latest illustration of this is "Betsy Ross," the new play by Mr. H. A. Du Souchet, recently produced in Philadelphia, which, according to all accounts, has not proved the success hoped for.

The scenes of the play are laid in Philadelphia previous to and during the British occupation. *Joseph Ashburn*, the sailor lover of *Betsy Griscom* (afterwards *Betsy Ross*), fights a duel with *Clarence Vernon*, who, while intoxicated, mistakes the girl to whom his opponent is saying farewell for her sister *Clarissa Griscom*. Circumstances lead each man to imagine he has killed his antagonist, and both flee from the country. Years pass, and *Betsy*, receiving no tidings of *Ashburn*, marries *John Ross*, whose upholstering business she carries on after his death. Taking advantage of the war, the two fugitives return to America, *Ashburn* joining the patriot army, and *Vernon* the British. *General Washington* gives *Ashburn* command over a squad detailed to guard *Betsy's* house while she is engaged in making the flag. Wishing to see *Clarissa Griscom*, who has become his wife, *Vernon* volunteers for the duty of a spy, and is sent to Philadelphia. His disguise is discovered, and, driven into the home of his sister-in-law, he is in danger of being taken, when *Betsy* conceals him under the folds of the flag she is completing for the new born republic. *Ashburn* lifts up the bunting and discovers him, but believing that by doing so he is saving the woman he loves from dishonor he drops the cloth and orders his men away.

This climax is reached in the third act, after which the piece moves uneventfully to a happy end.

The production had the advantage of being performed by excellent actors, including Mr. Joseph Holland, Mr. George Fawcett and Miss Phœbe Davies.

Mr. Henry Miller is playing a summer season in San Francisco, and while there will produce a new play of revolutionary times called "Darcy of the Guards." The story evolves around a British officer who falls in love with a colonial girl. This piece may be seen here when Mr. Miller opens his regular season in the Fall.



PHOTO BY BYRON

NELL GWYN  
(Miss Henrietta Crosman)

KING CHARLES II  
(Mr. Aubrey Boucicault)

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH  
(Miss Adelaide Fitzgalian)

ACT III.—NELL GWYN: "Gentlemen, to h—l wid yez."



PHOTO BY BYRON

NELL GWYN  
(Miss Henrietta Crosman)

KING CHARLES II  
(Mr. Aubrey Boucicault)

LANDLORD  
(Mr. J. F. McCarthy)

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH  
(Miss Adelaide Fitzgalian)

ACT II. SCENE II.—NELL GWYN: "Another glass landlord and I'll see four."

"MISTRESS NELL" AT WALLACKS

# AN ENDOWED THEATRE

Discussed by

**MR. E. H. SOTHERN and MR. A. M. PALMER**

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was reported recently as saying that if he knew how to conduct a theatre as well as he understood how a library should be managed he would not hesitate to provide the means for the establishment of an ideal theatre with aims above the box-office standard. It has been denied since that Mr. Carnegie said this, but whether he said it or not there can be little doubt that all who see in the theatre more than a place of idle amusement and recognize its immense power as an educator and as a moral force; in short, all students and lovers of the Drama and of the art of acting are deeply interested in the present discussion regarding a proposed Endowed Theatre, and that sooner or later some wealthy man, or body of men will come forward in the absence of State or national aid and make this city the home of such a theatre, one that will become the central point of the dramatic arts in America and an object to us of civic pride. Meantime, let the discussion go on; it may be fruitful. Let the cost be computed and a scheme of administration prepared. THE THEATRE

will spare no efforts to foster and encourage the establishment of such a theatre, and our columns are open to anything that may further that object. Below are presented two thoughtful articles bearing on this important subject. Representing as they do the opinions of two men prominently connected with the stage—one a gifted and successful actor, the other the dean of our theatrical managers and a man of culture and experience—their views are peculiarly instructive.

## Mr. Sothern's Opinion

I HAVE not the leisure just now to enter into this question of an Endowed Theatre with the detail its importance deserves for, of course, there ought to be such an institution. I may say, indeed, that I am personally deeply interested in the matter as every man must be who loves the Drama and regards acting as an art.

The object aimed at in seeking to establish such a theatre is, I take it, the continual presentation of the standard plays by a company as nearly perfect as can be procured. Such presentation of the classic Drama would surely result in the elevation of public taste which would then demand a better class of entertainment than is now generally provided. It would also result in the cultivation of higher ideals in our writers for the stage and also in the actors who would graduate at this theatre and, indeed, in all those actors who would be able to witness the performances given there, for when an actor sees a fine production of a Shakespearian or any other play he is at once filled with the laudatory ambition to "go and do likewise." That our actors have so few opportunities of inspiration is to be deplored.

A theatre where the best plays in the language would be finely presented during each season, a theatre which did not have to depend on public caprice or expediency for its existence, but which would hold up the finest and the best in the Drama to constant view, would lift the art of acting in this country to a position of unexampled excellence and would enhance the artistic and social value of the actor's calling to an extraordinary degree.

If Mr. Carnegie and other wealthy men can be brought to recognize the educational value of the acted Drama, they may be induced to take a serious interest in the Endowed Theatre. The vast proportions which the theatre has



PHOTO BY SCHLOSS

MISS GERTRUDE BENNETT

attained in this country give it an opportunity to convey such object-lessons in conduct, morals and noble living as no other vehicle presents, not excepting the Church. At present, the Drama appears to me as a big, blind, good-natured animal, unconscious of its strength for good or evil. The Endowed Theatre, properly conducted, would open this animal's eyes to the great intellectual force it possesses and should send through all its veins the desire to grow finer and better and nobler.

The constant desire of all players is to produce the highest work. It is a standing joke that every actor wants to play *Hamlet*. We are restrained from doing the best by public taste quite as much as by our own physical or mental disabilities. In the old days an actor when placing his son on the stage would send him with a company that played the "legitimate." My father did so with me and in those early days lessons are learned and aspirations born, from contact with the higher Drama, which all the comic erities cannot subdue. It is such lessons and aspirations that an Endowed Theatre would plant in the souls of the public, the writers and the actors, and in my opinion the man who founds such an institution, not to speak of it profanely, would deserve as well of his country as a builder of churches, or a donor of libraries or picture galleries.

It goes without saying that the plays presented would have to be finely acted and the inducements for fine actors to associate themselves with such an undertaking would probably be sufficient. The certainty of living in one place, secure remuneration, a pension in old age,—such provisions are made, I believe, in the theatres of Continental Europe—added to the very high honor of being one of the shining lights of such an institution, would probably compensate for greater financial possibilities under other and less congenial conditions.

The great difficulty in an ordinary theatrical enterprise is the providing of new material, the constant demand for novelty. This will not be the case in the Endowed Theatre. The repertoire exists. And the directors? Have we not in New York scholars and men of letters who could perform the duties of this office? In short, we have the plays, we have the actors, we have the men capable of directing the destinies of such a theatre.

Now for the money. Calculations should be made as to how much will be needed to buy the land and erect such a theatre, which should surely be a monumental building standing on its own grounds. It is an exciting computation for a poor man.

I am glad that THE THEATRE has taken the matter up and I hope it will continue to discuss it. The Endowed Theatre will surely be built sooner or later, and if not by wealthy men who



PHOTO BY SCHLOSS

MR. SOTHERN as Hamlet

observe the educational possibilities of the Drama, then, perhaps, by the actors themselves, but that would take a long time.

*E. H. Stoddard*

### Art vs. Commercialism

“**W**HAT use is there in discussing the subject of an Endowed Theatre? Such a theatre is hardly a possibility; why talk about it? We have a great number of theatres now; aren't they good enough?” Such are the questions often asked and answered by many, and I confess that, as a practical man, and as a practical manager, I am not, in some respects, out of sympathy with these doubters. Especially am I in sympathy with them in so far as they impliedly resent imputations which the call for a higher theatre impliedly makes against the so-called “commercial manager.” Sometimes the advocates of the independent theatre openly attribute what they are pleased to call the “degradation of the stage,” to the commercial manager, and it is their delight to represent him as the enemy of dramatic art. From my point of view he appears to me about the only able friend that art has left. So far nobody, besides him, has stepped forward to take up its support. If it were not for him, what would become of all the actors and all the actresses who call the practice of that art their “profession?” And what would become of all the playwrights, past and present?



PHOTO BY COX

MISS FLORENCE KAHN

Will be leading woman to Mr. James K. Hackett next season



PHOTO BY FALK

MR. JAMES H. STODDARD

The veteran actor who will say farewell to the stage next season in a dramatization of “The Bonnie Briar Bush”

When you come to think of it, was there ever a good manager in the whole history of the stage who was not commercial in the sense of wanting to make money out of his efforts? Allyn was. Shakespeare was. Davenant was. Cibber and his triumvirate were. Macready was. Garrick was. Forrest was. Wallack was. Even Goethe, when he acted as intendant of the Ducal Theatre at Weimar, was. None of these great managers, no matter what their artistic acquirement, followed their calling simply for glory. They were commercial first, last and all the time, and some of them, at least, were not ashamed to confess it, to write about it in their letters and in their books, and to leave behind them, as incidents in their lives of which they were proud, the record of the monetary successes which they made in the theatre. In point of fact, behind all efforts in the direction of art or even of literature, it may be said there is one chief moving, impelling force, and that is the hope of monetary reward. The painter wields his brush for it. The instrumentalist toils at his keyboard or at his strings for it. The singer practices for it. The novelist racks his brain and burns his midnight oil for it; and the playwright struggles and invents and even *steals* for it.

For my part, I think the so-called commercial theatrical managers are the best managers—best for the actor, best for the theatre, best for the public. Given a man who, while he cannot act or write plays has a keen sense of what acting should be in order to make it acceptable and attractive to the public, and a just discrimination as to the amusing and therefore commercially valuable qualities in plays, the chances are he will make a better manager than the man who can write



PHOTO BY AIME DUPONT

MRS. FISKE as *Becky Sharp*



MISS IDA CONQUEST  
as *Dorothy Manners* in "Richard Carvel"

thought is his public. Will the play he is considering amuse that public? In short, will it pay? The American theatre has been served for the past quarter of a century by men of this class, and I venture the assertion that it has been, on the whole, well served. In that time everything which our own dramatists would or could write, and most of the important works of the contemporary foreign dramatists which fitted our environment or could by the exercise of ingenuity be made to fit it, have had a hearing on our stage. Of course, I am not speaking of plays which the happy faddists delight in and think ought to have a place in the scheme of every manager. These things have often had their trial in America, and, as often, have met the fate reserved for the "artistic" but not "amusing" play. The commercial manager, with his keen judgment, has avoided them, but I assert that he has neglected few, if any, which had even half a claim to consideration as practical plays for the American public.

The commercial manager will continue to exist. No endowed theatre, no uncommercial theatre will supplant him. Nor should it. And yet, the establishment of such a theatre would be a great blessing to dramatic art in America, a blessing to the dramatic



PHOTO BY PRINCE  
MR. OTIS SKINNER  
as *Norbert* in Browning's dramatic fragment  
"In a Balcony"

plays and can act in them. No matter what may be claimed for the theatre by some of the transcendentalists, one of its chief aims is to amuse. Goethe well expressed this when he said that, for the purposes of the theatre, "the play which is artistic and not amusing is not to be considered as equal to the play that is amusing but not artistic; the perfect play is that which unites these two qualities." And, in the business of selecting amusing plays for the public, and of producing them, the non-professional man is, I repeat, the best. No brilliancy in the acting qualities of a special part in the play befogs his judgment as to the whole. He has in mind, not the actor, not the costumer, not the scene painter. His only



MR. FRANCIS CARLYLE  
as *Hon. Bertie Cecil* in "Under Two Flags"

critic, a blessing to the American public, and, in the end, a blessing to the theatrical management of the higher class. Imagine a theatre in which all the plays produced should be of a high literary standard; should be all unobjectionable morally; should be played by the best actors and actresses, the part being distributed according to fitness and not according to favoritism; should be produced with absolute faithfulness and truth as to scenes, costumes, heraldry, etc., and should be defended and maintained as meritorious productions regardless, at any rate for a period, of public favor. Would not such a theatre be heartily welcomed by a very large number of thoughtful persons who now find little to attract them in the kind of amusement which the great

masses of the public demand, and which, therefore, the commercial manager must supply? The patronage of these persons and the persistence of the theatre in maintaining excellent plays would, I believe, gradually create a volume of good taste in matters theatrical which would result in a demand all along the line for higher and better things. It is a trite remark that "the public knows what it wants," but it is not strictly true. The public is like a child; it can be taught; it can be led. The commercial manager cannot afford to lead it. He cannot afford to sacrifice time and money in creating a taste. He must take it as he finds it, and of necessity must cater to it. But the Endowed Theatre would be able to create a public taste. It need not stand, when it had presented a fine thing, trembling with fear lest that "fine thing" should spell ruin. It could wait, it could persist, it could fight, and in the end it would win.

In the matter of correct theatrical taste the American public has no standard at present. An endowed or independent theatre could create one, and in my humble opinion this should be its chief mission. Then consider, for a moment, the blessing such a theatre would be as an educator. As things are at present, even the pretentious productions of the commercial stage can be, and are, only half

educators. As in public taste there is no standard, so in the present productions of, let us say classical plays in America, there is no absolute correctness. The producers must generally study economy; they must depend on the dicta of half-instructed subordinates; they have not the time for the research and study requisite for a production which shall be *absolutely* faithful. The critics themselves (a majority of them young men uninformed in these matters) pass the incorrect productions by or praise them, for the simple reason that they do not know any better. Why should they? There is no standard, and there never has been one in these matters in America. An Endowed Theatre would be able, by reason of its independent financial condition, to furnish such a standard. Then think what a blessing such a theatre would be to the American actor. Is there any standard of acting upon the American stage? If so, where is it? What is it? The actor's great weapon is his voice. How many actors on our stage to-day know how to produce voice and to preserve it? For the pronunciation of the English language there is, of course, a standard. But how many actors observe it? Even on the polite stage of the leading London theatre I have heard one simple word pronounced in



PHOTO BY SCHLOSS  
 MISS EDNA WALLACE-HOPPER  
 Now appearing as *Lady Holyhood* in "Florodora"  
 at the Casino



PHOTO MARCEAU Mr. T. E. Whitebread Miss Vaughan Texsmith Mr. Joseph Colt Miss Elaine von Selover Mr. Thomas Kiernan Miss Margaret Walker  
 PART OF THE DOUBLE SEXTETTE WHICH MADE A HIT WITH THE SONG, "TELL ME PRETTY MAIDEN"  
 "FLORODORA" AT THE CASINO

three different ways by three different actors. In our Endowed Theatre such a thing would not be possible. Rules would be established for the production of voice, its development, its preservation. Standards would be established for the pronunciation of words, which, being absolutely and undeniably correct, would never be deviated from, and would come to be accepted by all people of the stage throughout America, and perhaps by society itself as authoritative. The use of the body, the walk, the gesture, facial expression, all the things, in fact, which enter the actor's art would be made the subject of study and thought, and rules would be adopted concerning them which should be, and doubtless would be, maintained. In the important matter of reading, such a theatre would aim also for absolute perfection. In the present condition of the American theatre, the actors have only one or two things to which they may look forward. Either they must become stars, or they must continue to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for other actors whom the commercial managers pick out for stars, or



PHOTO BY BYRON      BETSY ROSS (Miss Phoebe Davies)      GENERAL WASHINGTON (Mr. Joseph Holland)  
 ACT IV. BETSY ROSS: "I am a loyal woman."

whom pluck and enterprise, and, in a few cases, genuinely great ability make stars. Last resort of all they may do their turns in continuous shows. For hundreds of excellent actors and actresses who are as really stellar, in everything pertaining to their profession, as their more fortunate fellows, save only in that *je ne sais quoi* of personal attractiveness or (as the commercial manager puts it) of personal magnetism, there is nothing else to do. Identity gone, ambition gone, individuality gone, the actor merely becomes the slave of him whom he serves. His performances are of necessity not the reflection of his own thought, his own mind, his own conception, but of the thought and conception of another. With the final disappearance of the stock company, the last chance of distinction for the non-stellar actor vanished. In the stock company days there was a chance of distinction, and of delightful distinction, too. To be the leading man or the leading woman or the first old man or the first old woman of the great stock companies of those days meant permanence, meant delightful



PHOTO BY BYRON      LIEUT. WHEATLEY (Mr. William Harcourt)      LEMUEL BASS (Mr. Frank Hatch)      BETSEY ROSS (Miss Phoebe Davies)      THE SPY (Mr. George Fawcett)  
 ACT III.—BASS: "Lieutenant, the spy is under this flag."

recognition by the public, meant distinction in the ranks of the profession. It is my belief that an Endowed Theatre would do much to restore this system. Its own company should be large—larger, by far, than any commercial manager could afford. The actors and actresses should be employed, not by the season, but by the year, and should be selected, in the first instance, with the greatest care, not only as to acting ability, but as to character and temperament. Such a company, with proper management and control, could hardly fail to enlist for the theatre the favor of the public, while it would always stand as an example of correct conduct and of correct acting to the younger aspirants for the stage. A school of acting should also be connected with the theatre, modeled to some extent on the Paris Conservatoire. In this school there should be no charge for tuition, and even a small weekly salary might be paid to the students who would act as supernumeraries and in other capacities. To this school only those should be admitted who might be able to demonstrate their adaptability to the stage. One great curse of our theatres, and one that has lowered materially the quality of its acting, is the employment upon our stage of so many of the graduates of the current dramatic schools in parts which they are too immature to fill. I have no word of criticism to offer as to the instruction in these schools. They are generally conducted by able men and women who conscientiously furnish instruction according to their lights. But of necessity they are commercial. They are established for the purpose of making money, and it would be unnatural to suppose that they would exercise a very strict scrutiny in the admission of students to their classes.

Certainly the Endowed Theatre will remain only "a castle in the air" unless some one of our large-minded and large-hearted citizens, with millions to dispense for the public good, interests himself in it and earns the lasting gratitude of his fellowmen by its establishment. For myself, I can conceive of no more noble and worthy undertaking. The theatre to-day, for good or for evil, is one of the most powerful influences in this country—more powerful here than ever before, and more powerful here, I fully believe, than anywhere else in the world. Certainly an institution, even if it be regarded as a mere amusement giver, which has within itself such attractiveness, such an irresistible force that it has thus



PHOTO BY MCINTOSH

Miss Julia Marlowe in her summer home at High Mount,  
Ulster County, N. Y.



PHOTO BY PACH

Mr. Richard Mansfield taking a morning ride on Riverside Drive

grown, without help and in the face of much bitter opposition, until it covers the whole land, is something that those fortunate men who seek to dispose of their surplus wealth in ways that may best help their fellow creatures cannot afford wholly to ignore.

There is a great deal to be said about the financial side of this subject. What would the theatre cost to establish? What would it cost to maintain? Could it by any possibility become self-supporting? How could it be best organized? Answers to these and other questions which suggest themselves, might well form the subject of another article. I have ideas; but at present I refrain from expressing them. I have heard something about first catching the hare. Let us wait.

*A. M. Palmer*

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Scenes from "L'Aiglon"

Scenes from "Cyrano de Bergerac"

Scenes from "Ben Hur"

Scenes from "Sweet Anne Page"

# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO THE STAGE





In truth, "VIN MARIANI" is perfect, gives us health, drives away the blues, and is of such excellent quality, that whoever tastes it might almost desire to be forever debilitated and depressed, thus to have a pretext to drink it.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.



My health and vitality I owe to "VIN MARIANI;" when at times unable to proceed, a few drops give me new life. It is delicious. I proclaim "VIN MARIANI" the king of all tonic wines.

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Mariani, your wine is digestive, comforting and tonic; I always have a bottle handy to my work-table.

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I have found "VIN MARIANI" a pleasant, stimulating tonic; in cases of vocal fatigue it is invaluable, and I constantly recommend it to my fellow-artists.

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Medal by O. Roty, Paris, France, offered to Angelo Mariani for the excellence of his tonic wine

# VIN MARIANI

When overworked or fatigued a safe, reliable tonic-restorative, agreeable and lasting in effect. Appetizer and digestive.



I find "VIN MARIANI" a most delightful and efficacious tonic, of inestimable value to singers.

EMMA EAMES.



I always have "VIN MARIANI" in my dressing-room. When fatigued, I find a small glassful works wonders.

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ADA REHAN.



"VIN MARIANI" is of greatest value; I always use it when in need of a tonic.

E. H. SOTHERN.

# THE THEATRE

VOL. I., NO. 5

NEW YORK, JULY, 1901

ARTHUR HORNBLLOW, Editor



PHOTO TAKEN FOR THE THEATRE BY TONNELÉ & CO.

MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

A CORNER OF THE NEW "PARADISE" ROOF GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY



PHOTO FALK  
MR. HENRY B. STANFORD  
Will support Miss Bertha Galand next season



MISS GERTRUDE QUINLAN  
in "King Dodo"



PHOTO FALK  
MR. FRANCIS WILSON  
Now appearing in "The Strollers"



## Plays and Players

**M**R. FRANCIS WILSON cannot be congratulated on his new part, *August Lump* in "The Strollers," the musical comedy produced by Mr. G. W. Lederer at the Knickerbocker last Monday. The

role, that of a vagabond who masquerades as a prince, is fairly well suited to him, but the piece itself is heavy as dough, and it was only by dint of herculean effort that Mr. Wilson managed to provoke a smile. The story is silly,—even for the dog days—the action drags, and some of the incidents, particularly that where a decrepit octogenarian tries to dance with his amorita, are positively painful, bordering on the indecent. The inanity of the whole thing was redeemed to a certain extent by the antics of Mr. Wilson, who cannot help being amusing even in a bad play, and by the presence on the stage of several comely young women. Mr. Ludwig Englander has written some tuneful music, none of which, however, is likely to survive him, and Mr. Lederer has been liberal in providing handsome costumes.

During the hot Summer evenings there exists for the New Yorker no cooler or more pleasant resort than Paradise Gardens, which Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has laid

out on the combined roofs of the Victoria and Republic Theatres. The place is all the more agreeable and novel in that, for those who find no joy in vaudeville entertainment, however good, there is a delightful garden far enough away from the

noise to enable one to enjoy the cool night breezes in comparative comfort and quiet. This garden, a corner of which is shown on another page, is Mr. Hammerstein's own idea, and it is both ingenious and unique. The roof garden is divided into two parts. Spacious elevators take one up to a vast, glass-covered theatre, having the stage at one end and in the rear the steps leading to the Republic's roof, where is the garden, laid out in imitation of a picturesque spot in Holland. On the top of a hill is a wind-mill, its arms revolving. Below and nestling close to it is the house of the miller, with storks' nests on the gables. There is, too, the old cow stable with its cow. A rustic bridge leads down to the valley below, where a river flows, with fishing boats at anchor, and down the stream is an old grist mill. Near by is a tavern with quaint arbors and piazzas, and in the distance, half concealed in shrubbery and foliage, a castle in ruins. What more could one want on a hot night?



MISS GRACE GEORGE  
Will be seen next season in a new play now being written for her by a native author

Miss Grace George will be seen at the Theatre Republic in November in a new play by a well-known American dramatist. Miss George won a marked personal success in "Her Majesty" last season, and is unquestionably one of the most promising young actresses on our stage, possessing, as she does, talent, youth, beauty and ambition. If her husband and manager, Mr. W. A. Brady, succeeds in finding for her the right kind of play, there is no reason why this actress' place in the front rank of the younger stars should not be assured.

"Miranda of the Balcony," a play by Miss Anna Crawford Flexner, founded upon Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novel of the same name, will be Mrs. Fiske's first production at the Manhattan next September. Later she will be seen in a historical cos-



PHOTO MCINTOSH  
Miss Channez Olney Miss Elta Proctor Otis Miss Grace Filkins  
in "THE Brixton Burglary"

tume play. A Danish play by Herr Henrik Christiernson, which has had much success in Europe, has been secured by Mrs. Fiske for future production, and she has a posthumous play by Mr. Charles Coghlan. Mr. John Luther Long and Herr Paul Heyse also have written plays for her. Mr. Langdon Mitchell is at work on a drama for her, and Mr. George C. Hazelton and Miss Harriet Monroc are preparing pieces for the Manhattan. Miss Mary Wilkins, too, will probably contribute a play.

"King Dodo," the new musical comedy, by Messrs. Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders, seems to have made a hit in Chicago. The local press does not stint its praise, the *Record-Herald* going so far as to say that so elaborate a production of comic opera has never been made in Chicago.



PHOTO BYRON  
POLICEMAN (Mr. Richard Baker) PETUNIA (Miss Jessie Busley) JAMES (Mr. W. J. Ferguson) FRAZER GREEN (Mr. S. Edwards)  
JAMES: "We shan't require the carriage, H. Alfred"

ACT I. "THE Brixton Burglary" at the Herald Square

The piece is said to abound with catchy music in good style, and has all the mirth, glitter and movement necessary to ensure lasting success. The plot, as usual, is not elaborate, *King Dodo* being a mythical monarch of a mythical dodo land, in search of everlasting youth. Mr. William Norris is reported to have scored a pronounced personal hit in the title role, and praise is accorded also to Miss Lillian Green, Miss Gertrude Quinlan and Miss Celeste Wynn. The production was staged by Mr. Henry W. Savage, who will bring the piece to New York after its run in Chicago.

Although it was bravely stated in the preliminary press announcements of Mr. N. C. Goodwin's pictorially beautiful but wholly disappointing revival of "The Merchant of Venice" that Mr. Goodwin did not expect to make money out of the venture, but intended it to be his contribution to the "artistic side of the American stage," it would seem, to judge by the receipts, that the "contribution" was profitable as well as "artistic." For, according to a statement issued by Mr. Goodwin's managers, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, on the closing of Mr. Goodwin's special tour, the twenty-eight performances produced over \$61,000. The receipts the first week were over \$12,000, the second week \$14,000, the third week \$19,000, and the fourth week \$16,000. Under such circumstances others should be encouraged to follow Mr. Goodwin's lead.

By the way, another special Shakespearian tour is announced. Mr. James K. Hackett and Miss Mary Mannering will be seen in

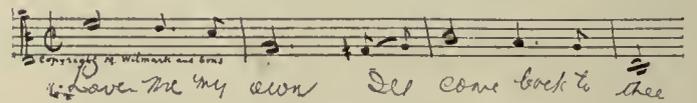
New York and other of the principal cities next Spring in a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," under the management of Mr. Frank McKee. This arrangement will not interfere with Mr. Hackett's position as an actor-manager or with the production by Mr. Hackett of Mr. Victor Mapes' play, "Don Caesar's Return," at Wallacks', next Autumn, the preparations for which are well under way. Mr. McKee has secured the dramatic rights to Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's romantic novel, "Graustark," which will be adapted for the stage by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder for Miss Mannering, after "Janice Meredith" has run its course.

Miss Julia Marlowe plans an elaborate production of "Romeo and Juliet" for next season. Miss Marlowe will open again at the Criterion in the fall with "When Knighthood Was In Flower," and later will appear in the play in the leading cities, returning to New York in February to produce a drama of modern life by one of the foremost of the English playwrights. Following this will come her revival of "Romeo and Juliet."



PHOTO BY BUCHER, WILMINGTON

MR. WILLIAM NORRIS as *King Dodo*



MISS CELESTE WYNN, as *Angela* in "King Dodo"

Sir Henry Irving's revival of "Coriolanus" at the London Lyceum did not prove a financial success and was soon withdrawn in favor of "Robespierre." As Irving was counting on "Coriolanus" as the chief drawing card during his coming American tour he is naturally much chagrined at the disappointment. A writer in the *Saturday Review* pointed out some time ago that the part was wholly unsuited to Irving: "No profundity of admiration," he said, "can cheat me into the notion that of the appropriate actors in the revival of 'Coriolanus' Sir Henry is one. On the contrary, Love, ever acutely perspicacious through that bandage which has earned him a false epithet, reveals to me Sir Henry as an actor who cannot 'touch' the part of *Coriolanus*—nay! as one who never could have 'touched' it at any moment in his career. It is not merely that Sir Henry's noble face and subtle voice are no longer the face and voice of a vigorous man in the prime of life. It is a question of innate temperament. *Coriolanus*, fine soldier, was a very stupid mau. All the egomaniacal pride that obsessed him came directly from narrowness, from lack of imagination—from stupidity, in short. And just as the soldier is the one type of man that never could have been reconciled by us with Sir Henry's outward bearing, so the one human quality with which Sir Henry never could have harmonized his soul is straightforward stupidity. As a schemer (in the large sense of the word) Sir Henry, with his obviously active intellect, is seen at his best. As a passive, stubborn monster, with the strength and insentience of a rock, he is seen at his very worst; indeed, he is not seen at all; nor is the monster. *Coriolanus*, as interpreted by Sir Henry, is a character wasted."

Two of Mr. Charles Frohman's stars are already busy rehearsing and preparing for their new productions next season. Mr. John Drew is getting ready to play "Second in Command," by Capt.



MISS LILLIAN GREEN as Piola in "King Dodo"

season as the typical matinee girl in "Champagne Charley," the comedy which Mr. Augustus Thomas has written for Mr.

Robert Marshall, which has had a long run in London and with which Mr. Drew will open at the Empire on September 3, and Mr. William Gillette is superintending the preparations for his revival of "Hamlet," the new scenery for which, painted by Gros, is well advanced.

The Du Barry play, by Messrs. Peurberton and MacArthur, was recently produced in London for copyright purposes, under the rather old-fashioned title, "The Huguenot Lover." It is described as a romantic comedy in four acts. The scene of the first act is in the Gardens of Versailles; of the second in the Great Hall of the Chateau at Frauchard; the third takes place in a room at the Chateau and Madame Du Barry's boudoir at Fontainebleau, and the fourth in the guard room at Fontainebleau.

Miss Ada Lewis, who made a reputation as the "tough" girl in Harrigan's old company, will be seen next season as the typical matinee girl in "Champagne Charley," the comedy which Mr. Augustus Thomas has written for Mr. Peter F. Dailey, and in which Mr. Dailey will play the part of a young society man who becomes the promoter of a brand of wine. Mr. Will A. McConnell, a theatrical manager who enjoys locally some reputation for originality, will be seen in this piece as himself.

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger will produce Mr. Harry B. Smith's new musical comedy, "The Liberty Belles," at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, Sept. 9.

Mr. Fred C. Whitney will produce early in the Fall a romantic drama of early New Orleans during Perier and Dunville's governorships of the little French colony. The play is founded on a novel called "The King's Messenger," by Miss Suzanne Antrobus, a first book by a new author to be published by the Harpers simultaneously with the stage production. Mr. MacArthur will dramatize it.



PHOTO LALLIE GAREY-CHARLES, LONDON

MR. KYRLE BELLEW as Romeo

Will star here next season in a dramatization of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel "A Gentleman of France"

Mr. S. R. Crockett's novel, "Joan of the Sword Hand," a dramatization of which has been made by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder for Miss Blanche Walsh, should prove a good vehicle for this popular actress next season. Few books lend themselves more readily to the stage than Mr. Crockett's story. It has everything in it that audiences love—action, mystery, suspense, surprise, comedy, and romantic love that at first has a hard road to travel. Joan is a fascinating creature, an odd mixture of masculine strength and feminine charm. During part of the play she masquerades as a boy, and amusing complications arise in consequence. The time of the play is early in the fifteenth century, and the place an imaginary country on the Baltic Sea. The scenes give good opportunity for striking stage settings.

In the death of James A. Herne, who expired in this city on June 2d, after a long illness, the American stage lost a distinguished dramatist and a popular and talented actor. Mr. Herne was one of the pillars of the nascent American drama, possessing as he undoubtedly did high intellectual qualities combined with great stage-craft. All his plays had the quality of literature. "Margaret Fleming," "Griffith Davenport," "Shore Acres," and "Sag Harbor" are admirable pictures of American life, and the simplicity, freshness and power of his scenes and language unfailingly proved an artistic revelation to his audiences. He was among the pioneers in introducing realism on the stage, and he ever recognized the great power of the theatre as a moral force. He was popular with the common people, because he understood all the pathos and comedy in their humble lives, and his fine mentality commanded the respect of all.

#### IN MEMORIAM

JAMES A. HERNE

(Written for THE THEATRE by Edward E. Kidder)



THE LATE JAMES A. HERNE

A master voice is mute,  
A master mind at rest,  
The Nature he adored  
Hath clasped him to her breast:  
Through stormy seas he sailed,  
Too oft by struggles rent,  
The haven of his hope,  
The Harbor of Content!  
But it was not to be,  
And so to-day we mourn  
A mighty craftsman dead,  
A wondrous actor gone!

Mr. Kidder's latest play of rustic life is called "Sky Farm." It will be produced by Mr. Charles Frohman at the Boston Museum next October. Mr. Kidder has written thirty-two plays since 1884, sixteen of which have proved successful. This is not a bad record in these days when the American dramatist so often has to take a back seat in favor of his fellow-craftsmen across the water.

Robert Louis Stevenson's fine story, "The Master of Ballantrae," has been dramatized for Mr. E. J. Morgan, and that



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS BLANCHE WALSH

Will star next season in a dramatization of Mr. S. R. Crockett's novel, "Joan of the Sword Hand"

actor will star in the piece under the management of Messrs. Liebler and Co. The play will have a preliminary trial in San Francisco.

"The Wooing of Priscilla," an idyllic drama, by Mr. Stanislaus Stange, with incidental music by Mr. Julian Edwards, was produced for the first time at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, recently, under the management of Mr. F. C. Whitney, and according to all accounts was received with considerable favor. Mr. Stange's play is based upon the well-known poem by Longfellow. There are three acts, all laid in Plymouth, two of them timed on the day of the Mayflower's return, April 5, 1621, and the third, five months later, when *Standish* returns from his expedition just in time to prevent the Indians



PHOTO MC IAN  
MISS LILLIAN LAWRENCE as *Priscilla*



PHOTO MARCEAU  
MR. E. D. LYONS as *Myles Standish*



PHOTO MC IAN  
MR. HARRY ROBERTS as *John Alden*

from sacking Priscilla's house. During the first year of the colony in the new world *Capt. Standish* had fallen in love with *Priscilla* and instructed his lieutenant, *John Alden*, to woo the maiden as a proxy. *Priscilla* has fallen in love with the messenger and asks: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" *Alden* loyally explains the situation to *Standish*, but the latter angrily upbraids him. *Priscilla*, who has overheard, attempts to vindicate *Alden*, but *Standish* is obdurate, and goes off to fight the Indians, convinced of his friend's treachery. The Indians fiercely attack the settlement during his absence and a last stand is made in *Priscilla's* cabin, *Standish* arriving in the nick of time to the rescue. The curtain falls on this interesting play just as the captain is giving *Priscilla* to *John Alden*.

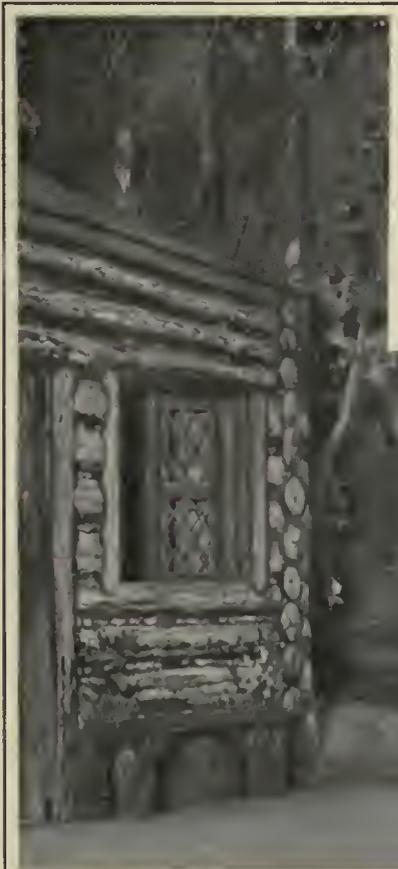


PHOTO STEBBINS, BOSTON



PRISCILLA  
(Miss Lillian Lawrence)



MYLES STANDISH  
(Mr. Edmund D. Lyons)

ACT I. PRISCILLA: "If one wants a thing well done, he must do it himself"

"THE WOOING OF PRISCILLA" AT THE TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS FANNY JOHNSTON

Originated the part of *Dolores* in "Florodora" at the Casino



MR. E. J. MORGAN

Will star next season in a dramatization of Stevenson's novel, "The Master of Ballantrae"

It is possible that next season will see the production here of at least one if not two dramatizations of the successful novels of Mr. Egerton Castle, author of "The Pride of Jennico."

Mr. David Belasco has contracted to dramatize his novel, "The Bath Comedy," and it was understood that Miss Ada Rehan would be seen in this play. Since then, however, it has been announced that Miss Rehan will use a play by Miss Martha Morton. Mrs. Langtry has the dramatic rights to "The Bath Comedy" for England, and may be



PHOTO FRADELLE AND YOUNG, LONDON

MR. EGERTON CASTLE

seen there in the play in the fall. "Young April," another and perhaps the best of Mr. Castle's books, has been dramatized for the American stage by Mr. Henry Tyrrell by special arrange-

ment with the author, who desires the English and American productions to be simultaneous, and preparations are now being made for a production early in the fall. "Young April" was to have been put on the stage last season, but was held over in favor of Mr. Castle's own dramatization of his novel, "The Secret Orchard," which the Kendals are now playing in London. Few of the English authors have a more interesting personality than Mr. Castle. He is just past forty, and he is part proprietor and assistant editor of the Liverpool *Mercury*, one of the most important of the English provincial dailies. He has served as an engineer officer in the British army in Jamaica, is a noted swordsman, and has figured in numerous duels, either as principal, second or referee. He has resided the greater part of his life on the continent of Europe and is intimately conversant with the principal modern languages. He is author of a standard work on English book-plates and a history of fencers and fencing. He has also translated Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" into French.

The interest that New Yorkers take in the playhouse is shown by the fact that at the present time this city boasts of more theatres than any other city in the world. Paris has twenty-four theatres, concert halls, etc., London has thirty-nine, New York has forty-one. Ten years ago the combined seating capacity of all the legitimate theatres of this city was nearly 60,000. To-day the playhouses of the two boroughs will seat nearly 123,795 persons. On this showing New York certainly leads in quantity—if not in quality.



MR. CHARLES RICHMAN  
Will be leading man of the Empire Theatre Stock Company next season



## The Essence of Rostand's Greatness

IT IS good to know that from the outset of his career as poet and dramatist, M. Edmond Rostand has professed the loftiest literary principles and has been strong enough to live up to them, which, we may be sure, in these commercial days, argues a strength of character and a moral courage that stand out in marked contrast to the man's rather effeminate manner and physical unrobustness.

It seems natural enough after a writer has produced "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" that he should have been willing to work hard and wait long for such success, but it is very different when these plays exist nowhere but as fancies in the author's brain or as papers in his table drawer.

It is hard to look, year after year, at a manuscript that nobody knows about or cares about and never waver in the conviction that it is good and that the world *must* one day pronounce it good. And it is hard to go on bravely, quietly working at another thing that may also have to wait. And then at another thing—for years. The man who can do that

without compromise or surrender of his ideals must have in him something akin to inspiration; and Rostand did this practically for seven years, for his plays between 1891 and 1898 were either failures like "La Princesse Loiraine," or but modest successes like "La Samaritaine."

The chief virtue, then, in Rostand's method lies in his absolute unwillingness to be diverted from his serious purposes by anything in the nature of hackwork or anything that might have brought a quick but ephemeral popularity. He was always true to the finest that was in him; he would do his best or nothing. Money pressure could not move him, partly, no doubt, because he never felt money need. Yet, let us not forget how easy it is for a rich man to fall into habits of literary indolence or carelessness. Rostand was master of himself before he became master of his art.

As to what he has written or purposes to write Rostand relies absolutely on his own judgment, will have nothing of any other man's judgment, will sink or swim on his own ship, under his own flag, in his own way. In private life he is a charming and modest French gentleman; in dramatic and literary matters he is an absolute autocrat, to whose will even the imperious Sarah must yield; and, oddly enough, she yields gladly.

As to habits of composition, Rostand writes only when he can write best; he scorns the machine methods of some authors—so many words a day, so many lines a week. A play of his will be finished when it *is* finished, never before, and the date is never specified in any literary time-table. If his third act is not ready when people want it, then so much the worse for the people; the third act will *not* hurry.

Rostand feels tremendously what he is writing; he lives with his characters, he suffers with them. For days he will be lifted into such a frenzy of creation that food and sleep and time and the world are brushed aside as vain things. The blood of his heart, the tears of his soul, must get themselves somehow put down on paper at any cost to himself or others. He conceives of the poet's passion for his work as the intensest of all passions.

All of which makes it clear that he is a very extraordinary man, to whom ordinary rules scarcely apply.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



PHOTO TAKEN FOR THE THEATRE

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M. ROSTAND IN HIS LIBRARY

The French poet and dramatist, lately elected member of the French Academy, will visit the United States next Fall

### "Les Romanesques" in Philadelphia

THE recent production in the Quaker City of Rostand's dainty and picturesque comedy, "Les Romanesques," by the Browning Society of Philadelphia, was a dramatic event of rather more than usual interest, inasmuch that it was the first production of the play in English in this country. The piece has been performed in Boston in French, and in England it has been acted

MR. HENRY S. RICHARDSON as *Percinet*

by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The English actress used the Fletcher translation in English verse, published here by R. H. Russell, under the title of "The Fantasticks," which is obviously a better title than that of "The Romancers," of the Mary Hendec version, which the Society used. It would be indeed difficult to find the exact equivalent of the French title in English. "The Romantic Lovers" or "The Absurdly Romantic Lovers" would be about the author's meaning, and as his clever and gracefully written play is intended to be nothing more than a fantasy and satire, the title is perhaps happily rendered as "The Fantasticks."

The scene of the play, to quote the author, "takes place where one pleases, provided the costumes are pretty enough." The first act discloses two parks, divided by an old mossy wall, covered with climbing plants and vines. *Bergamin*, who lives on the right side, has a son, *Percinet*. His neighbor, *Pasquinot*, who resides on the left side, is happy in the possession of a daughter, *Sylvette*. The two old men are anxious to join their estates through the marriage of their children, but they have the good sense to know that "a marriage for sane ends is not a very tempting article," to romantic youth. So they feign a deep hate for each other, and the young folks, forbidden communion, desire it the more that their interviews

must be stolen. And so they fall in love. To bring about a speedy and happy termination to the affair, the fathers engage the services of one *Straforel*, a "professional bravo." Their plan is thus set forth by *Bergamin*:

Here, and to-night, they planned to meet, in fine.  
My youngster will be first.—Just as your girl he sees,  
Ruffians, in masks, shall start from out the trees.  
They seize her:—she despairs: and lo! young Chanticleer  
Darts to her rescue, without pause or fear.

The ruffians fly his flashing, conquering blade:—  
They fly.—We show ourselves.—The rescued maid  
Sobs in your arms.—You wipe a tear or so,  
And bless her hero—saviour.—I relent—TABLEAU!

This programme, with the aid of *Straforel* and his band, is carried out successfully. And while the happy lovers are clasped in each other's arms, *Straforel* presents his bill to *Bergamin*.

The second act finds the wall between the two parks torn down, and the old men, missing their secret visits over the top of the wall, their plotting, their stolen interviews, begin to quarrel. Nor is the happiness of the lovers of long duration. They learn of the trick of which they are the dupes.

PERCINET.

Instead of acting in some dream divine,  
We've played burlesque, it seems.

SYLVETTE.

Yes, all the time.  
Our nightingale was but a cackling goose!

PERCINET.

Our wall—my wall I vowed to such immortal use,  
Was but a puppet-stand, a stage whereon each day  
We climbed and strutted just as puppets may!  
We posed as angels there—spread dazzling wings:  
And, all the time, our fathers worked the strings!

Their loves thus mocked, they feel the charm is lost. *Straforel* comes to collect his bill, which the fathers refuse to pay, claiming the bravo's ruse has failed. *Percinet*, incensed with the whole affair, rushes out of the park, out into the world, leaving *Sylvette* furiously indignant.

At the opening of the third act, the scene is still in the park, and a mason, under the direction of the fathers, is rebuilding the wall. As the work progresses the friendly spirit between the old men is renewed, and they go within doors arm-in-arm. The mason is *Straforel* in disguise. He has determined

MR. CHARLES F. ZIEGLER as *Straforel*MR. W. M. PRICE as *Bergamin*MR. HENRY JANVIER as *Pasquinot*



PHOTO BY BYRON

MR. J. E. DODSON

As *Lancelot Gobbo* in "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Dodson will support Mrs. Fiske next season and later will be starred by the Manhattan Theatre management

to bring the lovers together so that he may collect his bill, and to this end has been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with *Sylvette*, representing himself as a nobleman. While *Sylvette* is reading one of his letters, he throws off his mason's blouse disclosing a fantastic costume, and proceeds to woo the maid furiously, promising her a wild elopement and a desolate home beneath tent-poles: "The only bars between us and high heaven." He frightens the romantic notions out of *Sylvette's* head, so that at last she confesses to herself, "I could be happy now with something — not so sweet."

Wounded, tattered and torn and weary with his struggle with the world, *Percinet* returns, finds *Sylvette* in the park, and tells her of his woes.

SYLVETTE.

Yes, but at least you've seen, you've found True Poetry!

PERCINET.

I sought it far and wide, [tenderly] I left it, dear, with thee.

The lovers are reunited, *Straforel's* bill is paid, the fathers raze the wall once more and this most charming little play is ended.

That the members of the Browning Society did little more than suggest the fine possibilities in the piece goes without saying. For amateurs their performance was, on the whole, satisfactory. Some committed the blunder of mistaking satire for burlesque and overplayed their parts, and Miss Helen Baldwin, while she acted the part of *Sylvette* with intelligence, did not quite enter into the spirit of the character. Mr. H. S. Richardson looked well as *Percinet*, but his acting was colorless. Mr. William M. Price made an excellent *Bergamin*. The stage settings showed the exercise of both care and taste, and the piece was carefully and elaborately costumed, reflecting much credit on the stage management, which was in the hands of Mr. H. S. Richardson.

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER.

## The Endowed Theatre

THE subject of the Endowed Theatre has been already fairly well thrashed out in the beautiful columns of THE THEATRE and in the clever editorials of the Sun, but there is still one point of view left unoccupied, and I approach it in this way: If it is a function of government, recognized by every first-class power of Europe, to provide for the people who cannot afford to pay for them the free enjoyment of the Arts, why should not private fortunes perform that function in our country since this paternal attribute of government is not recognized, if indeed it is not condemned by our ruling powers?

I will not take up space to write about the many outlying subjects that may enter into a discussion of an endowed theatre,—some of these are the advantages of the stock company over the star system; the improvement of public taste that is to be effected by the presentation of superior plays, and so on, therefore shall confine myself to the philanthropic view. Already we have cleared the way and given the public of New York municipal, easy and gratis access to the highest achievements in several of the arts. The Metropolitan Museum of Art throws open with the liberality and paternalism of an European capital its magnificent treasures in three of the arts — in painting, sculpture and architecture. Literature and the art of poetry, including the printed drama, are already equally free to the public through the



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MISS MAUDE ADAMS

Her most recent portrait as the *Eaglet*. According to a cable report from London it has been arranged that Miss Adams will play *Juliet* to Mme. Sarah Bernhard's *Romeo* in the autumn of 1902. Next season Miss Adams will be seen in a new play on the Babbie order

many libraries, which, however, will be grandly multiplied in a few years until few residents of the city of New York need reside at a greater distance from a library than half a mile. Now, why should not the Drama and Music be within the reach of people who crave them but whose means debar them these enjoyments? In a city of the vast population of New York there are some hundreds of thousands of people who have been educated at the public schools, and a fair percentage who have passed through colleges, constituting a refined or self-respecting stock, but whose individual earning-power in the humbler professions or in the practice of their handicrafts is upon an average less than \$1,000 a year. In this category is found the mass of mechanics, many of them men of taste and skill, and women who work with their hands, a body that represents the noblest part of American industry, and has placed the reputation of the nation where it is. Statistics must be appealed to to prove that these workers are not alone in the enjoyment of their salaries and wages but have generally one or more mouths to feed besides their own from this average earning-power of \$1,000. How then can any of such useful citizens, while living respectably, spare \$1.50 or \$2.50 to get a comfortable sight of a play, and how can a play be given to the profit of landlord, manager, actor, and the host of employees of all sorts about a theatre, unless at these prices of admission? If \$2 is a prohibitive figure, except on rarest and most infrequent occasions for the lover of the Drama, what is it to the lover of Music who must be stowed away at these prices in a distant gallery to hear an opera as best he can while he sees the stage as through the wrong end of an opera glass?

But if philanthropy is expected to supplement the arts already provided for the public with the theatre, I believe it can be done so as to accomplish the work without injury to any and probably with benefit to all concerned. In Paris, to which we must look for an example, we find the unendowed houses unaffected in their receipts by the prices of the Théâtre Français or the Odéon, since the latter are not particularly popular as to their prices of admission. What a wealthy philanthropic lover of the Drama could do for New York would be to provide a theatre, rent, taxes, insurance and license free to a manager of the proper stamp, and let the public pay a small price of admission; indeed it would be better so, since people value what they pay for, be it ever so small a sum. Besides, if a theatre were open evenings gratis, it would be likely to harbor many objectionable people in an audience that would otherwise be everything it should be. Mr. Donnelly has a pretty theatre, away from a thoroughfare, however, for which he pays all the costs of rent and maintenance, yet furnishes a most acceptable



PHOTO BY TONNELE &amp; CO.

MISS ELLA SNYDER in "The Casino Girl"



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

Will star next season in a dramatization of "Alice of Old Vincennes"

and often a first-rate dramatic entertainment for the very moderate price of twenty-five cents. And he has conducted his enterprise in a successful manner for three years. He interferes with no other house, and the high prices of admission to the other forty theatres of this metropolis seem to have continued undiminished by the presence and example set by Mr. Donnelly.

While the advocates of an Endowed Theatre are moving to attain their object, let them make their plan comprehensive and agitate also for an English Opera House. Where there is one rich music lover who can enjoy a season of nightly opera at five dollars a performance, there are probably one hundred young, earnest amateurs who can hardly spare fifty cents. The peculiar idea seems to have captivated several writers on this subject, who have said it in print, too, that an opera

would only be enjoyable in a box and in evening costume. The crowds that thronged the American Theatre and listened with devotion—the women in bonnets and the operas practically travestied through a very inadequate orchestra—furnish the refutation of the above idea. Scores of little towns throughout Germany and Italy have their own permanent operatic companies singing in the vernacular to the delight of the people and at prices that seem ridiculous to our eyes. But, then, Pattis and De Rezskés are as rare there as here, and our public prefers its music sung in English.

The stock argument for the endowment of the theatre—that it shall elevate the stage—need not be the incentive or the task of the multi-millionaire philanthropist. Elevating the stage may be safely left, in this age of universal education, national ambition, literature and controlling journalism, to take care of itself. Promoting the happiness of the people with amusements should be recognized more than it has been as a legitimate function of government and not branded as a socialistic fad leaning toward paternalism. Until we have reached the era of cheaper public entertainments, willingly fostered by the taxpayers themselves, we must hope that picture galleries and libraries will not be the only objects of our rich philanthropists' solicitude. If the mass of the people have their pleasures as cheaply as possible they will be all the better citizens for the boon, for the stage, when properly conducted, is a noble rostrum for the dissemination of good manners. The time has come for an Endowed Theatre, one or more of them, and the unfriendly arguments of the past, and the interested opposition of to-day, should not weigh down the good intentions of the millionaire who is looking for the place to plant his money to yield the most happiness and culture to his less fortunate fellow-citizens, while it will confer enduring fame and gratitude upon himself. HORACE B. FRY.



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MISS MARY MANNERING

Will be seen next Spring as *Katherine* in a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew." Prior to this she will continue to be seen in "Janice Meredith"

## ON SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

(To a friend about to visit England)

What I fain would have you do—  
This, dear friend, I ask of you—  
When you cross the mighty sea:

Take these tender flowers from me,  
And, like precious gems, I crave,  
Guard them well and lovingly,  
And then place them on his grave.

His—whose name is "said and sung"  
Ever where his glory gleams;  
His—whose words, to old and young,  
Wake a paradise of dreams.

Where enthroned fair Comedy  
Tells her wonder-tales of mirth;  
Where grim Tragedy o'errules  
Fate and feuds and strifes of earth.

Where his sacred ashes be,  
There, O friend, this boon I crave:  
Place these tender flowers for me,  
On immortal Shakespeare's grave.

— N. L. H.

Miss Ada Rehan is spending the Summer at her cottage on the Irish coast. She will return to the United States next month and begin the rehearsals of the comedy which Miss Martha Morton is now finishing for her amid the peaceful surroundings of Lake Placid.



PHOTO BYRON

PRIVATE BUGER  
(R. R. Nell)JANICE MEREDITH  
(Miss Mary Mannering)

JANICE: "Oh, man of war, I quite dote upon thee."

JANICE MEREDITH, ACT III. SCENE: The headquarters of Col. Rahl in the Drinker Homestead, Trenton, N. J., Christmas Day, 1776.

## New Dramatic Books

*The Stage in America, 1897-1900.* By Norman Hapgood.  
New York: The Macmillan Co

Mr. Norman Hapgood, who is a good writer and an earnest student of the drama, has collected under the above title some of his best contributions to the *Bookman* and the *Commercial Advertiser* and made a very readable volume forming a comprehensive history of the stage in this city during the four years stated, or, as he puts it in his preface, "those things of most importance to a thinking observer of the drama." It is a book which every play-goer should have in his library, for it discusses and analyzes in an exhaustive and critical way most of the plays produced of recent years that are worth remembering. Mr. Hapgood's style is vigorous and scholarly and he speaks with all the authority that comes of a thorough knowledge and careful study of his subject.

After an interesting chapter on the theatrical octopus, The Syndicate, comes the "Drama of Ideas," a thoughtful essay on the so-called intellectual drama, in which the works of Ibsen, Shaw, Pinero, Barrie, are carefully analyzed. Regarding the Norwegian dramatist Mr. Hapgood says:

"The neglect of the dress of beauty is what makes some of Ibsen's plays rather technical experiments, instructive to playwrights, than forms precious to humanity. No spider's arguments against sweetness and light will enable us to produce art without it. Ibsen is a great playwright, because he is a poet, and because he is always a distinguished workman,—but what success he has in spite of his infatuation with sociology and heredity, which tend to dim that bare but vivid imagination which gleams even through his restricting tensity.



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS REBECCA WARREN

As *Lady Sarah Keteltas* in "A Colonial Girl." Highly praised by the Rochester press for her acting in the part of *Fedora* as leading woman of the Lyceum Company

"In his later plays the philosophic are far below the technical ideas—the manner in which the action is carried forward with relentless quietness and unhesitating power, with few incidents, the early acts developing from within, marching onward as if with the strength of his conceptions, and falling apart to show the corrupting thesis only toward the end. The end is what shows most fatally whether the playwright has builded on the sand of theory or the rock of imagination. Ibsen sees the situation, he sees part of the characters, in exposition he shows rare talent, but as he often has no great fables to tell, he breaks down in the last act and substitutes mystery, with a compulsory pistol shot, for large clearness and the broad end of a big story "

Other interesting chapters are "Our Two Ablest Dramatists"—James A. Herne and Mr. William Gillette, both of whom Mr. Hapgood considers clearly ahead of their predecessors—"The Drama and the Novel," "Our Only High-class Theatre," "Rostand," and "Foreign Tragedy." The book is handsomely bound in red cloth and well printed on fine paper.

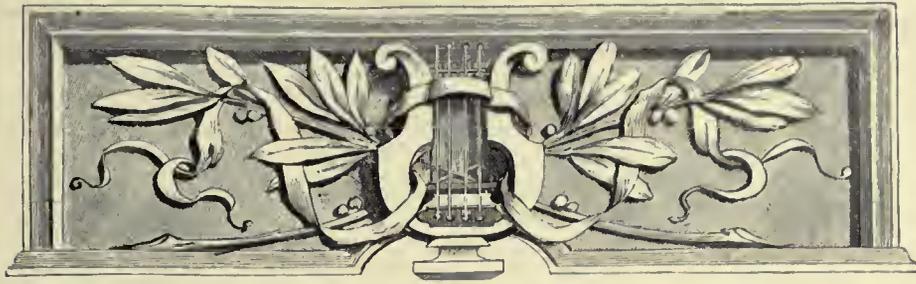
Colonel T. Allston Brown is at last about to publish his "History of the New York Stage," the compilation of which has been his life-long hobby. Some of the material has appeared in the *New York Clipper*, but much of it is new and it should prove invaluable as a contribution to the permanent literature of the stage, particularly in regard to dates, for which Colonel Brown has a well-deserved reputation for accuracy. The period covered by the work is from 1732 to the close of the season 1900-01. It will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., by subscription.



PHOTO W. A. SANDS

MR. HAMILTON REVELLE

To be leading man with Mrs. Leslie Carter next season. His first part will be the hero of "La Du Barry"



## Paderewski's Opera "Manru"

A NEW opera by Ignace Paderewski, based upon Polish folk-lore, and entitled "Manru," was produced on May 29th last at the Royal Opera House, Dresden. Cable reports pronounce it a great success and state that an extraordinary ovation was given the composer at the close; from other sources, however, it is authoritatively said that the opera is disappointing artistically and that, considered as a modern dramatic work, it fails to satisfy the best critical judgment.

The music, written around a gipsy love-story, is described as a mixture of the old lyric style and the more modern declamatory mode. There are many suggestions of Wagner, the *leit motif* idea being adhered to. Certain portions of the score are said to have the unmistakable glow of genius and the instrumentation is exceptionally fine. Much of the music is national, Bohemian, Slavic and characteristically gipsy. A violin solo and a love duet are declared to be the gems of the piece, which also contains several fine ballets.

The book is the work of Dr. Alfred Nossig, a friend and compatriot of the composer. The story deals with the love of a wandering gipsy for a Bohemian girl, the scene being laid in the Tatra Mountains, which separate Galicia and Hungary. *Manru*, the gipsy, weds *Hunna*, a Slav girl, against her parents' wishes, and carries her off to his home in the mountain fastnesses. The brief honeymoon past, she regrets having offended her people and returns home to implore pardon. Her mother refuses to forgive her unless

she deserts her husband. A dwarf entreats the girl, whom he loves, to obey her mother. *Hunna* asks him for a charm to restore the love of her husband, who, she thinks, has begun to long once more for his vagabond life. The first act closes with the arrival of *Manru*, who comes to fetch his wife. The villagers see the hated gipsy and attack him, but through the intercession of his wife he is allowed to escape.

In the second act is seen the mountain home of *Manru* and *Hunna*. The husband yearns for his old roving life. His young wife is aware of this discontent, and she gives him the love philter. It takes effect immediately, and *Manru* sings to her impassionedly of his love. But the effect of the potion gradually disappears, and, hearing the music of a gipsy violin, again he is seized by a desire to join his tribe. This music heralds the arrival of a messenger who comes to ask *Manru* to wed the beautiful *Asa*, the gipsy queen. He is about to desert *Hunna*, but is restrained by her entreaties.

The last act passes in another part of the mountains. *Manru* is more unhappy than ever at being separated from his people. He falls asleep, and, in a vision, the gypsies, led by *Asa*, come to offer him the crown and beg that he

return. Only *Oros*, who also loves the queen, is opposed to him, and calls him traitor. But *Asa* finally prevails upon *Manru* to go back as her lord; then *Oros*, in a fury of jealousy, hurls *Manru* from a cliff, and the opera comes to a tragic close.

J. L. W.



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M. IGNACE PADEREWSKI

## Plays Produced Season 1900-'01

The following is a complete list compiled by the *Dramatic Mirror* of the new plays produced in New York City from May 1, 1900, to June 1, 1901.

- May 14. A Day of Reckoning, Star, 1 week.  
 May 18. The Power of Darkness; Caprice (by students), Empire.  
 May 21. The Wages of Shame, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 July 25. The Cadet Girl, Herald Square, 48 times.  
 Aug. 4. The Tide of Life, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Aug. 20. The Rebel, Academy of Music, 73 times.  
 Aug. 20. The Angel of the Alley, Star, 1 week.  
 Aug. 27. Slaves of the Orient, Star, 1 week.  
 Aug. 27. Only a Private, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Aug. 30. The Parish Priest, Fourteenth Street, 37 times.  
 Sept. 3. All on Account of Eliza, Garrick, 32 times; Wallack's, Feb. 25, 24 times; total, 56 times.  
 Sept. 3. Prince Otto, Wallack's, 40 times.  
 Sept. 3. Uncle Sam in China, Star, 1 week.  
 Sept. 5. A Royal Family, Lyceum, 175 times.  
 Sept. 6. Fiddle-Dee-Dee, Weber and Fields', 262 times.  
 Sept. 6. The Rose of Persia, Daly's, 25 times.  
 Sept. 8. The Husbands of Leontine, Madison Square, 29 times.  
 Sept. 8. Ib and Little Christina, Madison Square, 29 times.  
 Sept. 10. Arizona, Herald Square, 140 times.  
 Sept. 10. Cupid Outwits Adam, Bijou, 8 times.  
 Sept. 10. A Wife in Pawn, Grand Opera House, 1 week.  
 Sept. 10. The Gypsy German, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Sept. 11. Richard Carvel, Empire, 128 times.  
 Sept. 14. The Monks of Malabar, Knickerbocker, 39 times.  
 Sept. 17. Caleb West, Manhattan, 32 times.  
 Sept. 17. The Rogers Brothers in Central Park, Victoria, 72 times.  
 Sept. 17. Reaping the Whirlwind, Star, 1 week.  
 Sept. 24. The Belle of Bohemia, Casino, 55 times.  
 Sept. 27. Sag Harbor, Republic, 76 times.  
 Sept. 27. A Million Dollars, New York, 28 times.  
 Sept. 29. Der Tugendhof, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 Oct. 1. David Harum, Garrick, 148 times.  
 Oct. 1. San Toy, Daly's, 65 times; March 4, 103 times; total, 168 times.  
 Oct. 3. Lost River, Fourteenth Street, 95 times.  
 Oct. 8. The Greatest Thing in the World, Wallack's, 41 times.  
 Oct. 8. Self and Lady, Madison Square, 14 times.  
 Oct. 8. The Military Maid, Savoy, 8 times.  
 Oct. 8. Wildfeuer, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 Oct. 8. A Wise Guy, Star, 1 week.  
 Oct. 8. Shooting the Chutes, Metropolis, 1 week.  
 Oct. 8. Marcelle, Broadway, 24 times.  
 Oct. 8. A Ride for Life, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Oct. 9. Mistress Nell, Bijou, 22 times; Savoy, Oct. 29, 82 times; Wallack's, April 29, 40 times; total, 144 times.  
 Oct. 15. Her Majesty, Manhattan, 58 times.  
 Oct. 22. L'Aiglon (in English) Knickerbocker, 73 times.  
 Oct. 23. Hodge, Podge and Co., Madison Square, 73 times.  
 Oct. 23. The Moment of Death, Wallack's, 24 times.  
 Oct. 25. Der Probekandidat, Irving Place, 10 times.  
 Oct. 26. In a Balcony and The Land of Heart's Desire, Wallack's, 1 time; Knickerbocker, May 7, 1 time.  
 Oct. 29. The Belle of Bridgeport, Bijou, 45 times.  
 Oct. 29. Old Si Stebbins, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Oct. 31. Nell-Go-In, New York, 25 times.  
 Nov. 5. Von Stufe, zu Stufe, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 Nov. 5. Foxy Quiller, Broadway, 50 times.  
 Nov. 5. The Great White Diamond, Star, 1 week.  
 Nov. 8. The Tory's Guest (by students), Empire.  
 Nov. 10. Das Vermachtniss, Irving Place, 3 times.  
 Nov. 12. The Gay Lord Quex, Criterion, 67 times.  
 Nov. 12. Florodora, Casino.  
 Nov. 12. Slaves of Opium, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Nov. 14. Die Goldgrube, Irving Place, 32 times.  
 Nov. 19. An African King, Star, 1 week.  
 Nov. 19. Esmeralda, Metropolitan Opera House, 4 times.  
 Nov. 26. L'Aiglon (in French), Garden, 16 times; Metropolitan Opera House, April 8, 8 times; total, 24 times.  
 Nov. 26. The Man of Forty, Daly's, 29 times.  
 Nov. 26. The Star and Garter, Victoria, 29 times.  
 Nov. 26. The Katzenjammer Kids, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Dec. 2. Der Letzte Brief, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 Dec. 3. Sweet Anne Page, Manhattan, 29 times.  
 Dec. 3. The Sprightly Romance of Marsac, Republic, 32 times.  
 Dec. 6. Rosenmontag, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 Dec. 6. Madge Smith, Attorney, Bijou, 38 times.  
 Dec. 7. Sold and Paid For, Herald Square, 1 time.  
 Dec. 10. Cyrano de Bergerac, Garden, 8 times.  
 Dec. 10. Janice Meredith, Wallack's, 92 times.  
 Dec. 11. A Maid of Leyden (by students), Empire.  
 Dec. 12. Das Grobe Hemd, Irving Place, 16 times.  
 Dec. 17. The Flaming Arrow, Star, 1 week.  
 Dec. 17. The American Girl, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Dec. 20. The Forest King, Carnegie Lyceum, 24 times.  
 Dec. 21. Lady Huntworth's Experiment, Daly's, 86 times.  
 Dec. 24. Hamlet (in French), Garden, 8 times.  
 Dec. 24. A Royal Rogue, Broadway, 30 times.  
 Dec. 24. The Giddy Throng, New York, 164 times.  
 Dec. 24. The House that Jack Built, Madison Square, 18 times.  
 Dec. 24. Der Grosskaufmann, Irving Place, 1 week.  
 Dec. 25. Miss Prinnt, Victoria, 28 times.  
 Dec. 27. Cashel Byron, Herald Square, 1 time.  
 Dec. 31. In the Palace of the King, Republic, 138 times.  
 Dec. 31. Sweet Nell of Old Drury, Knickerbocker, 18 times.  
 Dec. 31. Mrs. Dane's Defence, Empire, 107 times.  
 Dec. 31. The Burgomaster, Manhattan, 33 times.  
 Dec. 31. Die Strengen Herren, Irving Place, 20 times.  
 Jan. 7. Tom Pinch, Garden, 14 times.  
 Jan. 7. The Girl from Up There, Herald Square, 96 times.  
 Jan. 7. Garrett O'Magh, Fourteenth Street, 81 times.  
 Jan. 7. Down Mobile, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Jan. 8. My Lady Dainty, Madison Square, 39 times.  
 Jan. 10. The Marriage of Guineith; A Silver Wedding (by students), Empire.  
 Jan. 14. When Knighthood was in Flower, Criterion.  
 Jan. 14. The Clown and the Locket, Carnegie Lyceum, 34 times.  
 Jan. 14. Lost in the Desert, Star, 1 week.  
 Jan. 14. Mr. Coney's Isle, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Jan. 15. The Climbers, Bijou, 163 times.  
 Jan. 21. The Night of the Fourth, Victoria, 14 times.  
 Jan. 21. Nell Gwyn, Murray Hill, 1 week.  
 Jan. 21. The Honest Blacksmith, Star, 1 week.  
 Jan. 21. Midnight in Chinatown, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Jan. 22. Eine Karnavals-Posse, Irving Place, 6 times.  
 Jan. 23. Vienna Life, Broadway, 35 times.  
 Jan. 24. Queen Anne Cottages; Old Gordon's Gal; Harmachis (by students), Madison Square.  
 Jan. 26. Unleavened Bread, Savoy, 12 times.  
 Jan. 31. Hinter Papa's Rucken, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 Jan. 31. During the Ball; The Tragedy of Death; The Portraits of the Marquise; The Jealousy of the Barbouille (by students), Empire.  
 Feb. 4. Richard Savage, Lyceum, 26 times.  
 Feb. 4. Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, Garrick, still running.  
 Feb. 4. Over the Sea, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Feb. 5. Under Two Flags, Garden, 135 times.  
 Feb. 6. Lovers' Lane, Manhattan; 95 times; Republic, April 20, 32 times; total, 127 times.  
 Feb. 11. On the Quiet, Madison Square.  
 Feb. 11. My Lady, Victoria, 93 times.  
 Feb. 11. Hearts of the Blue Ridge, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 Feb. 18. Der Goldbauer, Irving Place, 2 times.  
 Feb. 25. The Lash of a Whip, Lyceum, 40 times.  
 Feb. 25. The Governor's Son, Savoy, 32 times.  
 Feb. 25. The Master-at-Arms, American, 1 week.  
 Feb. 26. Die Falschen Biedermannen, Irving Place, 1 time.  
 Feb. 28. Der Herr im Hause, Irving Place, 6 times.  
 Feb. 28. Sympathetic Souls (by students), Empire.  
 March 1. The Shades of Night, Broadway (Actors' Fund benefit), 1 time; Lyceum, March 18, 32 times; total, 33 times.  
 March 4. To Have and to Hold, Knickerbocker, 40 times.  
 March 5. Der Hochzeitstag, Irving Place, 5 times.  
 March 5. Tennessee; The Queen's Messenger; The Birth of the Flag; In the Eyes of the World (by students), Empire.  
 March 7. Hallowe'en and Candle Light (by students), Madison Square.  
 March 11. The Voice of Nature, Metropolis, 1 week.  
 March 15. Frauen von Heute, Irving Place, 15 times.  
 March 18. The Convict's Daughter, Star, 1 week.  
 March 19. Blue Bells (by students), Empire.  
 March 19. Manon Lescaut, Wallack's, 15 times.  
 March 21. The Price of Peace, Broadway, 69 times.  
 March 24. Freschweiler, Irving Place, 1 time.  
 March 26. Helen (by students), Empire.  
 March 31. Im Exil, Irving Place, 1 time.  
 April 1. Are You a Mason, Wallack's, 32 times.  
 April 1. Across the Trail, Third Avenue, 1 week.  
 April 11. Das Kaninchen, Irving Place, 1 time.  
 April 15. Der Star, Irving Place, 4 times.  
 April 17. The Prima Donna, Herald Square, 36 times.  
 April 22. Die Zwillingschwester, Irving Place, 17 times.  
 April 22. Winchester, American, 1 week.  
 April 26. King Washington, Wallack's, 1 time.  
 May 13. The Prisoner of Algiers, American, 1 week.  
 May 20. The Brixton Burglary, Herald Sq.  
 May 27. Kit Carson, American, 1 week.

# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO THE STAGE





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SARAH BERNHARDT.



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LILLIAN RUSSELL.



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EMMA EAMES.



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ADA REHAN.



"VIN MARIANI" is of greatest value; I always use it when in need of a tonic.

E. H. SOTHERN.

# THE THEATRE

VOL. I., NO. 6

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1901

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



PHOTO MCINTOSH

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE colored picture of Mr. James K. Hackett, which adorns the cover of this number of THE THEATRE, shows that popular young actor as he will appear in the first act of his new play, "Don Cæsar's Return," with which he will begin his career as an independent actor-manager at Wallack's Theatre on September 2nd. All that is known of the play thus far is that it purports to be a new treatment of the famous stage hero, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, by Mr. Victor Mapes. It may be observed that Mr. Hackett's make-up suggests a departure from the conventional musketeer costume, with flapping boots and flowing hair, which has invariably been associated, heretofore, with the character of *Don Cæsar*. The explanation of this is that the period of Spanish history in which the mythical hero of "Don Cæsar's Return" is supposed to figure antedates by a century or more the epoch chosen for the old versions of the story. The Spanish King, who is a dominant factor in the action, and who is to be interpreted by Mr. Wilton Lackaye in Mr. Hackett's production, is no longer the half-witted weakling, known as Carlos II., but his illustrious ancestor, Carlos I., more often referred to in history as Charles V., Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. This change in itself, however, would seem to be a matter of small consequence, inasmuch as there is nothing in the story of Don Cæsar de Bazan, as imagined by Victor Hugo and developed by D'Annunzio and D'Ennery, which confines it to any partic-

ular dynasty. No claims to special "elaborateness" have been made for Mr. Hackett's production, but it is reasonable to assume, from the announcements, that efforts are being made to have it a thoroughly adequate and artistic one in all respects. Mr. Percy Moran, the well-known artist, has designed the costumes, which are being made by Mr. Hermann; Mr. Arthur Voegtlin is constructing the scenery after special models;

furniture, arms, properties, etc., are being reproduced from designs of the period; and Mr. Arthur Weld, the musical director of "Florodora," has been commissioned to compose the incidental music. The list of actors engaged for Mr. Hackett's company is a very promising one, including such competent players as Mr. Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Theodore Roberts, Mr. W. J. LeMoynes, Mr. Arthur Elliot, Mr. Charles Kent, Mr. Theodore Hamilton, Mr. George Le Soir, Mr. Thomas A. Hall, Mr. Sydney Price, Mr. J. Edward Donnelly, Mr. Hale Hamilton, Mr. John E. Mackin, Mr. Clement R. Kirby, Miss Florence Kahn, Miss Virginia Buchanan, Miss Fernanda Eliscu, Miss Charlotte Walker, and Miss Maude Roosevelt.

Mr. Victor Mapes, the author of "Don Cæsar's Return," is thirty years old, a native of this city, and the nephew of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*. For almost ten years Mr. Mapes has been devoting himself to stage affairs in various ways, all tending to equip him for the art of play-writing, which has been



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Mr. James K. Hackett as *Rupert of Hentzau* and Miss Mary Hammering, his wife, as *Janice Meredith*



MR. JOHN DREW

Will open his season in Capt. Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command"



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MISS BERTHA GALLAND

Will make her debut shortly as a star at the Lyceum in a dramatization of "The Forest Lovers"

the object of his aspirations since he was a boy. After graduating from Columbia in 1891 he joined the reprotorial staff of the New York *Sun*. Later he went to Paris to study the methods of the French playwrights, remaining there four years. While there he wrote a three-act play in French, which was accepted at the Odéon. The play had been submitted under an assumed name and when it was discovered that the author was a foreigner the directors of the Odéon refused to carry out their agreement. Soon after, however, the play was produced at another Paris theatre, where it was favorably received. On his return to America, Mr. Mapes accepted a position as assistant stage-manager with Mr. Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre. About that time he also became the dramatic critic for the New York *World*. Last Autumn, on the death of Mr. Fred. Williams, the position of general stage director at Daly's Theatre was offered Mr. Mapes and he

resigned his newspaper work to accept it. His play "Don Cæsar's Return" was originally accepted by Mr. Richard Mansfield, but owing to the success of "Henry V.," it was allowed to lie on the shelf. On the expiration of Mr. Mansfield's rights to the play, it was bought by Mr. Hackett. Another play of Mr. Mapes's, "The Tory's Guest," which introduces the character of George Washington, was successfully produced at a special matinee in New York last season. The rights to it have since been acquired by a prominent star, who will probably use it this coming season.



MR. VICTOR MAPES

Mme. Modjeska, who will be a joint star this coming season with Mr. Louis James in a production of Henry VIII., is at present in Germany and will sail for New York on the 14th inst. Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," has repeatedly promised to write her a new play, and she says that he may yet be induced to do so.



MR. WILLIAM COURTLEIGH as *John Ridd* in "*Lorna Doone*"

Miss Mary Mannering is reported to be delighted with her new part, the *Princess Yelive*, in the dramatization of Mr. G. B. McCutcheon's novel, "*Graustark*." It is difficult to conceive how a good acting play can be made out of this wildly improbable story, in which a young American lawyer woos the ruler of an imaginary European principality and gets mixed up in a rich variety of lurid palace plots. The book in some respects resembles "*The Prisoner of Zenda*," but lacks the saving grace of Anthony Hope's inventive talent and exquisite workmanship. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, who is making the play, will find it a hard task to breathe stage life into characters and situations so unreal.

It might be wise, in view of the recent "*Il Fuoco*" episode, in which the poet-novelist did not emerge with exactly flying colors, to take the announcement of a Duse-D'Annunzio joint tour in America with a large-sized grain of salt. It was current report that, owing to certain passages in the novel, the tragedienne and the poet—once intimate friends

—were no longer on speaking terms. It is, however, stated now on good authority that Mr. George Tyler, of the theatrical firm of Messrs. Liebler & Co., who recently went to Italy with the intention of seeking out Signora Duse and making her an offer to play in the United States, has succeeded in his object, and that the celebrated actress, accompanied by the no less celebrated poet, will really come here next winter, and will appear together in New York and other of the leading cities. In view of the rather unfortunate notoriety that has attached to their peculiar relations, added to their prominence on the stage and in literature respectively, the combination of the Italian actress and Italian poet certainly forms a very strong attraction, although somewhat on the freakish order. Signora Duse, with Mme. Bernhardt, stands foremost among the world's great actresses, and Gabriele D'Annunzio, whatever one may think of the degenerate tendency of his writings, is one of the most unique figures in contemporary literature. It is doubtful, however, whether Signora Duse will do wisely in confining herself to appearing in D'Annunzio's dramas only. His plays, based like his books, upon a false philosophy and very unhealthy in tone, incline to the abnormal and the unpleasant in life, although a wonderful gift of poetic feeling and language clothes them in beautiful garb, and none of his dramas have met with more than a success of esteem abroad. The novelist's part in the performance, it is announced, will be to deliver a lecture on the philosophy of the play produced, between the second and third acts. This, at least, will be a novelty and should be a welcome innovation with those theatregoers of the sterner sex who love to go out between the acts to "see a man."

Of the dramatization of books there is decidedly no end. Blackmore's old romance, "*Lorna Doone*," is one of the latest of the popular novels to be staged, and to judge from the success of the production in the West, other versions of this story are likely to crop up everywhere. Mr. Harry L. Hamlin produced on June 29th, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, a dramatization made by Miss Mildred Dowling, and, according to all accounts, the piece is a great popular as well as artistic success. It is described as refined melodrama in a series of beautiful stage settings and as an interesting and stirring play. The scenes represent Lorna's bower on the edge of the cliff, an English farmhouse, the hall in the counselor's house, a chamber in Sir Ensor's house, the church at Oare, and in the wilds on the edge of the wizard's slough. All of these settings are said to be admirable, and for them the artists, Messrs. Walter Burridge, Frederick Gibson, Charles Ritter, and Reuben Merrifield, are given great credit. Miss Dowling's play is said to be extremely well written in sonorous, rhythmical, stately prose, which chimes well with the romanticism of the motive and the sombre but tense passion of the events. The cast includes Mr. William Courtleigh (*John Ridd*), Mr. Robert Peyton Carter (*Sir Ensor*), Mr.

MR. RALPH DELMORE, as *Carver Doone* in "*Lorna Doone*"

Frank Burdock (*Counsellor Doone*), Mr. Ralph Delmore (*Carver Doone*), Mr. William Harcourt (*Charlesworth*), and Miss Olive May (*Lorna Doone*), Miss Ellen Mortimer, (*Ruth Huckaback*) and others. The play will come to New York this Fall.

Mr. Grau's company at the Metropolitan Opera House next season will include as prima donnas: Sopranos, Mmes. Calvé, Eames, Ternina, Lucienne Bréval, Gadske, Suzanne Adams and Fritzi Scheff; contraltos, Mmes. Schumann-Heink, Bridewell and Homer. The tenors include MM. Alvarez, Van Dyck, Di Marchi, Gibert, a French tenor, Dippel, Salignac and Albetress, a new buffo tenor. As baritones Mr. Grau has MM. Scotti, Campanari, Bispham, Muhlmann and Deelery, a new-comer; and as bassos MM. Plançon, Journet and Blass. For conductors he has MM. Flon, Walter Damrosch and Scpilli.

The new operas to be heard are De Lara's, "Messaline," Paderewski's "Manru" and Lalo's "Le Roy d'Ys." Mme. Sembrich will probably sing the female leading role in "Manru."

Mr. Alfred E. Aarons, who will manage the Metropolitan Opera House this autumn until the regular opera season opens, will produce there on September 2d a new musical play called "The Ladies' Paradise," which he secured in London. The piece is an extravaganza, and is the work of Messrs. George Dance and Ivan Carryl. Mr. Templar Saxe, Miss Lydia West,

and Miss Ethel Gordon, of the London Gaiety company, and Miss Josephine Hall, Mr. Richard Carle, and Mr. David Lewis have been engaged for the production. Mr. Aarons will also present two ballets at the opening of the Metropolitan. One, called "Round Town," has met with great success at the Alhambra in London. If equally successful here a new ballet on an elaborate scale will be produced every three months.

Ibsen is still seriously ill and his friends do not believe he can live beyond Christmas. Locomotor ataxia is the dreadful disease with which he is afflicted, and a fatal end is only a question of time. Too much mental work is supposed to be the cause of the distinguished dramatist's illness. He is nursed with the greatest devotion by his wife, who never quits his bedside. The exact nature of Ibsen's last work—upon which he was busily engaged up to the time he was stricken—no one knows, not even his closest friends. Some think it is a play, others a novel. His "Memoirs" have been completed some time, but will not be published until after his death.

Going to the theatre in London is not an unmixed blessing. A gentleman writes: "I took my wife to the Theatre, and for a very inferior performance had to pay: Seats, 2s. Fees: 1s. for cloak room; 1s. for programmes, and 6d. was asked and paid for ladies' lavatory. Total, \$6 for what would cost only \$4 in any theatre at home."

MISS OLIVE MAY as *Lorna Doone*

In addition to the high prices of the seats and the petty extortions by importunate attendants, nearly all the London theatres are deadly fire-traps, and one day an awful catastrophe will happen and force the local authorities to alter the present dangerous conditions. Almost all the theatres are constructed on the hole-in-the-ground plan, that is to say, the auditorium is fifty feet below the pavement, the box-office and entrances to the tortuous stairways being usually the only structure above ground. For instance, at the Criterion Theatre the top gallery, popularly referred to as "the gods," is on a level with the street. Where the stalls and pit are, and what chances their occupants would have in getting out alive in case of fire can be imagined. So well do the artistes understand this peril that M. Edouard de Reszké recently assured the writer that at Covent Garden the singers all provide themselves with a candle and a rope, which they hold ready in their dressing-rooms against emergency. We certainly manage these things better in America. We have a few fire-trap playhouses left in New York, but most of our theatres are absolutely safe, and one always has the comfortable sense of security while in them, based upon the knowledge that there are enough exits to secure instant egress for everybody.

Miss Elsie Leslic, who won fame at a very early age as the original *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, will be seen next season as *Glory Quayle* in a



PHOTO BY MARCEAU

MISS MAY ROBSON

This popular character actress will be seen as *Mrs. Bang*, the mother of "The Messenger Boy" in the English musical comedy to be produced at Daly's next month



PHOTO GUIGONI AND BOSSI, MILAN

SIGNOR PIETRO MASCAGNI

The composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is coming to America with his own orchestra early in October

special production of "The Christian." Miss Leslie, who still retains the beauty for which she was remarkable as a child, has been a member of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company for the past three or four seasons. This will be her first attempt in a strong emotional part.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, a comedian who enjoys considerable vogue in London, will come to America in October and present the new farce, "The Man from Blankley's," which has had a long run in the British metropolis. This will be Mr. Hawtrey's first visit to this country.

The proposed American tour of Mr. Martin Harvey has been abandoned, at any rate for the present, and it is not likely that this promi-

nent English actor, who has not yet visited the United States, will be seen here before the season of 1902-03. It is understood that the difficulty of finding a suitable play for the American tour has caused the change of plan. Mr. Harvey was very anxious to come to America two years ago; why he did not come is explained in London club circles as follows: He had made a great hit as *Sydney Carton* in "The Only Way," and when an important American manager sent for him and said he wanted the play for the United States, the English actor said he would go to America with pleasure. "But I don't want you," said the manager. "I only want your play." Knowing that it would be a long time before he

could find again such a good vehicle for an American tour the actor declined to part company with his play. The manager smiled blandly and, it is said, intimated that Dickens' story was public property, and that if Mr. Harvey came to America uninvited he might find difficulty in finding theatres to play in. That, it is said, is why Mr. Harvey has not yet been seen here, and why we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Henry Miller as *Sydney Carton*.

Another version of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," made by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, and entitled "A Royal Rival," will be seen here about the same time that Mr. Hackett is playing his version. In this, Mr. William Faversham will make his debut as a star in the character of *Don Cæsar*.

Miss Maude Adams will have as leading man next season, Mr. Sidney Brough, an Englishman who is a stranger here, but who has long been popular in London.

New York is to see a genuine old-fashioned pantomime. The London fairy extravaganza, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," will be put on for a run at the Broadway Theatre on November 4th. This is one of the famous Drury Lane productions, and it will be staged here with all the original scenery, costumes and mechanical effects used on the other side. More than three hundred persons will be employed in the production.

In spite of his failure last season, Mr. Henry W. Savage will repeat his attempt to give English opera in New York and will open at the Broadway Theatre on Sept. 16 for a season lasting six weeks. Popular prices will prevail and the repertoire will include "Aïda," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "La Bohême," "La Gioconda," "Faust," "Carmen," "Martha," "Romeo and Juliet," "Il Trovatore," "Cavaleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci."

Mr. Andrew Mack will be seen in Mr. Theodore Burt Sayre's comedy drama, "Tom Moore," at the Herald Square Theatre on the 31st inst. The story of the play deals with incidents in the life of the Irish poet, but there are no strong dramatic situations. The first act only takes place in Ireland; the scenes of the other three acts are laid in London. The cast to support Mr. Mack will include Mr. George F. Nash, Mr. Theodore Babcock, Mr. Myron Calice, Mr. Eddie Heron, Mr. Frank Mayne, Mr. R. J. Dillon, Mr. Giles Shine, Mr. H. P. Stone, Mr. Thomas Jackson, Miss Josephine Lovett, Miss Margaret Fielding, Miss Jane Payton and Miss Susie Wilkinson.



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MISS ELSIE LESLIE

Will play the part of *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian" this coming season



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. DAVID WARFIELD

To star next season in a farce comedy entitled "The Auctioneer"

It has not yet been decided what play Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné will use next season. There is a strong probability that this fine actress will be seen as *Lady Macbeth*, but failing this, her managers, Messrs. Liebler and Co., have two new plays ready, both with characters that suit her personality. One is "Madame de Maintenon," upon which Mr. F. Marion Crawford has been engaged for some time, and the other is a drama by Mr. C. H. Meltzer, which has for its central figure the famous Duchess of Marlborough, Sarah Jennings.

Mr. Henry Miller's new play, "D'Arcy of the Guards," does not seem to have found favor in San Francisco. Some of the local critics are saying rather harsh things about it.

Mr. David Warfield, lately of Weber and Fields, is to star

this Fall in a new play, called "The Auctioneer," and in which he has a part abounding with Jewish dialect. The piece, which is the joint work of Messrs. Lee Arthur and Charles Klein, comes to the Bijou this month.

Capt. Robert Marshall, in whose comedy, "The Second in Command," Mr. John Drew will be seen early in September, began his career as an author by writing a burlesque called "The Subaltern," which was done by amateurs at Bermuda. His next venture was a three-act comedy, entitled "Strategy," written in collaboration. Then followed an extravaganza on "Guy Fawkes," a one-act play for Mr. Kendal in 1893 (not yet acted); "The Shades of Night," first presented by Mr. Forbes Robertson at the London Lyceum in 1896, and seen at the New York Lyceum last season; "The Broad Road," "His Excellency the Governor," "A Royal Family" and "The Noble Lord." Capt. Marshall, who is just thirty-eight, only retired from the army in 1898.

Mr. William Dean Howells, in the *North American Review*, has been criticising rather severely the plays of M. Rostand, which he describes as tinsel. It would be interesting now to have M. Rostand's opinion of Mr. Howells.

In view of the success that attended the recent trial performance of Mr. Franklin Fyles' play, "Kit Carson," by the Greenwall Stock Company, there will be an elaborate production of the drama at one of the city theatres next Winter. The success of this piece suggests the question why nobody ever before wrote a play about that real American hero. Here was the opportunity to build fiction on history, to put an Indian fighter through adventures substantially biographical, and to even derive a truthful suggestion for an engrossing love affair. Mr. Fyles' drama had early perils of its own and might easily have been killed off. Mr. Ralph Stuart, leading actor at the American Theatre, desired to play *Kit*, and he declared that he could overcome all obstacles to the adequate test of a new piece where morning rehearsals and afternoon and evening performances accompanied a weekly change of bill. Mr. Fyles doubtfully consented. So "Kit Carson" was literally thrown on the stage with a largely unsuitable cast.

The most important episode was accidentally omitted on the opening night, and the curtain had to be lowered three times where there should have been no interruptions. But from that time until Saturday the piece progressed to a noteworthy success. Mr. Fyles possesses that rare combination of literary gifts—the critical



MR. FRANKLIN FYLES



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL

faculty and the creative faculty. His dramatic criticisms in the *Sun* long ago made that newspaper a power in the theatrical world because they are dignified and scholarly, withal vigorous and fearless and free from flippancy, and some years back he firmly established his reputation as a dramatist. Mr. Fyles is a most prolific writer. In addition

to his regular work on the *Sun* he has published several books and is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. His first play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," proved one of the best dramas dealing with a purely American subject ever seen upon our stage, and brought its author a substantial reward.



PHOTO BUSHNELF, SAN FRANCISCO

ACT I.—HEROD ORDERS THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

## Nazareth

SACRED DRAMA IN FOUR EPOCHS, BY CLAY M. GREENE

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the many attempts made to introduce the Passion Play in this country, the sacred drama, so popular in Bavaria and other parts of Europe, has never taken root in American soil. There has always been an insurmountable prejudice here



MR. CLAY M. GREENE

against representing the familiar biblical story of Christ's passion on the stage, and although Americans, with admirable inconsistency, journey thousands of miles to witness the performances of the inspired peasants of Oberammergau, every attempt to give similar exhibitions here has encountered the fiercest opposition. Only recently we saw Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry thundering with unreasoning and impotent rage against what he was pleased to term the blasphemy of Gerhardt Hauptmann's beautiful dream-play, "Hannele." The drama, in which Mr. Charles Richman took the role of *The Stranger*,—a Christ-like personage con-

jured up by the fevered fancy of a dying child—was performed at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in spite of Mr. Gerry, but was withdrawn after two weeks for lack of patronage. Fifteen years earlier a sacred drama written by Salmi B. Morse was produced in San Francisco and created an enormous sensation. It cost \$40,000 to put on the stage; the costumes were magnificent and the settings and mechanical appliances the best that could then be procured. No applause was permitted, and the sable draperies of the theatre and black-edged programmes added still further to the dignity and unusualness of the occasion. The cast was as follows: *Christ*, Mr. James Neill; *Pilate*, Mr. Lewis Morrison; *Herod*, Mr. James A. Herne; *Judas*, Mr. Mackey; *Caiaphas*, Mr. Forrest Robinson; *Mary Magdalen*, Miss Mary Wilkes; the *Virgin Mary*, Miss Olive West. The play ran three weeks in face of the public sentiment against it and the leading actors were arrested nightly after the performance and as regularly released after paying a \$50 fine. Then the State was petitioned against the play, and finally the President himself was appealed to, and so the first Passion Play of America came to a sudden end. Later Henry E. Abbey bought the rights of the production and brought the company to New York to give the Passion Play here, but the performance was forbidden by the local authorities. One private representation was given at Proctor's Theatre with the late Henry C. de Mille as *Christ*, and that was the last of the Morse play.

This fascinating subject, however, could not fail to tempt other writers and the latest comer in the forbidden field is Mr.

Clay M. Greene, a dramatist whose name has long been identified with the American stage, and who has recently had produced in California a sacred drama entitled "Nazareth," which, although performed only by college students, has aroused considerable attention. Unique features in this production are that the play was produced under the auspices of a religious institution, that Christ does not actually appear on the stage, the presence of the Saviour being indicated by dramatic device only, and that there were no women in the cast, the female roles being enacted by male students.

The play was produced by the fathers of the Jesuit College of Santa Clara to celebrate the golden jubilee of that institution. Mr. Greene is a graduate of the college, and when a year ago he was asked to write a play for his alma mater's jubilee he suggested the Passion Play. The suggestion was accepted and Mr. Greene went to California and entered upon his work of writing and supervising the staging of the play and of drilling the two hundred students who took part. The priests themselves assisted where they could, one of the fathers acting in the capacity of stage manager, and no expense was spared to give an adequate presentation.

The play itself is divided into epochs and chapters, instead of acts and scenes. Four epochs and ten chapters constitute the whole. There was incidental music by a full-sized orchestra and a grand chorus, dressed as choristers, sang appropriate pieces as preludes to the different epochs. Scene or Chapter I. shows the plains of Bethlehem at night. The leader among the shepherds relates to his brethren the prophesied coming of the Messiah, and their doubts are dispelled by the appearance of an angel who describes to them the significance of the new star in the East. The emissaries from King Herod and the wise men from the East appear, and the shepherds, disregarding the warning of the angel, offer to guide them to the

scene of the holy nativity. The scene changes to the palace of Herod, King of Judca. Both King and court are awaiting news of the emissaries to Bethlehem. Their arrival and their wondrous tale of the new-born King of the Jews arouses all the cruel rage in Herod's despotic nature and he commands that every male child of two years of age and under be put to death.

The next scene shows the entry into Jerusalem. The city is in a turmoil over the threatened triumphal entry of a Nazarene who is about to proclaim himself King of the Jews. Immediately follows the entry into Jerusalem, and the high priests conspire to circumvent the Nazarene at any cost. Judas is brought before the Council, and a fruitless attempt is made to secure his betrayal of the Master. Then follows the scene of the conspiracy. The stage setting represents the Mount of Olives at sunset. The twelve disciples are assembled in great sorrow over the gathering clouds of evil that seem to be hanging over the Master, and the time is the hour immediately preceding the last supper. Judas succeeds in convincing the disciples that he is still faithful. The disciples proceed to the supper, when follows the bribing of Judas and the decision that the Nazarene must be put to death. After comes the kiss of Judas. The scene is the same as that immediately preceding, one hour later. The imminent danger to the safety and life of the Master is touched upon by faithful followers, and the disciples enter and describe the circumstances attending the last supper. Peter enters, describes the kiss of Judas, the betrayal and arrest, and the scene closes with a prayer for the safe deliverance of the Master.

The opening of the third act or epoch shows the palace of Herod the Second. Herod is much troubled over the added incursions of the Romans, and speaks of sleepless nights as the result of his execution of John the Baptist. Letters arrive



PHOTO BUSHKELF, SAN FRANCISCO

ACT II.—"Let Him Be Crucified!"



PHOTO BUSHNELF, SAN FRANCISCO

## ACT IV.—THE NINTH HOUR

[The three crosses in this picture roughly indicate the way in which the crucifixion was shown in the last scene. As they were silhouettes thrown on the back of the transparent drop the photographer's camera, of course, could not take them.]

from Pontius Pilate stating that the case of Jesus of Nazareth has been sent to him for final disposition. Matthew and his father appear and plead the cause of the Master with such fervor that Herod promises not to interfere. They return to Pilate. The high priests then enter and urge the immediate execution of the sentence, which results in Herod commanding the prisoner to be brought before him. The second scene shows the court of Pontius Pilate, and at the rise of the curtain the merchants and populace are gathered, awaiting the expected news that Herod had ordered the execution of the Nazarene. They are thrown into rebellious disorder at the intelligence that the King had refused to interfere. The disciples appear and suffer the taunts of the rabble in meek silence, when follows the denial of the Master by Peter. Then occurs the second examination or trial before Pilate, his fruitless appeal to the angry populace, the release of Barabbas, and the decree of crucifixion.

In scene one of the last act we come to the march to Calvary. The scene is a roadside on the way to Calvary, where the disciples have gathered to await the approach of the procession to Golgotha. Peter's remorse over the denial of his Master is mollified by the placing in his hands the direction of the labor of redemption begun by the Lord. Then follows the march to Calvary, the despair of the disciples, the remorse and suicide of Judas, and the announcement of the crucifixion. The second scene represents the interior of the temple at Jerusalem at the approach of the ninth hour, where the populace have come in terror to learn the meaning of the darkness that has enveloped the land since the hour of the crucifixion.

Soldiers cast lots for the holy garments. Some of the merchants almost succeed in calming the fears of the populace when the story of the crucifixion throws them again into confusion. Caiaphas orders the arrest of the Christians, which is prevented by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, and Pilate, terrified at the darkness and storm, demands the prayers of the priests for his safety. This is denied him, and the soldiers are called upon to clear the temple of the Christians, when the earthquake rends the curtain in twain, and the back wall crumbles away, disclosing the crucifixion beyond. The scene ends with the blessing of Pilate by Peter and the prediction of the glory of Christianity and Rome. The closing scene is laid at the holy sepulchre and is altogether pictorial and musical, representing the resurrection.

As already stated, Christ does not appear throughout the play. His immediate presence in the trial before Pilate was suggested by a bright light thrown from the wings, to which Pilate addresses his exhortations for the Master to defend himself from the charges of the rabble. In the scene that follows, on the march to Calvary, the top of the cross appears moving along a wall in the background as if carried by the Saviour through the street. In the crucifixion scene no crosses were seen, but their shadows were thrown on the back of a transparent drop, thus conveying a perfect illusion.

The San Francisco critics pronounce the play a distinct success. Col. Joseph R. Grismer went from New York to Santa Clara to see the play, and it was understood he was acting for Mr. W. A. Brady, who it is said entertains some idea of producing the sacred drama on an elaborate scale. A. H.



## Endowed Theatre and the Actor

BY WILTON LACKAYE



WHEN it was recently announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie might supplement his efforts for education by the endowment of a National Theatre some newspaper writers seemed to regard the matter in a humorous light. Why?

There is no worthy effort in the best art or literature that is not endowed. Art is a luxury, an exotic, that must be nurtured for the sake of beauty. We do not frown upon the culture of the orchid on the ground that, as it

is not good for cattle and does not make a good salad, the money and trouble spent upon its care are wasted.

Of all artistes the actor is the only one to whom you say: "Do your best (at your own expense), loving beauty, striving for elevation, but in competition with the commercial huckster who has no ambition higher than to make money, no scruples but fear for the box-office and no shame which cannot be silenced by the jingle of coin wrung from the ignorant, the careless or the depraved by pandering to their lowest tastes or flattering their dullest senses. On the one hand he is told: 'Let your ideals be high if you would win our respect! Hitch your wagon to a star;' and on the other: 'Give the public what they want if you would win success! Sink your wheels in the road if you would gather dust!'"

How many of us have "subscribed" to a book upon a special topic, well written, of intense interest, throwing, perhaps an entirely new light upon a cherished subject, but one with such a small audience as to preclude the possibility of large sales and "commercial" success. Is not that "endowment?" How many a poet of other times would have been silent—his notes hushed from sheer starvation but for the dedication to his patron. Is not that "endowment?" The stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House for years subscribed five times the value of their boxes, or seats, for the "endowment" of Music. What does the "endowment" of scientific chairs in our universities mean but that consecrated men should be protected from the box-office principle while they work in the domain of pure science for the delight of kindred souls?

What is the matter with the stage? Whose fault is it?

The public is responsible! The press, which ridicules every uplifting idea of the mimetic art, is even more culpable. Yet, not all of the press; nor all of the public! But as decent folk, in most cities, stay away from political primary meetings, so they hold back in this contest and leave the field to the big hands, loud voices and narrow hat-bands.

Is what the public demands as good as it deserves? We cannot decide this until they have had a look at something better. How are they going to get it? There is no commoner error than the false old saw: "The demand creates the supply." The supply always antedates the demand. There was no demand for silk. We should be wearing cotton or leaves, to clothe our nakedness merely, if the poet and the inventor and the artist, of all time, had not cried out for Beauty even in raiment and sought and wrought and fought against Utilitarianism until in their tears and travail they had produced something which Utility was forced to adopt.

If we admit the influence of the stage at all (and everybody is willing to admit its influence for bad), would it not be well to have a theatre which might present wholesome plays artistically; where the public cry of the moment could not force the manager into producing pornographic farce for the cities and crude melodrama for the country?

There are few managers so base that they would not prefer to produce a decent and worthy play rather than French or German "adapted" indecencies. I know a manager who brought out three times a superior work which he liked, but which the box-office condemned. The last time he said to me: "I am sorry, but I've only one basket of eggs and I've a



PHOTO BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO

MR. WILTON LACKAYE

Will play the *King* in Mr. Hackett's production of "Don Caesar's Return," and later may be seen as *Jean Valjean* in his own dramatization of "Les Misérables"

stone wall of ignorance against me. If I keep up, my eggs will be gone, and there will only be a yellow mark on the wall for all my efforts." I said to him: "No, there will be a point of attack; so that when the main force comes up they'll have a target for the battering ram."

"Ah," he said, "that would be fine if it were only an *art* to me. Unfortunately I have no other livelihood!"

Now Mr. Carnegie has some other "livelihood." It will be possible for him to do for the theatre what Mr. Higginson did for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. That used to be called "a rich man's luxury" and "Higginson's folly." It is now not only one of the most artistic of the world's musical organizations, but the most profitable!

Mr. Carnegie will be able to maintain an ideal theatre until the public rises to appreciation. Let us hope the result will be the same. Then



PHOTO MC INTOSH

MR. ANDREW MACK as *Tom Moore*

Will be seen at the Herald Square Theatre on August 31 in Mr. Sayre's new comedy

"Shakespeare spells ruin" will cease to be a truism and a reproach. Then many of the most cultured of our theatre-lovers will be brought back to the playhouse from which they have been driven by indecency, bad acting and bad plays. Then, finally, even those critics who form the cult of flippant, shallow jest-mongers will either lose their positions or be driven to regard the players' art with respect, if not with reverence.

Lastly, the artiste will respect himself more, finding his work more respected. There will be a blue ribbon of artistic endeavor. Success in the country will mean invitation to become a colleague in this Academy of the Art of Acting. The tone of performances will be raised when every player in the provinces sees before him a light by which to guide his steps. There will be no more creation of "stars" by methods which hitherto were left to the patent-medicine man or the tooth-paste promoter. The actor will try to sink his personal traits in the character which he represents. His success will be measured by the extent to which he merges himself in the intent of the author, and not by the continual forcing of his personality, his private peculiarities, domestic virtues, his conduct out of the theatre and the hundred tricks of Jenkinsism by which press-agents seek to obtain for their employers

notice and consideration not claimed by their performance on the stage.

There will be no "Wilkins" or "Crushfield" or "Muggins" parts. There will be actors who will fulfil the meaning of the word "Actor;" who will assume roles and not indulge in personal exhibitions. The divorcée, the pugilist and the bridge-jumper will be relegated to the side-shows, where they belong, and will no longer defile those boards honored by the genius of Sophocles, of Shakespeare, of Molière!

*Wilton Laellay*

The Bostonians will produce Messrs. De Koven and Smith's new operetta, "Maid Marian," in Philadelphia, November 4th. They will open their season at Atlantic City, on the 26th inst.



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS DAISY GREENE

Lately a member of the "Florodora" Company

## A Flower of Yeddo

A QUAIN<sup>T</sup> and picturesque Japanese play, entitled "A Flower of Yeddo," was produced on the 1st ulto. at Keith's, and was received with so much favor that it is announced that it will be used on the Keith circuit next season. The piece had already been seen in this city before at a dramatic school matinee, and it has also been performed in Paris by no less a personage than M. Constant Coquelin.

The author, Mr. Victor Mapes, took his inspiration for this dainty little comedy from a story by a French writer. It is almost all written in verse, and tells of one *Kami*, a poet of the Flowery Kingdom, who has sought seclusion in order that his

verse might gain in charm and thus win for him the affection of one *Sainara*, a roguish, up-to-date *Yum-Yum*, whom, alas, he has hitherto loved unavailingly.

But *Sainara* at heart appreciates his constancy, and to further test his loyalty sends to him a girl friend in the guise of a dancer to lure him from his allegiance, another in warrior's guise to test his courage, while she herself puts his generosity to a severe proof by seeking to borrow his entire fortune for one of her relatives who is in distress. Each girl intrudes on the poet's privacy, and exerts her power to the utmost, relieving her feelings the while by incessant giggling behind her fan, but all three fail to reveal a single flaw in

his character. Just as the fortunes of the bewildered poet seem to be at the ebb tide and his dainty little sweetheart appears more elusive than ever, he discovers that this condition precedes the happiness for which he has long been sighing. Miss

Grace Gibbons made a graceful *Sainara*, and the other parts were taken by Mr. N. L. Jelenko, Miss Edith Fassett and Miss Nettie Brown.

Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman's production of "The Messenger Boy" will open the regular season at Daly's Theatre the second week in September. The principals engaged are Mr. James T. Powers for the title role, Miss Georgia Caine for the female lead, and Miss May Robson, Mr. George Honey, Miss Rachel Booth, Mr. Harry Kelly, Mr. George De Long, Mr. Harold C. Crane, and Miss Hattie Waters.



PHOTO MARCEAU  
TAIHOON  
(Miss Nettie Bourne)

KAMI  
(Mr. N. L. Jelenko)

SAINARA  
(Miss Grace Gibbons) MUSME  
(Miss Edith Fassett)

KAMI: "Here is what your lover thinks and says of you."



PHOTO MARCEAU

KAMI: "A nymph or elf beholding so much grace I think would hate herself."



PHOTO MARCEAU

KAMI: "Such dainty flowers are usually asleep at night."



MISS CECILIA LOFTUS

Will be leading woman to Mr. E. H. Sothorn next season

## Players and Playgoers

**N**OWADAYS, wellnigh all the world goes to the theatre; but of the many theatregoers there are, how many are there that make of theatregoing a more intellectual pastime than is a circus or a minstrel show? How frequently we see people making dunces of themselves with their hand-clapping when—good, ignorant souls!—they think they are exhibiting critical acumen! But make the average theatregoer think he is seeing a player of repute and he will applaud till the chandeliers rattle whenever the player improves an opportunity to indulge in a burst of fuss and fury. At such moments, applause may be surely counted on though the player so speak that not a word can be understood. Players have sometimes experimented in passionate scenes with jargon and have found that the jargon served quite as well to make their audiences applaud as did the text.

Not many years ago there came an English player to this country with a numerous company and several complete sets of scenery. The manner in which he was heralded and the circumstance that the prices for seats were doubled made the public think he was something well beyond the ordinary. The consequence was that the theatre was full to overflowing, even at his *Hamlet* performances, though a worse *Hamlet* there would not be if Jupiter and all the minor gods were to set themselves the task of fashioning one. The monologue, for example, at the end of the second act, he literally "tore to tatters to very rags," which resulted, as he well knew it would, in his being rapturously recalled again and again.

Among the present-day American *Hamlets* there are none of those I have seen—and I have seen them nearly all—that are very much to be preferred to the Englishman, yet they are always encouraged with generous applause. They are applauded because they are always as theatric as their strength permits. If they were as artistic as they are theatric, their auditors would be less demonstrative but incomparably more edified. It is not that these gentlemen are unwilling to do better. They do as they do because they have not learned enough of the actor's art to distinguish the artistic from the theatric. Memorizing the words and pumping sound into them is about as far as any of our *Hamlets* go. Going to the other extreme, dropping into the commonplace, is, however, still more objectionable. In exaggeration, we have something; in the commonplace, nothing. The *Hamlets* go to the one extreme; the *Juliets* and the *Rosalinds*—some of them, at the least—to the other.

We hear a great deal about a lack of art in the nowadays player. The art of our own players is quite as good as the judgment of our playgoers. If the playgoers would become more discriminating and cease to applaud the extravagant, the commonplace and—horseplay, the art of playing would improve apace, since the player-folk are like other folk therein that they are quite willing to subserve their own interest by supplying what there is a demand for. ALFRED AYRES.



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MRS. SARAH COWELL LEMOINE

May be seen as *Lady Macbeth* during the forthcoming season

she conveys to the Southern leaders. *Virginia* is discovered at work by a Northern spy and by another officer, *Colonel Dayton*, who loves her. To be rid of his rival, *Dayton* accuses *Kearney* of tapping the wires, and circumstances point to the latter's guilt. He is sentenced to be shot, and to save his life *Virginia* confesses her guilt to the commanding general and obtains *Kearney's* reprieve, which she delivers just as his execution is about to take place.

The drama has considerable merit, the story being interesting and the situations strong. War plays have gone rather out of fashion since the taste for romantic plays set in, but there seems no reason why "Winchester" should not do well.

Mr. Edmund McWade's drama of the civil war entitled "Winchester," produced some time ago at the American Theatre as an experiment by the Greenwall stock company, was so well received by the public that a more elaborate production of the piece is to be made, and it will be sent out on the road this coming season. As suggested by the title, the scenes of the play are laid at Winchester, Va., in 1863. *Virginia Randolph*, a Southern girl, has been taught telegraphy by a wounded Northern officer named *Major Kearney* while she was nursing him. This instruction enables her to tap a telegraph wire that runs over her house and which is used by the Federal force. Their messages thus obtained



COL. DAYTON  
(Mr. Menifce Johnstone)

HENRY CLAY RANDOLPH  
(Mr. Thos. J. Keogh)

PHILLIP ALLEN  
(Mr. Hardee Kirkland)

MAJOR FRANK KEARNEY  
(Mr. Ralph Stuart)

BENNY CLANCY "SPIEL"  
(Mr. Horace Vinson)

MRS. RANDOLPH  
(Miss Julia Blaine)

MADGE CHILDRESS  
(Miss Georgla Welles)

A SCENE FROM "WINCHESTER," THE NEW WAR PLAY TRIED BY THE GREENWALL STOCK COMPANY. END OF ACT II.

## New Dramatic Books

"*The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert*," edited by Charlotte M. Martin, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

This life story of one of the oldest and most popular actresses on the American stage is delightful reading. Few women have had so interesting a theatrical career as Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert, so long and so prominently connected with Daly's company. Her reminiscences of her early beginnings as a ballet dancer in London, her emigration with her husband to America in 1849 and the recital of her experiences during her travels all over this country before she joined Mr. Daly in 1869 makes entertaining reading, enlivened as it is by a wealth of anecdote and by her own impression of the leaders of the stage with whom she has been brought into contact. The chief interest of the book centres, of course in her connection with Daly. The volume is made additionally attractive by many rare portraits of famous actors and actresses and old playbills and programmes gathered from famous collections.

*Stage Lyrics.* By Harry B. Smith. New York. R. H. Russell.

Mr. Harry B. Smith, one of the most successful and industrious of our librettists, has made a collection of some of the best-known verses and songs from his operettas and musical comedies, and has issued them under the above title in a most attractive volume containing forty-one character portraits of the singers and comedians who have made them popular, and further embellished with appropriate drawings daintily executed by Archie Gunn, Ray Brown and E. W. Kemble. Will Scarlet's song in "Robin Hood," "The Naughty Little Clock" from "The Casino Girl," "The Same Old Story—Nothing New" and other favorites which are entitled to live in dramatic literature are all there. The portraits include those of Mr. Eugene Cowles, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, Mr. Francis Wilson, Mr. Richard Carroll, Mr. Dan Daly, Mr. William Pruette, Miss Hilda Clark, Miss Marcia Van Dresser, Miss Phyllis

Rankin, Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Irene Bentley, Mr. Frank Daniels and many others.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish this autumn two works of fiction which will also appear in a dramatized form. One of these, "The King's Messenger," was referred to in the last issue of THE THEATRE. The other is a Japanese story, by Miss Onoto Watanna, entitled "A Japanese Nightingale," and is to be illustrated by Yetto, the Japanese artist. It is said to be an exquisite bit of comedy and is written around the love story of a young American for a beautiful half-caste Japanese girl. Miss Watanna's work has become familiar to magazine readers during her three years' sojourn in this country, especially in the West, for it is only within the last six months that she came to New York. The play is being made by Messrs. Fred Ranken and John Stapleton, based on one which the author herself had written. The production is in the hands of Mr. Frank Perley.

In a book just issued by a Paris publisher, the mannerisms and conversational powers of celebrated actors and actresses are dealt with to show the individual wit and humor of each. Judging from the examples given the great Rachel was brutal; Delaunay, the "first walking gentleman in Europe," was honeyed; Mounet-Sully and his brother, Paul-Mounet, solemn in utterance. Albert Lambert, Jr., imitates the late Felix Faure. Mlle. Sorel keeps her sayings for her admirers. M. Sylvain is pompous, Mlle. Regnier childlike and Mlle. Du Minil elegant. The great Laferrière was ladylike. M. Frédérick Lemaître was very broad. The wittiest woman on the French stage was Mme. Virginie Déjazet.



PHOTO ROCKWOOD

### THE ROGERS BROTHERS

These clever vaudeville performers will be seen at the Knickerbocker, September 2, in a new farce by Mr. John J. McNally, entitled "The Rogers Brothers in Washington"

was ladylike. M. Frédérick Lemaître was very broad. The wittiest woman on the French stage was Mme. Virginie Déjazet.

### Books Received

"*Masters of Music.*" By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.

"*Loges et Coulisses.*" By Jules Huret. Paris: La Revue Blanche.



# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO THE STAGE



# ANNOUNCEMENT



THE THEATRE is the only high-class illustrated periodical solely devoted to the stage published in this country. It is issued monthly with an exquisite cover printed in seven colors, representing some prominent artiste in character. These covers will be maintained at the high artistic standard of the numbers that have already appeared.

The purpose of THE THEATRE is to put before the public in an attractive and artistic form all that is going on in the sister worlds of the Drama and Music, the text being profusely illustrated with fine reproductions of photographs of artistes and of scenes from plays and operas. When possible, photographs of scenes from plays first produced in other cities will be published, thus giving readers of THE THEATRE an opportunity to get some idea of a new production before it is seen in their own city.

Every play of importance produced in this country and many of the foreign successes will be reviewed and fully illustrated, the text being written by writers of recognized ability and authority. Each number also contains special articles on stage matters signed by well-known names. Among others who have already written for THE THEATRE or who will contribute articles shortly are:

Edgar Saltus, F. Marion Crawford, Constant Coquelin, Mrs. Fiske, A. M. Palmer, E. H. Sothern, Harry B. Smith, Edward Fales Coward, Walter Damrosch, Miss Julia Marlowe, Alfred Ayres, Franklin Fyles, Cleveland Moffett, Edward E. Kidder, Horace B. Fry, Mary Mannering, Wilton Lackaye, Otis Skinner, Franklin H. Sargent, James K. Hackett, Henry Tyrrell, Charles Battell Loomis, W. T. Price, etc., etc.

THE THEATRE is printed on *édition de luxe* paper and forms the most complete and elaborately illustrated chronicle of the stage ever seen in the United States, and is invaluable as a record both to the student and the lover of the Drama.

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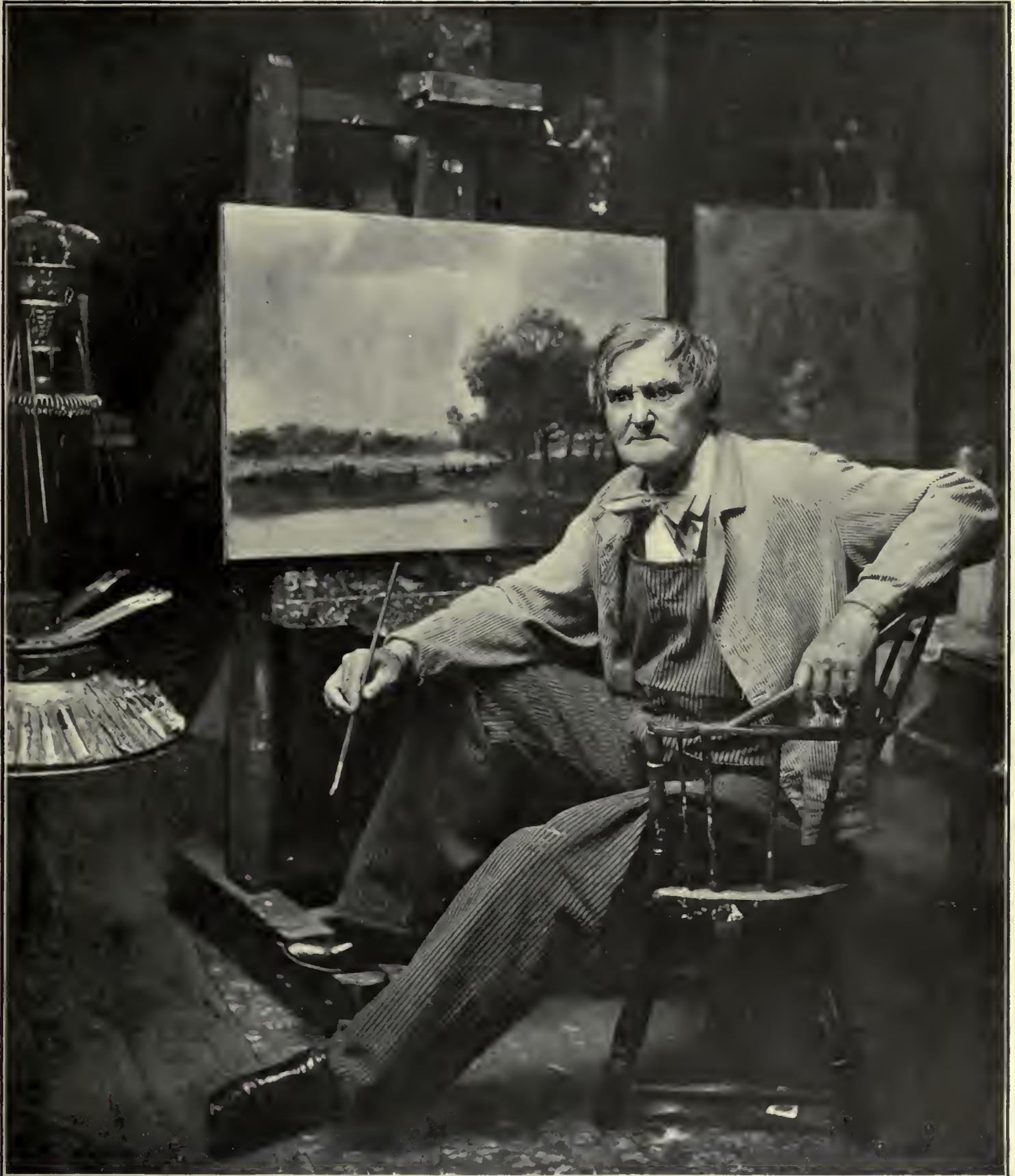
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# THE THEATRE

VOL. I., NO. 7

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1901

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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This portrait of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the latest of the distinguished comedians, was taken recently at Buzzard's Bay, Mass. Mr. Jefferson, as is well known, is a painter of no mean ability; in fact he himself has often said he would

*Faithfully yours*

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE theatrical season of 1901-02 has fairly begun. It promises to be a busy one. The Garrick Theatre opened its doors on August 19 with a revival of "Are You a Mason?" an adaptation from the German that was favorably received at Wallack's late last spring; on the same day Mr. Augustus Thomas' breezy drama, "Arizona," was revived on a more elaborate scale at the Academy of Music; on August 26, at the Criterion, too late for review in this issue of THE THEATRE, Mr. William Faversham made his first appearance as a star in Mr. Gerald du Maurier's play, entitled "A Royal Rival." On August 31 Mr. Andrew Mack will be seen at the Herald Square in his new play, "Tom Moore," and other new metropolitan productions will come in quick succession from now on. Among the principal openings for the current month are: Mr. John Drew, in Capt. Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command," at the Empire (Sept. 2); "The Messenger Boy," with Mr. James T. Powers, at Daly's (Sept. 2); the Rogers Brothers in their new farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Washington," at the Knickerbocker (Sept. 2); Mr. James K. Hackett, in Mr. Victor Mapes' play, entitled "Don Cæsar's Return," at Wallack's (Sept. 3); Mr. Louis Mann and Miss Clara Lipman, in a new play by Mr. Paul M. Potter, at the Savoy (Sept. 9); Mr. E. H. Sothern, in Mr. Lawrence Irving's play, "Richard Lovelace," at the Garden (Sept. 9). Debut of Miss Bertha Galland as a star in a dramatization of "Forest Lovers," at the Lyceum (Sept.

12). Opening of a season of Grand Opera in English at the Broadway (Sept. 16). Miss Ethel Barrymore, in a revival of "Captain Jinks," at the Garrick (Sept. 16); Mrs. Fiske, in "Miranda of the Balcony," at the reconstructed Manhattan (Sept. 16); first appearance of Mr. David Warfield as a star in a comedy called "The Auctioneer," at the Bijou (Sept. 23); Mr. J. H. Stoddart, in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" (Sept. 23); opening of Mr. Alfred E. Aaron's vaudeville season at the Metropolitan Opera House (Sept. 23); production of "Liberty Belles," a new musical comedy by Mr. Harry B. Smith, at the Madison Square (Sept. 30).

The following month will probably be equally prolific.

The new play in which Mr. Louis Mann and Miss Clara Lipman will appear is a Boer piece, the scenes being laid in Doppersdorf, about the time of the Jame-son raid. Mr. Mann is to play the part of *Piet Prinsloo*, an old Boer farmer, deaf, peppery and full of fight. Miss Lipman will appear as his daughter, who falls in love with one of the raiders.

"A Chance Ambassador" is the title (here first announced) of the "new play by an American author," which the bill-board in front of Wallack's Theatre has been telling us all summer would succeed "Don Cæsar's Return," in which Mr. Hackett is to make his re-entry. The American writer referred to is Mr. Edward E. Rose, who adapted last year's popular novels, "Janice Meredith" and "Richard Carvel," for the stage. Mr. Hackett in this new piece will assume the character of a young



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. E. H. SOTHERN

As he will appear in his new play, "Richard Lovelace"

German-American of high birth, who returns to visit the home of his ancestors, another of the petty and mythical principalities which have sprung up like mushrooms around Zenda, and becomes involved in the intrigues of this penny court, and of course the favored lover of its young princess. The play is said to depend for its humor on the mixture of heroics and Yankee slang, which the hero utters, while it sardonically pokes fun at the various toy kingdoms which have preceded it on the stage. "A Chance Ambassador"—and, by the way, this name was chosen by Mr. Hackett himself—may prove to be the Don Quixote who is to destroy all this herd of dramatic literature.

#### SHERLOCK HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

From Mr. Charles Frohman's Prompt-Book for Mr. William Gillette.

HAMLET—(Lighting cigar with flint-and-steel)—Smoke the cigar, I pray you, as I showed you in *Sherlock Holmes*, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your smokers do, I had as lief the prompter had whiffed my perfecto. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: (*business, with cigar between first and second fingers*), but puff gently, as if you enjoyed it. (*Blows rings.*) Oh, it offends me to the very soul to see a robustous fellow in a fore-and-aft cap tear a cigar to tatters, to very rags, to blow smoke in the eyes of the groundlings. (*Knocks off ashes.*) Be not too tame, neither, but let your own window-lithograph be your tutor: suit your weed to the words, the words to your own original business and up-to-date novelties in light effects: for anything so overdone as Art is from the purpose of playing, whose end is into the hands of the Syndicate; to hold, as 'twere, the *Mirror* up—No, no! I mean the *Herald*, or the *Sun*—any other paper except the *Mirror*—Oh, d—! my cigar's gone out.

Miss Maude Adams returned home recently after a brief vacation spent in France. "Quality Street" is the title of the new Barrie play in which this actress will be seen this season. She will also appear at special performances as *Rosalind* and as *l'Aiglon* during the run of the Barrie play. Miss Adams confirms the report of her joint appearance with Mme. Bernhardt in "Romeo and Juliet."

Sir Henry Irving's repertoire during his coming American tour, will include, "Coriolanus," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Charles I.," "Louis XI.," "The Lyons Mail," "The Bells," "Nance Oldfield," and "Waterloo!" He will also give several special performances of "Madame Sans Gene," with Miss Ellen Terry.

With two exceptions the personnel of the female portion of Miss Amelia Bingham's company will be changed when she returns to the Bijou Theatre to again present "The Climbers." The actresses retained are Miss Minnie Dupree and Mrs. Madge Carr Cook. The defection of Miss Clara Bloodgood, who quite unexpectedly made the hit of the piece, has left a gap which may be hard to fill, and yet why should we say that when one realizes how many actresses there are with dimpled backs and a society manner? The male portion of the cast remains practically unchanged.



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MR. JAMES K. HACKETT  
In his new play, "Don Caesar's Return"



PHOTO WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MISS KATE HASSETT

Has the leading female rôle in Mr. Leo Ditrichstein's new play  
"The Last Appeal"

Apropos of "The Climbers" it is told in London that almost a battle royal occurred between Miss Jessie Millward and her new manager, Mr. Arthur Collins, over this play. The manager, who had acquired the rights for England, principally because he saw an excellent chance for the actress in Miss Bingham's rôle, was desirous that she should open in this piece. But Miss Millward vehemently protested and finally flatly refused to reappear before a London audience in mourning dress and veil, as she would be required to do in this play. "Fancy," she exclaimed, "my London friends seeing me in mourning after so many years and after the dreadful thing (the assassination of Terriss, long her friend and fellow-player) which took me off the London stage!" Miss Millward had her way and she will open in "The Palace of the King."

"The Last Appeal," a play by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein based upon the Meyerling tragedy and the more recent exploit of crown princess Stephanie, of Austria, who preferred the man she loved, an army subaltern, to all the honors to which she was born, will be produced at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on September 9. The play is said to contain several strong situations. It will also serve to introduce Miss Kate Hassett, a new comer to the stage from the West, who was picked out for the leading part from twelve competitors. Miss Hassett is said to possess remarkable dramatic ability. The production will be made by Mr. Henry B. Harris, son of the well-known member of the firm of Rich &

Harris, this being his first venture as a producing manager. The company includes Mr. Robert Drouet, Mr. John Glendenning, Mr. Geo. C. Boniface, Mr. Edwin Brandt, Miss Annie Sutherland and Miss Eleanor Carey.

Our cover this month presents in colors the portrait of that excellent actor Mr. Otis Skinner as *Lanciotto* in Boker's tragedy "Francesca Da Rimini," which he has just revived in elaborate fashion at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. Mr. Skinner played *Paola* to Lawrence Barrett's *Lanciotto* when Barrett revived Boker's tragedy in 1883, but he has now chosen to appear in Barrett's old role. The character of the malevolent jester *Beppo Pepe*, which in Barrett's revival was played with electrifying effect by Mr. Louis James, has fallen to the lot of Mr. William Norris, who appreciates eccentric character as well as any of our modern American character actors. Miss Marie Wainwright was Barrett's *Francesca* and for the Dante heroine Mr. Skinner has engaged Miss Marcia Van Dresser, the statuesque young actress who created something of a sensation at Daly's Theatre on the occasion of the first production in New York of "The Great Ruby." Last season Miss Van Dresser was prominent in the company that supported Miss Viola Allen in "In the Palace of the King." Miss Gertrude Norman, who has had experience in several parts under Mrs. Fiske and Miss Julia Arthur, also appears in Mr. Skinner's revival and Messrs. Eugene A. Eberle and W. J. Constantine, two veterans in classic and Shakespearian drama, represent respectively the heads of the houses of Guelph and Ghibelin.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, the English poet, recently took London by storm with his "Paola and Francesca," and it is understood that Mr. George Alexander, manager of the St. James Theatre, will shortly produce Mr. Phillips' play. Some-



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. DIGBY BELL

Who will be seen this season in "The Chaperones"



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MISS MARCIA VAN DRESSER

Now playing *Francesca* in Mr. Skinner's revival of  
"Francesca da Rimini"

one asked Mr. Skinner why he preferred the old Boker version in preference to the more modern work of Phillips. "Mr. Phillips' play," replied the actor, "is a work of much poetic beauty. It is a play which deserves the admiration and respectful study it has already obtained. But the young poet is weak in his technique, and I fail to find any dramatic possibilities in his version. From my point of view—the actor's point of view—Boker's play is infinitely superior. Boker touched the Dante theme with a master hand, and in the noblest spirit of tragedy. He told the story without any of those sophistications as to 'splendor and beauty' of irresistible passion which lowers man to the level of the brute. Rather, he makes us feel that *Francesca* and *Paola* are helpless and faltering creatures, caught in the current of fate, rather than of appetite. They struggle not ignobly, but vainly to escape, and headlong destiny sweeps them away and hurls them on the rocks in ruin and despair. Boker's tragedy is a work of surpassing beauty and power, free from the shortcomings of his other plays. To the rich poetical genius of Boker, Lawrence Barrett, who revised 'Francesca,' added what was lacking. By his skill Barrett heightened the tragic effect. He got the very essence of the Dante theme."

The leading Roman Catholic daily journal of Paris, after translating from the San Francisco *Argonaut* an account of the production of Mr. Clay M. Greene's passion play reviewed in the last issue of THE THEATRE, adds: "The author of the scenario acknowledged his indebtedness to Edmund Harau-

court, our eminent collaborator. The author of 'The Passion' is the Rev. Father Clay Greene." Evidently our good French contemporary cannot figure to itself that the gentle shepherd of the Lamb's Club is common Clay!

It is not usual for managers to get control of a star before they have a piece in which they can exploit him; generally it is the other way round. But Messrs. Wagenhals & Kemper, who are an enterprising firm of young men, assumed the management of Mr. Arthur Byron when they had not in sight a play to suit him. They now announce, however, that the play in which Mr. Byron will make his debut is a costume piece laid in the middle of the last century. His opening engagement will be played in Chicago, and he will appear in New York before the end of the year. Mr. Kemper it is who reads the plays and his is the artistic genius of the combination, while Mr. Wagenhals brings to it an immense restless ambition and an apparent unslakable capacity for work. It was his partner's idea to start the theatrical factory, so to call it, which they carry on in Orange, N. J., where scenery is painted, costumes stitched, properties built and actors rehearsed all under the same roof. Mr. Kemper is the retiring individual whom one never sees, while Mr. Wagenhals is always in evidence. In the measure in which each is the complement of the other, they resemble the famous Alsatian writers, Erckmann-Chatrion.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's "A Marriage Game," in which Miss Sadie Martinot is to star, will be tried first, the last week of September, at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia. That overgrown village is a favorite "dog" with this playwright, half a dozen of his pieces, from "An Unequal Match" to "Captain Jinks," having first tempted the canine in the



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR WILLIAM BEACH

As the half-breed in "Toll Gate Inn," in which he will star this season



PHOTO BUBNELF,  
SAN FRANCISCO

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL

Leading woman with Mr. Henry Miller in "D'Arcy of the Guards"

Quaker City. The long arm of coincidence, which is the tried friend of the novelist, has nothing to do with this, for Mr. Fitch chooses that city maliciously. Some years ago, it is said, he was strongly advised by friends not to open with a play in Philadelphia, "because," they said, "the people do not like your daring innovations." "We'll teach 'em to like 'em," retorted Mr. Fitch, and he has kept up the schooling ever since.

According to the *Era*, the new Fitch play, "The Last of the Dandies," will be produced in London by Mr. Beerbohm Tree after the fortnight's revival of "Twelfth Night" in October. The play is another "Beau Brummel," and the period is in 1845, the greater part of the action taking place in England. The piece is in five acts, of which the first, second and fourth take place in London, chiefly at Gore House; the third up the river; and the last, a short one, in Paris. Mr. Fitch has utilized in his drama the relations supposed to have existed between the famous dandy and Lady Blessington, and presents a pathetic picture of the unfortunate man dying in Paris, just as the kindness of Louis Napoleon was about to supply him with relief. Celebrities like Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton and

Charles Dickens will be introduced, if not openly, under thinly-veiled disguises. There are four important female personages in the work, of which Mr. Charles Frohman possesses the American rights.

Jan Kubelik, a picturesque violinist, who has been the lion of the musical season in London, is coming to America this winter under the management of Messrs. Daniel Frohman and Hugo Gortitz, and will appear at Carnegie Hall with the Paur Symphony Orchestra. Importing musical celebrities is dangerous business, as Mr. A. M. Palmer learned to his cost after a brief experience managing a pianist; but Mr. Frohman, himself very fond of music, enters upon the adventure with a light heart, feeling convinced that Herr Kubelik will repeat his European triumphs here. "Were he a pianist," says Mr. Frohman, "he might be described as a combination of Paderewski and Rosenthal, having all the magnetism of the one and the technique of the other."

The title of Mr. Harry B. Smith's new musical comedy, "The Liberty Belles," which Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger will produce some time this month at the Madison Square Theatre, has led many to believe that the piece is a Colonial story. As a matter of fact, it is quite up-to-date, and deals largely with the escapades of the fair inmates of a boarding-school for



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS SADIE MARTINOT

Will star this season in Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Marriage Game"

young ladies. One of the scenes, we understand, shows the young women in their dormitory disrobing for the night, but the author assures us that the conventions have not been departed from by him, and that the scene is novel and highly amusing without being in the least risqué. Miss Etta Butler and Miss Sandol Milliken play the principal female roles, and Mr. Cyril Scott will be seen in the piece as an Annapolis cadet.

"Aida" will be the inaugural bill of Mr. Henry W. Savage's season of Grand Opera in English at the Broadway. Other works in the repertoire will include "La Bohême," "La Giacconda," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci." The plan is to produce two operas each week. The company includes Miss Adelaide Norwood, Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan, Mr. Reginald Roberts, Mr. William Pruette, Mr. F. J. Boyle, Mr. Winfred Goff, Mr. Harry L. Chase, Miss Maude Ramey, Miss Josephine



MR. JOSEPH F. SHEEHAN, as Faust

cian, Dr. I. N. Love, said he thought she would recover without an operation." Love is a physician of world-wide renown, and certainly has performed some wonderful cures in his time.

Ludwig, Miss Gertrude Rennyson, Miss Ethel Houston DuFre, Mr. Herman DeVries, Mr. Frank Pagino, and Mr. George Tennery.

"Foxy Quiller" again takes the road this season, headed as before by Mr. Jerome Sykes. Mr. Julius Steger, who is a good actor as well as a picturesque and excellent singer, remains with this organization only until Christmas, when the opera by Messrs. Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, in which he has a part, will be ready.

The Trust contemplates producing American plays in Paris. What a lot of French dramatists will be recognizing their long-lost offspring!

The New York *Herald* informs us that Miss Drina Waters, the English "Florodora" girl who was ill at the Post-Graduate Hospital with appendicitis, is very much improved. Her physi-



MISS GERTRUDE RENNYSON, as Marguerite



MISS JOSEPHINE LUDWIG, as Ortrud



MISS ETHEL H. DU FRE, as Carmen



## Henrik Ibsen—the Man

**I**BSEN is dying!

This message has gone around the world, and if there be anything in the declaration of his attending physicians, the great Norwegian will pass away before the end of the year.

Ibsen is dying!

To some it will mean much; to others nothing. It all depends upon from which point of view one has looked at him. For in Ibsen there are three distinct personalities blended in one, and though we may safely discard the fulsome and too often tedious adulation of a few leather-lunged, loud-voiced "discoverers" of Ibsen, though we need pay no attention to the claims of those who see in him the "greatest master of symbolism," each of these personalities is of interest and the three combined go to make up a man who is well worth a little closer inspection.

For the last ten or fifteen years no visitor to Christiania has failed to go into the café where Henrik Ibsen took his glass of brandy every afternoon between four and five. Comfortably seated in a big arm-chair on the balcony, a rather small old man was pointed out to the stranger, and in a reverential whisper the guide would say, "That is Henrik Ibsen!"

Of the man himself little was to be seen. A shock of white hair and an abundance of white beard was the first thing the spectator beheld. Then a pair of steel-blue eyes would look out through gold-rimmed spectacles from behind the newspaper, and they said as plainly as words could say: "I ought to pose as being bored, but in fact I am delighted at the attention I receive."

For Ibsen is vain. To him admiration is a necessity, and while he has been gruff more than once to strangers who addressed him, it invariably put him in bad humor when—as sometimes happened—no one approached him. Call it an enigma if you will, say it is ridiculous in a man of the prominence of Ibsen to demand such cheap glory; you might even smile when I tell you that Henrik Ibsen has a small mirror

inserted in the bottom of his hat and looks at himself about once every fifteen minutes. Granted all that. There are, however, few men who, having accomplished what Ibsen has accomplished, would not have an exaggerated opinion of themselves. Think of it that he was practically driven from his country on account of his writings, and that he lived to see the day when a clerical ministry went down on their knees—so to speak—and besought him to come back. Think of it that it was Ibsen to whom, for the first time in the history of his country, a yearly honorarium of 6,000 kroners was paid from the national treasury. Think of it that he has lived to see the day when the dramatists of all countries have taken him as their model and you will admit that it would take a far less marked individuality than Ibsen's not to become a trifle self-conscious.



IBSEN THIRTY YEARS AGO  
(From a photograph taken in Leipzig)

An incident that happened while Ibsen was visiting Berlin is characteristic of the man. In the door of the Ministry of War the dramatist jostled a German general in full uniform. Neither of them offered any apology. The warrior, whose breast was literally covered with decorations, murmured a few words into his beard. "You have no right to grumble," shouted Ibsen at the top of his voice. "Men like you run around by the dozen in the streets of this city. But I am the only one in the world. My name is Henrik Ibsen." Then he walked off proudly, leaving the general utterly demoralized. As a rule, Ibsen is a hard man for a stranger to converse with; not so, however, for those innumerable young writers who come to him for advice or information. With them he is as patient as was Robert Louis Stevenson. He has read hundreds of manuscripts submitted to him for his criticism, and he has never failed to give a word of encouragement when he saw some promise of good work. True, for the mediocre, the commonplace, the bad, he had the strongest condemnation, but even then he was never harsh. He has the faculty of saying unpleasant things in an inoffensive way, though he does not leave any room

for doubt as to his opinion. In the circle of his own home, in the company of his family, with his friends, he is frank to an astonishing degree. With perfect freedom he will discuss with them his most personal affairs—for instance, the reasons of his feud with Björnsterne Björnson (now made up). Only one thing he will never allow to become the topic of conversation. No one is permitted to ask for particulars about any of his work before it is published. Often he will resent such a question very vehemently as an impertinence. Not even George Brandes, his most trusted friend, critic and adviser, knew of the character of the play Ibsen was working on until he received a copy of the book. Brandes says, in a recent letter: "Ibsen is working even now on something which he calls the 'apologia' of his life. But what this is no one knows. When his attendants have placed him at his desk they must withdraw to such a distance which prevents them from getting a glimpse of the manuscript. . . ."

Ibsen is at times gentleness itself. At such times he is meek and seemingly as submissive as Tolstoy would want us all to be. But a strong individuality like his, an assertive nature like the one Ibsen possesses, must needs break out. At heart he is an aristocrat, nay, even a tyrant. He has great contempt for the crowd, and in spite of the fact that he has fought for the rights of the common people, he really does not think that they are fit for liberty. Upon his return from his trip to Russia, where he was entertained and made very much of, Ibsen gave some of his impressions of the Czar's country. He said: "Russia is the greatest country on the earth. The cry of 'despotism' is raised only by a herd of stupid, ignorant persons. As a matter of fact, Russian literature is the result of despotism. The great Russian writers owe their inspirations to despotism. Why, Russia is the only country where people still prize liberty. None but the Russians are willing to lay down their lives for liberty. And it is despotism which taught them that lesson."

To say that his listeners were amazed is to put it mildly. After a while one found words to say: "Then, you believe the Russians ought to be thankful for the despotism they live under. Perhaps so. But it seems to me that one of their institutions is a mighty unpleasant one. You have certainly heard of the knout. Would you like to receive a dose of it?"

"My dear man!" answered Ibsen, "if I were living in Russia, I should certainly never receive the knout. I should apply it. I should apply it."

Ibsen studies human nature in his home, among his friends, in his café, in his walks and even in his reading. Once he has found a problem he follows it up in all directions. He

looks at it from every point of view, he searches for truth but he never offers a solution. "To ask questions and not to answer them is my province," he wrote to George Brandes when asked what solution there is to the eternally recurring marriage problem in Ibsen's plays. To ask questions and not to answer them, to leave the answer for each individual to himself, is characteristic of his problem-plays. Kirkgaard, Ludvig and Hebbel were the philosophers who influenced Ibsen; George Brandes was the man who turned his energies in the direction of the problem-play. ("May God forgive him," say many.)

Ibsen went to work with a programme. His idea became to expose ruthlessly all social and moral shortcomings of the age, and being a past-master in dramatic technique he chose the stage for his arena. He brings to the drama a whole (not very often a wholesome) and full picture of life as seen by him from an exclusively individualistic point of view. His insight is deep, far deeper than that of any of his followers, be it Pinero, Albert Shaw, Hauptmann, Suderman or Maeterlinck. He does not bother with the superficial, he penetrates far below the surface, he seeks the truth, he endeavors to give true and correct character pictures.

But for all this, the traditional dramatic formulas proved narrow and insufficient. To make room for the "soul" of things the outward expression of the action had to be curtailed. He eliminates everything that is not absolutely vital to the plot or to its solution. In his

plays the dramatic action is under way the moment the curtain rises. Only the coming catastrophe is treated scenically, while the "motif" is shown gradually.

The characteristic peculiarity of Ibsen's dramas is a peculiar, strangely fascinating blend of realism and mysticism, the Wagner-like recurrence of the *leit-motif*, the incarnation and constant repetition of certain ideas. His plays have the impress of truthfulness, his characters are free men and women, people who know of their own free will and who are aware of their responsibility for their own actions.

Like Wagner, Ibsen has a great many enemies and some strong friends. Like every innovator, Ibsen has been the object of calumny, malice and persecution, and, like every man with strong convictions, Ibsen very often displayed a one-sidedness. But take it all in all, in Ibsen Norway will lose one of her greatest men, and, judging from the mass of flowers, delicacies, telegrams and letters which come to the sick-room of the paralyzed old man, it would seem that to many minds and hearts was brought sorrow and regret when the message was flashed around the world:

"Ibsen is dying!"

EUGENE LIMEDORFER.



PHOTO NYBLIN, CHRISTIANA

HENRIK IBSEN AS HE IS TO-DAY



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MRS. FISKE

## The Manhattan Stock Company

WITH the opening a fortnight hence of the Manhattan Theatre, greatly improved and beautified, a new and important factor comes into the metropolitan theatrical field. The house, under the direction of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, a well-known journalist, who now makes his debut as a theatrical manager, will be primarily the headquarters of Mrs. Fiske, but when that actress goes on tour some of the players engaged to support her will remain at home to form the nucleus of a stock company, which will be seen in a number of new productions, principally the plays of native authors. This announcement means nothing less than that New York is to have a new, permanent, first-class stock organization, having a definite policy similar to that of the old Union Square Theatre in its palmiest days and Wallack's and Daly's. That is to say, an effort will be made to create for the Manhattan that select *clientèle*, the steady patronage of which Daly's enjoyed for many years, and which, in fact, was the secret of the prosperity of that house.

"I do not say," said Mr. Fiske the other day, "that we are going to do things any better than every one else, but we shall have a definite policy and a certain standard will be maintained which will come to be identified with this house. We shall not produce the poetic drama one day and pornographic farce the next. We shall try to be consistent, so that the public when coming to this theatre will have some idea of the class of performance they will see. There is a

large class of people in this city who love the Drama, but who, since Mr. Daly's death, stay away from the theatres because of this lack of managerial policy. That public you will see when any great star comes to New York, and you also see them at the best concerts and at the Opera. These people want the best in the dramatic art as they want the best in music, and not always finding it in those theatres that are run merely as commercial speculations, they stay away altogether. I recently overheard a well-known lawyer discussing this very subject. "I am very fond of the theatre," he said, "but I rarely go nowadays, because I can never be sure what I am going to see. Daly had his shortcomings, but on the whole things were well done there and worth seeing, no matter what the bill was. But some of the present theatres seem to have no policy whatever, and for any one who does not keep in close touch with dramatic affairs, it is not until he has bought his seat and sat through a meaningless performance that does not appeal to him in any way that he discovers he has wasted an evening."

"This man," went on Mr. Fiske, "simply expressed what hundreds of representative New Yorkers think. These people, the backbone of the community, love the Drama, but they want a theatre where they feel they can always be sure of finding a certain standard of plays and a certain standard of acting. All our productions will aim for a high artistic plane, and our players have been carefully selected. We are not mere speculators in theatrical goods, but producers, with some thought of the higher purpose of the Drama apart from the box-office. We shall give great encouragement to native dramatists, for we have found that Mrs. Fiske has been most successful with home-made plays."

Mr. Fiske has long been a prominent figure in metropolitan theatrical circles as the editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, in which paper lately he has waged relentless war on the Theatrical Trust. The control of the Manhattan Theatre is the outcome of this fight, and has given Mrs. Fiske a home in New York from which she had been practically barred owing to her differences with the syndicate. Mr. Fiske is a man of culture and refinement and a close student of the drama. He has always been on the right side of every question affecting the welfare of the actor, and a distinct force for good in local dramatic affairs.

The first production at the Manhattan will be a play made by Mrs. Anne Crawford Flexner, from the novel, "Miranda of the Balcony," by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the English author. The company includes Mr. J. E. Dodson, Mr. R. V. Ferguson, Mr. Robert T. Haines, Mr. Max Figman, and Miss Annie Irish



PHOTO AIME DUPONT

MR. HARRISON GREY FISKE



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS MAUDE ADAMS

This popular actress will be seen this season in a new play by Mr. James M. Barrie, named "Quality Street"

# CRITICS AND CRITICISM

A FEW newspaper proprietors—and many theatrical managers in moments of adversity—profess to believe that the printed criticism of a play is merely the opinion of an individual. This belief is usually harmless, sometimes amusing, and often pathetically absurd. The object of all honest criticism is to arrive at the truth. It matters not how many minds are engaged in the consideration of a play, they must necessarily arrive at substantially the same conclusion, and until there is universal disagreement, at all times, upon all dramatic propositions, the supposition that criticism is merely the opinion of an individual must fall to the ground. Do we not see this unanimity of opinion daily? Do we not have constant proof that individual opinion is but an incident of the truth?

Individual expression there may be, difference among critics of authority and breadth of knowledge exists, but the nearer their approach to unanimity of opinion the nearer they are to truth. But let us assume that one of them only expresses the truth. His is the true and should be the universal opinion. All others are individual opinions.

It would be almost impossible for any single criticism to contain every aspect of the truth. The wise manager will profit by all criticisms, even where the personal equation is plainly individual and inimical, for it may contain one vital truth.

It does not follow that unanimity among the critics means that a true verdict is

always rendered. They are sometimes at fault—but not often. So seldom, in fact, that no theatrical manager can afford to cherish the delusion that one man's opinion is as good as another's—in short, that all criticism is individual.

Criticism implies knowledge. It is a science and an art. To knowledge of the history of the stage and plays and players must be added the gift of literary expression by means of which the reader is entertained and truth presented in its most convincing and attractive form. The untrained writer cannot possibly discern and present the essentials. He does not know relative values. He would not know truth when he saw it. It is, then, plainly, an absurd theory upon which some newspapers act that their "critic" or reporter must have no opinion of his own, but must merely reflect, in some mysterious way, the opinion of the audience. It is by the merest accident that such reports convey any definite impression—either of the play or of what the audience probably thought of it.

The theory that every criticism should be entertaining is correct; but that every criticism should be amusing is absurd.

In practice, however, substantial justice is done to every play. On the whole, metropolitan criticism was never on a higher plane than it is to-day, and there are individual critics throughout the country who possess authority of the highest order.

A familiar consolation among those who smart under just criticism is the old



PHOTO SAROBY

MR. WILLIAM WINTER of the *Tribune*



PHOTO FACH

MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD of the *Commercial Advertiser*



PHOTO FALK

MR. EDWARD A. DITHMAR of the *Times*



PHOTO MARGRATE

MR. HILLARY BELL of the *Press*

saying that a critic is a disappointed author. This is plainly a mere witticism and without a basis of fact.

Again, it is said that the critical mind is entirely different from the "creative" mind. No one who understands the principles and methods of play-writing can admit this for a moment. The critical faculty is the one most needed

and the one most frequently called upon in the work of the dramatist. If no critic had ever written a play, there might be some reason in the contention, but some of the greatest critics have been the greatest playwrights—for instance, Lessing.

Criticism is not all fault-finding. The best critic is kindly and forgiving; he exalts the true, kindles the fire of timid hearts in capable breasts, and is only fierce in words of dispraise where presumptuous imbecility uses a false authority to mislead. He pities stupidity, and punishes it as a crime only when it becomes a danger.

Having all the warmth of a writer who is all disproportion, the one with the critical temperament has the judicial mind that gives value to praise and weight to censure. It is no part of his duty always to add to the discomforts of artistic failure and the loss of managerial money by dwelling on obvious incompetency in production or stupidity in matters of judgment. He withholds the easy jest, and the good word of cheer is oftener spoken than the dispraise that would serve no just purpose, but he stands between the players and the

public, and his duty to that public sometimes demands plainer speaking than is agreeable to those in the responsible charge of furnishing the entertainment that is such a material part of modern life.

There is this peculiarity incident to all criticism that genuine feeling cannot be simulated; and the rudest pen manifests grace when the heart

simply tells what it has in turn been told. The truest words have been written about the greatest actors, where the critic was content to be but the reporter. Thus, technical knowledge is not wholly the best requisite, and all that a manager and the public can ask from the competent critic anywhere is sincerity.

The individual theatregoer loves

an honest criticism, and as criticisms are widely read, the word of disapprobation for stupidity or falseness of any kind in the art or in the intent are sure to go home to an appreciative reader. Of all writers for the press, a critic does not preach in the wilderness. The theatregoer loves to be strengthened in correct views and likes the explanation of doubts that rise in his own mind and wishes to have shown to him why he revolted against this and that. Criticism is absolutely essential to public morals and public taste. It is a guide to the people and a protector of Art. Its responsibilities really require as high character and as strong force as the staff of a newspaper possesses. It is an honorable service and (the guild agreeing upon a type) a life like that of William Winter, devoted to the work of criticism, will be rewarded with a memory not inferior to that of Hazlitt or Lamb.

The dean of the American dramatic critics, Mr. Winter has devoted his life, from young manhood to old age, to the best interests of the drama. For fifty years he has noted every phase of its development. It is proof of a special charm in his writing that the readers of the *Tribune* have found unceasing pleasure in his work, for him largely a labor of love, always full of newness, of vitality, of enthusiasm for what is right, pure and ennobling. His friendships have never been misplaced, and in upholding such spirits as the late Augustin Daly he served the cause of the dramatic art. Mr. Winter's criticisms have been marked with

MR. A. J. COHEN (Alan Dale) of the *Journal*

PHOTO DAVIS &amp; SANFORD

MR. H. E. KREHBIEL of the *Tribune*

PHOTO BARDNY

MR. JAMES HUNEKER of the *Sun*



PHOTO COOVER, CHICAGO  
MISS RUTH WHITE  
As the *Lion Tamer* in "The Explorers"

Mr. A. J. Cohen (Alan Dale), who writes for the *Journal*, has a keen sense of humor, and whatever he writes concerning plays and players is entertaining and compels attention. If brightness, sarcasm and ability to make clever witticisms at the actor's expense were all, he would be intolerable, but he usually exalts truth, and most of his work shows a knowledge of the structure of a play which is uncommon. He is often flippant, but rarely shallow, and probably if he consulted only his own tastes he would use a more dignified form of treatment.

Mr. Hillary Bell, of the *Press*, has had a schooling in more than one of the fine arts, and is an appreciative connoisseur. He is full of information and has a facile pen.

Mr. Franklin Fyles, of the *Sun*, is concise in his criticisms, not given to enthusiasm, and is conservative in the expression of opinion. As a writer of plays himself he possesses that technical information which it should be the care of every critic to possess.

Among others who write instructively and entertainingly about stage matters are Mr. J. A. Metcalfe, Mr. Charles Frederick Nirdlinger, Mr. Stephen Fiske, who conducts an interesting theatrical department in the *Spirit of the Times*, Mr. James L. Ford and Mr. Louis de Foe.

With the exception, perhaps, of the German critics, the American writers on music stand second to none in their technical knowledge and mastery of their subject.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel ranks among the foremost music critics living. His first criticisms were written in Cincinnati, where his profound knowledge of music attracted much attention, and resulted in his engagement by the *Tribune*. He writes with the greatest authority, and, enjoying

poetic grace and fervor, but there is never lacking wisdom, experience, learning, force and analytic strength. In reviewing Shakespearian performances he draws from sources of profound and independent reflection and writes delightfully. In his collected criticisms, as published, future readers will find the impress of his time.

Mr. E. A. Dithmar, who for many years has been dramatic critic of the *Times*, has established himself in the respect and confidence of theatre-goers and actors alike. Dissent from his opinion is rarely made even by those adversely affected by it. He is an earnest and constant student of the drama, and is learned in its literature, and being a trained writer, with a direct and forcible style, he is a force.

Mr. J. Ranken Towse, of the *Evening Post*, affects a lofty superiority in keeping with the paper he represents, but his style is scholarly, and his judgment sound.

Although Mr. Norman Hapgood is the youngest of our critics, his criticisms in the *Commercial Advertiser* have attracted general attention for their vigor and strong spirit of independence. His work has depth and substance and he keeps in close touch with the most recent developments in foreign art.

absolute control in his department in the newspaper he represents, his judgment carries great weight.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the *Times*, has the science of music at his finger-tips, although not an instrumentalist, and has published several works on music which are accepted as standard. He is brilliant and vigorous and his criticisms are always entertaining, even to a layman. He is independent to the point of ferociousness and often loves to prove this spirit by slapping his friends. He has a keen sense of humor, is very sarcastic, and as a rule, is more respected than loved by singers and musicians generally.

Mr. James Huneker, rotund and genial, of the *Sun*, is an exceedingly brilliant writer and fine musician. He taught music before taking up the critic's pen. He possesses a marvelous vocabulary, and the English language in his hands becomes sweet music.

Mr. H. T. Finck, of the *Evening Post*, is a disciple of Wagner and generally shows little sympathy with anything not Wagnerian. This partiality robs his criticisms, to some extent, of the weight they might otherwise have.

W. T. PRICE.



PHOTO COOVER, CHICAGO  
MR. CHARLES DICKSON in "The Explorers"

## An Actress' Favorite Books



MISS JULIA MARLOWE is a great reader, and a glimpse at the actress' traveling library affords an interesting side light on her tastes. The books which are Miss Marlowe's constant companions on tour, says a writer in the *Times*, would make rather remarkable reading even for a person of leisure and literary occupations. They are the more so when one remembers that they are the choice of a busy actress. In the case of a woman who has contributed so much to the interpretation of the poetic drama, one naturally looks first to discover her likings in the domain of poetry. On the first shelf is everything of Robert Browning, a poet for whom Miss Marlowe has an especial admiration. Next to Browning stands a portly volume of Walt Whitman in a limited edition and bearing a greeting to Miss Marlowe from Whitman in his own hand. Near by are the complete works of Whitman's bitterest critic, Charles Algernon Swinburne, and next to that impassioned writer is a complete edition of the gentle Keats.

Somebody asked Miss Marlowe how she could get along without a complete edition of Shakespeare with her. "What I love best in him is safely treasured up in my mind and heart," she answered. "'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Much Ado'—all my favorite passages in them are at my command, and I really don't need the printed pages before me."

History and criticism of the drama and a great many plays make up a goodly proportion. Among such volumes are Stephen Phillip's "Paola and Francesca," George Meredith's "Essay on Comedy," Schlegel's "History of Dramatic Art and Literature," Henry Irving's "Four Lectures on the Drama," and Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as Connected with the Fine Arts."

In connection with her production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and to indicate what care Miss Marlowe exercises in studying out the history and literature of plays she presents, one should mention the presence of those stupendous folio volumes of Frederick Hottenroth's "Trachten der Völker Alter und Neuer Zeit," a work which reflects very accurately popular manners, costumes and customs of ancient and modern times. Bearing on the same line of study are the ponderous volumes entitled "Science and Literature in the Middle Ages" and Hall's "The Royal Princesses of England."

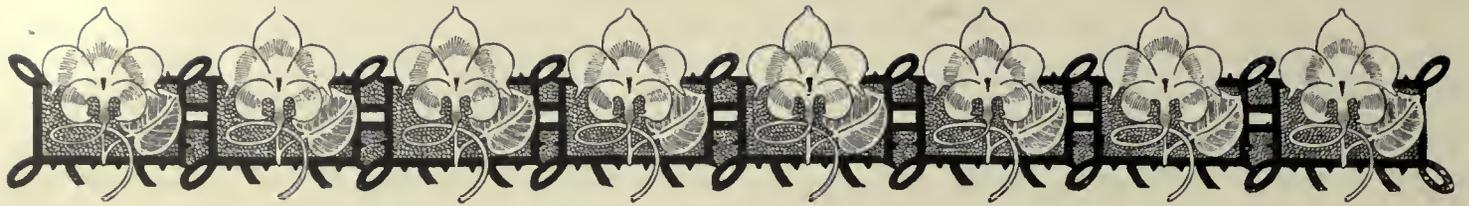
On the shelf devoted to books on æsthetics and moral philosophy one finds Spencer's "Data of Ethics"—a rare first edition—and John Stuart Mill on "Liberty and the Subjection of Women." A treasured volume which is almost a daily text-book with Miss Marlowe is Bosanquet's "History of Æsthetics." Near it are Allison's "Principles of Taste" and a liberal representation from the writings of Matthew Arnold—among them "Culture and Anarchy," "Friendship's Garland," both series of his "Essays in Criticism," and his "Discourses in America." Turning to books in lighter vein, one discovers a rare and quaint work by Grace and Philip Wharton, entitled "The Queens of Society." The delicate prose of Sir Richard Jeffries is generously represented. Two novels which are Miss Marlowe's favorites are George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" and Balzac's "Lily of the Valley." She says they are the greatest novels she ever read.



PHOTO MANCEAU

MISS NINA FARRINGTON

Who will shortly resume her part in "The King's Carnival" at the New York Theatre



## Chorus Girl to Leading Woman

BY IRENE BENTLEY

**I**N adopting a stage career one is usually told to "begin at the bottom of the ladder;" but in the six years that I have been on the stage I have seen hundreds who have begun at the bottom of that same ladder and (to be Hibernian) have been descending ever since. It is likely that

the stage is unique in the facilities it offers for progressing backwards; and it is pitiable indeed to look over the ranks and see the many who have "a brilliant future behind them." A

well-known singer recently advised young women, if they wished to go on the stage, "not to begin in the chorus." This is very pleasant-sounding advice, but it is about as practical as to say, "Don't be poor," or, "Whatever you do, be sure to be successful." Where is a young aspirant to begin



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS BENTLEY in "The Strollers"

if not in the chorus? There is just one thing that may enable the beginner to start *above* the chorus ranks; that is—a remarkable voice. If a girl has a voice far beyond the ordinary, she *may* get a bit of solo or be graciously allowed to prance on and say, "Here comes the Prince!" or, "Who is this stranger approaching?" As a rule, however, the possessors of beautiful voices are just the ones who need chorus training to give them familiarity with the stage; and even when aspirants *have* beautiful voices they seem to find themselves in the chorus: Miss Russell, Miss Glaser and Miss May, for ex-

ample. Miss May's advancement was rapid, for she had the good luck to have Mr. Kerker discover her voice, and her beauty and charm enabled her to keep the place she won. Nearly all the successful singers of light opera and musical comedy have had chorus training, and I think, perhaps, "the actor who wrote Shakespeare's plays" may have had this in mind when he wrote "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The experiences of "working up" in the profession are full of bitterness, profitable if one has strength of purpose, but absolutely crushing if one is easily discouraged.

Possibly my own experiences may contain a hint to some ambitious young women who are tripping on with the rest of the villagers. When circumstances made it necessary for me to earn a living for myself and others, I asked a manager for an engagement. I had played leading characters in the performances of a well-known Baltimore club, and had had an



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS IRENE BENTLEY

amateur's success. Nevertheless, the best I could get was a chance in the chorus. A few months in the chorus should take many centuries off one's sentence to a possible purgatory, that is, assuming that one is ambitious. If one chances to have any ideas or any first vague gleamings of intellect, the chorus is the place to have them blighted. You are not expected to show intelligence; you are expected to be a machine. You stand in the same old straight line, you make the same gesture, strike the same pose with thirty others, and you must not vary an inch. You do this for weeks and months. Many do the same for years.

Most girls get their first chance through being understudies, but it is not easy to become an understudy. Favoritism has much to do with it. My first opportunity came by chance. There was an eccentric comedienne in the company, stout, aggressive and a great favorite. She had no understudy one night when she was ill. I knew the lines just from half unconsciously hearing them night after night. I was about half the size of the stout comedienne, and my going on in her place was like a shrimp understudying a porpoise; but I went on, seared to death, and managed to get through somehow. Here let me say that the lot of the understudy is not a corner one. A principal rehearses a part five or six weeks and devotes as much more time to the elaborating of a rôle. Then comes a frightened chorus girl and plays the part, usually without rehearsal, with other principals regarding her as a nuisance and an interloper. After my first experience as an understudy I made it a point always to learn the lines of every part, that is, when there was the slightest chance of my playing it. In this way I got "snapshot" chances at several parts. Finally I got the part of the dancing girl in "The Belle of New York," and went to London with the company to play it. When I arrived in London I was informed that another was cast for the part, a friend of somebody's lawyer, or some thing of the sort. I was told to remain a bridesmaid, and I might perhaps sometimes be allowed to say, "And so do we," or "It's a wet night." I had just enough money to get back to America, and, disheartened and discouraged, I resigned and came home. Another hint to the youthful aspirant. The copy-book rules do aid in rapid stage success. Many managers think that a young woman who is reserved in manner cannot possibly have any talent; whereas the same managers will think that a girl who is violent in gesture, strident of voice and swagger in manner is a heaven-born genius of *chic* and "ginger." Perhaps the most pleasing incident connected with my recent promotion to a leading rôle



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MR. FRANCIS WILSON in "The Strollers"

was the remark of a manager to me. He only said, "Well, I am surprised," and yet that manager has watched me on the stage for four years. He merely was too busy to notice whether or not I had any ability. It is astonishing that, in the present dearth of singing comediennes, managers do not look for talent in their chorus people. In England most of the popular players in musical comedy are ex-choristers, and, indeed, the best officers in any line have risen from the ranks.

## Some Absurdities of Opera

A WRITER in the English journal called *Music* protests against some of the prevalent absurdities of grand opera, and particularly because the Julicts who are able to sing Gounod's music are not of an age exactly corresponding with the years of Shakespeare's heroine. He says:

"Without wishing to be ungallant, reference may also be made to the personal appearance of the lovers. Juliet is a young lady of fifteen summers. I don't know how old Romeo is supposed to be. But we have the spectacle usually of a lady of mature beauty and some thirteen stone avoirdupois being embraced by a 5-foot-6 Romeo, whose age, if one could but inspect the census papers, verges on sixty. This would not matter so much if the ardent couple were wrapped up in each other to the total eclipse of the conductor. But this is never the case. When Juliet sings 'Hist, Romeo, hist! Oh, for a falconer's voice to lure this tassel-gentle back again!' she keeps a steady eye on the conductor, as if that gentleman had been playing the deuce with the time. Then Romeo appears, and with the same distrust of the 'chef d'orchestre' in his gaze, warbles, 'It is my soul that calls upon my name,' whereas it is really the gentleman with the baton. From a spectacular point of view, the conductor is decidedly the central figure in opera. Next to him and the principals come the various members of the chorus, who represent peasants, soldiers, monks, fishermen, brigands, etc. The men have rotund



BUNT  
(Master Bobbie Barry)

FOXY GRANDPA  
(Mr. Joseph Hart)

CHUB  
(Master Georle Mack)

"FOXY GRANDPA" ON THE STAGE



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. JULIUS STEGER

Will have a leading part in Messrs. H. B. Smith and Victor Herbert's new opera

figures and red noses, and the women look as if they had lived long enough to know their business. 'Ars longa, vita brevis;' we must wait till the millennium for a chorus of middle-aged folks, but is it too much to expect the veterans of to-day to sing in tune?

"The absurdity of opera is pretty plain when the poetry of England's greatest bard, stultified by an alien, is shouted at an English audience in various Continental dialects, but absurdity reaches its climax when Wagner is performed. In the comic opera, 'Die Meistersinger,' we have Englishmen, Frenchmen and American (I have registered this name) posing as Germans of the middle ages. Of course, they can all sing, but how ridiculous they must appear to a Teuton versed in the literature of his country. In the cycle of the 'Ring,' rarely performed in this country, eminent baritones have to sing inside the carcass of a dragon. Ladies who can't swim are expected to float on the waters of the Rhine and chant meaningless refrains; others ride through the air and feign sympathy with the woes of an incestuous twain; birds talk, and the elements comport themselves in a manner unknown to science."

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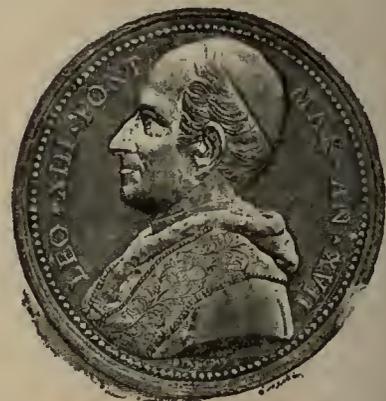
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# THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLÖW, Editor



MURIEL  
(Miss Ida Conquest)

MAJOR BINGHAM  
(Mr. John Drew)

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND" AT THE EMPIRE

MAJOR BINGHAM: "*isn't it a beauty!*"



# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

IT cannot be said that the theatrical season has opened auspiciously. Apart from the tragedy at Buffalo, which seriously affected business in all the theatres, the dramatic fare offered by the respective managers has been for the most part decidedly poor in quality. It is a sad and sufficient commentary on the public taste of to-day that of all the new pieces presented in the metropolitan theatres that hodge-podge of nonsense known as "The Rogers Brothers in Washington" has attracted most money to the box office. The Rogers Brothers in their own field are clever entertainers. No one, however, will claim they are entitled to serious consideration. With theatre-goers in this vacuous condition of mind there is little encouragement for managers to strive to present the best in the Drama.



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS BLANCHE WALSH

In her new play, "Joan of the Sword Hand"

Mr. John Drew at the Empire comes next—always according to the average theatre-goer—with a comedy of English military life by Capt. Marshall, entitled "The Second in Command," which has already been very successful in England. Capt. Marshall is well known here by several excellent plays, including "His Excellency the Governor," "A Royal Family," and the "Shades of Night." In his latest play he has descended to abandon whimsicality and to tread the well beaten paths of conventionality, using familiar tricks and situations, yet with a deftness and delicacy that makes them seem almost new. The play is thin in texture, showing no particular originality or power, but on the whole presents a story with enough pathos and comedy to keep the audience sufficiently interested and amused.

Major Bingham (Mr. Drew) has always been an unlucky man. He is passed over by the War Office for the colonelcy of his regiment in favor of Miles Anstruther, a younger man. He loves Muriel Mannering, whose brother, Sir Walter, is a lieutenant in the same regiment. Muriel has refused Major Bingham twice, but she finally accepts him, acknowledging she feels no love for him. She is in love with a picture seen at the Academy—the portrait of an officer she does not know. That officer is Anstruther, with whom in Act I. she is brought face to face. The Colonel falls in love with Muriel, and complications at once arise. Sir Walter is in financial straits, and can avoid disgrace only by raising £3,000. It is suggested to him that this will be easy if his sister makes a rich marriage. The Lieutenant reports this to Muriel. She has already promised to be the wife of Major Bingham, but when the latter presents the engagement ring she asks for her freedom. Colonel Anstruther proposes and is accepted. Sir Walter, however, thinks his sister has sacrificed herself for him and he tells Anstruther so. The Colonel asks Major Bingham if Muriel loves him (the Major), and the Major, torn between love and the truth, lies in order to retain his hold on the girl. The lovers are thus estranged until after the regiment comes back from South Africa, when the Major is rewarded the V. C. for bringing his wounded colonel from under hot fire. He tells Muriel how he deceived Anstruther and everything is finally straightened out.

The part of Major Bingham will be remembered among the best in which Mr. Drew has appeared. Mr. Drew has not the reputation of being a versatile actor; he experiences more difficulty than other players in submerging his own marked personality, and there is a sameness about his methods that the theatre-goer soon gets to know. Rolling up the whites of his eyes, making fantastic contortions with the muscles of his face, the languid drawl of the fashionable drawing room—this is what he has taught us to expect. All the more pleasant, therefore, the

surprise of his artistic performance as the good-natured, blundering Major. The same methods are still used, but more sparingly. In his new part Mr. Drew gives us an impersonation that stands boldly out of the dramatic frame, presenting a well delineated character, which excites both our interest and our sympathy. The humor and pathos of the rôle are brought out with great skill, and in the second act, in the scene with Miss Conquest, when he produces the engagement ring only to be told he has blundered again and is not loved, and again in the fine third act, he is altogether admirable. Mr. Guy Standing acted the part of Colonel Anstruther with dignity and feeling. Miss Ida Conquest was convincing as Muriel, being both natural and charming, and Mr. Oswald Yorke did well as her brother. Miss Ida Vernon was excellent as a society leader, and Miss Caroline Keeler made an attractive ingenue. A hit in a small comedy part was made by Mr. Howard Short. The play should enjoy a long run.



MR. J. H. STODDART  
As Lachlan Campbell in "The Bonnie Briar Bush"

to be the central figure in several scenes of a group of children. Ten little ones have been engaged for the "road," and their number will be doubled when the play is brought to the Knickerbocker Theatre. "Quality Street" is a street in a small town on the border line between Scotland and England; two elderly maiden ladies keep a "hanky" school there (and to know what that means one must read "Sentimental Tommy") and the children constitute the necessary background. There is plenty of dialect in the play, several kinds of dialect, with the kail yard sort predominating, but it could scarcely be said the star talks straight enough English. The period is that of the year 1815, which has furnished backbone to innumerable British plays and novels; but Mr. Barrie, the author, has added novelty by the introduction of comic characters, who will be easily recognized by the

readers of his stories. A degree of interest is expected to be aroused by the quaint costuming in the piece. Miss Ida Waterman, for instance, who plays one of the elderly maidens, will be completely disguised under her absurd wig.

In her new play, "Quality Street," Miss Maude Adams is



PHOTO BYRON  
MAJOR BINGHAM (Mr. John Drew)      MURIEL (Miss Ida Conquest)      COL. ANSTRUTHER (Mr. Guy Standing)      LIEUT. MANNERING (Mr. Oswald Yorke)  
ACT II. "THE SECOND IN COMMAND"      MURIEL: "How solemn you all look!"



MISS ANNIE IRISH

This clever actress is a prominent member of Mrs. Fiske's company

The rôle that Miss Adams assumes is even younger than Lady Babbie.

"Richard Lovelace," the romantic play written by Mr. Lawrence Irving, son of the English actor, for Mr. Sothorn and produced recently at the Garden, proved a disappointment, and the piece will be replaced as soon as Mr. Sothorn can get another play ready. The author, it may be said at once, has only himself to thank for this complete failure, for the interpretation could not have been better, at any rate as far as the principals are concerned. The truth is the play is ill-constructed, talky, lugubrious and, above all, tiresome—oh, so tiresome! The subject itself is interesting enough these days when cap and sword dramas are all the fashion. The English soldier-poet had a stirring career, and the famous lines he wrote, which crop up every five minutes in the play, "*I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more,*" are among the prettiest in the language.

Mr. Irving has not hesitated to draw on his imagination, making his hero an active participant in the struggle between

Charles I. and Cromwell. As a matter of fact, when the rupture between King and Parliament took place the real Lovelace was sent to prison for presenting to the Commons a petition in the King's favor. He was liberated on heavy bail but throughout the civil war remained a prisoner on parole. So much for the truth, which, indeed, is more interesting than the fiction invented by Mr. Irving, who commences his play when the struggle is at its height. The battle of Worcester has just begun and Lucy Sacheverell, to keep her lover from joining his regiment, hides the key to the door of the room in which they are. After a noisy scramble she gives the key to Lovelace, who dashes out and is blown up with a mined bridge. Years pass. Lovelace, a physical wreck as a result of the explosion, is living in distress in lodgings. Suddenly Lucy, now a Mrs. Hawley, appears. She thought Lovelace dead. A touching scene follows. Then, on comparing notes, they discover the perfidy of Hawley. Lovelace fights a duel with the husband and is run through the body, the poet dying on the floor while Lucy sings one of his songs at the spinet.

Mr. Sothorn is always worth seeing, even in a bad play, and his impersonation of the chivalrous soldier-poet is certainly a noteworthy one. He acted the part with the same skill, grace and distinction of manner that have marked his performances of similar rôles and made him one of the most interesting players on the stage. It seems, however, a pity that this distinguished actor, whose work each year gives promise of even greater histrionic achievements in the future, should waste his time and substance on a piece so worthless. Miss Cecilia Loftus made a dainty and lovable Lucy, and no



PHOTO KLEIN &amp; GUTTENSTEIN

MR. ROBERT HAINES

Leading man to Mrs. Fiske in "Miranda of the Balcony"



THE PILLOW FIGHT IN THE DORMITORY

LIBERTY BELLES" AT THE MADISON SQUARE

PHOTO BYRON



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MR. F. J. BOYLE

As the *King* in "Lohengrin." Castle Square Opera Company

great stretch of the imagination was needed to believe she had inflamed the poet. She also displayed considerable skill in a part that would make no small demand upon any actress.

"If I Were King" is the title of the play which Mr. Sothorn will put on in place of "Richard Lovelace." It is a four-act drama, written by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, with François Villon, the mediæval French poet, for its hero. Not very much more is known about Villon than about Sapho, and in the several dramatic pieces in the French language where he figures the imagination of the authors had to be drawn upon. That Villon, the author of "Where Are the Snows of Yester Year?" was a pretty knave seems to be the popular conception of his character. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a short story in which the poet's personal littleness and artistic greatness were powerfully shown; but this mixed view of Villon has not been accepted by the young English playwright. He judges him not so much on the side of humanity as on that of a rare artist in words and cadences, the creator of jewelled sentences which twinkle and chime, sparkle and sound in triolets and odelets—the precursor, in fact, of Theodore de Banville and his kind. The task of making Villon a hero must have been great, but Mr. McCarthy believes he has overcome it.

The Castle Square Opera Company inaugurated its season at the Broadway with an interesting presentation of Puccini's "La Bohème" in English. Everybody was there except the music critics, who must have their opera in Italian, French or German. Signor Scotti, in the rôle of Rudolfo, cooing to Mimi, "Andiamo! dammi il braccio, O mia piccina," calls for criticisms half a column long; but Mr. Reginald Roberts, as Rudolph, a Poet, singing, in his sweet, clear tenor, such an everyday phrase as, "Come, take my arm, little maiden," attracts little attention. Nevertheless, Mr. Henry W. Savage's company gave a thoroughly enjoyable, if not artistically irreproachable, performance. Miss Gertrude Rennyson and Miss Josephine Ludwig, who were cast respectively for the rôles of Mimi and Musetta, are agreeable acquisitions to the Castle Square forces. On the second night Verdi's "Aïda" was given in sumptuous style, with Mr. Joseph Sheehan as Rhadames and Miss Adelaide Norwood as Aïda.

"The Messenger Boy," at Daly's, is another of those inane "musical comedies," the invariable ingredients of which are stale jokes, flashy young women and insipid music. There is a faint glimmer of a plot in this latest importation from London, but were it not for the efforts of two exceptionally clever performers, Mr. James T. Powers and Miss May Robson, the production would have fallen very flat.



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MISS ADELAIDE NORWOOD

As *Juliet*. Castle Square Opera Company



PHOTO BYRON  
THE KING  
(Mr. Wilton Lackaye)

DON CESAR  
(Mr. Hackett)

MARITANA  
(Miss Florence Kahn)

"DON CESAR'S RETURN" AT WALLACK'S

ACT IV.—DON CESAR: "I saved your Honor, Sire"

Neither Mr. Faversham nor Mr. Hackett, we presume, are wholly satisfied with their new plays—both versions, as like as two peas in a pod, of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," of venerable memory—notwithstanding the intemperate demonstrations of approval made by injudicious friends. The leading rôle is entirely unsuited to both of them and their respective performances provide the theatre-goer seeking good entertainment with but poor fare. Why Mr. Mapes, first, and then Mr. du Maurier should have disturbed the dust of years and resurrected this old stage story, that actually reeks of mildew and mold, passes all understanding. The piece is rusty as antique armor and each act creaks on its hinges. Their only possible excuse was a desire to profit by the present craze for the romantic drama, itself a healthy reaction against the intellectual problem play. The story of the Spanish King's caprice for the gipsy girl Maritana, the plotting of the Prime Minister, who has designs on the Queen, the swaggering, devil-may-care Don Cæsar, condemned to death for the infraction of a Royal decree, and on the eve of his execution wedded to a veiled lady, who is none other than the gipsy, brought there by the Prime Minister's wiles; Don Cæsar's escape, exposure of the Minister, and his catching the monarch in the act of making love to his wife—all this is old as the hills; and when Mr. Faversham delivered the famous line, "If you are Don Cæsar de Bazan, I am the king of Spain," the audience was comforted, nothing had been left out. But as to interest in the proceedings, there was none—as little pleasure, in fact, as re-reading "Jack the Giant-Killer."

It would make better entertainment if the acting were good, but it is not. Mr. Faversham in some parts has shown himself to be a fairly good actor; that is to say, he has succeeded sometimes in impersonating a character, in creating the dramatic illusion and in making his audience believe, temporarily at least, that he is someone else than he actually is. This is the very quintessence of acting and the power to do it is proof of the actor's fitness for his calling. Mr. Faversham in his stage career has done it at least once. That was in "Aristocracy" at Wallack's some years ago, when he played an Austrian nobleman, a gentlemanly villain who makes love to an American wife. In that part Mr. Faversham made a hit. He struck a new note. His high-bred manner and distinguished bearing was something novel in stage villains. He made the character stand well out of the picture. That was acting. Since then Mr. Faversham has appeared in a number of parts and in a wide variety of costumes but it has always been Mr. Faversham. The clothes are always new, but the acting never is. This actor always plays himself, whether he wears high boots and a cavalier hat or appears in a faultlessly cut dress coat, and this is true of his present part in



PHOTO BYRON

MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM as Don Cæsar

a "Royal Rival." The absurdity of the star system was never more forcibly illustrated than in this instance. Because a man acquires some local reputation for wearing his clothes well he is made a star. Could anything be more ridiculous or tend more to eventually destroy the art of acting? Possibly it is to actors of this description that a recent editorial in the *Evening Post* referred. The writer said in part:

"Nothing can be much more ridiculous or incongruous than the spectacle of some of our young modern leading gentlemen trying to adopt their every-day laekadaisical, loung-

ing, slovenly, effeminate manners and drawling, expressionless speech to the requirements of the brisk, virile, imaginative drama of the cap and sword. Their bodily frames, upon which the creations of the fashionable tailor hang with so fascinating a grace, seem to be unable—although some of them are bulky enough—to fill out and animate the picturesque attire of the ancient cavalier, while their faltering tongues convert the roar of the soldier into a feeble bleat, the ardent protestations of the lover into a monotonous whine, and the deadly menace of a dark conspirator into mere whispering civility."

Miss Julie Opp, large and mature, hardly suggested the character of the gipsy, and Mr. Edwin Stevens, a fine actor in low comedy parts, was entirely miscast as the intriguing minister.

In several ways the Wallack production is superior. It is better staged and, on the whole, better acted, although, as we have said, the part of Don Cæsar does not suit Mr. Hackett as well as certain other rôles which won for this young actor his present prominent place on the stage. It is an open secret that low comedy is not Mr. Hackett's forte. His jocular and laughter lacks the ring of genuineness, and when he tries to be buoyant and airy he succeeds only in being ungraceful. He cannot make us laugh but he can appeal to our emotions, his handsome face and fine figure making him an almost ideal stage lover. This was plainly apparent the other night when at the end of the third act in the strong scene with his wife, he again took hold of the attention of his audience and held it. Miss Florence Kahn, a new comer on the stage who has already given great promise for the future, was disappointing as Maritana. Miss Kahn possesses considerable dramatic ability of a crude order, and when she has corrected her present defects will eventually make a name for herself on the stage. Now her work is marred by faulty training. She acts with enough feeling but her *delsarte* gestures and attitudes and extraordinary mannerisms of voice spoiled her representation completely. Mr. Wilton Lackaye gave a finished and most artistic performance as the King, and credit is also due Mr. Theodore

Roberts, who was a capital Don José, Mr. W. J. Le Moyne, and Mr. Le Soir.

The appearance of Mr. Joseph Holland as the King in "A Royal Rival" was not greatly commended by even the warmest friends of this popular comedian. Up to the Sunday preceding the night of the production there was doubt felt by the direction whether or not Mr. Holland should



PHOTO BYRON

DON CÆSAR  
(Mr. Faversham)MARITA  
(Miss Julie Opp)

ACT III.—DON CÆSAR: "At last!"



PHOTO BYRON

BESSIE DYKE  
(Miss Josephine Lovett)

TOM MOORE  
(Mr. Andrew Mack)

Act I.—Tom Moore and the school children

TOM MOORE" AT THE HERALD SQUARE

be retained in this uncongenial rôle. The MS. of the part was sent to Mr. Joseph Francoeur and he was ordered to appear on the night of the production. But in the meantime opinion had veered again and Mr. Holland retained the rôle. To those who know that the infirmity of deafness afflicts Mr. Holland, an aside he is compelled to make is a subject for laughter. Don Cæsar has proclaimed himself King in the most famous line of the piece and Holland remarks, "I must be deaf."

Mr. Theodore Burt Sayre is not unknown as a maker of plays. His father, Dr. Sayre, was the author of "Mixed Pickles" and "The Strategists," two pieces very popular in their day, and Sayre *filis* has already no fewer than two novels and seven plays to his credit, the first being a one-act piece entitled "The Wife of Willoughby," produced in 1896, which met with success. Last season a piece of his, founded on Abbé Prévost's romance, "Manon Lescaut," and tried at Wallack's, was a failure, but if Mr. Sayre continues to turn out work as good as "Tom Moore," recently produced at the Herald Square, it is pretty safe to predict that his future as a dramatist is secured. We have seldom seen a play that has pleased us more or that we could look forward more readily to seeing a second time. Mr. Sayre deserves considerable credit for having woven an interesting and charming story out of the slim dramatic materials furnished by the life of the famous Irish poet. Moore's career was eventful and picturesque enough, going as he did from obscurity in Ireland to become a social lion in London, but the

difficulties and tribulations which give this play its chief interest are merely inventions of the playwright. As a matter of fact, Moore was prosperous from the moment he reached England. He charmed all whom he met, and charmed them, though he was not a trained musician, with nothing more than with his singing of his own songs, a fact taken full advantage of by Mr. Andrew Mack. In a very short time the poet had enrolled half the fashionable world among his patrons and had obtained the permission of the Prince of Wales to dedicate his work to him. Nor was it merely the upper ten that Moore captivated; the landlady of his lodgings in London, a countrywoman of his, offered to put all her savings at his disposal. This incident, slightly modified, has been cleverly used by Mr. Sayre.

The play is in four acts. It begins at the village school in Ireland, where Tom Moore, then an obscure rhymster, meets and loves the young school teacher, Bessie Dyke. Sir Percival Lovelace, a dissolute friend of the Prince of Wales, and Lord Moira are touring through Ireland and halt at the village. Sir Percival learns that Bessie, with whom he has become smitten, is ambitious to be an actress. To further his purpose he hints to her father that he can secure her an opening at Drury Lane. Lord Moira makes Sir Percival a bet that he cannot take the girl from Tom Moore. Sir Percival thereupon plots to destroy Bessie's regard for Moore. The poet falls into the trap and the curtain falls on a complete rupture between the lovers.

In the second act Moore is seen a struggling poet in London, living in abject poverty, waiting for the publication of his poems. Bessie has risen to fame at Drury Lane. The landlady importunes Moore for his rent. He has nothing but promises, but she is obdurate. Finally, in what is one of the best scenes in the play, the poet softens her heart by singing "*Love's Young Dream*." Bessie's father now visits Moore and shows him a satire he has written on the Prince of Wales. Moore takes it from him, warning him of the danger. His visitor leaves the manuscript for Moore to read. Then arrives a publisher, who declares he will not publish Moore's poems because the poet has no great patron to whom they can be dedicated. Lord Moira takes the poems and promises to secure the use of the name of the Prince of Wales. During the poet's absence Sir Percival calls, finds the poem attacking the prince, and then plans to use this satire to destroy him. Moira returns with the news that the prince will allow Moore's poems to be dedicated to him.

The scene of the third act is a reception at the house of Sir Percival Lovelace. Sir Percival has purposely omitted inviting Moore, but the poet is brought by the Prince of Wales. Moore here meets Bessie for the first time since their estrangement, and an interesting love scene follows. Bessie refuses to marry the poet, though admitting she loves him still. Sir Percival has lent Bessie's father £1,000 and threatens to throw him into prison unless Bessie becomes his wife. The young woman appeals to Moore, who, to secure the money, binds himself to write poetry for the rest of his life for £1,000. But having aided Bessie, his own ruin follows. Sir Percival

has the stolen satire published, and Moore, to save Bessie's father, says he wrote it. The poet is driven from the house in disgrace by the Prince.

In the last act Moore is again in obscurity. Moira does not believe that Moore wrote the satire, and persuades the Prince to accompany him to the poet's lodgings, where, concealed behind a curtain, they become convinced of his innocence. Moore is made poet laureate, Bessie falls in his arms and the pretty little play is ended.

The interpretation was all that could be desired. Mr. Mack fully justified his ambition to appeal to a Broadway audience, proving himself to be a sympathetic, if somewhat jaunty, comedian, and only slightly trammelled by the crude methods of 14th Street. His songs also were not dragged in by the heels, as in most Irish plays, but seemed quite appropriate as introduced. In the scene at the spinet in the first act, when the charm of his melodies attracts his sweetheart away from the voice of her titled tempter, and again in the scene with his landlady, he was excellent. Mr. Mack was ably seconded by competent players, including Miss Josephine Lovett, an attractive young woman, who made a charming and sympathetic Bessie; Mr. George N. Nash, an excellent actor in certain parts, of which the villainous Sir Percival is certainly one; Miss Margaret Fielding, who gave an artistic performance as the irate Irish landlady; Miss Jane Peyton, a handsome woman, who looked well as the historic Mrs. Fitz Herbert; Mr. Myron Calice, whose Prince of Wales was well done; Mr. Edward J. Heron, and several others.



LANDLADY  
(Miss Margaret Fielding)

PHOTOS BYRON  
Tom Moore moves his landlady to pity by singing "*Love's Young Dream*"



Tom Moore and Bessie Dyke

TOM MOORE: "*Mistress Dyke, I love you*"



MR. GUY STANDING

Now playing the part of *Colonel Anstruther* in  
"The Second in Command"

Why does not Mr. Charles Frohman have the titles of his foreign plays spelled correctly? A French comedy called "La Veine" (meaning Luck), the American rights to which were secured by Mr. Frohman last summer, appears as "La Viene" (which does not mean anything) in all the Frohman official announcements. A word to the wise—

Miss Bertha Galland, who made a favorable impression last season when she was in support of Mr. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico," recently appeared as a star at the Lyceum in a dramatization of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's 13th century romance, "The Forest Lovers." The novel had some success, but it makes a tedious and unreal play, and Miss Galland was ill-advised in selecting it for her opening piece, for she is seen to disadvantage. The play was originally arranged by Miss Graves in ten tableaux, five of which Mr. A. E. Lancaster was called in later to amputate. Yet even in its curtailed form the play is too long, and it is doubtful if further pruning will ever make it a success. The dialogue—for the most part transplanted bodily from the novel—is gracefully written and Mr. Daniel Frohman has provided beautiful stage settings, but the story, as presented, is calculated to excite impatience rather than interest. The plot is unintelligible for those unfamiliar with the novel, and even those who have digested the latter

declare it equally nebulous. The heroine, Isoult—a girl of noble birth, who has been raised thinking she is of humble origin—is persecuted by an armor-clad villain of the dime-novel type, assisted by an equally blood-thirsty female, the precise motives for whose villainy are not shown. Isoult is rescued at critical moments by a knight-errant of the approved pattern, wearing splendid armor and a red feather, and also by a page who loves her and at last dies for her. The play is full of deeds of blood and violence, its poetic side being of quite secondary importance. There is a fierce sword encounter, an attempt at rape and a murder, to say nothing of the sinister manoeuvres of the woman assassin, who assumes the garb of an Egyptian soothsayer in order to reach her victim, and other gory happenings savoring of the penny-dreadful. It is all tiresome and puerile, and if this is the best dramatic material our managers can secure, then the Drama must be in a bad way indeed. Although it is not quite clear, at any rate in this part, what claim Miss Galland has to the prominence of a star—a designation that, unfortunately, has lost nowadays its true significance—she is an actress of ability and has a charming personality that at once gains for her the sympathy of her audience. In the portrayal of the innocence and anguish of the forest maiden she displayed considerable skill. It might be suggested that Miss Gal-



MISS JULIE OPP

Leading woman to Mr. Faversham and now playing  
in "A Royal Rival"

land costume herself differently in the fourth act, her generously rounded figure, when attired in the scant garments of a page, hardly lending itself to the poetic drama. Mr. Henry B. Stanford was weak as the knight-errant. The page, Vincent, was well done by Mr. Mortimer Weldon, and a clever bit of character acting was contributed by Mr. F. C. Bangs.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY—A PLAYER'S TRIBUTE.

(Written for THE THEATRE.)

From your slumber, dull world, hear the bells as they toll  
From out tower and steeple and dome,  
For the President's dead!  
Ah, toll, toll on,  
For a soul that has gone to its home.

Oh, thou grand one; so noble, so tender, so strong,  
So wise and gentle, so brave!  
Be the sob of a nation  
Thy funeral dirge,  
And our tears rest as dew on thy grave.

We murmur in reverence thy well-beloved name,  
And in awe and in grief bow the head;  
All lowered the voices,  
Soft muffled the tread,  
For McKinley, the hero, is dead.

Could ever a life be more lovely than thine,  
A death more serene when 'twas done?  
Thy simple, grand faith  
Should endure for all time—  
Thy "God's will, and not ours, be done."

BERTHA GALLAND.

Some of the New York theatrical managers showed a singular lack of respect to the memory of the dead President by giving performances on the evening of the day Mr. McKinley

died, and no less inconsiderate were those who visited the playhouses on that evening. Honor to Mrs. Moss and Mr. James K. Hackett, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, Messrs. Weber and Fields and Mr. Henry W. Savage—all of whom closed their theatres—for paying this tribute of regret from the players.

We have never been able to appreciate the logic that permits a man to applaud in our theatres and has him turned out if he hisses. In Europe an audience is allowed to show disapproval as well as approval of a performance. Recently Mr. Gillette was "boomed" from the gallery while performing "Sherlock Holmes" in London, and after the performance one of the "gods" thus explained the hostile demonstration: "All critics are not in the stalls or dress circle. Gallery first-nighters know a good thing as well as a bad one, and have no hesitation in saying just what they think during the performance. For instance, I was one who called out to Mr. Gillette to speak up when we couldn't hear. Mr. Gillette himself promptly recognized the justice of such criticism, as he repeated the line we had heard indistinctly, afterward guarding himself against a similar error. At the end of the play, when he came down to the front to make a speech, we objected, because the success did not warrant such an epilogue."

Early in November a curtain raiser by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy is to be put on at the Criterion Theatre. A great deal of strength is claimed for this short piece, and the best part in it is said to fall to the lot of Miss Julie Opp rather than to Mr. Faversham.

Miss Laura Burt is engaged to wed a Welshman with a lot of e-m-w-y's and ll's in his name. After a honeymoon jaunt to Pwllhellym and Lhannyrchymedd, they may settle down permanently at Cwmowddwy-Plymngwyllyn.



PHOTO BYRON

LADY ISABEL  
(Miss Margaret Bourne)

ISOULT  
(Miss Bertha Galland)

MAUFRY  
(Miss Rhoda Cameron)

PROSPER LE GAI  
(Mr. Harry B. Stanford)

THE FOREST LOVERS" AT THE LYCEUM

ACT II. "Ah, lord, thou shouldst know by now"



## The First Lady with the Camelias

**A**MONG the delightful *causeries* which M. Adolphe Brisson has had with the celebrities of to-day and yesterday none are more interesting than his account of a visit to Mme. Eugénie Doche, the first "Lady with the Camelias," or Camille, as the character is better known by English-speaking theatregoers.

The journalist found the veteran actress, who passed away only last year, living in a quiet quarter of Paris amid the relics of her brilliant career—a wonderful collection of pictures, engravings, portraits, *bibelots*, to all of which she was attached by many artistic and sentimental ties.

The collection, adds her interviewer, includes many rare books, first editions and illustrated works of the eighteenth century—she being one of the few women really fond of books and who made of them a hobby. All these treasures she had methodically arranged in glass cases, taking keen delight in their preservation and declining to part with them at any price. She was often asked to lend them for private exhibitions, but always refused.

"I'm sure," said Mme. Doche to her visitor, "that you've come to talk about the 'Dame aux Camélias.' Mme. Melba has just left here. She came to ask my advice about her part in 'La Traviata,' which she is studying."

Seated on a Louis V. settee in the dim light of the room the aged actress evoked memories of the past.

It is a long time ago, yet Mme. Doche remembered it all with remarkable distinctness. In 1851 she was in London, completely discouraged. After her brilliant début with Déjazet she suddenly lost her voice and had resolved to leave the stage. One day her friend Fechter broke in upon her solitude. He brought her a manuscript—the manuscript of the "Dame aux Camélias." "There is a fine part in it," he said, "which has been refused by every actress in Paris. Do you want it?"

It was true that the character of Marguerite Gautier had pleased neither the stars nor the managers. "It is the 'Vie

de Bohême,' minus the wit," declared Hostein, manager of the Gaité. "It's too much like 'Manon Lescaut,'" remarked Montigny, manager of the Gymnase. Virginie Déjazet's objection was that the task was beyond her, and Mlle. Fargueil said insolently to Dumas: "Your play deals with a world I know nothing about." "At your age?" retorted Dumas. "Then you'll never know it."

Fechter began to read the play. During the first act Mme. Doche laughed like a child, during the third she wept, and after the last she ordered her maid to pack her trunks. The next day she arrived in Paris and went to see Bouffé, manager of the old Vaudeville Theatre, who was badly in need of a good play. But Bouffé had little confidence in the drama of Dumas the younger. He built his highest hopes on a farce comedy by Rochefort, named "Ouistiti," in which Virginie Déjazet was to take the part of an amorous negress. Déjazet as a negress! It would take the town by storm! So Bouffé explained to Mme. Doche that "Camille" would alternate on the bills with "Ouistiti." "You will only play every other day," he said, "and perhaps in all only about ten times. That won't hurt you."

Nobly, therefore, believed in Dumas' unfortunate piece, and the author himself affected to be only slightly interested in



MME. EUGÉNIE DOCHE

it. When they consulted him as to the manner of arranging the last scene, he said: "What is the good? We shall not get that far."

The play was all ready to be produced when at the last moment arose an obstacle. The censorship forbade the performance on the ground of morality. Dumas, discouraged, took the train for Brussels, while Mme. Doche hastened to M. de Persigny, whom she had known in London, and also to the French President. Persigny pleaded her cause and Napoleon's sympathy was aroused. "Give the poor child her part back." The censors, growling, removed their prohibition. Dumas returned from Belgium, and on February 1, 1852, a dress rehearsal of "La Dame aux Camélias" was given before

a few friends (the time had not yet come for the elaborate dress rehearsals of to-day). It was unanimously agreed by the critics that the piece was dangerous and cynical. Armand and Marguerite disappeared in the background, entirely eclipsed by the halo around the character of Duval the elder, whose moralizing speeches were considered admirable, and both Fechter and Mme. Doche were dismayed and irritated at the old phrase-maker who robbed them of the effect of their best scenes.

The next day, February 2d, there was a complete change of opinion. The theatre was packed with a mixed audience, noisy yet expectant. What a première! The "old phrase-maker" was put back in the place where he properly belonged, and the heart of the audience went out unreservedly to the two young lovers. There was a deluge of tears, a tempest of applause. Mme. Doche walked about as in a dream, her head swimming, her nerves in a state of frightful tension. Then as she fell at Armand's feet she hit upon the bit of "business" she had been vainly seeking two days, for she fainted in earnest as the curtain came down. Fechter tore 6,000 francs' worth of lace, but what matter! Both felt lifted to sublime heights, and tasted that ineffable joy of the actor who casts aside his earthly personality to assume an ideal one.

It still gave Mme. Doche keen pleasure, after the lapse of half a century, to recall this triumph. "Such emotion as we felt is unforgettable," she said. "It comes back to my mind every evening. I received flowers and poetry; and, see, I have even preserved a bit of paper that was thrown to me during the second performance."

She opened a drawer in her desk and drew forth a note crumpled and yellow with age, which she carefully unfolded. On it were these lines, supposed to have been written by Marie Duplessis, the Camille in real life. The verses read as if they may have been written by either a very young or a very old admirer:

Ton talent me gardait, Doche, une apothéose,  
Je devais vivre encor dans les coeurs attendris  
Et, quand après cinq ans ma tombe serait close,  
Charmer encor Paris

Je les entends du fond de ma tombe entr'ouverte,  
Ces accents que mon sort t'inspire chaque soir.  
Dans tes traits embellis mon image est offerte  
Comme dans un miroir.

"You see that little desk," went on Mme. Doche, "that is the reliquary of the 'Dame aux Camélias.' I keep in it everything I have relating to the part. And you can imagine how much that is. I played the part six hundred and seventeen times, and I suppose I could not have played it very badly, since Dumas wrote in his preface: 'Mme. Doche is not my interpreter, but my collaborator.'"

I turned over the autographs with respect. For the most part they have never been published. They included dedications from Jules Janin: "To my friend and colleague Eugénie Doche; another, more sad: "In memory of our young days, J. J." There was also a volume, magnificently bound, in which Mme. Doche has collected the principal articles that appeared in 1852, at the time of the première. She has had them copied out in Gothic colored letters, on parchment, and illustrated with miniatures illuminated in gold. This beautiful volume contains articles by Janin, Frederix, the Belgian critic, and the only feuilleton published by Ponsard in the *Constitutionnel*, when he replaced Auguste Lircux, who was indisposed. It is curious to read Ponsard's judgment on the "Dame aux Camélias," remarkable as it is for its frankness and boldness. Ponsard congratulates the author on leaving the beaten paths, and turns to ridicule the foolish timidity of the censorship: "Beware of prudery! The French go impetuously from one extreme to the other. Art is neither here nor there. It is in truth. Dumas is reproached for making a disreputable woman his heroine, but if this view is correct, we should burn many of the classics." He considers that the father Duval episode is unnatural, and that the sacrifice of Camille is beyond human strength. In short, the drama, in his opinion, sins by its lack of probability.

I also noticed some notes on blue-tinted paper on which I recognized the handwriting of Dumas. Mme. Doche smiled



FECHTER.  
(Le Dame aux Camélias)  
Fechter as Armand



BERNHARDT

MORRIS

DUSE

NETHERSOLE

HADING

FIVE FAMOUS CAMILLES

and showed me a photograph of the illustrious writer, at the bottom of which are traced these words: "*Rather ungrateful, but not unkind.*" "I must explain," she said, "that each year, on February 2, I sent Dumas a penny bouquet of violets in celebration of our première. He, in turn, always sent me a letter in reply. Here is a nice one:"

*"Feb. 2. What a memory you have, my dear Niche! If your mind remembers so well, what must be the souvenirs of your heart?"*

*"There is, perhaps, one way to make you forget this anniversary. That is to create another. You may be sure I shall do all I can in that direction, and believe me yours, in kind sympathy.*  
*A. Dumas, fils."*

Alas, Dumas did not keep his promise. He wrote the dialogue of both "*Diane de Lys*" and the "*Demi-Monde*," in Mme. Doche's loge, but she played neither part. Dumas was bound by other engagements. Montigny made him take Rose Chéri, and his own characteristic indifference caused him to neglect the matter. Mme. Doche did not nourish any resentment, but she was a woman, and like all women, if she could forgive an injury she could not forget one.

"Open your eyes well and I will now show you the pearl of my collection," she said.

Marguerite Gautier brought me a volume bound in dark, crushed morocco. It was another copy of the "*Dame aux Camélias*," but a celebrated and almost historic copy. It belonged to Jules Janin, who took pleasure in extra illustrating it with a large number of portraits and original documents relating to Marie Duplessis and Dumas. When dying he bequeathed to the actress this precious volume, which would assuredly fetch a large sum of money if ever put up at auction, but that will never happen, for it will remain in the family of Mme. Doche and her children and grandchildren. The edition itself is a very ordinary one, being printed on poor paper, but what Janin added to it is of inestimable value—some drawings of episodes in "*Manon Lescaut*;" sketches by Gavarni and Ce-

lestin Nanteuil, and between the first page of the binding and the title page a short note from Marie Duplessis to Alexandre Dumas, the letter which preceded their rupture. Dumas' attachment for the poor girl, whom ten years later he was to render immortal, was not very profound. Did Marie love him better? Both having now disappeared, this witness from beyond the tomb may be made public without hurting anyone's feelings:

*"Dear Adet"*

*"Why have I not heard from you and why don't you speak to me frankly? I think you might treat me as a friend. I hope to hear from you and I embrace you tenderly, as mistress or as a friend—as you like. In any case, I shall always be your devoted*  
*Marie."*

At the end of the volume Jules Janin gives some biographical data regarding the career of Marie Duplessis. The prototype of Camille was an orphan and lived in the provinces with her uncle, an avaricious and ill-natured individual who constantly abused her. In her coarse woollen skirts the young girl might easily have been taken for a peasant but for the queenly air that never left her. Exasperated by her uncle's cruelty, Marie resolved to leave him and fled to Paris, where her resources soon became exhausted and she was on the point of starving. A street crowd gathered round her, surprised to see a pale and beautiful young girl who seemed in great distress. A workingman's wife offered her hospitality under her roof and Marie soon regained her health. But later her protector died and once more Marie was without a home. Then came the opportunity of the tempter. Janin thus delicately describes Marie's fall from grace: "A year passed and the crowds in the Champs Élysées turned to look at a handsome equipage drawn by fine horses. Seated in it was a beautiful young woman, faultlessly gowned in the height of fashion, glancing about her carelessly. It was Marie Duplessis, the woman of fashion, the new queen of beauty!"



TOMBSTONE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS, FILS, EXECUTED FOR THE DUMAS FAMILY BY SAINT-MARCEAUX . . .



PHOTO W. A. SANDS

MISS BEATRICE NORMAN

Now appearing in Mr. Skinner's revival of "Francesca da Rimini"



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS MAUDE FEALEY

Now appearing in London with Mr. Gillette

## Acting versus Elocution

THE magpies chattered noisily during the tour of Mr. Richard Mansfield in "Henry the Fifth," and the parrot-opinionated critics who gushed over the artistic merits of the Chorus—Miss Florence Kahn—were legion, and their excuse was—stupidity!

Opera, to all intents and purposes, was originated to give the singer an opportunity of touching the heart-strings of the multitude with a certain indefinable something called "feeling!" The singer who lacks this fundamental requisite—through the influence of which he may penetrate into the sympathies of his auditors—may in time become a perfect vocal machine, pouring forth liquid notes of molten melody, but he remains forever a stranger to the heart.

Mr. Plunkett Greene does not disdain an occasional false note; he is sometimes sharp and often flat in his singing, but he can command the tears and laughter of those who come to hear him, and this at will. This power is due not to his personality, which is thoroughly unconvincing, but to that touch of nature in his voice which makes the whole world kin. Critics may strive to discuss his art according to the accepted standards, and may find him deficient in the technical rendition of his ballads, but he sings his songs of all peoples and climes as the very inhabitants of those places would sing them; with the same feeling which vitalizes "Die Wacht Am Rhein" when the Sangerfest Chorus thunders it forth, or

with the plaintive home-yearning which quivers through and be-tears the very being of the ould soil exile singing "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Hall" to his fellows. His is an art that criticism cannot approach.

Having heard Miss Kahn *sing* her rôle of the Chorus in the Mansfield production, the question immediately arose whether she had not missed her vocation and should try the operatic stage. Her elocutionary efforts would at least convince the discriminating that she possessed a matured and an artistically perfected sing-song manner of delivery. As a class, elocutionists are as like in manner, delivery and the intonation of their voices as parrots taught to talk by the same master. This becomes apparent when the following is noted: Closing one's eyes to the Chorus, it was not only easy to deceive oneself as to the identity of Miss Kahn, but also to imagine that in her stead some elocutionist of local fame or personal acquaintanceship was rendering the verses between acts.

That elocution schools are injuring rather than bettering the standard of the dramatic applicants is no longer a speculation. It is a pronounced fact. To determine the reason for this does not necessitate a prolonged intellectual discussion. The system of elocutionary training, and in many cases the efforts of the numerous teachers, both tend toward the total annihilation of individuality. Ten products of the modern school of elocution will recite the same selection with exactly

the same inflections, in a similar pitch, with counterfeit gestures and *delsarte*. This is absurd. Two actors on the stage may play the same rôle and use exactly the same business, and yet each one of them has a decided personality, a distinct manner of execution, which is either his own individuality cropping out in the character or an attempt at portraying some preconceived ideal of his intellect and imagination.

Elocutionists bolster up their right of existence by their plea for the cultivation of the voice and the perfecting of stage presence. Some would go so far as to imply that their system of *delsarte* assists the actor in his gesticulation. This can be disposed of in short order. An actor, except under the press of exceptional incident, will invariably make his gestures with the palms of his hands toward the floor. You may pick out the elocutionist by his palms upraised beseechingly to the gods.

Concerning the plea for the cultivation of the voice, the following remarks by Mr. Clement Scott, the English critic, are of interest: "It is a singular fact," he says, "in the drama of today that actors who have reached the topmost rung of the professional ladder have never been remarkable for elocutionary excellence, but the reverse. John Kemble suffered from an asthmatic cough; Edmund Kean could not speak half a dozen lines without temporarily losing his voice; Macready, with his jerky, disjointed mode of utterance, was not a model of elocution, and the most devoted admirers of Henry Irving would scarcely hold him up as a perfect elocutionist. These men succeeded, in spite of their defects, by the sheer force of genius and brains."

Upon our own stage we have voices, which are anything but elocutionary, but which charm the multitude. Witness Sol Smith Russell, Crane, Mansfield, Stoddart, Le Moynes, Crompton, Sothorn and Drew. They have voices through which they make people feel things, while the elocutionists are rapt up in their own nothingness, striving to remember the proper position of throat, larynx, vocal chords and tongue to produce a certain sound in a most perfect manner.

A striking instance of how one woman may excel another is found in comparing Miss Julia Arthur and Miss Blanche Walsh. Consider them in "More Than Queen." You have both the actress and the elocutionist portrayed. Miss Arthur was convincing, but she had sufficient acumen to let her voice

fall at the periods of sentences. Miss Walsh, with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause, followed her elocutionary impulses and monotonized her whole characterization by a rising inflection on the last words of all the sentences she spoke. Yet this was not faulty elocution, for it is practiced and approved of by the best of them.

Consider for a moment the work of Mr. Sothorn in "The King's Musketeer," in which he describes his attempt to rescue the stolen diamonds. Face, gesture, voice, were all in accord. There was no time for thinking how the tones should come. It was only necessary that three words of every six spoken should be understood by the auditors; as for the rest, it was the culminative effect of dash, danger, swashbuckling bravadoism and a sublimely sentimental daring that was to be obtained! He used his heart where the elocutionist moves his lips; he fevered his imagination where the elocutionist uses the cold, grey matter of intellect; he poured forth a torrent of eloquent narrative, a rush of words that bore one along irresistibly on the tide of their romance, and by the force of concealed art he conquered, amid rapturous applause, where the elocutionists would only have been admired for an exhibi-



PHOTO TONNELE &amp; CO.

MISS FLORENCE KAHN

Leading Woman to Mr. James K. Hackett

tion of technical skill in rapid delivery.

Mr. Mansfield is a stickler regarding the bearing of his fellow-actor. In fact, if report does him justice, he would establish a university of manners and perhaps have himself appointed to the chair of table etiquette. For all this, however, he might have received his initial instructions in posing, walking and sitting from some elocutionist. He does all three in exactly the same manner in every character he has assumed, with the possible exceptions of Mr. Hyde and Baron Chevrial. His personal satisfaction and *delsarte* seems to be centred in the mannerisms of Beau Brummel, and the Beau's walk, posing and cynicism we have had repeated beneath the gabardine of Shylock, in the limp of Richard the Third, in the idealistic Musician of "The First Violin;" in fact, in the characters of his entire repertoire. Yet Mr. Mansfield is one of those brainy individuals who conquers despite his defects.

Could a judicious amount of grey matter be infused into the system of the elocutionists—grey matter containing the germs of protected individuality, of creative originality and characteristic execution—there might be some hope that its educational value would be enhanced and become of some service to

the stage and the drama. Leaving Mrs. Fiske out of the discussion, for she is indeed among American actresses in a class by herself—and her fine and varied art may well form the subject of another article—we have three examples of as many different classes of acting in Miss Viola Allen, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Miss Olga Nethersole.

Miss Allen is an actress by nature. She is a woman of the stage with whom we fall into dramatic love. She is endeared to us as Jefferson, Crane and Russell live in our hearts. She is a woman whose delightful personality is her art. We do not question her acting. She portrays the womanly woman, whom we cherish as sweetheart or wife, and we are content to enjoy her portrayals with an enthralled heart.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, however, is a manufactured artiste. Mr. Belasco is too much a craftsman to fail absolutely in his pupil, but he has only given us a woman who tears passion to tatters and simpers with the grace of a soubrette in the opera, but never touches our sympathy or provokes our pity for the character she portrays. Her plays and her master have made her. Like Trilby, she sings with the will of the directing Svengali. She is no better than an elocutionist. She seems to conceive nothing and to accomplish less. She works like a puppet on strings, and her voice—well, would that some elocutionist would cultivate it!

In Miss Nethersole we have an actress of temperament. She possesses the three fundamental attributes requisite for genius. She has a perfect command of her art; that is, she can conceive and execute; she has a personality that bewitches; and, more than this, she possesses that unfathomable something we call magnetism to a degree seldom found in any artiste—man or woman.

Let the novice watch the work of these three women and find out to which class he or she belongs. Then exercise your latent talents not solely to become actresses, but to bring forth by your own exertions all the dramatic instinct, magnetism and personality which you inherit by descent or by a natural gift. Such exertion will result in success if the student is perfectly reconciled to be criticized unmercifully. Criticism and the stage director have made more competent actors and actresses in a day than elocution schools will put forth in a lifetime.

The apprenticed machinist learns his trade in the shops. Text-books come later, when his mind has been matured by practice and he is sufficiently educated to discriminate for himself. The apprentice shop for the actor and actress is the stage, and more especially the stock company. The text-books are the productions he or she can witness plus a persevering study of the classics in as many languages as the devotee can master. The aspiring seeker after self-individualization, and after that the sinking of respective



PHOTO HAYES, DETROIT

MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA

The statuesque Belgian singer is starring this season in a piece called "Princess Chic"

personalities into the characters to be portrayed and a merging of personality and eccentricities, begets the genius only, however, with the assistance of an infinitely painstaking labor of years.

F. H. McMECHAN.

DRESSING - ROOMS OF  
LEADING ACTRESSES



PHOTO BYRON

MISS VIOLA ALLEN



PHOTO FALK

MISS BERTHA GALLAND



PHOTO BYRON

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL



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MISS MARY MANNERING



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MISS JULIA MARLOWE



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MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

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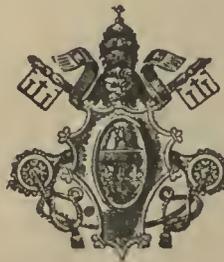
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# HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. AWARDS GOLD MEDAL



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.  
 After Portrait by Chartran

*Leo 17. 11. 1878*



Letter from His Eminence—CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

“Rome, Jan. 2.

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

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. I., NO. 9

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1901

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



PHOTO MARCEAU

MRS. FISKE as Miranda



## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

The editor of THE THEATRE has received the following letter from Mr. Daniel Frohman:

DALY'S THEATRE, October 8th, 1901.

*My Dear Mr. Hornblow:*

You requested Miss Bertha Galland to write a poem for THE THEATRE, which she did, and which you printed. You have also requested her to write an article for your Christmas number, yet you unnecessarily go out of the way in your last issue to abuse her because she is put forward as a star, and go to some lengths in saying unpleasant things about Miss Galland in that connection as well as the play. I do not object to criticism, but THE THEATRE's treatment of Miss Galland is so contemptible that I propose to have nothing more to do with that concern in any way, shape or form, nor will I let those concerned with me recognize the paper. I beg to remain, Very truly yours,

DANIEL FROHMAN.

The following reply was immediately sent to Mr. Frohman:

EDITORIAL ROOMS THE THEATRE  
26 West 33d Street,

NEW YORK, October 9, 1901.

*Mr. Daniel Frohman, Daly's Theatre, City:*

Dear Sir:—Your astonishing letter received. I am amazed that a manager of your experience should take a stand that, to be frank, is little short of ridiculous. THE THEATRE is independent and it intends to remain independent. Miss Galland should know by this time that we are entirely friendly to her. I think we showed that by putting her portrait on the cover of our first issue. But the fact that we felt this sympathy did not, and ought not to, interfere with our critical judgment. "Forest Lovers," in our opinion, is a bad play, the best proof of which is that you withdraw it. Miss Galland, in our opinion, does not possess all the requirements of a star, and we said so as delicately as possible. How you can call this "contemptible treatment," we cannot understand. We said no more than some other papers—not so much. Miss Galland is a public performer, and as such invites criticism, and we owed it to the readers of THE THEATRE to tell the truth.

Your inference that because we print a poem by Miss Galland (which, by the way, we did not "request" her to write, as you assert, but which was offered to us) our criticism should be more lenient is simply absurd, and I hardly think Miss Galland herself would thank you for intimating that she gave us the poem with such an object in view.

Our first duty is to the readers of THE THEATRE, not to the managers. We would like to remain on good terms with every one, managers and all, but we will not prostitute

the pages of THE THEATRE even to retain their good will. You are at liberty to refrain from recognizing this "concern" (as you put it) and to intimidate your people into doing likewise, but that will not prevent our treating all your productions and all your people in a perfectly impartial and unprejudiced manner. Meantime we ask no favors, and beg to return herewith the seats you sent us for the new play at the Lyceum. THE THEATRE is fully able to go its way without asking for or accepting from you any favors. When it is not able to do so it will stop publication. Yours truly,

ARTHUR HORNBLow, *Editor.*

For the edification of those of our readers who did not see the criticism complained of by Mr. Frohman, we reprint the notice in this issue. It will be found on page 24.



ELLIS, LONDON

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY

The instantaneous and ungrudging verdict of approval awarded by critic and layman alike to the new play, "If I Were King," produced at the Garden Theatre on the night of October 14, must have warmed the hearts of those who still hope that the drama will rise to be what it was in its heyday—a literary product—and not rest content as the stupid, formless, degenerate thing they have long despised. This play required eight months' work from its author, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, but the reward that came after these hard, laborious months must be compensating. Had Mr. McCarthy chosen another theme than the sudden but temporary elevation of a beggar to a throne, which is trite in all climes, or had he, perhaps, worked twice eight months, he might have written another *Cyrano*. While he may not have achieved a masterpiece, he may take to himself the encouragement which comes from the world's recognition of good work. His play is carefully constructed; its situations are artistically generous; if it lacks, perhaps, in the matter of suspense, it sweeps the stage at the end of each of the four acts with a powerful climax. But while these essentials of a good play are all present, the real charm of "If I Were King" lies in the poetic beauty of its language. Mr. McCarthy might write *Alexandres* if he were a Frenchman, and he has

proved in this play that he can convey the meaning of the Gallic mediæval poet into English as delicate as the original tongue in which it was written. And that is a severe test. The author's prose should be commended also, for it was nearly always graceful, witty and well-turned. It may be urged that certain drops into colloquialism came with a shock, but even these were excused by the necessity to produce an occasional note of good comedy. In the main the piece gave evidence of a high imaginative spirit in Mr. McCarthy, and for its hero the little-known vagabond poet, François Villon, he has woven a garb of brilliant colors, which Mr. Edward H. Sotherr wore dazzlingly. In this impersonation the actor's fine voice, graceful bearing and intellectual force went for their full high value.

The star was ably supported with one or two exceptions, the greatest lack being felt in Miss Cecilia Loftus, who could not lift her one scene of power to the height intended. But she wore beautiful robes and made a charming picture. To Miss Suzanne Sheldon, an American actress, who hitherto had appeared only in London, fell the honors almost of a co-star. Her scene, in which she was stabbed to death for warning the man she loved, was acted with power and restraint. She opens the play, and, with the first note of her mellow voice, obtained a personal recognition from the audience. Besides this excellent attribute, Miss Sheldon is personable both in face and form. Mr. Daniel Frohman has staged "If I Were King" richly and tastefully.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, an English comedian, who has been a great favorite upon the London stage for several years, was heartily welcomed at the Garrick on October 7, when he made his first bow to an American audience. Mr. Hawtrey selected for his first appearance here a piece called "A Message from Mars," which, although written by an American actor, was originally produced in London, where it had a very long run. It may be said at once that the English visitors furnish good entertainment. The piece itself is wholly fantastic, and of only slight value as a contribution to contemporary dramatic literature, but it is skilfully constructed, fulfills the purpose for which it was written, and has the rare merit of being novel in theme. The *motif* is that a hard-hearted, utterly selfish man is moved to more generous sentiments by being brought into actual contact with suffering. Horace Parker, after an exhibition of selfishness that causes his fiancée to break off their engagement, falls asleep while reading an astronomical article in a magazine. A messenger from the planet Mars arrives amid a crash of thunder, and this superior being compels Parker to go out in the snow, where he receives lessons in altruism. When in the last act Parker wakes from his dream he is a changed man, he becomes reconciled with his fiancée and all ends well. The first act is decidedly the best, the novelty wearing off somewhat in the succeeding acts by dint of repetition, but the interest is well maintained throughout and good wholesome amusement provided.

The play is admirably acted. Mr. Hawtrey, who impersonates the selfish Parker, is a comedian of agreeable



MISS MAUDE ADAMS

As Phoebe in her new play, "Quality Street"

personality and quiet, direct method. He possesses in a marked degree the rare art of appearing perfectly natural on the stage, and therefore has no trouble in creating the dramatic illusion. He is apparently a player of no great versatility or depth, but within his limitations he is a finished and delightful comedian. Mr. Robert Bateman contributes an artistic bit of character acting as a tramp, and Miss Bella Bateman is excellent as an irascible maiden aunt. Miss Jessie Pateman makes an attractive and sympathetic fiancée. The Messenger from Mars is well impersonated by Mr. H. Stephenson.

Mr. David Warfield and "The Auctioneer"—the new character comedy which is the vehicle for this unique actor's appearance in a dominating part—are receiving at the hands of the general public a recognition more in keeping with their merits than that which the critics seemed inclined at first to accord them. Mr. Warfield's Simon Levi is the best stage characterization of a local type since the heyday of Edward Harrigan's Mulligans. It is a human study worthy of a Dickens or a Balzac. Here we have the East Side Hebrew "climber" in his habit as he lives—not coarsely caricatured, but depicted with sympathetic care and minuteness; a complex creature, at once crafty and kind, irascible yet generous by impulse, staunch and loyal in his family affections, droll in his sly humors, pathetic in his uncomplaining courage amidst adversity. To provide scope for the development and display of all these varied traits is no easy task for the playwright: to embody them in a living, breathing, convincing personality is a work of artistic genius on the part of the actor.

It was Mr. David Belasco who first discerned in Mr. Warfield the poten-



PHOTO BYRON

MR. DAVID WARFIELD as Simon Levi

tialities of such a creation. Mr. Belasco it was who ordered and directed the construction of the play, and who finally "produced" it, in all its atmospheric effectiveness, as we see it today. Messrs. Lee Arthur and Charles Klein are credited with the actual authorship of the piece, which is commendable for its directness and simplicity, and may be at least negatively praised for what is left out of it—conventional vulgarities traditionally associated with the theme in its stage treatment, but which the present authors have happily refrained from using. Their story can be told in a single sentence. Simon Levi is at first seen in his Bowery auction store and home, building up the fortune begun with his peddler's basket; then, when his adopted daughter Helga becomes the bride of Dick Egan (whose mother is one of Miss Marie Bates's inimitable Irishwomen), he moves into a Lexington avenue mansion, has "a good time while it lasts," becomes suddenly penniless through the perfidy of a ward politician whom he and Dick have guilelessly trusted, and then has to go back down town and cheerfully begin life over again with his peddling-basket. The sudden

transitions from broad fun to pathos and sentiment and tears are made by Mr. Warfield with astonishing *finesse* and effect. Indeed, this portrayal deserves to go on record alongside the

Beau Brummel of Mr. Mansfield's early days. So unobtrusively delicate are his methods, so unerring is his good taste, that even the outrageous parody upon "The Holy City," which he ventures to do in the second act, is shorn of offence, and becomes an added touch of character. Altogether, the "Auctioneer" is a good, sterling dramatic entertainment, well worth seeing, and Mr. David Warfield has now stepped triumphantly into his place as a successful star.

PHOTO BYRON  
CALLAHAN  
(Mr. Odell Williams)RICHARD EGAN  
(Mr. Brandon Tynan)SIMON LEVI  
(Mr. David Warfield)

ACT I.—SIMON LEVI: "The giltiest edge stock in the market"

"THE AUCTIONEER" AT THE BIJOU

Gentle comedy and tender pathos are the distinguishing marks of "Quality Street," the new play which Miss Maude Adams and her company produced in Toledo the week of the 14th. It is to come to the Knickerbocker Theatre on November 11th. In this piece Miss Adams is the younger of two sisters who, to eke out a slender income, open a private school in a small West of England town, at the time when

Napoleon was the Corsican ogre in the eyes of Englishmen. The play is supposed to cover a period of nine years, and terminates with the news of the battle of Waterloo.

In the first act Miss Adams as Phœbe is an eighteen-year-old girl  
in love

with a young surgeon named Valentine Brown. He has asked her for a private interview, and she and her elder sister, Susan (Miss Helen Lowell) are in a flutter, scenting a proposal. But Valentine merely wishes to tell Phœbe that he is going "to the wars," and the wedding dress which Susan had laid away after the death of her lover and made over to fit Phœbe is again perforce banished.

In act second occurs the schoolroom scene, and Phœbe, now at the ripe age of twenty-seven, appears with her mop of curls tucked under a cap and other signs of youth hidden away beneath a prim exterior as befits a schoolma'am. Valentine returns to find her thus changed, and, mortified by his indifference, she mourns her lost youth. Still, when she releases her curls from their bondage and dons youthful garb again, she is so like her old self that she introduces this vision of the past to Valentine as her niece, Miss Livy, a boy then of seventeen. To suit the exigencies of the playwright Valentine has no suspicion of the truth, but instead of falling in love with this pretended niece he uses her as a listener, to whom he pours out his admiration for the aunt. In the next act the deception grows until the neighbors, and prominent among them the three Misses Willoughby, are taken in by it. A ball is given to celebrate the victory over Napoleon, and Miss Adams, as "Miss Livy" the niece, attends and is pursued by the men, among whom are several of her old pupils. Opportunity is afforded here for scenes of genuine comedy. Phœbe believes that Valentine is taken in by the snare of the gay niece she affects to be, and she is disgusted by his inconstancy. When she finally learns that he disparages the niece in order to enhance his memory of the aunt, her changing moods are delightfully told by the author. Much charm is lent this quiet play, which is strictly a one-part piece, by the quaint language of the period.

The "Red Kloof," a complicated and gloomy melodrama of life in the Transvaal by Mr. Paul M. Potter, did not prove a suitable piece for Mr. Lotis Mann and Miss Clara Lipman, despite the efforts of those clever and popular performers. Mr. Mann as an irascible old field cornet was not seen at his best, and Miss Lipman's rôle was entirely unsuited to her.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will make an American tour next spring and will be seen in "Magda" and the Pinero plays.



PHOTO BYRON

KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES  
(Miss Cecilia Loftus)FRANÇOIS VILLON  
(Mr. E. H. Sothorn)

ACT II.—KATHERINE: "You may not follow me; I go to the Queen"

"IF I WERE KING" AT THE GARDEN



PHOTO BYRON

JANE HOLT  
(Miss Annie Irish)MIRANDA  
(Mrs. Fiske)

ACT IV.—MIRANDA: "They are old letters"

"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"

In some critical quarters the dramatization of a novel is regarded as an offense scarcely less than criminal. When the effort is made solely for the purpose of trading on the vogue of the book, irrespective of its theatrical value, justice should be meted out, and it has been done. But occasionally there does come along a story with a human hero or heroine whose troubles or triumphs genuinely lend themselves to stage treatment. Whether "Miranda of the Balcony" is one of these is a mooted question. It is unfortunate that there should be any doubt about the proposition, for it was with a dramatization of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novel of the same name, executed by Mrs. Anne Crawford Flexner, with which Mrs. Fiske opened her tenancy of the Manhattan Theatre. Of the playhouse it is only necessary to say that it is one of the most sumptuously appointed theatres in the metropolis. The decorations are an artistic treat to the eye and the every comfort of the patron seen to in the most absolute detail. And amid all these gratifying surroundings an independent management promises support and encouragement to the best and most enlightened in dramatic art.

Of the play it must be said that it is a disappointment, in that the titular rôle does not give Mrs. Fiske the sweep and scope necessary to bring out all the varying shades and possibilities of her splendidly comprehensive art. As a wife who believes herself to be the widow of an unscrupulous blackguard, she meets a sympathetic, manly young engineer, who

promises to fulfill her ideals. The appearance of a blackmailing major, the rescue of her husband from the Moors by her lover, leads to stirring and dramatic scenes, but the clash of interest centers about the men rather than her, and the emotions she experiences are too negative at their best for her to display other than how finished art, refined subtlety, intellectual grasp and personal force can take the place of positive situation. It is not to be inferred, however, that the play is entirely devoid of either interest or dramatic strength. Mrs. Flexner's stage technique is limited, but she has nevertheless worked out a stage plot which, beginning weakly, culminates in impelling power and concludes with a climactic burst that is absolute.

Mrs. Fiske has surrounded herself with a company of intelligent and capable players, who show a nice sense of dramatic balance and artistic proportion. Mr. Robert T. Haines as the engineer Charnock acts with sympathetic grace and manly poise, and Miss Annie Irish, in a minor rôle, imparts a breezy cheerfulness to a somewhat incomplete creation. Mr. Max Figman contributes a neat sketch of character—the make-up is admirable—as M. Fournier, and Mr. Etienne Girardot as the blackmailing major, who yearns to make a new translation of the

Horatian odes, is deft, persuasive and finished. The honors among the men, however, rest with Mr. J. E. Dodson, whose impersonation of the detestable husband is so grimly vicious, cold-heartedly cynical and dramatically effective that by this performance alone he deserves a high place among the actors of tragic import. "Miranda of the Balcony" is superbly mounted and the scene in the desert one of compelling beauty.

Sir Henry Irving, beloved and respected by theatregoers, despite the mannerisms and faulty enunciation that mar his acting, is once more playing in America, accompanied by his charming



PHOTO MARCEAU MR. MAX FIGMAN

As Fournier in "Miranda of the Balcony"



PHOTO BYRON

JANE HOLT  
(Miss Annie Irish)

MIRANDA  
(Mrs. Fiske)

LUKE CHARNOCK  
(Mr. Robert T. Haines)

"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY" AT THE MANHATTAN

ACT I.—MIRANDA: "The past does revive and walk the earth"

and ever-youthful co-star, Miss Ellen Terry. Their present engagement in New York is a very brief one, but these distinguished players will probably be seen here again in the spring before returning to England. "King Charles I.," the drama by W. G. Wills, which had not been seen here since Irving played it at the Star in 1883, was the opening piece, followed by other plays in the repertoire, "Louis XI.," "The Merchant of Venice," etc.

Tolstoi's sombre drama, "The Power of Darkness," was presented recently in the Bowery by the members of the Yiddish Theatre company, Mr. Jacob Adler being seen in the rôle of Nikita. Gloomy and depressing as is this masterpiece of Slavonic literature, the play was admirably performed, and the stage management was little short of a revelation. Would that some of our managers—and our actors, too, for that matter—made the pilgrimage to the Bowery to receive lessons from this gifted Jewish actor, who

is unquestionably one of the great players of our time. If Adler could act in English and perform in a Broadway theatre, he would be idolized; unfortunately, he is not sufficiently versed in the vernacular, yet, for that matter, neither are Bernhardt, Salvini, or Duse, to whose class Adler belongs. It is said that it is the actor's keenest and most secret sorrow that he is unable to extend his triumphs to the English-speaking stage. Certainly, no one should miss seeing him.

The dates of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society this season are: Nov. 15 and 16; Dec. 6, 7, 20 and 21; Jan. 10, 11 and 31; Feb. 1, 14 and 15; March 14 and 15; April 14 and 15.

Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, Mr. Mansfield will not be seen in Mr. Stephen Phillips' tragedy, "Herod."

The vaudeville show at the Herald Square is

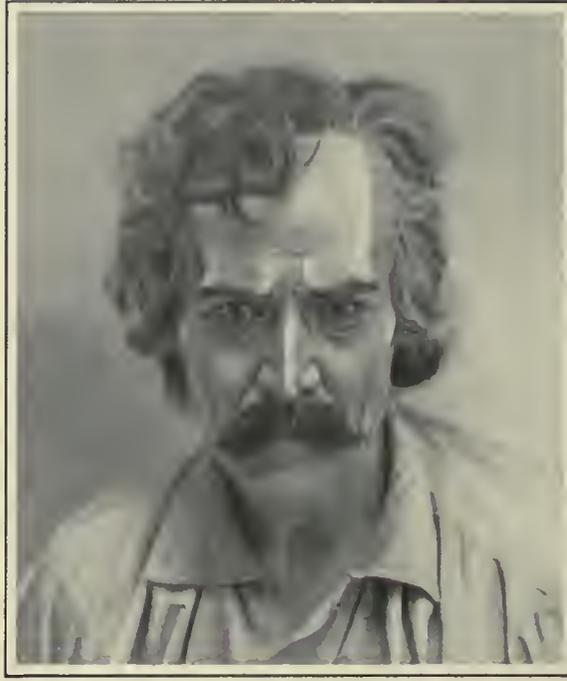


PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MR. J. E. DODSON

As Ralph Warriner in "Miranda of the Balcony"

Indeed, there are moments—as, for instance, when Miss Earl dances—that arouse pleasant anticipations, but it soon flickers out. The gloom steadily deepens, if the plot does not, and the whole thing culminates in a positive, unequivocal disappointment.

Mr. A. W. Pinero's new comedy, "Iris," seems to have made a great hit in London. All the English critics are loud in praise of its cleverness and interest. The heroine is a widow, left a vast fortune which she is to lose if she should marry again. She has two lovers, one a coarse millionaire, the other a handsome but penniless youth. After accepting the first she repents and surrenders to the second. The latter leaves her to seek his fortune, and she becomes the mistress of her rich adorer. When her first lover returns she explains the situation and the interview is overheard by the millionaire, who tries to strangle her.



MISS CLARA LIPMAN

In "The Red Kloof"

called "The New Yorkers," in the same blithely, irrelevant way that the medley at Weber and Fields' is called "Hoity-Toity." One name is as good, or bad, as another, for these freakish exploitations which seem to be dedicated to the proposition that any ordinary song-and-dance person with a mannerism—even an over-assuming and tiresome mannerism, like Mr. Dan Daly's—can be converted into a "star" by the simple process of surrounding him or her with a chorus, and keeping them on the stage throughout an evening's performance divided into arbitrary sections called "acts." "The New Yorkers" is richly staged, and has a number of performers, including Miss Virginia Earl, wasted in its cast. There is also a bright musical melange, to which Mr. Ludwig Englander has allowed his name to be attached.



MR. LOUIS MANN

As the Boer field cornet in "The Red Kloof"



PHOTO BYRON

MISS ANNA HELD IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS"

Thanks are due Mr. Heinrich Conried, the artistic and enterprising director of the Irving Place Theatre, for giving New York the *primeur* of Herr Ernest von Wolzogen's clever play, "Ein Unbeschriebenes Blatt" ("A Blank Page"). The piece proved to be one of the best comedies seen on the local stage in years. A university professor while calling at a friend's house meets Paula, a girl of sixteen, and falls in love. The girl's mother thinks she is the object of his attentions, but finally consents to the marriage of Paula, who, in a charming and amusing scene, brings her dolls to show her future hus-

band, and thanks him with delicious ingenuousness when he kisses her. Later the professor is brought to the painful realization that he has married a child. Fraülein Gerthe Kupfer, from the Neuen Theater, Berlin, who made her *début* here, scored a well-deserved success as Paula. She is delightfully natural. The others in the cast, including Herren Matthias Claudius, Otto Ottbert and Fraülein Meta Bunger, were all excellent.



In Mr. C. H. Meltzer's comedy of intrigue, "The First Duchess of Marlborough," wherein Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne is now playing the name rôle, historical characters make up the bulk of the cast. Dr. Swift, Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford; Queen Anne, Abigail Masham, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Richard Steele, editor of *The Tattler*, and Handel, the Austrian composer, are some of them. Indeed, around Jonathan Swift the plot revolves. To his bitter pamphleteering pen the Tories of the period owed much of their courage under the defeat and humiliation thrust upon them by the Whig party, then controlled by the dominating Sarah Churchill and her husband. In Act 1st, which occurs in St. James Palace, Mrs. Masham, a poor relative of the Duchess, advanced by her influence to be of the Queen's bedchamber, has intrigued with Harley to have the Duke recalled from the Continent. The pen of Dr. Swift has been dipped in gall in their cause, and the Queen is well-nigh persuaded that her great general has stooped to treasonable practices. Then enters the Duchess to demand the arrest of Swift. The moment would seem to be ill-chosen, but the power of the favorite has not yet waned, and after a war of words between the Duchess and Dr. Swift, the former is left in possession of the field.

In act second Mrs. Masham and Harley are plotting together in the latter's chambers, when the Duchess suddenly enters. Mrs. Masham has barely time to hide in Harley's bedroom before her enemy comes in for the purpose of magnanimously proposing a truce until after the cessation of the foreign war. He consents on the condition that the warrant for Swift's arrest, which has been signed but not sealed with the royal signet, shall not be executed. Sarah Churchill refuses, discovers Mrs. Masham in hiding and departs, leaving the pair foiled. But they hurriedly consent to steal the signet ring, execute the warrant and force the Queen to think that the Duchess has usurped her authority. The scene then changes to Kensington Palace, where Handel is directing a concert. Swift has been arrested, the Queen is angry, and when the Duchess is announced she is told to wait. But the Marlbor-



PHOTO BYRON

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH  
(Mrs. Le Moyne)QUEEN ANNE  
(Miss Mary Barker)DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH  
(Mr. Harold Russell)ACT IV.: QUEEN ANNE: "The Duke and Duchess dine with me to-night"  
THE DUCHESS: "To-night, yes, but to-morrow?—"

"THE FIRST DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH"

ough is not the waiting kind; she forces an entrance, and in a violent scene with Queen Anne wounds that feeble, vacillating monarch with sharp home-truths. The act closes with the Duchess having the last word, but not before she had wrecked the political future of her family apparently beyond salvage. But act fourth brings rescue for the devoted Marlboroughs by the discovery of certain papers addressed to Harley and Dr. Swift from the French Court. Mrs. Masham's intrigue is discovered; she confesses the purloining of the signet ring, and the first Duchess of Marlborough, who has thrown down the keys of office and is about to set out for Blenheim, is persuaded to pick them up again and unpack her boxes. Save for a little puzzling of dates and the application of whitewash to some characters, which memoirs have painted very black indeed, much of the action of the play has its basis in history.

Is it glory or is it one of the little ironies of literary destiny?—the following announcement from London: "Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's blank-verse drama, 'Mercedes,' in which Miss Julia Arthur, as the heroine, scored one of her earliest stellar triumphs, will be put on at Terry's Theatre in front of 'The Giddy Goat.'"

"The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Up York State"—the former a "Hoot, mon!" play, and the latter a work of the "B'gosh" school—are among recent productions affording

notable instances of the blindness, deafness and dumbness that often prevail on the stage. These curious but common afflictions prevent the dramatis personæ most interested from seeing or hearing things which are perfectly plain and obvious to everyone else. Take, for example, old Lachlan Campbell and the Rev. Mr. Carmichael in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," which is a poor play made out of excellent material, cleverly acted, and "atmospherically" set. Campbell adores his gentle daughter Flora, yet he nags and bullies the poor mitherless bairn and drives her out into the night, because he won't take her word for it that she is honorably married to her lover, Lord Hay. Of course, if he had a grain of common sense or a spark of real tenderness for the girl, he would treat her far differently, but then he would miss his great chance to cry out: "Oh, the shame, the bitter shame o' it!" at the climax of the second act. The veteran actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, in this part achieves one of his most characteristic bits of character-acting. The difficulty is, however, that the more thorough his impersonation of the preposterous old Campbell the less we like him, and it is a genuine relief when Mr. John Jennings, the fine and life-like Dr. MacLure, tells him: "Ye're worse than Simon the Pharisee!" Similarly, the little minister and Kate Carnegie, though desperately pining for one another, fight shy through four weary acts, on the mutual but palpably absurd supposition that he is in love with Flora and she with Lord Hay. By the way, Kate is rather prettily done by Miss Gertrude Bennett, with a real, natural lisp.



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. LOUIS JAMES

"Up York State" differs from the above-mentioned Scotch plaid drama in that it is an excellent play made out of rather poor and conventional material. Here the Stony Creek hero, Darins Green, sacrifices himself and his bestest, onliest girl, Evelyn Blair, because he thinks she is in love with the handsome villain who pursues her, and she has heard that Darius flirted with the village belle. Naturally both of these suppositions are quite erroneous. But Evelyn has got to be married to the handsome villain somehow, so that she can break off with him in a strong third-act climax, leaving a fourth and final act to straighten out misunderstandings and unite Evelyn with her faithful but fatuous D'ri. The two opposite leading rôles of Darius Green and Evelyn Blair are assumed, with highly satisfactory results, by Mr. David Higgins and Miss Georgia Waldron, the authors of the play. This production, while not a dramatic flying machine, is at least a practicable working vehicle.

Miss Julia Marlowe, after a brief rest in Europe, resumed playing "When Knighthood was in Flower" on the road recently. While abroad she secured the rights to the drama "Electra," by Perez Galdos, which because of its anti-Jesuitical sentiment aroused violent excitement when presented in Spain. This piece will be produced during her engagement at the Criterion Theatre this winter. She will produce also Mr. H. V. Esmond's play, "Grierson's Way." Miss Marlowe has arranged with Mr. Stephen Phillips to write her a biblical drama, with Mary Magdalen, it is said, as the central figure. This play will be done next season.

Mr. Mansfield opened his season at Philadelphia on October 7 with "Monsieur Beaucaire." According to the local press the production did not score very heavily. The *Ledger* said: "Mr. Booth Tarkington's romance of "Monsieur Beaucaire," attractive as it is in book form, failed to achieve more than a moderate measure of success in its dramatic dress. The inherent improbabilities of the story stand out in bold relief. Mr. Mansfield by his excellent acting forced interest into the play."

It is not generally known that "Beaucaire" was written by Mr. Tarkington in play form originally. The impression that the present play is a dramatization of the novel is incorrect. When Mr. Tarkington finished his novel, "The Gentleman from Indiana," he determined to try his skill as a dramatist, and having conceived the story of "Beaucaire," he prepared a scenario. When this was completed he found it made a good novelette, and after it had appeared he proceeded to finish the play, which he sent to Mr. Mansfield.

Mr. David Belasco recently confided gravely to an interviewer that "the atmosphere of a play may be found in its surroundings." Why not have added that the plot of a play may be found in its dialogue?

Those who seek only the frothiest sort of entertainment in the playhouse may possibly find some amusement in "The Liberty Belles," the new musical comedy, by Messrs. Harry B. Smith, Aimé Lachaux and several other clever gentlemen, recently produced at the Madison Square. The *clou* of the piece is in the first act, the scene representing a night's frolic in the dormitory of a girl's boarding school. This scene is supposed to be sensational and very spicy; the truth is, it is entirely decorous and very tame. In fact, there is little in the piece either to condemn or praise. The capacity for being amused in the theatre is largely a matter of individuality. Some people are amused at very little; to these "Liberty Belles" may appeal. Frankly, we were bored. There is practically no plot, and the music is on a level with that of the average piece of this kind. The best that can be said of this production is that the managers have enlisted the services of a number of remarkably pretty girls, who gambol with spirit and fill the stage with plenty of life and color.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Augier's "Le Mariage



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS

As Lucy Sacheverell in "Richard Lovelace"



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MR. WILLIAM BRAMWELL

As Don Caesar in the Murray Hill Stock Company production

d'Olympe," which he calls "The Marriage Game," and in which Miss Martinot is starring, does not seem to have pleased the Philadelphia critics. The *Inquirer* says: "It is another crust of society play, with emphasis on the crust. Frequently clever, at times repulsive. The old story of a degraded woman who by tricking an honest man finds her way into a pure home and, 'hungering for the mud,' is first unhappy, then resentful and vindictive."

A spectacular feature of "The Way of the World," the new Fitch play, in which Miss Elsie de Wolfe is to star, will be a scene showing Madison Square Garden on election night.

Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama" and "Arizona," will shortly produce a play entitled "Colorado." We hear that the last of this geographical series is to be an adaptation of "Divorçons," entitled "South Dakota."

At the recent house-warming of the American Dramatists' Club in their new quarters on Fortieth Street, one of the members remarked that it might, perhaps, have been better policy to have occupied a floor above the Managers' Association. "Oh, I don't know," retorted Mr. Charles Klein, one of the directors, "we are writing plays over their heads now."



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS  
Author of "Colorado"

## Our American Dramatists An Apology

By EDGAR SALTUS



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MR. CLYDE FITCH  
Author of "The Climbers"

**A**N epicure confided to us recently that there are but thirty-six legitimate ways of cooking potatoes. The number seemed to us cabalistic and even capricious. For why should there not be thirty-seven? And, granting that the legitimate ways are but thirty-six, why should not a few extra legal modes be permitted? What has the potato done to be sacred?

But these problems we may leave to minds more abstruse than our own. They are serviceable to us merely as an *entrée—en matière bien entendu*. For, curiously enough, as with the potato, so with life. Psychologists have demonstrated that the latter comports but thirty-six emotions. Personally we have tried to find more and failed to find as many. Whether others have succeeded better is another problem which may be left to potenter intellects. For the point is elsewhere, or, rather, it is here. Granting the validity of the theorem, it follows with algebraic precision that if life comports but thirty-six emotions the drama can have just that many situations and no more.

These premises accepted, the beauty of the symmetry of the process of things will be obvious even to the dense. It will be seen that potatoes and plays fall under the same general law and that the sum of energy constant in the one is present in the other.

That is quite as it should be, and we should be content to let it go at that were it not that the theorem presents yet deeper profundities. For precisely as here and elsewhere there are gourmets who would not eat a potato unless it were forced down them by main strength, so, in this country, there are others whom wild horses could not drag to a play.

There being a reason for all things, there must be one for this. In an effort to discover it the process known as elimination

may be of use. To begin then at the box office, the fault cannot be there. Box offices are not local institutions. Moreover, visits to them are less expensive than is the case abroad. Even otherwise we are, as a people, more prodigal than any other and with fewer things to be prodigal about. It is not, therefore, the price of a stall which keeps the fastidious away.

Nor can this abstention be due to reasons histrionic. Our actors are not worse than actors are elsewhere, and the young ladies behind our footlights are much more delicious to behold. It cannot be the theatres either. As a rule they are commodious, convenient and tolerably, though perhaps not entirely, clean. *On ne saurait avoir tout*. Barring then the invariably detestable orchestra, there remains but the bill of fare. If it be that at which the fastidious balk, our sympathy is theirs. The anguish of the boredom which, for our sins perhaps, the American dramatist has been able, and willing, to induce in us, God may forgive but we never shall.

We can forgive it the less readily because there is no reason for it whatever, other indeed than the assumed encouragement of the public. The tenuity of the basis on which that assumption rests, we shall show, or rather we shall attempt to, later on. And even though we fail in such showing, when one comes to consider how many idiots—and for that matter how few—it takes to make a public the excuse of their encouragement ceases to be an encouraging excuse.

In connection with this it is permissible to note that personally the secret of proper playwriting is not known to us. Otherwise it is obvious that instead of articles about it we should be producing cheques from the result. But, though the secret is not ours, we entertain a suspicion that the art of it consists in the good old



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE  
Adapter of "Sherlock Holmes"

Shakespearian method of robbing everybody right and left.

In so saying we are of course aware that some of our local dramatists are believed to proceed in this manner. But the belief, while flattering to them, is without foundation. The robbery, locally performed, is of the second-story order. It lacks every charm, including that of capture. The Shakespearian method is bold and open highwayry. Cinthio is a case in point.

Cinthio was the author of a hundred novels and a thousand crimes. In days when leisure was wider than at present, when pens were more lax and ink blushed less readily, he produced a series of little stories which would throw Mr. Comstock into stupors of admiration. Called the Hecatombithi, they are divided into two parts, each containing five sub-divisions of ten novels apiece. Hence the name.

The first decade sets forth the joy of connubial love. It may not be recommended to the Young Person. The second deals with unlawful at-

tachments. It needs only illustrations to be complete. The third treats of marital infidelity. Through the seventh story of this sub-division Othello and Desdemona promenade. In the fifth novel of the eighth decade is the plot of "Measure for Measure."

Shakespeare took them both. He did not stop there either. He took "As You Like It" from Lodge; "The Winter's Tale" from Greene, and "Romeo and Juliet" from Luigi Da Porto. He took these, he took others. He sacked everybody right and left and gloried in it. He was not a thief, he was an expansionist. The territories which he annexed he made part and parcel of his radiant realm.

The same is true of Dante: It is true of Milton. It is true of Goethe. Every school boy knows what a highwayman Vergil was. Said Molière: "I take my property where I find it." Said Dumas: "These pages with which I am accused of eloping are so many young women who are not in good company and



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MR. DAVID BELASCO  
Adapter of "Zaza"



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. EDWARD E. KIDDER  
Author of "Sky Farm"



PHOTO BURKHOLGER

MR. PAUL KESTER  
Author of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"

whom I have put where they belong."

And he was right. In matters of this kind it has long ceased to be important whether a dramatist has lifted anything or not. The one point to be considered is whether or not he embellished what he took.

In considering the works of American dramatists it seems to us that those among them who take the wit of others omit to embellish it, and those who don't, have none of their own. Wit is but the commonplace in fancy clothes. In local plays the humdrum is presented nude. That is not moral. Boredom and anguish are the result. It has been currently objected that the blame lies elsewhere, that the fault is with the public, who absorb this rot. The objection is not well taken. We have heard people object to swine because they feed on swill. But how can the poor things do otherwise? Swill is all they get. Yet serve them truffles on Sèvres and from where you sit you can see them lick their chops. It is the same way with the public. They must have some form of amusement. Rather than go hollow they take what they can get. Yet, offer them a slice of life artistically staged, and it will be found that they grunt for more.

We say a slice of life artistically staged, for that, we believe, is the sum



PHOTO KURTZ

MISS MARGUERITE MERINGTON  
Author of "Captain Letterblair"

and substance of a taking play. If the production of such slices is impossible to our dramatists, we see no good and valid reason why they should not turn to other trades.

The first duty of a dramatist is to entertain. Failing that, his second duty is to hold his peace. Through what method and manner he succeeds, if he does succeed, in entertaining, he has only his God and the unities to consider. To that end we know of no law—and, in view of local examples, he need know of none either—which prevents him from culling a scene here, a sentiment there, a situation from somewhere else and a scenario from any old story.

Then, if he have but the ability to give it all a twist of his own, the trick is done. That is the way bees make honey. In any event it is obvious that there are more ways of killing a cat than one. Parallely it is obvious also that it is better to adopt old ways of being witty than new ways of being dull. However honest the

latter may be, it is a great mistake to regard them as evidence of original thought. Besides, originality in the strict sense no one possesses. Wit, like life, is transmitted by infusion.

If, then, we may be permitted to advise our dramatists, we recommend that they infuse.



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MR. GEORGE C. HAZLETON, JR.  
Author of "Miss Nell"



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MISS MARTHA MORTON  
Author of "His Wife's Father"



PHOTO SARONY

MR. PAUL M. POTTER  
Adapter of "Trilby"

## Good English on the Stage

**I**N delivery the stage has declined during the last twenty years, declares Mr. George Riddle, writing in the *Sun* on the decadence of English speech.

"Omitting," he says, "to mention the charming companionship and the generous impulses of its artistes, the power for good which its noblest interpreters and its best players possess, is the theatre doing anything to promote good spoken English? Does the speech of the stage reveal the beauty of the text of Shakespeare and our talented modern dramatists? Does it keep and has it kept side by side with the skill of the scene painter, the costumer and the electrician? Has any repose of manner accompanied the feverish demand for action? Have mediocrity and eccentricity of speech, aided by 'sumptuous productions,' developed an important, new method of acting, important in essentials as well as in details? Above all, has the jerky speech so much in vogue developed a great tragedian either in England or the United States? The answer to these questions must be 'No.' There are players with high ideals and ambitions, but consciously or unconsciously, they have led the public to hear with its eyes.

"Admirable in certain 'character parts,' diplomatic, charming and tactful in his business relations and remarkable and scholarly as a stage manager, in a word 'a soul of a great article,' Sir Henry Irving, by his extraordinary delivery, has wrought great mischief to the speech of the contemporary stage, and the mischief is the more regrettable and deplorable on account of his popular success, his commanding position and the artistic beauty of his 'productions.' Sir Henry has followed the trend of modern education. The eye is so appealed to in instruction that the ear has lost its power. Children, instead of being led and directed, have been truckled to most servilely, and Sir Henry has treated the public like children and has given them beautiful picture books, but he has destroyed their imaginations and sense of hearing.

"It is no new thing to hear players say that their own periods and impersonations are the best, because the 'most modern.' A repressed method of delivery came into fashion some years ago, and was much commented on as a refreshing substitute for old-fashioned ranting. It was a refreshing innovation when there was something to repress, but it has been carried to such extremes that, in most instances, it possesses no more value than a squeezed lemon. It is tart but not juicy.

"Naturalness of delivery, even in the poetical drama, is not an invention of the modern stage. It is not incompatible with a lofty and ideal expression of the highest flights of a poet's imagination, nor is it irreconcilable with a knowledge of scanning, and of the difference between an iambus and a trochee. It is an old trick for a player who is deficient in poetic sensibility to pose as an exponent of the prosaic and every-day; but he invariably converts the Roman sandal into the English pump and the royal crown into a top hat of large size.

"Amid all the tiukering and commonplace search for new readings and the vulgar pronunciation, it is a pleasure to know that there are at least two conspicuous exemplars on the American stage of pronunciation and enunciation, Mrs. Fiske and Miss Marlowe. Gifted as the women are in beauty, fascination, simplicity and grace, their voices are 'excellent things,' and their English a delight to the ear.



PHOTO MARCEAU

MME. PILAR MORIN

The clever French actress and pantomimist, as Mme. Butterfly at Proctor's

"It is not so many years ago when the delivery of great players was the model for many clergymen, lawyers and men of other professions and pursuits.

"The modern theatre, with its increasing patronage, has an opportunity to reach the ears as well as the eyes of the people, and it will yet seize that opportunity when, associated with its management, are men and women of letters."

One of the benefits of the proposed Endowed Theatre would be to set a standard of speech.

## Some Players of the West

NEW YORK has been so long the Mecca of the American theatrical world that it rarely, if ever, occurs to any one to look elsewhere for players of distinction or for the long run which is the recognized credential of success for a new production. Indeed, it is difficult for any actor or actress to be considered seriously unless he or she enjoys some reputation in New York. And this, in spite of the fact that this same New York stage receives recruits each season not only from among the players who have learned their business in the great metropolis, but very often from those actors who have only had the training obtainable in the repertoire organizations of the interior.

A notable instance where an actress suddenly advanced to the front rank without having had the advantage of metropolitan experience is the case of Miss Blanche Bates, who for a long time appeared in California as leading woman of the Frawley stock company without attracting any special attention. Every one gave her credit for ambition and for being a hard worker, but the local critics asserted that her great and uncontrollable nervous intensity would prove a stumbling block to further histrionic distinction. Miss Bates decided to come East regardless of these ominous predictions, and was at once successful, first with the Daly Company and then in "Naughty Anthony" and "Madame Butterfly," until last season, when she made her great hit as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." During her recent visit to San Francisco her fine performance of Ibsen's heroine,

Hedda Gabler, proved to her former admirers and critics that she could command and hold the attention of a greater world than that in which she shone when leading woman of an organization that rarely appeared beyond the States of the Pacific coast.

Others before Miss Bates have likewise emerged from the comparative obscurity of California stock companies and attained considerable prominence in eastern cities. Miss Maxine Elliott went to New York from the Frawley stock company, and the Bostonians discovered Alice Neilsen in the ranks of the Tivoli Opera House at San Francisco, and there have been other instances less recent.

Favorites, however, come and go, and to-day the West has a newer and younger *coterie* of players who please the public and give excellent promise for the future.

Miss Mary Van Buren, who is a member of the new Frawley stock company, is very popular, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women in California. Her work during the last few seasons, in a wide range of parts, has called forth much praise from the local press.

It does not always happen that an actor at the head of his own company is willing to see the necessity of surrounding himself with competent players, but this is true in the case of Mr. James Neill, who is held in great

esteem by the people of the middle and far western States, with whom he has been very popular for many years. Miss Edith Chapman, Mr. Neill's wife, is a prominent member of his company, and has achieved considerable distinction in



PHOTO BURR MC INTOSH

MISS MARY VAN BUREN



THORS, SAN FRANCISCO

MR. T. D. FRAWLEY

BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO

MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS

BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO

MR. JAMES NEILL

several lines of work. Miss Florence Roberts, another favorite of the West, has ambition and the temperament that often wins success on the stage. She made her debut under the auspices of Mr. Lewis Morrison, of "Faust" fame, and appeared with him for several seasons. When Mr. Morrison retired, owing to ill-health, she played out the season with such parts as suited her, and has since remained at the head of the same company. Last year she made a hit in a play by Miss Charlotte Thompson. Mr. White Whittlesey, whose splendid physique and good acting have given him a local reputation, is Miss Roberts' leading man.

Perhaps the most popular among the actresses on the San Francisco stage is Miss Juliet Crosby. In the repertoire at the Alcazar and Central Theatres she has been successful in everything she has undertaken, Madame Butterfly and Trilby being her favorite rôles. She has the reputation of being the best-gowned woman on the Pacific slope. In private life she is known as Mrs. Frederick Belasco, and her husband, who is one of California's principal theatrical managers, is a brother of the well-known playwright of the same name. There are

several other players of ability now winning laurels in the West and some of them will eventually find their way to New York, for that, after all, is the goal of every actor's ambition.

A. L.

That fine actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, began another American tour at Montreal on October 21, in a new play by Mr. Louis N. Parker, called "The Cardinal." The piece is in four acts and contains nineteen characters, the leading one being Giovanni da' Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Among the female characters are: Claricia Orsini, the Cardinal's mother; and Filiberta, daughter of Chigi. The action of the piece takes place in the year 1510, three years previous to Giovanni's accession to the Papal chair. Two of the important scenes represent the courtyard of Giovanni's palace, adorned with frescoes by Giotto, and his private study, containing a painted ceiling by Michel Angelo. The play which Mr. Stephen Phillips is writing for Mr. Willard is on the subject of David and Bethsabe.



TABER, SAN FRANCISCO

MISS JULIET CROSBY

SCHLOSS

MR. WHITE WHITTLESEY

BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO

MISS EDITH CHAPMAN



PHOTO CHICKERING

MISS MAY DAVENPORT SEYMOUR

Niece of the late Fanny Davenport. Has just made her début on the stage in Cincinnati

## Effect of Stage Fright on the Actor

**D**ESCRIBING the effects of a "first night" upon the actor, Mrs. Fiske says in the *Critic* that it would require a psychologist to illustrate and analyze the temperamental phenomena that a first-night performance develops.

"One actor," she says, "is stimulated by the excitement of a first 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 to develop in a character those attributes that study, ability and purpose may have promised.

"To the player unhappily affected on the first night the conditions seem to be abnormal, and they are destructive of confidence and are 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, numbing and depressing effect. Are this depression and its concomitants the results of weakness of artistic character, or are they due to a momentary confusion of the artistic sensibilities which, in favorable circumstances, prove the possession of a higher type of artistic character? The player who on a first night may be rendered inefficient by the peculiar influ-

ences 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.

"Some of us, as has been said, are spurred to the most effective action by the excitements of a first performance, while others are, as it were, driven into the shell with dominant desire to have the task at hand finished as soon as possible, and dulled almost to unconcern as to the manner in which the task shall be accomplished. With one or two exceptions, I myself at my New York performances have on first nights emerged with a vivid personal sense of failure that has been confirmed by critical opinion, no matter how fortunately that first-night inadequacy may have been made up for in subsequent performances. And an impression of failure, either comparative or absolute, has far-reaching consequences, no matter how quickly or how thoroughly it may afterward be dissipated by success in the same play. At first it in some measure involves all concerned, from the leading player to the humblest, and from the management and the author to the critics, even the fairest and best equipped of



PHOTO BRADLEY

MISS GRAYCE SCOTT

Now playing the part of Faith in "New England Folks"

whom cannot be expected to hang about a theatre night after night until favoring circumstances and the spirit of a chief player and the esprit of supporting players combine for a triumph and an audience acclaims it. Of course there is much that may be said to excuse the occasional failure of the critic rightly to interpret the possibilities of a player and a play on the first night. It seldom happens that those critics whose opinions are first seen by the public can witness the whole of a play or a performance before writing of it and commending it or condemning it. And few critics, like few judges, will reverse their original opinions.

"The prophecies of a first night, in most cases made honestly, often are shown to be absolutely

false. My most interesting experience in proof of this was concerned with the presentation of the play 'Magda.' I was discouraged from producing this play in New York, but persisted in my resolve to present it. Several of the more prominent newspapers declined to herald it, and most of the newspapers, by the way, condemned its performance—and righteously, I may add, from the first-night view-point. As I had expected, the audience gathered to witness the production was small, and it projected that indefinite influence characteristic of many first-night audiences—a chilling influence flowing from a concrete determination that it should not like the performance. The apathy and lack of sympathy in the audience quickly communicated with the actors. The performance really was dull, stupid, and, from a popular view-point, a failure. The play was performed for two weeks. For several nights the original dullness continued. Suddenly there came a night of electrical and warming triumph, and that still before a small body of auditors. From that night the audience grew in size and waxed in enthusiasm to the end of the run of the play, which closed to an overflowing, ardently-demonstrative audience. It may be interesting to the student of the theatre to know that the greatest success that the writer ever has known in her stage career was experienced at this final performance of 'Magda.' And this, although that play is almost unknown in our repertoire.

"The first performance in New York of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was in effect a failure. But success came afterward. On the first night of 'Becky Sharp' the performance was unsatisfactory, and the last act of that play was received with no understanding of it, with little interest and with the slightest favor. Later in the season it became the best and most entertaining act of the play; and yet nothing in it that would explain this fact has been changed. It is only that the subtle something that vitally influences a performance and its effect was lacking on the first night and had since been potent. These are odd facts and are unconsidered by writers on the stage. They deal with some of the hidden springs that work for failure or for success in the theatre. They are but abstracts from the strange realizations of many actors that the actors themselves wonder at and cannot explain."

Dr. Paul Hartenberg, discussing the temperamental phenomena developed on the first night of a new play which take the form of actual physical suffering, declares, in *La Chronique Médicale*, that the only cure for stage fright is to abandon a theatrical career, and describes the infinite variety of manners in which the symptoms are manifested among prominent personages of the stage. Even Sarah Bernhardt is said to be a sufferer from stage fright, which produces, in her case, a singular locking of the jaws, causing a queer rasping utterance. With the veteran Got the effect was to render him semi-conscious, and, on leaving the stage after an attack of the malady, he could not remember if he had really spoken his lines at all. Mdlle. Bartet is affected by a constriction of the vocal organs, acute perspiration, and an extraordinary rigidity of one of her legs.



PHOTO BYRON

The Pink Pajamas Girl (MISS PAULINE CHASE) in "Liberty Belles"



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. S. MILLER KENT

Now appearing in "The Cowboy and the Lady"

## Ethel Barrymore's Stage Views

THE portrait of Miss Ethel Barrymore, the clever and charming young actress who is now starring in "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines," graces the cover of this issue of *THE THEATRE*. Miss Barrymore, who is the daughter of Mr. Maurice Barrymore and the niece of Mr. John Drew, belongs to the fifth generation of a family of players. She is, says a *Times* interviewer, a typical American girl, healthy, clear-eyed, slender, but well-built, natural, unaffected and unassuming in manner. Socially she meets the best people in New York, though she disavows any purpose or intention of being what is known as a society woman.

"I was educated in the convent in Philadelphia," she says, "just as any girl might have been educated without regard to going on the stage. I have been familiar with the life always and expected to become an actress, and, I suppose, it has always been expected of me. I went on the stage when I was fifteen and learned what I know of acting by experience. I suppose that is the only way to learn. The only way I prepare for future work is by always doing my part as well as I can. I am not looking forward to any special kind of work, but taking whatever is given me to do.

"I don't wish to become a tragedienne. I am not studying

Shakespeare to be able to play Shakespearian parts, for I have no desire to play any of them. I have always known the Shakespearian parts, but I only read Shakespeare as literature. Society? No, I never should be content with what is understood as a society life. I should not be contented without a regular occupation. I couldn't lead a society life if I would, with my profession. I have my friends, and I take luncheons and dinners with them. But one must always have luncheon and dinner, and it does not interfere with work to enjoy them with friends. When there are rehearsals it is not possible to do even that, and that is all there is about it."

If Miss Barrymore has one special strong liking aside from her profession it is for music, which she studied during her convent life. She does not sing, but plays. For the pretty little dance Miss Barrymore does in the second act in the lesson to the eccentric ballet girls, she took two or three special lessons.

She is fond of all kinds of outdoor exercise, rides horseback, plays golf, though she is not a strenuous golfer, and likes tennis the best of all these sports. She reads a great deal, everything good that comes out, and, in addition, devotes considerable time to her music.



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS LULU GLASER

As she appears in her new play, "Dolly Varden"

# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE DRAMA AND MUSIC



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 General Tonic at all times

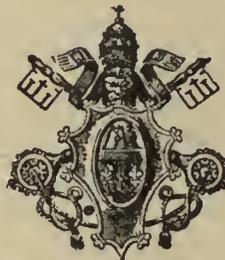
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*Leo 17. 11. 1878 -*



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# THE THEATRE

VOL. I., NO. 10

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1901

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



PHOTO BYRON

PHOEBE  
(Miss Maude Adams)

VALENTINE BROWN  
(Mr. Sidney Brough)

ACT IV.—PHOEBE: "You will not live a wild and reckless life; oh, say you won't!"

"QUALITY STREET" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER



CONTENTS

Frontispiece, Maude Adams in "Quality Street,"	1	My Theatrical Dream,	Henry Tyrrell	16	
Plays and Players, . . . . . Illustrated	2	Mr. John Drew—An Interview, . . . . . Illustrated	Kate Masterson	17	
Two Tributes to THE THEATRE, { Mrs. Fiske	6	America's Greater Players, . . . . . Illustrated	Alfred Ayres	21	
{ A. E. Lancaster		Love Letters of an Actor, . . . . .	G. H. Payne	24	
The Tale of François Villon, . . . . . Illustrated	Justin H. McCarthy	7	Illustrated—Drawings by Malcolm A. Strauss		
Players at Home, . . . . . Illustrated	R. Savage	10	Full Page Colored Plate, Mlle. de Jade in "Trianon."		
Full Page Colored Plate, Mr. Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France."					
Personality vs. Individuality, . . . . .	J. E. Dodson	12	Outlook for the Opera Season, . . . . . Illustrated	August Spanuth	28
The Essentials of Stage Success, . . . . . Illustrated	Julia Marlowe	13	Music and Musicians, . . . . . Illustrated	Emily G. Von Tetzels	33



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

IF IT were not true that Mr. J. M. Barrie is a literary artist with a conscience which debars him from many commissions, "Quality Street," in which Miss Maude Adams appeared for the first time in New York City on November 11, would be the most barefaced "tailor-made" play ever written. The plot was told in full in last month's THEATRE; it is necessary only to add that the piece is simple yet ingenious in story, in which gentle comedy and tender pathos alternate in turn. It is distinctly a single-part play, where most of the careful art has been devoted to producing another rôle for Miss Adams which should suit her as well as Lady Babbie; the other characters, of whom there are twelve, are, with possibly two exceptions, "bits" in which it is quite impossible for an actor, however skilled and experienced, to put his teeth in. But here Mr. Barrie's literary *savoir-faire* came to his rescue. Bits these characters might only be, but they should be quaint bits drawn from living human beings. They interest not as people whom we ever hope to meet again, but as figures in any strange collection of humanity whose oddi-

ties one comments upon *sotto voce* to one's neighbor. After specifying the two exceptions—Valentine Brown, played in the right bluff, English way by Mr. Sidney Brough, an actor imported by Mr. Frohman, and Susan Throssell, excellently done by Miss Helen Lowell—the only consideration is Miss Adams, and in Phœbe Throssell it must be admitted she shows the clairvoyant nature of her creative powers as she has seldom done before. This young woman, whose love story—really a very ordinary affair—constitutes the play, is a perfect April in her moods. She is gay and sad, hopeful and depressed, thoughtful and thoughtless, besides several other things within the range of virginal emotion. It is a delightful thing to witness so great sympathy between a playwright and his interpreter, but the balance of gratitude lies with Mr. Barrie. By never forcing his Phœbe into something quite beyond his intention, as many another clever actress who burns with a desire to be individual might have done, Miss Adams deceives us for two hours into the belief that "Quality Street" is a play. There is another half-hour when no art but a super-



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD  
Now appearing in Mr. Booth Tarkington's play, "Beaucaire"

human art could do that, and we leave the theatre saying that all that saves the play from the commonplace is Mr. Barrie's literature and Miss Adams' delightful personality, which long ago endeared her to theatregoers.

Between the productions of "A Modern Match" and "The Way of the World" there stretches a decade of years which the author of both plays has evidently employed in the study of stagecraft, but not in the study of human nature or any literary models. The latter play in these respects shows no advance on the former. It was produced at the new Victoria Theatre, whose glory as the finest music hall in the world has merged into a handsome theatre, on the night of November 4. Miss Elsie de Wolfe played what by courtesy may be called the star rôle, and her leading man was Mr. Frank Mills. Mrs. Clara Bloodgood represented a rather vinegary-tongued divorcée whose "heart was true to Poll," and as the



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MRS. CLARA BLOODGOOD

Now appearing in "The Way of the World"

other characters are the veriest shadows their names are not material. Mr. Fitch assumes to be a society dramatist; that is, a playwright whose field is narrowed to the types generally and vulgarly supposed to belong to the *haut ton* and to no other sphere. To render these figments of a below-stairs imagination even tolerable they must speak a witty language, use not a straight-formed tongue, but persiflage, double-entendre, bon mot, smart chit-chat. They should constitute a society as artificial as the characters of Wycherly. The latter-day dramatist seeks to make them flesh-and-blood creatures by causing them now and then to drop this brilliant language and descend to simple profanity. He fails because, however well he may know his five o'clock tea, he really does not know human nature, which is, after all, pretty much the same in a

tapestried chamber as in one of lath and plaster. In "The Way of the World," which sins chiefly by the improbability



PHOTO BYRON

PHOEBE  
(Miss Maude Adams)

"QUALITY STREET" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

ACT II.—PHOEBE: "Where's your chest, George?"

of its story and its unsympathetic, uninteresting characters, he has not taken the pains to cover his empty puppets with rich garments. That Mr. Fitch can write witty dialogue has been shown in several plays from his pen, but his latest example bears no evidence of this ability. There are not more than two quotable lines in the piece. But he is ingenious in devising new backgrounds for his puppets. These are chiefly mechanical and call for the assistance of the stage carpenter and other artisans, but they are novel and he should have the credit of them. He has given us in a series of plays a variety of interruptions—an interrupted ball, an interrupted wedding, and in this he displays that enormity, an interrupted christening. There is really but one more step to take, and it may be presumed that he will hesitate to take it in any succeeding play. The story of "The Way of the World" is trite; its treatment by the author is tame; its presentation by Miss de Wolfe and her fellow-players mediocre, with the exception of Mrs. Bloodgood, who carried off such honors as there were. Mr. Serrano as the society villain carried no authority; Miss de Wolfe sadly failed to make the points her author had intended; Mr. Mills as the misjudging husband acted with a hard, unyielding manner, which effectually fends off the sympathy of the people. In fact, Mr. Fitch was happy only in the scenery which the management had provided. There is reason to believe that in the



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MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE

ten years which lie between Mr. Fitch's "Modern Match" and his "Barbara Frietchie" a good many manuscript plays were laid away, to be brought out

add anything to the cheerfulness of the piece. However, it is not likely that "Eben Holden" will offend long, for its lease of life does not promise to be a very extended one. As an example of bad play-making it is a masterpiece. Rarely have we been more bored than by this crude stage version of what has proved a successful novel. The success of the book, which we have not read, was evidently due to skill in character drawing, for the story itself is trite and bald and absolutely devoid of dramatic interest. Little of this charac-

when a genuine success had sent him to the crest again. Let us hope we have come to the end of Mr. Fitch's scrapbasket.

One could scarcely have a better illustration of the lack of good taste often displayed nowadays on the stage than is seen in the play "Eben Holden," in which one of the most pitiable of human afflictions is held up to the public amusement. That the part of the hair-lipped man is cleverly done by Mr. J. H. Bradbury, and seems to give delight to many persons in the audience, in no way condones the offence of putting such a character on the boards. There is nothing funny in the facial contortions and eccentric utterance of the misshapen creature whose deformity thwarts his ambition to sing in the village choir, and those whom such an exhibition amuses are of the kind that would find joy in the charnel-house. Nor do the appearances of the blind old man, who fiddles in mysterious fashion, his sightless orbs staring into vacancy,

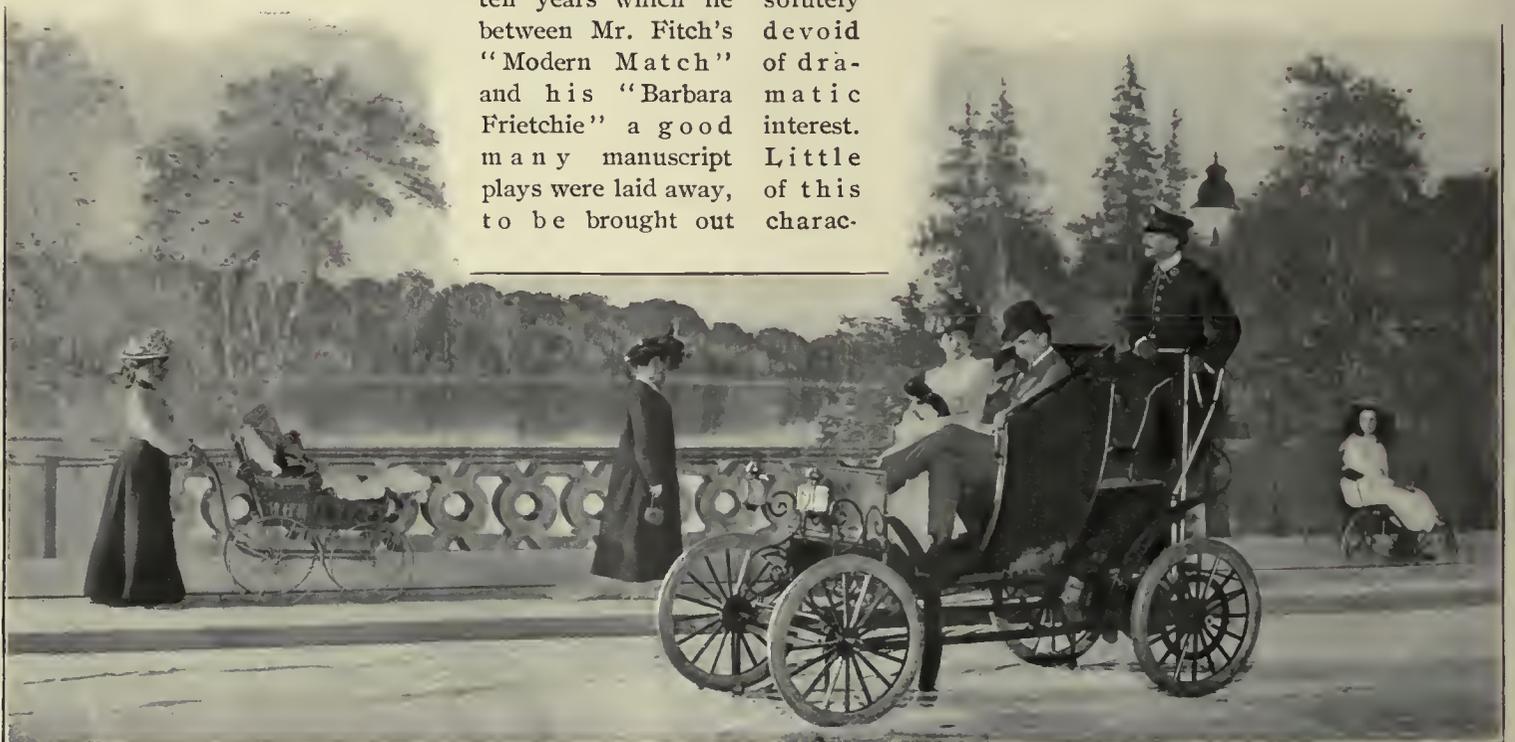


PHOTO BYRON

MRS. CROYDEN (Miss Elsie de Wolfe) MR. CROYDEN (Mr. Frank Mills)

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD" AT THE VICTORIA

ter drawing is preserved by the actors. Mr. E. M. Holland, a finished and delightful comedian, missed fire entirely in the title rôle, playing the part of a Yankee farmer with a southern accent that completely spoiled his impersonation. Mr. Holland's trick of speech, which consists of jerky explosive utterance, has grown into a bad mannerism which threatens to seriously mar his work. Miss Lucille Flavien appeared self-conscious and stagey in a conventional ingenue part; in fact, none of the others in the cast distinguished themselves. Yet small blame to the players for lacking inspiration in such a play.

The appearance of Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Criterion as Countess Du Barry, the famous or rather infamous mistress of Louis XV., has been postponed until New Year's week, the time previously held for her being filled by Mr. Charles Dalton in "The Helmet of Navarre." Mrs. Carter's rôle is said to give her even better opportunities for emotional acting than did the part of Zaza.

Mr. Charles A. Stevenson will be seen as the King, and Mr. Hamilton Revelle as the Duc d'Aiguillon, the lover, who helps her to govern the monarch. The production, it is said, will be on a most elaborate scale as regards both scenery



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MISS GRACE GEORGE

Now appearing in the play, "Under Southern Skies"

and costumes. Meantime, M. Jean Richepin continues to gnash his teeth in Paris.

With a better last act "Under Southern Skies" should do at least as well as other plays of southern life that have proved successful. It is more interesting than "Alabama." The story, that of a girl forced to wed a man she abhors because he holds over her head a disgraceful secret, that of her mother, whom she supposes dead, being of negro blood, is full of dramatic possibilities, and up to the end of the third act promises well. The mother turns up as the marriage service is being read and reveals the treachery, and while this situation is in itself theatrically effective, it really makes a tame dénouement. The play, however, is well worth seeing and makes a snitable vehicle for Miss Grace George, a young woman of singularly attractive appearance who seems to be lacking somewhat in spontaneity and sincerity, but yet easily enlists the sympathies of her audience. Miss Virginia Glyndon contributes an exceedingly clever character bit as a

pickaninny, and Mr. Burr McIntosh carries conviction as a fire-eating colonel of the Cartersville type. The stage settings are exceptionally beautiful, and Mr. W. A. Brady deserves credit for what is a most praiseworthy production.



PHOTO BYRON

THE MATINÉE GIRL CHORUS IN "THE NEW YORKERS"

Those for whom the Christmas pantomime, with its classic clown and harlequin, is one of the most cherished traditions of childhood, welcome at this season of the year those huge spectacular productions in which any old fairy tale serves as foundation for rich stage pictures, kaleidoscopic ballets, gorgeous costuming and beautiful light effects. Of late years these old-time productions have gone out of fashion or have been so modernized as to be rendered unrecognizable. Let us thank, therefore, Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, who have imported from London the Drury Lane production, "Beauty and the Beast," and which forms a nightly orgy of color and beauty at the Broadway. There is no clown in this pantomime, but a good deal of clever clowning is done by such capital fun-makers as Messrs. Harry Bulger, Charles J. Ross and Joseph Cawthorne; and as to the spectacular side of the show, we can only repeat that it is a veritable feast for the paternal eye and a source of wonder and delight to the youngsters. The graceful aerial ballet, the dancers flying through the air without visible means of support, the ballet of the seasons, when the stage is thronged with richly-garbed women grouped in harmonious confusion, the palace of crystal, in which play fountains of changing colors,—all these are of extraordinary beautiful effect, and form but a part of a most sumptuous, interesting and creditable production.

"New England Folks," a play of country and city life, by Eugene W. Presbrey, has been the attraction at the Fourteenth Street for many weeks. Mr. Presbrey presents time-worn situations in a conventional way, but it is a fairly good play of its class, well constructed, interesting in story and wholesome in motive.

## Two Tributes to "The Theatre"

[The following unsolicited letters, one from a distinguished actress, the other from a well-known poet and playwright, give such encouragement to the efforts of the editor and the publishers of THE THEATRE that we may be pardoned the very natural pride we take in reproducing them here:]

MANHATTAN THEATRE,

NEW YORK, October 11, 1901.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

Dear Sir:—In the midst of professional activities that consume my time I wish briefly to congratulate you on what you already have accomplished with THE THEATRE, and to record my expectation that your magazine will achieve notably along the lines you have adopted for it.

I am greatly gratified to find in THE THEATRE tokens of solid purpose, and a spirit of independence and fairness and truth that ought to give it a foundation for future great service to the stage. Yours sincerely,

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

NEW YORK, September 22, 1901.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

Dear Sir:—The two numbers of THE THEATRE which you so kindly sent reached me yesterday evening. I have examined them with a great deal of interest and pleasure. They are exquisitely gotten up and beautifully artistic. It is to be earnestly hoped that so much taste, skill and judgment, so fine a sense of the appropriate, and such a practical use of the picturesque, will meet with an adequate recognition and reward. At least I hope so. Sincerely,

A. E. LANCASTER.



PHOTO BYRON

THE PRINCESS  
(Miss Ella Snyder)

GOOD FAIRY  
(Miss Nellie Thorne)

PRINCE CHARMING  
(Miss Viola Gillette)

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" AT THE BROADWAY



# The Tale of François Villon

The character now being impersonated by Mr. E. H. Sothern in his successful play, "If I Were King"

By Justin Huntly McCarthy



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MR. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, author of "If I Were King"



IN the dying May of 1431 Joan the Maid died for France at Rouen. She had given her life for her country and her king; she had set a crown upon the unroyal disloyal head of Charles VII.; she had rallied her countrymen and harried their enemies; her woman's brain, her woman's heart, her woman's hand, had worked such wonders that men might well call them miracles; from the flames that burned her body arose the spirit of a new France. Sometime in the same red year of her martyrdom—a little sooner or a little later than that wicked end of May—a man-child was born in Paris who was destined to be the first poet of the new France that Joan had made, and who, being a great poet, had the grace, in a life that was often graceless, to honor with all his heart the Saint of Domremy, the heroine of Orleans.

The tale of François Villon has been told a hundred times.

A temple of books has been built in honor or dishonor of his name. The unwisdom of the wise and the wisdom of the foolish have labored to gain the living truth about his life and the result is little more than emptiness. We do not surely know his name; we do not know where he was born; we do not know how he looked to his fellow-men or what his fellow-men

thought of him; we do not know how for the most part he lived; we do not know how he died. A few legal papers, a few fleeting legends, tell us all that we know and little that we want to know of a great poet of the people, of a poet who like Dante helped to make a human speech, of a poet who like Burns found voices for the human heart. François Villon lives in the memory of the world as a rogue with the gift of rhyme, as a wastrel and a thief, as a sot who took the Prodigal Son for pattern in the company that he kept, and many who never read a line he ever wrote accept him vaguely as the incarnation of blackguardism.

Undoubtedly this was partly the poet's own fault. He was the braggart of his vices; the apologist of his virtues. He was many base things that most men are; he was some good things that few men are. He was a thief because, in another sense than that of the Scriptures, he fell among thieves. His was one of those impressionable natures, wax that yields to the touch of any finger, which readily accepts the conditions and conventions—for Alsatia has its conventions as well as Philistia—of those about him. Some of his offences that seem most rank to a later civilization did not show so

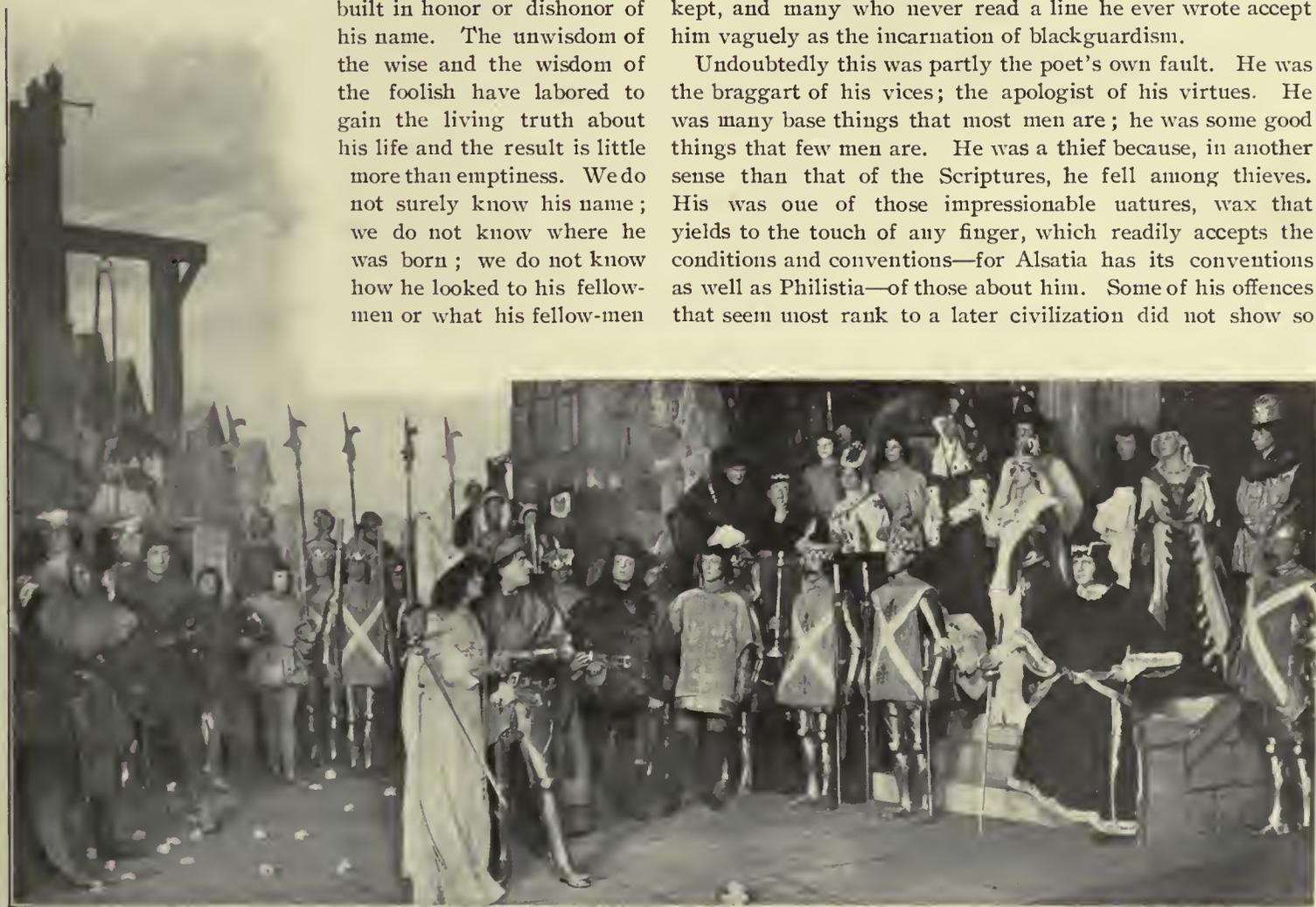


PHOTO BYRON

KATHARINE DE VAUELLES (Miss Cecilia Loftus)

FRANÇOIS VILLON (Mr. E. H. Sothern)

LOUIS XI. (Mr. G. W. Wilson)

ACT IV.—FRANÇOIS VILLON: "Your sentence must tarry and turn, for I claim to marry this lady"  
"IF I WERE KING"



MR. CHARLES DALTON

Now appearing in "The Helmet of Navarre"

flagrant in the fifteenth century. And if Villon was as the gods in knowing evil, he was also as the gods in knowing good. He cherished a great patriotism—and love for one's country may still be reckoned a commendable quality. If he was not a pattern son, at least he offered his mother, "femme povrette et ancienne," a very filial homage. He could be kind to little children, and kindness to children is the heavenly test of a fine spirit. He had a great sense of beauty because he was a poet; he had a living conscience and his conscience often smote him. He could honor greatness greatly when he put into one line of exquisite felicity his reverence for the memory of Joan of Arc. These are the counts God's advocate must remember in his plea for the memory, in his prayer for the soul of François Villon.

Those who have written about Villon have seldom or never been quite just to him. Even the generous soul of Robert Louis Stevenson faltered in generosity when Villon was his theme. All the shorter catechism in his nature seems to have been stirred by Villon's naked frankness; he took the wild singer at his word and at his worst, he blundered in his interpretation of the poet's own words, and he gave his memory to the gallows that his body escaped, in criticism and in fiction. "A Lodging for the Night" is a grim and vivid story,

something in what Hoffman would have called the Callot manner, but so far as François Villon is concerned it is purely fanciful, and fanciful with excess of cruelty. The critical judgment expressed in "Short Studies of Men and Books" is scarcely less severe and little less unjust. That any one could read Villon and thus misread him is strange; that the genius of Stevenson could have erred so far is passing strange.

Stevenson errs in very good company. The poet who loved Venetian coloring and dreamed Athenian forms, the Pagan Parisian who would, like Verlaine, have talked Platonism under the gas lamps of the boulevard, and, like Béranger, have believed that his body had once been Greek by the edge of Ilissus, the super-sensual sensualist who admired Omar Khayyam before ever the English world had heard of him, the maker of the "golden book of spirit and sense, the holy writ of beauty"—Théophile Gautier could do no more and no better for the singer of the ladies of old days than to find him a niche in a fantastic temple of grotesques. But if two poets have failed to read the ripe-red heart of a brother a third has made amends. Swinburne's tribute to our sad, bad, glad and mad brother is the most royal rose that has yet been flung at all adventure for the wind to carry to the unknown grave of Villon.

Villon is the laureate of the fantastic Paris of the fifteenth century. It was in this fantastic Paris, so foul and so fair, that Villon lived and loved, learned a little of the wisdom of the schools and much of the wisdom of the streets; it was in this fantastic Paris that he starved, thieved, piped, sighed; it was this fantastic Paris that he knew so well, that he held so dear, that he honored so highly in his rhyme—he, the first famous *gamin* of long generations of intimate, unutterable Parisian *gaminerie*. Paris had been for long enough a dismal battleground for warring princes. Armagnac, Burgundian, Englishman had clattered in anger through her gates, had made her narrow streets a shambles and her gutters run with blood. But Paris was a comparatively quiet city for the known term of Villon's unquiet life, and a young man was free to pursue his studies, ply his calling, follow good, or fall into evil courses. The Maid of Orleans had made France a real country, Frenchmen a real people, and Paris was for a season the tranquil capital of a tranquil state.

Here is, in brief, the sum of what we know of Villon. He was born of humble folk. He was educated to a certain measure in the education of his day. He had known



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS ELEANOR KENT

Leading woman in "Foxy Quiller" company



MR. KYRIE BELLEW AS "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE"



good companionship, had drifted through evil communications into bad companionship. He was a thief and the friend of thieves. He was a lover of light loves who seems to have known one strong passion. He wounded a man to his death in a street scuffle. He was tried, doomed, imprisoned; he came very near to the gallows. He was somehow or other pardoned by royal favor, and he disappears from human history without leaving any certain knowledge of his end. Such is the epitome of what is, in a sense, the unimportant substance of his story. The important fact is that he was a great poet.

Seldom, perhaps, has a poet been at more pains to deny himself his inheritance of immortality and to fight with his pretensions to fame. The gems that his genius fashioned are shrined in the strangest casket; his humor, his beauty, his tenderness, his pity, his patriotism, are hidden in as whimsical an imbroglio of words as ever were devised for the baffling of students. His fame rests on two works—the Lesser Testament and the Greater Testament. Both are alike in idea. In each the poet professes to make his will and bequeaths all sorts of astonishing and incongruous gifts to individuals of whom for the most part we now know nothing, who are to us scarcely even the shadows of shadows. In this farrago there is somewhat that is mean and somewhat that is obscene, but through these poor veils of the flesh the beauty, the humanity, the humor, shine and betray a great spirit. No man could have written the prayer for his mother, the ballads of Dead Ladies, and the splendid invective against those who wish evil to the realm of France, without having the root of nobility firmly planted in his heart. But of all the wonders these wonderful Testaments contain, the most wonderful are the lines so curiously or so crassly overlooked by Villon's depreciators, in which he expresses his longings for a better life, and his questionings as to what his fate might have been had he found a great king to befriend him.

Here is the key to a secret door in the story of François Villon; here is a hint for speculation in what might have been; here is the stuff from which to spin a fascinating story. In the illimitable kingdom of dreams the realms of history widen, Romance's writ runs freer, the possible becomes the probable, the probable puts on the very guise of truth. If Louis the Astute, aping the fancy of Haroun the Just, whose legend might well have reached him through some wizard steeped in the wisdom of the East; if Louis had chosen to go about Paris in disguise, he might have run against François Villon in some tavern, drinking and declaiming, might have learned something of his love for France, of his wild ambitions, his hopeless desires, his unhappy love, might have resolved to play the game of Haroun a point further, and to practice on the mad poet the trick that is told in the tale of "The Sleeper Awakened." Between a midnight and a noon the ragamuffin is transmuted into a Grand Seigneur, his rags are changed to cloth of gold, his starving senses soothed with royal meats and wines, his pockets are full of money, his hands are full of power; opportunity, golden opportunity, has come to him to mould according to his will. Might it not well be that given such a chance the genius of the poet might prove equal to the fair hour, and that, like his own star-crossed skimmer of the seas, he might justify in honorable fortune that belief in a better self which misery and dishonor had never quite extinguished. It is, at least, a pleasing dream to entertain. "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them."

*Justin Huntly McCarthy*

The students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts recently performed Rostand's comedy, "The Fantasticks," which was new to this city. The fantastic wit and poetic charm of this clever little play gave the spectators such genuine delight, even when acted

by amateurs, that one is led to wonder why some manager has not been tempted to give it a regular production—these days when so much rubbish is seen on the stage. Mr. Sargent had every reason to feel gratified with his pupils' efforts, for they did excellent work.



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The distinguished English actress who is about to visit America, under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co. and whom the *St. James Gazette* fears we shall "vulgarize," will be seen at the Theatre Republic next January



## PLAYERS AT HOME

*Illustrated by reproductions of photographs taken specially for THE THEATRE by Walter Tonnele, Burr McIntosh and others*



**A**S IF to give the lie to that humiliating statute of the English law, still unrepealed, which declares that the actor class are vagabonds, no sooner have our players won their right to a home through a toilsome novitiate than they proceed to acquire one and frequently more than one. In fact, there is no class more eager, perhaps for the very reason that to take time to enjoy it is difficult, than the actors are to own a home in country or town,

to furnish it with the spoil of their travels, to fill it with servants, and then—to go away for half the year and leave it to dust or hirelings or the protective agency.

This much must be said in their favor: that they leave the home, so long hoped for, so diligently acquired, unwillingly. What is it to them that Chicago or San Francisco, or even a foreign capital, is clamorous for their art? The home where they have stored their penates, snatched from unromantic warerooms, becomes instantly warm with all manner of associations. This picture, that book, this escritoire, that sideboard, presented by some friend or purchased in some place they may never see again—when gathered together these things make an atmosphere not always to be found in the long-lived-in home of a private individual. Fate will drive them forth again—all too soon, alas! but while they are here rehearsing or playing, they will enjoy the quintessence of home life. In a month or two they will garner all its sweets to last them through a monotonous round of wearisome hotels.

Mr. John Drew had not been a star two seasons before he deserted a city apartment, and gathering his family and their belongings, escaped to a charming place on Long Island, there to make a real home the memory of which should cheer long railroad journeys. It is true that for several seasons he had but a brief respite of rest there between theatrical engagements, and it is true that for a period his daughters were absent in Dresden with their mother being educated. But the charming place grew



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Mr. E. H. Sothern in his study



Hall in Mr. John Drew's country home

more and more delightful every year. Like a face never seen except smiling, it presented always a summer aspect. Now that the Dresden experience is of the past and the family is together again, the Long Island home beckons more and more invitingly.

Mr. Edward H. Sothern has a house on Long Island also, and another in the city. The former is at Lawrence, within sound of the complaining sea, and the latter is a modern town house, situated on the upper West Side of New York, within a few steps of Central Park. This town house is a very interesting place, with a true home atmosphere. Mrs. Sothern, who may take the credit for its arrangements and decorations, possesses the genuine artistic faculty. It is not confined to the mimetic alone, but extends to color harmonies, to effective groupings of furniture, to exquisite arrangement of pictures. There is nothing of Bohemia in this interior, but in its comfortable lounges, its carved tables heaped with the teeming "froth of the press," and food more solid for the brain, there is

more than a touch of England. The Sothorns have been fortunate in their housekeeper, for they can return at any unexpected moment—and they put this to the test last winter—sure of finding a dusted hearth and a welcome that extends beneath the lip.

While Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett, then unmarried actors, were members of the Lyceum company, each treasured a dream of a home, as well as the ambition of starring. In a couple of seasons after they had become one, and after Mr. Hackett had been lifted into the theatrical heavens, they occupied a modest flat on Lexington Avenue, but it served as the receptacle for the treasures each picked up for the ultimate adornment of a house. Miss Mannering haunted the shops between rehearsals, picking up a Staffordshire

dish and Sheffield plate, while her husband kept his

eyes alert for carved antique furniture. Last fall their dream was realized, and they took possession of a charming little town house only a couple of blocks from Fifth Avenue and near to theatre and club. It isn't a large house, its main floor consisting of a hall, done in green with an inviting recessed couch fronting the stairs, an ample dining room giving on a bijou garden and a butler's pantry. The library and sleeping chambers above are larger. Mrs. Hackett's room is a dainty Louis Quinze effect in panelled green and white, and the library is a veritable workshop. There are a few old portraits and many modern ones of friends in the profession, and altogether the air of the place is that of one occupied by well-bred people, with leanings rather to the cultured than to the smart set.

In a large, wide-halled and hospitable mansion of an old-school style live Mr. J. E. Dodson and his wife, known to the stage as Miss Annie Irish. Their home is one of two, built by a former mayor of New York, with what was formerly a garden, now a grass plot, between. Overlooking this green oasis is Mr. Dodson's study, an interesting room containing the well-known bust of himself in the character of John Weatherby; his books, whose range sweeps wider than the stage; and



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Mr. J. E. Dodson at his desk

signed portraits of Irving, Ellen Terry, Stephen Cooper, the English animal painter, and a host of others famous in English-speaking countries. Only the hall separates this study from the dining room, which is what it should be, the room with the cheerfulest outlook. Miss Irish's drawing room is in the front of the house.

Longer than any confrère mentioned, Miss Viola Allen has enjoyed the luxury of a home. It is within view of the Park and but a block from an elevated railroad station. Here, with her mother, a charming, cultivated woman, her sister, who



Library in Mr. John Drew's country home



Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hackett at breakfast



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Bedroom of Mrs. J. K. Hackett (Mary Mannering)

recently married, and her father, long an ornament to the stage, Miss Allen has practically spent her life since she became an actress. The house is small, and rendered still smaller by the influx of souvenirs which arrive by almost every mail. Its treasure, in Miss Allen's eyes, is the theatrical library, which for years she and her father have been



Miss Elsie de Wolfe's bedroom

collecting. Already it numbers many thousand volumes, but it is richer in quality. Of late years Miss Allen's tours have been so long extended and her trips to Europe so frequent that days of retirement spent under her own roof have been rare.

These are but a few of the stars who have realized their ideal of a home. Miss Marlowe has a beautiful country place, Mr. Mansfield a fine town house, the home of Miss Elsie de Wolfe on Irving Place is full of art treasures, and several others are as fortunately situated.

## Personality versus Individuality

BY J. E. DODSON



MR. J. E. DODSON

PERSONALITY and individuality are often confounded in discussing acting. Superficial observers sometimes assert that the success of a certain actor lies in his personality; they even go so far as to maintain that it is due to his mannerisms, losing sight of the real fact that his success is the result of individuality, which is the most valuable asset an actor can possess.

Many great actors have had strongly-marked personalities, thence the fallacy has arisen. Sometimes the personality is accentuated by mannerisms, and it is imagined the actor is popular and successful because of these, instead of in spite of them, as is frequently the case.

An attractive or striking personality may be of great value, especially early in the actor's career, as it is likely to focus attention on him at once, but great or lasting success is never attained through that alone; it must be the result of strong individuality. This is a temperamental quality; it is the power to imbue the character enacted with something of the actor's self, the power to vitalize it into something from

within, and is often called magnetism. It compels attention and commands success, while the effect of personality is merely evanescent.

David Garrick, possibly the greatest actor that ever lived, was without marked personality or mannerisms; Edmund Kean, like Garrick, was short of stature and not of striking appearance, but both undoubtedly had intense individuality. Charles Kean, Edmund's son, was also short, and, in addition, homely; he spoke as though he had a cold in the head. It was strong individuality that made him attractive, and not his bad voice or snub nose.

Edwin Booth, although a handsome man, was not gifted with a striking personality, nor had he marked mannerisms, yet he was eminently great and successful. Sir Henry Irving, on the other hand, has a striking personality and strong mannerisms; yet he is equally great and successful, not because of them but in spite of them. The power of both these actors, so dissimilar in appearance, voice and manner, was due to great individuality.

M. Coquelin, one of the most popular actors as well as one of the greatest artistes of our time, has practically no mannerisms and a commonplace personality. Duse can lay no claim to striking appearance, nor has she marked mannerisms, but her individuality cannot be denied.

There are exceptions to this, as to all rules, but they are generally of the softer sex. Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Ellen Terry owe their success largely to their personalities, while Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Kendal conquer through individuality. Very rarely this exception occurs amongst men, as instanced by the late H. J. Montague.

There are actors who share this fallacy and who, seeming to imagine that the success of others prominent on the stage has been achieved through their personality or mannerisms, endeavor to emulate their success by imitation, not only of their mannerisms but even of their appearance as far as possible. This is never productive of good results, as they only succeed in reproducing what is either meretricious or superfluous.

It would be a great gain to acting as an art and a distinct advantage to the playgoing public if this difference between personality and individuality could be borne in mind when plays are being cast.



Corner in Miss Viola Allen's home



## The Essentials of Stage Success

(Written at the request of many readers of THE THEATRE)

By Julia Marlowe



COUNTLESS letters reach me from beginners on the stage and from those who contemplate a beginning. Some ask for advice and some for engagements. I feel a keen sympathy for their bewilderment, and perhaps have too little patience with the illiterate who write of their histrionic ambitions. For, above all things, I believe the beginner, if he is to be considered promising, must show early some literary taste and culture and sympathy with the beautiful in language. His constant aim should be to make the mind behind the words felt. Dramatic portrayal is but the expression of what is within, and even a beginner ought to be able to express something of what is with-

in. If that expression conveys the idea that the mentality and moral cast of the character is to a measure grasped, then I would consider that, and that only, a successful beginning. In order to convey that impression, there must have been some inward appreciation for a proper outward expression. Even the beginner should have something to express. He should be able also to express something approaching the truth.

The elements which enter into the question of success with a beginner do not differ essentially, except in degree and in being less complex, from those which make the mature portrayal successful. I recognize that some apparently entirely successful beginnings have been made by those who possess a shallow tact, and, on the other hand, that final successes have grown from apparent failures made by highly nervous temperaments keenly sensitive to the opinions of others—failures due to a lack of even that little self-assurance required in efforts whose execution is never in quiet retirement but always before a sea of critical eyes.

Essential to the work of a beginner are, first, the power to feel and an intellectual or moral discernment, in some degree,

of the temperament of the character and the feelings and passions that move it.

"You must have felt that you were really Mary Tudor," said a spectator to me at the conclusion of a performance of "When Knighthood was in Flower," "for I saw the tears in your eyes when you were pleading with Brandon in the inn scene."

No supposition could be less warranted and no emotional effects could have so little artistic excuse as that implied by the commentator, who, I may add, was by no means an ingenuous playgoer. When you weep over an affecting passage in a poem or a tale it is with sympathy, not because you think you are the person whose sorrows are set forth. That is, I believe, the whole secret of what the actor must ever aim at—the creation of sympathy. He will not



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MISS JULIA MARLOWE



PHOTO W. A. SANDS

MISS HILDA SPONG

Leading woman in Daly's Theatre Stock Company

was the last distinction between melodrama and true tragedy, and which, it may also be said, is the last distinction between bad art and good. He should not move about the stage for the mere sake of action, and no method is to be less commended than that which results in fluttering gestures and swift alternations of expression which degenerate into mere grimaces and restless changes of position.

I have always found that the best effects I have made I have suggested, not done. The last time I played the potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet" I moved only three times—from the seat at the foot of Juliet's bed to the prie-dieu, then to the centre of the stage, where I sank upon my knees, and then back to the bed. My earlier interpretations of the scene were characterized by an eagerness to discover how many interesting bits of business I could create. I overloaded the reading with bric-a-brac. I went to the window, parted the curtains, and looked out upon the sunrise. I sought fresh air, I sank to my knees more than once; in a word, I was restless, and however interesting I may have been, I cannot now feel that I was in any great degree convincing. Now my aim is only to move when the impulse drives me to move. I say to myself, "What is this character's mood at this moment, what is her impulse?" If the answer comes clearly, "Why, to sit still," sit I do. But if the thought naturally carries the inference of action, one can make no mistake in doing what one's artistic conscience as well as one's common sense commands.

The last time I played Viola in "Twelfth Night," in reading the

achieve this by any surrender to hysterics, but by constantly maintaining a sane and even poise, feeling deeply, to be sure, and exercising the utmost tact, tenderness and delicacy in illuminating his lines with action, gesture and expression. All so-called "business," he will find, must necessarily be spontaneous to the outward eye, and not forced. He will avoid the suspicion of melodrama and steer clear of that brutality and of that useless and insufferable violence to the feelings which Stevenson declared

lines beginning "*She never told her love*," I made an effort to keep everything still, even to the ends of my fingers. I aimed at achieving the whole effect by absolute repose. In my original conception of the rôle I should have been appalled had any one advised such paucity of "business." Experience has taught me that, especially in the plays of Shakespeare, we cannot go far wrong if we let the lines have the centre of the stage and allow them to show the poet's meaning. We cannot aid him by a multitude of gestures or by the creation of intricate "business." The best we can do, and all we can safely try to do, is to aid him by tenderness or impressiveness of voice, and by allowing something of his beauty and power to suffuse our eyes and shine in our countenances. To cite again the special instance, let the lines beginning "*She never told her love*" betray Viola's shyness. I am amazed when I remember how I gently endeavored to aid Shakespeare and emphasize this idea of shyness by coyly fingering Viola's little red cap. The result was that there was a great deal of red cap and not nearly enough of the maiden's perturbation in my reading of the lines.

A disheartening result of my observation of the present state of the art of acting has been my realization that there are so few players who can give and take in acting—making it necessary, therefore, for the



PHOTO MARGEAU

MISS VIRGINIA EARLE in "The New Yorkers"

chief person in the scene of the play to carry the spirit of the author's intention and the thread of the various scenes quite unaided. In order to preserve his own poise he is compelled to concentrate mentally upon himself, making most performances very one-sided, sometimes almost a monologue. The central personage of the play cannot permit himself to think what may be the feelings passing through the minds of the characters represented by the supporting players, because he secretly realizes that the feelings of the characters are not passing through the minds of the supporting players at all. In a word, they are not "giving and taking," they are not projecting themselves into the spirit of the play, they are not sounding the great note of reciprocity, which is one of the first essentials of true and spirited art.

As to the matter of physical training, I may say briefly that such severe exercises as fencing and gymnastics were an important feature of my training for the stage. The most essential of all was the cultivation of my voice. It was carried on under the direction of Mr. Parson Price, who deserves credit for any purity of tone I may be said to possess. He impressed upon my mind the fact that if one were to make the best use of and to retain one's vocal gifts one must live simply and keep early hours.

The opinion of some beginners, that it is only necessary to look well, and that that is half the battle, is fundamentally erroneous, excepting possibly when one is considering these questions from a purely commercial point of view. That point of view has no serious connection with art, and he who does not approach the drama seriously as an art cannot be considered a candidate for the title successful in the higher sense of the term.

As I gain in experience I set less and less store by artistic paraphernalia, and my mind works toward the ethical and intellectual point to be brought out. Like most beginners, I had the impression that the poetic, which always appealed to me, was only possible in a mediæval or antique period—any period, in fact, as far removed from the present day as possible, the further the better from our humdrum, practical life. I have changed my mind. I think there is as much poetry to voice and delineate now as there ever was. I have become convinced that it should be the thoughts we must be concerned with, not the clothes. I myself don't care what clothes I wear if I have something interesting to express.

In my profession too great store cannot be set upon the value of hard work, irrespective of mental endowments. In my case it cannot be a source of pride that I have been a hard worker. I could not help it, and to the marvelously strong body with which I was endowed I probably owe the fact that my eagerness for toil has not snuffed out my existence. I can count on my fingers the days of illness when it seemed as if I could not resume the struggle. Perhaps I should add that, particularly in the case of beginners, to be poor is a great incentive, and, as someone has said, genius is only an infinite capacity for taking pains.

*Julia Marlowe*



MISS IRMA LA PIERRE

Leading woman to Mr. J. H. Stoddard in "The Bonnie Brier Bush"



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS MAUDE HOFFMAN

Now appearing at Wallack's in "Colorado"

### A Dramatic Story

IN the Palace of the King, the home of A Royal Family, M. Beaucaire, A Gentleman of France, was awaiting Don Cæsar's Return with A Message from Mars. The Messenger Boy, however, had made A Love Match with The Little Duchess, whose ancestors lived When Knighthood was in Flower, which turned out to be A Marriage Game; but that is The Way of the World! Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, who was The Second in Command, arrived, wearing The Helmet of Navarre, and began to tell of Lady Huntworth's Experiment with The Climbers, better known as The Forest Lovers. They then took a walk down Quality Street into Lovers' Lane,

where grew The Bonnie Brier Bush. Here The Strollers meet Prince Charlie flirting with Florodora, the prince being A Royal Rival of King Charles the First and Louis the Eleventh, who had just gone to Waterloo by The Lyons Mail to hear Mrs. Dane's Defence, as this was The Last Appeal. Prince Charlie said: "If I were King I would marry The Casino Girl, who is Sweet and Twenty, On the Quiet, even though people called us Beauty and the Beast."

### My Theatrical Dream

I WENT to see a music-farce (no need to specify),  
But found I couldn't keep awake, however I might try.  
Back in a corner of the box there was an easy-chair:  
I dozed away, and dreamed—and dreamed—it was a "pipe," for fair.

I dreamed of comic opera, the kind they make in France,  
With wit and plot (which ours have not), no rag-time song-and-dance.  
My vision even went so far as to imagine plays  
Of native spirit and device, depicting our own ways.

I dreamed that critics criticised, and didn't care a — bit  
If forced to say some Broadway shows were not exactly *it*;  
And, truth pursuing still, they boldly hung on the same bracket  
Don Faversham, of old Bazan, and James Hidalgo Hackett.

I dreamed that Richard Mansfield made a modest curtain-speech,  
And gave unto his company the credit due to each;  
Whilst A. M. Palmer poked his head from out behind a scene,  
And said his managerial life was quiet and serene.

I dreamed that Charlie Frohman wrote a note to Mrs. Fiske,  
And offered her the Empire, at the Syndicate's own risk.  
Harrison Grey, her manager, with face all wreathed in smiles,  
Gave orders—that the Box A1 be held for Franklin Fyles.

I dreamed that I, unsuspecting, was strolling down Broadway,  
When Daniel Frohman crossed the street and asked me for a play.  
I said I'd other contracts on, which couldn't well be broke—  
That settled it! My "pipe" went out, and sadly I awoke.

HENRY TYRRELL.



PHOTO BYRON JOE MORTON (Mr. Walter Thomas) FAITH (Miss Grayce Scott) CONSIDER MORTON (Mr. Frank Mordaunt)

"NEW ENGLAND FOLKS" AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET

# Chats With Players

By Kate Masterson

No. 1. Mr. John Drew



SOMEHOW I had always imagined that in real life Mr. John Drew would stand on a rug with his hands behind him and talk in epigrams.

Thus does a clever actor merge himself into the parts that playwrights build for him. There are others whom we call "good" who substitute force, or else personal fascination, for fine finish in characterization.

In these it is the man and not the mummer that is most in evidence. Such an actor gives us his conception of a certain character as he sees it. But his own personality dominates it.

Sometimes we see in such characterizations a flesh and blood creation that thrills us and makes us weep and laugh as the actor wills. At other times we must love him for himself alone even though he fails completely to make an artistic bull's-eye.

But Mr. Drew is an actor first of all! That is the voice with which he speaks to the public! An actor by blood, by training, by study, by years of practical experience. In real life he doesn't frisk, actually or intellectually. One might almost call him difficult. He is stunningly scholarly. Disappointing? Yes, of course, to an ordinary mortal who has pictured him as enchantingly *débonnair*. Then, too, he has the alloy of society in his system. For, take it as you will, this pink tea flavoring doesn't go



MR. DREW and MISS REHAN in "The Recruiting Sergeant"

gracefully in time with the music of the lyre. A Hungarian band sets it a better pace. A cold plunge in society after the feverish atmosphere of the footlights leaves a chill—that produces just the correct degree of—well, we shall say, repose.

To expect the artistic flare of art's torch and be confronted by the glow of a pink candle shade is like asking for bread and getting a *soufflé*. Dinner men are all very

well in their place. But there are few Harry McVickars and only one Lehr.

An actor that you can fancy at his best in a Tuxedo coat talking about the catholicism of art to a pretty girl in a conservatory is a human orchid that ought never allow its purple petals to be ruffled by any breeze that is not steam heated.

The shrieking of the artiste that we read so much about and so rarely come in contact with is one of the cleverest ideas of the age. Augustin Daly knew this and kept his company off Broadway. They were exquisite wraiths that flitted through beautiful dreams and then faded away from view until the next performance.

If you can speak eloquently to the public in one voice, the shrinking attitude is as graceful as that of a Venus. Anthony Hope and Tod Sloan have both learned this lesson. But Mr. John Drew is positively coy. If you knew him for a whole summertime, perhaps when the leaves began to grow russet and crimson you might get through the stage door and behind the scenes with his own personality.

As it is, he is not only elusive but baffling.

But then interviews are impossible affairs anyhow. The interview of the future will be wordless and will never be written. It will be telepathic and will find its only expression in mind currents. There will be no evening extras in those days. It will be the age of food capsules, flying machines and painless interviews.

For in talking with interesting persons an earnest student of human nature will invariably discover that it is what the victim does not say and how he does not say it that is the most important.

Pithy silences are very eloquent sometimes while words are mute and inarticulate. It is the question that you shy at that gives the keynote to the



MR. DREW as Petruchio



MR. DREW and MISS DREIER in "The Inconstant"



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. E. S. WILLARD

Who recently opened his American tour with a new play called "The Cardinal"

tune you are playing in life's harmony. But all this is mere maundering. Just as I maundered in remarking to Mr. Drew that the American managers insisted on going abroad for their plays instead of encouraging home talent.

"Pouf!" said Mr. Drew; "why should they do so? That is an old cry. American writers seem unable to produce plays! They write excellent stories. Sometimes there are wonderful stories in the magazines. But if you could only see the plays that are seriously offered for consideration and that are carefully and painfully read in an endeavor to get at something worth while you would never imagine that managers and actors are not anxious to obtain good material."

"Perhaps it is the technical part of play-making that deters the good writers?"

"No, for that is always easily done if the material is there—

the dramatic story—the power! In other lines this country produces work of genius. In Macmonnies and St. Gaudens we have two of the greatest of sculptors, but playwrights we lack—good ones."

"We have Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas?"

"Yes; 'Arizona' was a good play and the farce 'On the Quiet' was excellent and very well done by Mr. Collier."

"Do you not think that the success of these two will encourage others to write?"

"We can only hope so if they will produce good plays! But two good playwrights are enough for a nation to produce—quite enough, if they are good! Bronson Howard wrote good plays but he has not produced any in several years. 'The Henrietta' was a good play."

"About the German comedies produced at Daly's by the old company, do you not think they were delightfully clever?"

"They were very charming and the time was different then. As a company we were all very keen and enthusiastic. We felt that we were making a name not only for the then greatest English theatrical company in the world, but for ourselves. Mr. Daly was a wonderful disciplinarian and had a positive gift for fitting the company to the different rôles



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON

Leading woman to Mr Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France"

of the German farces which he localized so perfectly, giving the New York atmosphere and setting."

"Then there were the Shakespearian plays, so widely different from the comedies. Why is it that Shakespeare cannot now be given with the same effect and the same success?"

"We have grown too modern for Shakespeare. It is necessary to get into the atmosphere, and the style of delivery is entirely different from that suitable for the plays that are now a vogue. One of the best of the Shakespearian productions was 'The Taming of the Shrew.'"

"And there was the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'?"

"Yes, Miss Rehan was the Mistress Ford, Mr. Fisher was the Falstaff, Miss Virginia Dreher was Mistress Page, and Mr. Lewis was Dogberry, I think."

"Miss Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould, was then with the company?"

"Yes; Miss Kingdon had a great future as an actress. She was especially good in one play in the part of a frisky widow, Marjorie Gwynne. She named her little girl after this character."

Mr. Drew showed me a picture in an oval frame, an old fashioned photograph of Miss Ada Rehan. "This," he said, "was taken when Miss Rehan was only eighteen and we played together for the first time in California."

"Women dress their hair more prettily now?" I said.

"It is all a question of the fashion," said Mr. Drew; "a few years ago women wore those balloon sleeves and thought them pretty."

There was another picture of Mr. Lewis and one of Mrs. Drew Barrymore, a beautiful head and throat, clean profile and the wonderful Drew eyes that so much suggest those of her brother.

"She was one of the few women comediennes whose faces express comedy? And her voice also?"

"Yes," said Mr. Drew, "she had the *viz comica*. Miss Ethel Barrymore suggests her somewhat. She is an odd mixture of her father and mother."

"She has not the Drew eyes?"

"No, she has her father's eyes; but she has comedy spirit as well."

"What do you think of the school of repression in acting?"

"I think the success of that manner of expression depends on the individual."

"And the 'natural' plays?"

Mr. Drew shifted his eyebrows slightly and smiled interrogatively.

"I mean the 'Shore Acres' school?"

"I did not see Mr. Herne in the play. I was playing at that time."

"And the problem plays?"

"I think they are better adapted for reading than for the stage. I saw Miss Elizabeth Robbins in Berlin in the original production of 'The Sunken Bell,' which was afterwards produced by Mr. Sothern in this country. And I saw Sorma, the



SIGNORA ELEANORA DUSE

In Gabriele d'Annunzio's tragedy, "The Dead City"



PHOTO BYRON

HOPE BROWER  
(Miss Lucille Flaven)EBEN HOLDEN  
(Mr. E. M. Holland)ROBERT LIVINGSTON  
(Mr. J. F. Cook)

"EBEN HOLDEN" AT THE SAVOY

ACT III.—EBEN HOLDEN: "You mis'able cuss, I got ye"

German actress, in some of the German plays. Those who believe in that school are intensely in earnest about it."

"Do you like historical heroes?"

"I didn't like Carvel. I think the historical parts are more picturesque than the modern parts. It is difficult to be emotionally picturesque in a 'billy cock' hat, while the plume suggests chivalry and romance."

"Do you like your present rôle in 'The Second in Command'?"

"Very much. I realize that it will be difficult to find a part to succeed it that will be up to its high standard."

"Do you really like to act a rôle in which you have to end up with your arm in a sling and a limp?"

"Why, the man is wounded?"

"Well, wouldn't you prefer a part that wasn't wounded?"

Mr. Drew's eyebrows again shifted scornfully.

"He's supposed to be getting well."

"I don't like you in that sort of a part."

"Don't, eh?" His eyebrows here suggested that he could survive this blow. "What kind of parts do you like me in?"

I tried to give an imitation of his face, shoulders and hands all acting together. I think I succeeded only in suggesting Mr. Warfield's personation at the Bijou.

Mr. Drew gave a delightfully expressive little "Ugh!" in his throat. It wasn't a bit like Irving's celebrated grunt. Irving's is tragic, with a gasp in it; Drew's is comic and suggests laughter.

A deep and intense silence fell about us. I felt quite sure now that if I could only stay another half hour or so he would begin to get interesting. He did right away. As I rose to leave, he rose also, and holding my hand bent low over it. He has got a nice sort of a way of holding your hand when he says goodbye, as though he were going to kiss it. This is the only really pretty thing he does.



MR. E. M. HOLLAND as Eben Holden

# America's Greater Players

By ALFRED AYRES

OF THE players America has produced there are only two to whom a place should be accorded among histrions of the first rank, only two that in history rightfully have a place among the great—Edwin Forrest (1806-1872) and Charlotte Cushman.

Mr. Forrest was bountifully endowed by nature. His features were regular and in early life pleasing. His height was five feet ten, and his figure was symmetric, but would have been better if it had been somewhat less herculean. Even in such parts as Othello, Coriolanus, Virginius, Jack Cade, and the Broker of Bogota, had his figure been less Samson-like, he would have pleased the eye better, while in Hamlet, Richelieu, and Claude Melnotte, for example—characters that from a strictly art point of view were among his best personations—he appeared to be miscast. Heavy, however, as Forrest was in build, he was never ungraceful in his movements. No man could bow more gracefully than he. His voice was phenomenal. I never have met anyone that did not unhesitatingly concede to Forrest's voice the first place among all the voices he ever had heard. But

it was not Mr. Forrest's face, grace, and voice that made him by critical—if not by common—consent the greatest English-speaking actor born in the last century—and I doubt not the greatest actor born in any century—it was his wonderful elocution. I do not think it at all probable that the world ever has seen a more effective speaker of words than he. I doubt not if Edwin Forrest and old Roscius of Rome were to return

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to earth and contend for elocutionary supremacy that Roscius himself would concede that he had been overmatched. Mr. Forrest supplemented his exceptional physical advantages and extraordinary natural aptitude for the player's art with unremitting industry. He was microscopic in his painstaking; nothing was beneath his attention. He heightened here and

mellowed there, rounded this and smoothed that, long after the average man would have ceased to see that there was room for betterment. French, as well as English, he pronounced according to the highest standards, and, certainly in his later years, it is doubtful if even the man "with the orthoëpical sting" could even have caught him tripping. Not only were his accents always correctly placed, but his vowels were always of the purest. And this, too, though his schooling was most limited and his early surroundings were of the homeliest.

Had Forrest not been an unflagging student, and had he not begun and continued in the right way, he could never have become the elocutionist he was, since to excel in the difficult art of delivery requires more study many times over than it

requires to learn everything else it is requisite for an actor to know. Forrest, probably, made the greatest part that ever has been written—the part of King Lear—more effective, got more out of it, than any other actor ever has gotten out of it, which rightfully gives him the first place among the players of all time. He that does the greatest thing is the greatest man. It is quality, not quantity, that makes us. Better be greater



EDWIN FORREST

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



PHOTO YONNELE & CO.

MISS RUTH BERKELEY

Now playing Dorothy Manners in "Richard Carvel"

than any in one than as good as the many in all. To a greater extent Forrest united those gifts, physical and mental, and those habits and tendencies that count in an actor than has any other man known to history. Indeed, among the players of whom we have any knowledge, Forrest was a colossus, as well intellectually as physically. Some five or six years ago, a Philadelphia paper printed an interview with the late Edmon S. Conner, a distinguished actor that frequently played with Forrest, though off the stage they were not on

speaking terms. For his great contemporary as an actor Conner was lavishly eulogistic. After dwelling at some length on Forrest's remarkable powers, he exclaimed: "And, O, the majesty of the man!" No one that saw Forrest in the first scene of Lear, when Lear parcels out his kingdom, ever could forget the Jove-like majesty of his aspect. Mr. Forrest made many people dislike him—he could not be, and he would not be, diplomatic with the indolent, the untruthful, or the dishonest. On the other hand, no man ever made warmer friends. His probity was of the strictest; no man was ever known to question it. As son and as brother he was most devoted, and as player and as friend most generous.

"Take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again."

Great players, like great composers, great poets, great painters, and great sculptors, appear only at considerable intervals. Great singers and great instrumentalists appear more frequently, because, of all the arts, tone-making is the least intellectual. Acting, on the contrary, is the most intellectual of all the arts when pursued, as it must be pursued, to realize its possibilities. What greater art achievement can there be, for example, than the presenting, in all their fullness, of such characters as, say, Shakespeare's Macbeth, Timon of Athens, or King Lear?

It may be objected that Rachel never was reckoned among the highly intellectual. But Rachel put into her great impersonations the intelligence of the most intelligent of her surroundings. She was strictly a one-sided dramatic genius—she could execute but not conceive. Rachel was probably the most coached player that ever has lived. As commonly pursued, the art of acting is one of the most unintellectual of intellectual pursuits. What is there in memorizing words and firing sound at them, and in stalking about the stage after the manner of the average actor that taxes the mental powers? In two players of the first rank we had our share during the last century. It is doubtful whether the English have produced more than six, all told.

The Germans never have produced one, nor will they ever produce one till they revolutionize their mode of delivery. Their players of serious parts could hardly be more unnatural, and consequently more unintelligent, so far as delivery is concerned. The cast of a tragedy in German is commonly little else than a band of stalkers and spouters. In the immediate past, Italy, it would seem, has had two players of the first rank—Rossi and Salvini—which is more than any other country has had.

Is there anyone that sees anywhere any indication that we shall produce even one great player during the century just begun?

(To be continued.)



MISS VIRGINIA HARNED in "Alice of Old Vincennes"



By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

Drawings by  
MALCOLM A. STRAUSS

*Miss Daisy Brewer to Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke, "The Mme. Brisi Co.," Grand Opera House.*

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15, 1900.

My dear Mr. Holbrooke:

I don't know whether you remember my meeting you last summer at Saybrook, L. I., but I have very pleasant recollections of the occasion, and was simply delighted when I saw in Sunday's papers that you were with Mme. Brisi. I was at the theatre last night and thought your Lovelace very beautiful.

I should be very glad to have you call to see us.

Very sincerely,

DAISY BREWER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Trixie Teller, "The French Girl Co.," Casino, N. Y.*

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.

My own sweet little  
Girl:

First let me say, dearest Trixie, I love you just as much as ever, and if I have not written to you it is because we have been rushed to death with the bloody changes that Gallatin, the author, is making in the piece. I got beautiful notices, as you will see by the enclosed clippings. I get a round of applause every night when I come on, and if it wasn't for the Madame's jealousy, and her cutting out two of my longest speeches, I would really be the star. As it is, Joe Stevens tells me I've made the hit of the piece, and am really the whole show. I

predict that the New York critics will go wild over the way I do the love scene. There isn't another actor in the country that could give it just the exact touch that I do. Judging by the papers, I would say we had 'em, but I don't think the people are coming. The houses are good, but I think they are papered, though they're just as stingy as ever with their passes. Just think of it—leading man, and I can't get one pass for a friend. That's the worst of being with those so-called good companies.

A number of swell people that I met down at Saybrook, L. I., last summer have written to me that my part is beautiful, and have offered me all sorts of attentions, dinners and receptions and things, but I have accepted none of them, as I don't care to go anywhere or meet anybody, as I love my dear, sweet Trixie more than the swellest girl in the world.

I never did like Chicago, though the living here is cheap. It's a very dull place, and I long for New York and my own dear sweetheart.

With all my love,

Your affectionate

MORTIMER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Daisy Brewer.*

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 16.

Dear Miss Brewer:

Your delightful note was a most agreeable surprise to me. I remember our meeting with distinct pleasure. As we give a matinée to-morrow, I shall call Thursday afternoon.

Very sincerely,

MORTIMER HOLBROOKE.

*Miss Daisy Brewer to Miss May Benson.*

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 17.

Dear May:

Mortimer Holbrooke, the actor, is coming to-morrow. Come down about four. Wear your red frock; I am going to wear my blue one.

With love,

DAISY.

*Miss Daisy Brewer to Miss May Benson.*

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.

Dearest May:

Awfully sorry you couldn't get down yesterday. Mortimer Holbrooke came, and he was just too lovely for anything. He has the most beautiful eyes in the world, and such a voice



MISS TRIXIE TELLER





—and perfect manners. He's coming to lunch next Monday. Will come up Sunday and tell you all about it.

With love,

DAISY.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Trixie Teller, Casino, N. Y.*

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.

My own dearest little Trixie :

Need I say that my love for you is unchanging as the sea, and just as deep ?

I am having a jolly time here, for although I tried to avoid them, the swell people I met at Saybrook, L. I., insist on showing me attention, and have really relieved the dreadful monotony. They give me a big luncheon to-morrow (Monday). I would not go, for I love my own dear little Trixie better than anybody in the world, but you know, dearest, it is good business to associate with swell people.

The play seems to be catching on at last, and I hear that we go into New York in March. This is joyful news to me, especially because it will bring me near you, my own sweet-heart.

Ever and ever,

MORTIMER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Daisy Brewer.*

\*CHICAGO, Thursday, Nov. 25.

Dearest Daisy :

The cruellest of fates will prevent me from coming up to lunch to-day, as a rehearsal has been called for 12, and I will not get through probably until 4. I will come up then from the theatre.

Your devoted

MORTIMER

*Miss Daisy Brewer to Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke.*

CHICAGO, Friday, Nov. 26.

Dearest Mortimer :

Miss Benson wanted us to have lunch with her to-morrow, but as it is your last day in Chicago I thought it would be nicer if we two had lunch together alone. Don't you think so, dear? As you will have to leave early for the matinée, I suppose, come up early, say eleven.

Your own,

DAISY.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Trixie Teller, Casino, N. Y.*

CHICAGO, Nov. 27th.

My dear, my very dear Trixie :

We leave Chicago to-night, and really you don't know how sorry I feel. I've had a jolly time here. Luncheons were given me every day by the swellest kind of people. A big luncheon was given me to-day by the people I met at Saybrook. Of course I never would have accepted these various attentions if it were not for the fact that it is good business, and shows the management that I am popular, and have lots of friends.

You must excuse me from writing more, my dearest; I am tired out after the afternoon performance and have to get ready, as the trunks are taken up at eight o'clock.

I was awfully glad to hear that you are to have a speaking part in the new play.

Affectionately,

MORTIMER HOLBROOKE.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Daisy Brewer, Chicago, Ill.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.

My own dear sweet little Daisy :

What a dear little charming woman you are ! I have been awfully blue since leaving Chicago, because I enjoyed myself more there than ever I did any place else, and because I saw you so often. You are wrong, you dear girl, about talking about "monopolizing" me, because I didn't know anybody but members of the company, and then, anyway, I wouldn't have cared to have been entertained by anybody but you. Of course I would like to have met Miss Benson and some of the other friends you spoke of, but we actors love our art so much that we don't care very much for society or social attentions.

Your proposition to write to me every day fills me with delight, and I, too, will write to you every day ; but if my letters are not as long as yours, you must know it is because I am so busy, and not because you love me more than I love you.

You are wrong about my loving anybody else. I never did and never will love anybody as much as I love you.

With all my love,

MORTIMER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Trixie Teller, Casino, N. Y.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.

Dearest Trixie :

We opened Monday night to standing room, and although Pollort is at Columbia, and "The Giddy Goat" at the Lafayette, we have been playing to splendid houses. My notices were simply great. I enclose them. I am quite sure New York will go wild over me.

Dearest Trixie, you are all wrong about my love for you growing cold. You needn't be a bit jealous about "those Saybrook people," for although they were wealthy, they didn't appeal to me a bit. To show you how little I cared for



"I thought it would be nicer if we two had luncheon alone"



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MR. JOHN E. KELLERD

Now starring in "The Cipher Code"

them, I could probably remember the names of only one or two of them now.

We are breaking in a new leading lady, so I have to rush off to rehearsal.

With all my love,

MORTIMER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Trixie Teller, Casino, N. Y.*

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 6.

Dearest Trixie:

You accuse me very unjustly of forgetting you. The traveling has been fierce; that is why I haven't written you this week. I love you, you dear girl, with all my soul. We leave early in the morning. Will write you a longer letter next Sunday.

Affectionately,

MORTIMER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Daisy Brewer, Chicago, Ill.*

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 6.

My own dear, sweet little Girl:

Need I repeat to you that my love for you is as deep as the sea and as unchangeable?

I was not able to write last night, on account of taking sleeper immediately after the show. We will play in St. Louis in two weeks, and the thing that makes me most anxious to get there is the fact that it will be so near Chicago

and the dearest girl in the world. If you could only come down and visit those friends of yours in St. Louis that you spoke of, how lovely it would be! Don't worry, dear Daisy, about any other girl. There is no other girl.

With all my love, yours,

MORTIMER.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Mr. John Alburn, "The Empress Josephine Co.," Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill.*

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 6.

My dear Jack:

You have doubtless heard that I have made the hit of the piece. I predict that New York will go wild over the way I do the love scene. I don't think any other actor could give the exact touch that I do.

I thought as you are pretty well acquainted with Chicago, you might give a little information—in strict confidence, you understand? Do you know the Brewers, or anything about them, on 212 ——— St.? Could you find out about them? Are they very wealthy? There's a nice little girl called Daisy who's clean gone on a friend of mine, and I was just curious to know.

Yours sincerely,

MORTIMER HOLBROOKE.



PHOTO ROSE &amp; SANDS

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

In "A Royal Family" at the Lyceum

*Mr. John Alburn to Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke, "Mme. Brisi Co.," Montgomery, Ala.*

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 9.

My dear Holbrooke:

Of course I had heard you were the hit of the piece; you always were the hit of the piece. What has amazed me is that the American press and public and the theatrical managers of the world should remain so long oblivious of your great merit.

The latter part of your letter, pertaining to certain Brewers, of 212 ——— St., was particularly interesting to me, as showing how impersonal and unselfish the members of our profession are. Where else in the world would you find a man thoughtfully looking up the financial standing of a friend's perspective fiancée? Moved by this generosity I went to considerable pains to obtain the information desired. The Brewers of 212 ——— St. will leave 212 on May 1st and move to a house at No. 214 ——— St. Though the number is very nearly the same, the house is not; it is a cheap boarding-house. Old man Brewer has been living beyond his means for a year, a condition of affairs brought about by his ambitious daughter.

It might interest your "friend," however, to know that Miss Brewer has a friend, Miss May Benson, of 119 ——— St., whose wealth is not fictitious. I would advise him on his next visit to Chicago to look her up.

Sincerely,

JOHN ALBURN.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Daisy Brewer, Chicago, Ill.*

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 16.

My dear Daisy:

I have not written to you for several days, for I have been carefully thinking how foolish it is for us to continue this correspondence. I am so wedded to my art that I never could give you all the love that you deserve, and so I think it would be unwise for you to come down to St. Louis, despite the fact that it would give me the greatest pleasure. We will always be friends, though, I am sure, and I shall always think of you with pride, remembering how good you were to me, and what a brave little woman you are.

Yours sincerely,

MORTIMER HOLBROOKE.

*Mr. Mortimer Holbrooke to Miss Trixie Teller, Casino, N. Y.*

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 16.

My own dear, sweet little Trixie:

You must forgive me, my sweetheart, if I have not written to you in a week, but we have been kept very busy with traveling and extra matinées, and although I longed to write to you and tell you how much I loved you, I really had not the time.

Now, sweetheart, your last letter did me a great injustice, and I really begin to think you do not love me. I don't see how you, knowing me as well as you do, and how much I love you, can write as you do. I only met one girl more than once in Chicago, a Miss Brewer, and I did not care for her at all. She has written me several notes since I left, but I have answered them in the most formal way, and have now

made up my mind not to write to her again. But the idea that I could love her, or anybody else but my own Trixie, is simply monstrous.

We play Philadelphia after St. Louis, and then New York— indefinitely. Isn't that great? Just heard it. Am wild with delight, because it will bring me near the woman I love best. I am sure to make a big hit.

John Alburn, who is with the "Empress Josephine," wrote me from Chicago that he had heard a number of people say that I was the hit of the piece. Personally, I don't like Alburn, as I think he is inclined to be sarcastic, but I think he really admires my work.

Now, sweetheart, this is a long letter, and will make up for not writing in a week. Hereafter, I am going to write to you every day, to show you that my love for you has grown stronger.

With all my love,

MORTIMER.



WHERE BERNHARDT SEEKS PEACE

When Mme. Bernhardt is world weary she gets into this coffin—a growsome piece of furniture in her boudoir—and, covering herself with faded wreaths and flowers, folds her hands across her breast and, her eyes closed, bids a temporary farewell to life. A lighted candle on a votary table at her left and a death skull grinning on the floor add to the illusion. It is only when dinner is announced that the tragedienne opens her eyes and once more takes a languid interest in things material.



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MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH

## The Outlook for the Opera Season

WHEN golf commences to be inductive of catarrhal infections, when the blue sky of our glorious autumn turns into gray and slimy football weather, when the grate fires in the country houses of our gilded and bediamonded plutocracy begin to be below the heating point—then, and only then, is the time to send out a glowing prospectus of the joys of the coming opera season to its wealthy patrons. The average opera manager, at least, would do so, but Mr. Grau, being an extraordinary impresario, is content to simply present a list of the artistes he has engaged for his American campaign. While there might be a few among our opera patrons who would prefer to hear more about new operas to be sung than about old and new sopranos and tenors to sing, the majority

is satisfied to know that Mr. Grau has again succeeded in engaging the very flower of the world's singers, male and female, to display their talents before the great and generously-paying American public.

There is no denying that under the prevailing musical conditions in this country the more ambitious and fastidious lover of art will get little chance during the opera season to satisfy his somewhat old-fashioned conviction that the *play* is the thing. On the contrary, with us the singer is almost everything. Being concerned about the singers more than about the works to be given, the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House will be delighted to learn that the array of artistes engaged by Mr. Grau for this season is even greater and more



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M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

MME. BRÉVAL

HERR DIPPEL



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MME. EMMA CALVÉ

brilliant than ever before. Perusing the list of Mr. Grau's sopranos in particular, one cannot help being impressed by the fact that nearly every prima donna of superior quality appears to have been induced to give up the "artistic atmosphere" of the European capitals we hear so much about for the pleasure

of soothing the ears of American barbarians. The list is so long and so glorious that our critics, always so eulogistic, will find even their last reserves of superlatives exhausted before the season is half over.

The difficulty begins right at the start with the announce-



ment of their names. Who shall be the first? Who deserves to be the first? Everyone of them, of course. To pass safely between Scylla and Charybdis we must take them in alphabetic order. Mme. Suzanue Adams opens the line. Since she joined Mr. Grau's forces, a few seasons ago, she has made considerable headway. Gifted with an unusually sympathetic voice, she has industriously endeavored to overcome the unavoidable histrionic awkwardness of the débutante, and has succeeded in a promising way. Mlle. Bréval will again appear in dramatic rôles of the French school, from Meyerbeer to Reyer, and since she is engaged we may look forward to more performances of last year's novelty, "Salammbô." Whether Mr. Grau will think it desirable to let New York hear Bréval's Bruenhilde in "Walkuere" remains to be seen. In Boston last year some people—not all, though—went wild over Bréval's impersonation of Wagner's great heroine. Number three is Mme. Emma Calvé. That we got along fairly well last season without her was probably a surprise to her, for the New York public has done everything possible in the past to make her think that opera for us reads Calvé. However, be this as it may, everybody ought to be, and probably is, glad to have this extraordinary artiste with us once more. One may have a divergent opinion of this or that part, but one cannot fail to find Calvé's conception interesting. As long as Calvé is on the stage no yawning can be observed in the auditorium; even the most indifferent Philistine rubs his eyes and sits up in his seat while she is singing. Her high-strung temperament and her velvety voice blend in a marvelous way and present a picture of exotic voluptuousness and burning passion not easily to be forgotten. She apparently realizes herself that those two qualities, voluptuousness and sensuous passion, are the most potent characteristics of her impersonations, and that accounts for her anxiety to appear in the title rôle of de Lara's "Messaline." This Messaline is but another Carmen,

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1. Mme. Ternina      2. Herr Van Rooy      3. Mme. Emma Eames      4. Herr Van Dyck      5. Mme. Bauermeister      6. Mme. Gadski  
 7. Mme. Nordica      8. M. Alvarez      9. M. Salignac      10. Mr. Bispham      11. Signor Scotti



M. POL PLANÇON

that throws over one lover for the other, out of quenchless cupidity for vicissitude—a Carmeu with other surroundings than the cigarette girl of Sevilla, a Carmen on the throne, and also a Carmen without the intoxicating music of Bizet.

Like Mme. Calvé, Mme. Emma Eames is coming back to us after a year of absence. Two very different types of

women and of singers are these two Emmas, wherefore their admirers think it very piquant when they appear in the same opera in characters fitting their respective personalities. Such is the case, for instance, when Eames sings Michaela to Calvé's Carmen. We have been told, however, that Mme. Eames is very ambitious to add to her repertoire of strong

dramatic characters. She has without question the appearance and the vocal organ for this line of work, and so it only remains for her to prove that she also possesses a convincing amount of dramatic temperament. Mme. Gadski's taste seems to lay in the same direction, as, in fact, is natural enough in young sopranos with powerful voices. However, a few years will probably pass by before we shall hear her as Bruenhilde or Isolde, because in spite of her youth Mme. Gadski is careful and knows that many young sopranos have ruined their voices by attempting too early the most trying rôles of the modern music drama. There is, however, little doubt that Mme. Gadski's wonderfully healthy voice would stand the strain, and with her intensely dramatic Aida last year she proved she is possessed of all the spiritual requirements for big dramatic parts.

To an altogether different species of singers belongs Miss Sybil Sanderson, who hails from California, but has become very French through her long sojourn in Paris. When she sang here for the first time, several seasons ago, she was not married; now she returns a widow. Whether she has also undergone a remarkable change as a singer remains to be seen. At that time she appeared in but one part, as Manon in Massenet's opera of the same name, and it cannot be denied that her singularly attractive personality made up for some deficiency in



HERR BANDROWSKI in "Manru"

her vocal equipment. She will probably have to compete in the same parts with the clever and vivacious Mlle. Fritz-Scheff, who made a decidedly favorable impression last year as a versatile and accomplished opera soubrette. The return of Mme. Sembrich will be hailed with keen delight by every admirer of the highest art of singing. The public will have a chance to hear this master singer in all her famous old parts and in some few new parts. Particular interest will be felt in her as-

suming the rôle of Ulana in Paderewski's opera, "Manru." Last, but not by any means least, Mme. Milka Ternina must be named. She will reign as queen in the realm of Wagner's most dramatic heroines, and we hope to be treated again to her matchless impersonation of Tosca in Puccini's opera. There are only two altos of distinction in Mr. Grau's company this season, but Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink being one of them, we do not need to despair. This wonderful artiste weighs vocally and dramatically as much as three other altos. With her inexhaustible voice and her wealth of temperament, again she will carry everything before her and be a source of delight whenever she appears before the footlights. Mme. Louise Homer, who was very cordially received when she sang here last year for the first time, will again take the alto parts in the Italian and French operas. There is only one *homo novus* among the tenors, Herr Bandrowski, who is especially engaged to sing the title part in Paderewski's opera, "Mauru." He was for many years the principal tenor of the Opera House, Frankfort-on-Main, and is said to have been a favorite there. Of the other newcomer, the baritone Declery, comparatively little is known here. He sang, however, with considerable success at Covent Garden. The tenor Signor de Marchi may be new to many of our opera patrons, though he has been heard here before with Mapleson. And then comes the long list of the old favorites. There is the subtle van Dyck, the strong-voiced Alvarez, the many-sided Dippel, the nimble-voiced Salignac, all tenors; the broadly artistic van Rooy, the powerful Scotti, the musical Campanari, the ambitious Bispham, and the versatile Gilibert in the baritone class; finally, the "big" Edouard de Reszké, the handsome Plançon, the reliable Journet, and the promising Blass as bassos.

AUGUST SPANUTH.



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Mlle. LOUISE HOMER



REUTLINGER

MISS SYBIL SANDERSON



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SIGNOR CAMPANARI



Mlle. FREITZI-SCHEFF



M. BLASS



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS



SIGNOR DI MARCHI

## Music and Musicians



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FRAU LILLI LEHMANN

A SWIFT glance cast over the musical waters justifies the belief that this season will be an exceedingly brilliant one. We shall have with us a rational number of great artistes; we shall have presented to us several symphonic works of merit and at least one new opera, "Manru," by Paderewski, of the nimble fingers and golden-fleece. On Thursday, November 7th, the Boston Symphony Orchestra took upon itself the responsibility of sounding the first slogan of war, presenting a programme of lusty proportions after this arrangement:

Tannhauser overture, bacchanale and scene from Act I.  
Meistersingers of Nuremberg,  
Walther's Prize Song  
Die Götterdämmerung, Selections  
Soloists: Mme. Milka Ternina,  
Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

I am convinced of the uselessness of protest against stripping Wagner's music of scene, color, costume, action and calcium lights, and dressing it up in starched linen, satin and laces, and presenting it in cold, clammy halls as programme music, but I protest all the same. It is well enough for the Wagnerian, but it is certainly hard on the concertgoer, who is forced to listen to long excerpts which in no way explain themselves, are full of unwonted, unholy vocal noises, and viewed as symphonic works or opera, alike fail to make connection with cold reason. A concert hall in its chaste, chilly garb certainly makes Wagner respectable, but it hurts the feelings of the devotee. That is why we all protest in cold type against dragging Wagner out of his lair and serving him up to us as you would the staid masters of the symphony.

Space does not permit me to discourse adequately about what Mr. Gericke did to that overture and bacchanale. It is

almost sufficient to reflect that he and his men come from Boston, and perhaps that is the kind of "Bacchic frenzy" they order down there. With us it competed with cough-drops and soothing syrup. Certainly Mr. Gericke's hot-blood, accentuated rhythms, colossal climaxes, will never land him in trouble save negatively, because of their absence. Mme. Ternina once more demonstrated that Wagner can be most tunefully sung. She neither asperates nor scoops nor drops into the speaking voice, as we have been accustomed to witness by the herd of miscalled Wagnerian singers. She is a grand artiste, and can move her auditors most completely. Mr. Van Hoose also won much applause. The quality of his voice is very melodious.

This concert was followed by a song recital given by the only Lilli Lehmann, at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon. Her programme was made up of songs by Schumann, Schubert, Loewe, and arias by Berlioz. Frau Lehmann still commands admiration for her majesty of presence, and her voice is in excellent condition. Age has indeed settled upon her vocal chords, but it seems apparent only in that she is unable to riot in big tones and rush ahead at will. She proceeds with calculating vocal caution, and the result is usually eminently satisfying. Here we have Lieder singing par excellence, although occasionally she lapses into dramatic error. An enormous and enthusiastic audience greeted her.

On November 9th the Boston Symphony came again over the land, and they played to us the Volkmann "Overture to Richard III.," Liszt's "Festklaenge,"



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HERR EMIL PAUR

the Lalo concerto for violoncello and orchestra (Gerardy was soloist), and Beethoven's grand symphony in A major, No. 7, opus 92. The Volkmann number was evoked by Shakespeare's tragedy. It reeks of ghouls and graveyards, the themes are spectral, bassoons summon ghostly visitations, percussion instruments send out startling warnings; if you dared look at the sky you would see low-hanging, scurrying black clouds, and owls would hoot in the distance. While the overture is of musical value, Volkmann was never aroused from the stertorous breathing of deep sleep to create it for our lasting good. The Liszt number is to music what a lithograph is to an oil painting. It has most musical Hungarian moments, but they serve a bad end, because they high-light the tinsel, sawdust and spangles of the entire work. The Lalo concerto is an aristocratic production, full of fine moments, essentially refined, never profound, but felicitous and gracious. Gerardy was recalled a dozen times. Where is there another 'cellist with his balance, intelligence, technic, and ability to color like a Titian? I know of none. A balm for our woes came in the Beethoven symphony. What a relief to feel the impulse of a *man* beating through the music ouce more, and a man at that who had something to say and was direct of speech. The work brought out the increased wood-wind choir of the orchestra marvclously. The work of the oboist was an example of perfect playing. Mr. Gericke does not read much color and vitality into his scores, and this somewhat ruffles Beethoven's pristine intention. But the orchestra itself is so excellent that no fault can be found with it. It is sonorous, well-balanced and authoritative

always. We can sometimes afford to lose sight of a ponderous evil in face of vital excellencies, and his organization has both. The next concerts will be given December 12 and 14.

On Monday, the 11th, Mr. Whitney Tew appeared in a song recital; but mediocrity stalked in and absorbed everything connected with it, especially the new "In Memoriam" song cycle by Liza Lehmann, who will one day have to answer for it. It is the embodiment of gloomy stupidity, tricked out with melodramatic moments.

Of the Kneisel Quartette concert, which took place at Mendelssohn Hall on the 12th, there is nothing new to say. The quartette still preserves its perfect ensemble and classical features; it is, in fact, supreme.

The real absorbing events of these early days of the season were the rehearsal and concert of the Philhar-

monic Society, which had three distinct attractions: Emil Paur, as director; Josef Hofmann, as soloist, and the new "Barbarossa" symphonic poem, by Herr Siegmund von Hausegger.

The Euryanthe overture has for its thematic foundation three themes from the opera; it is a singularly gracious preface. The pianissimo secured by the director was a study in itself. The Bach-Abert selection, in its severe classic structure, toned us up for the new symphony. It was well played throughout, save at moments when the brass became unruly and disturbed the ensemble.

Mr. Hofmann played like a little god. His piano sang and thundered and he kept the tempi true. I noticed a note of warmth ranging in the *moderato-assaí*, which leads me to hope that Mr. Hofmann's emotional nature is ready to emerge from its incubator. With his strong, clean-cut, intelligent mastery of technical difficulties, if he can add the temperamental note, he will far outstrip many competitors.

As for the "Barbarossa," it is the work of a coming master among the modern musical proselytes. The symphony lies in three parts, bounding at once into an enormously strong introduction. The first movement presents the Barbarossa theme with the brasses; the atmosphere of this portion is heavy and sad, as the "Distress of the People" would naturally be. The second movement, "The Enchanted Mountain," has some of the most brilliant descriptive scoring I have ever heard. The entire symphony is resplendent in thematic structure, fantasy, vigor, daring, strong scoring and technical mastery. It is of extreme modern speech but never vulgar. Herr Paur put his very life in the performance, and those who know what a colossus the man is will understand what this means. There is no shade, nuance, effect of chiaroscuro, poetry, which escape him. He *is* music, and the most thoroughly gifted musician America has ever seen.

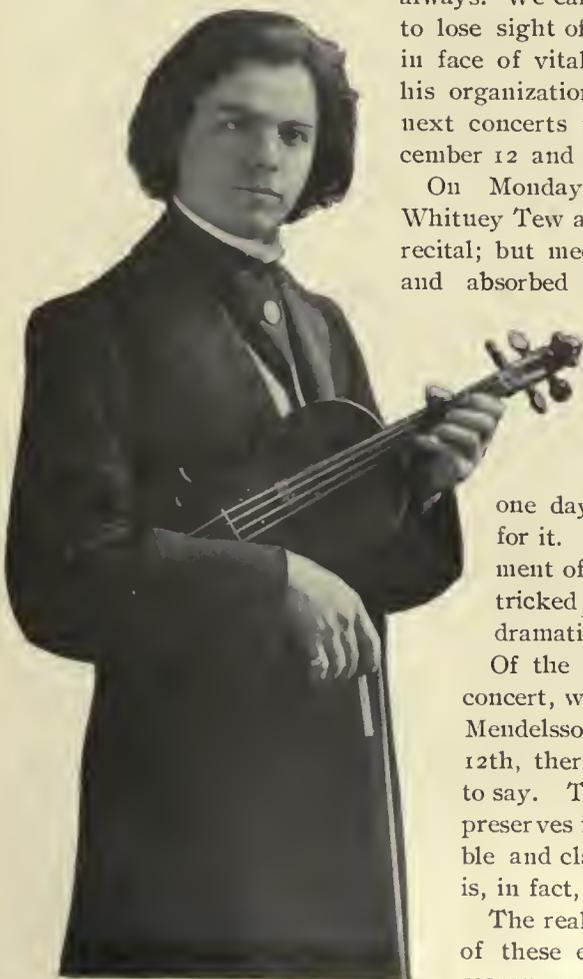
Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler gave further evidence of her virtuosity at a piano recital at Mendelssohn Hall on the 16th. The *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's great 11th Sonata. This pianist seems to possess every artistic attribute. She has temperament, brain and balance. One could write columns about her excellencies. Her polyphonic appreciation, dynamic grasp and general scope are unique among women.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.



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M. JAN KUBELIK

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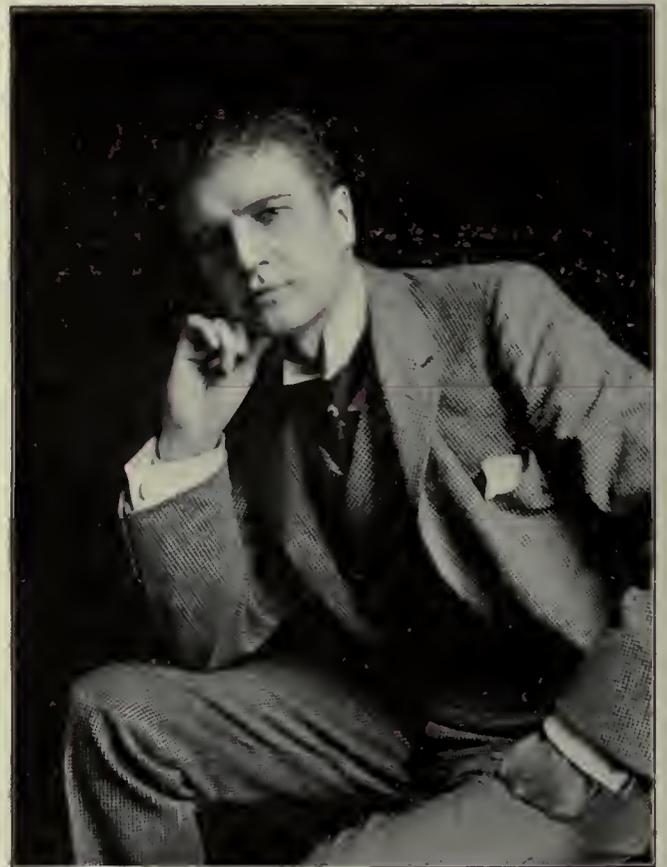
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CYRANO DE BERGERAC, Act I



L'AIGLON, Act 5      Death of Flembau



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AS HONORIA

THE GIRL QUEEN

IN DISGUISE

Zinger, Des.

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EDMOND DANTES

*Binger des. N.Y.*



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NELL

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AT THE INN

Anger, Des. 17

Dupont

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"BEN - HUR"



"BEN - HUR" Before the Chariot Race



MR.

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