

NEW YORK WOMEN VICTIMS OF MOB FRENZY

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—(Special correspondence.)—An occurrence which hardly comes under the head of music or drama, still formed one of the most dramatic situations in the story of woman in New York. It must be stated primarily that probably nothing has ever occurred which has made the other women more thoroughly ashamed of their sex and more grievously that such an untoward thing could have happened. This was the action of the mob of women in their eagerness to witness something of the nuptials of Miss Goelet to the Duke of Roxborough. The church was fairly mobbed. Well-dressed women crawled into the coal bins, lay under the pews, and conducted themselves in such inexplicable manner that the whole matter became nothing but a psychological problem.

Where these women were blamable was that they left their homes and came to the scene of action through mudfilled streets, or hero-worship, as the case may have been. For this and for all other things they were responsible. For what happened afterward I believe that any one who understands metaphysics or psychology will agree with me in the statement that they were not responsible. There is an insanity that is born of super-excitement in large crowds, especially in such crowds where people are in bodily contact with one another, and where electric currents, animal magnetism, the power of suggestion or what you will, in extreme cases it creates hysteria to the degree of insanity. No one who has seen what happened could believe that those women were sane, and that they were conscious of what they were doing. The women who tried to crawl to such a point that they might look through the registers and ventilators could certainly have had no control of their own actions. They were borne along physically, if not mentally, by the pressure of the crowd behind and around them, and from physical contact it is a short distance to mental one. If, indeed, the mental force is not the stronger of the two.

The women involved in this scandal were not from the slums, but they were extremely well-dressed women from every run of life.

There is a strong analogy between this hysterical condition and those emotions which we know as enthusiasm, religious or patriotic fervor, and genuine admiration of the highest ideals in anything, whether life or art. To the public in general, to the unthinking, or to those who will not accept the truth of a super-physical force, it is hardly possible to explain this. Even Dewey could not understand the revelation of feeling which the American people seemed to show him after the wild manifestations which they offered when he returned laden with honors and glory. But Dewey mistook their hysterical manifestations of what was founded on true patriotism and enthusiasm, for the thing itself. Instead of this it was the outburst of mingled emotions partly due to relaxation from the terrible strain through which the whole nation had passed, and partly due to the individual sensitivity to the suggestions of his neighbors in the immense crowds which greeted him. In every city through which he passed, I witnessed the same thing, and thoughtfully, and then made my acquaintance with what could not be construed as anything but crowd insanity.

In the face of mounted police riding madly here and there, and the excitement so much affected by the mental disturbance as were the human beings, people flung themselves clinging to both rider and horse, perfectly oblivious of danger, or consequence. All this was a tribute to Dewey. It was the same thing which carried crowds of olden days before the power of tyrannical monarchs, who depended upon their ability to arouse the emotions of an unthinking and ignorant populace. This unbalanced condition is due to a lack of intellectual development, but more than this to a lack of spirituality—that quality which is more than intellect because an overdeveloped intellect is not far from hysteria, and the spiritual element is that which holds the balance true between the intellectual nature and the animal, or the physical, physical emotion is the strongest expression.

It is only necessary to mention in passing the example of religious hysteria, of which the revival meeting is a recognized type. But this is not the case with such as that which led Jeanne d'Arc to the accomplishment of her noble purpose. It was with her pure spirituality; but that influence which she exerted upon her blind followers produced that overflow of emotion which was based upon the truth she felt, but which they were incapable of sharing except in a physical sense.

singleness of purpose, lies a power which, while it is immeasurable, is perfectly convincing. In a word, we may understand that Zangwill's purpose is in the first place philanthropic, secondly philanthropic, and last and for all time, philanthropic. Colonne with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

The first pair of concerts of the Philharmonic Society occurred on November 15 and 16, according to the custom of giving on Friday afternoon what is termed a public rehearsal of the same programme since it played on Saturday night.

As has been stated before, the plan of this society has been to engage seven conductors, the most prominent available in Europe for the coming season. The first was Edward Colonne, one of the most noted figures in the music of France. There have been many Germans, but this was the first Frenchman to be engaged. It is a privilege to hear that I could form a more definite opinion of his characteristics as a conductor, I stole in upon a private rehearsal. I am free to say that I was not permitted to remain, but I was there at least three-quarters of an hour before I was discovered. During this time it gave me the opportunity to form an acquaintance with the characteristics of this truly great musician, and it may be more interesting to the reading public to know how he got the result, than to hear the same story told in the usual way before the close of the present season.

First—Of his appearance and personality, in which there is little to awaken the sentiment of the truly romantic. He is intensely healthy, and wears a heavy beard. In fact, he resembles very strongly that other great Frenchman, Raoul Pugno. He is elderly, but not old, and he is temperamental—and mild you, he is very temperamental—there is nothing that would remind one of "the excitable Frenchman," that people are likely to think of when the word temperament is mentioned, especially in one of that country. His English was very inlaid, but between the three languages, he spoke a large proportion of the orchestra in German, he spoke a large proportion of the orchestra in French, and when language failed him he resorted to singing each part of the orchestral composition.

First it was the harp which he stopped to urge the necessity of accent four times in a measure. Five times he went over the same thing, started the orchestra again and finally sang the part with the harp, that there could be no possibility of doing other than as he desired. The next time he stopped the orchestra was because the body of violins did not drop from loud to soft with the proper preparation of shading. This was gone over at least eight times, Colonne demonstrating with vocal organs, hands, eyes and hand just what that must be done. This accomplished they started all over again, when a sudden whoop and a swoop of the baton brought the music to a close.

"One instrument is out of tune! It is a horn." Each horn blew his blast to prove that it was not, but without an instant's hesitation Colonne pointed his finger, which said more forcibly than words, "That ar the man!" In a word Colonne is one of the greatest disciplinarians in the world. It is possible to conceive, Nothing is too trivial for him to stop the entire work to correct. The result was startling, for the orchestra, which had been playing with a finish and a decision which was quite out of the ordinary, as far as this body is concerned.

The most remarkable work of this great Frenchman was the overture of the Symphony Fantastique of Berlioz. It will be remembered that this is the centenary of that great French writer, who, in the field of music, was a more marvelous product than was the German, for he anticipated Wagner in many things for which he had no precedent.

However, to return to Colonne, the way in which he conducted this was dazzling and bewildering. Without a score, and with a sweep that was majestic in its fullest sense, he accomplished something that will never be forgotten by those who heard him upon this occasion. Jacques Thibault was the soloist, and played the Lalo Concerto, and rounded out the national color of the programme, as both violinist and composition are gifts of "La Belle France."

Without knowing how serious the blaze might be, he ran to close the door. As he did so a much-rooted young man fell into his presence. The young man rose, and the glare of the flames showed him to be a reporter on a weekly paper published in Harlem. Each gazed at the other an instant, and then, first expelling the smoke from his lungs, the intruder said:

"Say, I ran that picture of Grace George in the paper this morning."

"Good," replied Pollock. "Got a copy with you?"

"Sure thing," responded the other man, pulling one out of his pocket. The two examined it carefully. It was a large cut and showed up beautifully.

"Thanks awfully," observed Mr. Pollock. "Now, let's go down and see how bad the fire is."

And they went.

Wilton Lackaye, recently with Amelia Birmingham's company, is famous for the aptness and originality of his conversation. He was touring the South some seasons ago in the city with which he tried to follow his Evangelical success. It was called "Dr. Belgraff," and dealt in a melodramatic way with the power of hypnotism, but was not sufficiently potent in this respect to attract very large audiences. In an Alabama town a climax was reached when the local manager dropped back of the star's dressing-room to tell him that it was the most fashionable audience he had ever seen in the theater. The audience, numerically speaking, was about eight strong.

Lackaye was heard to whisper that he did not care if they were cashewes, if the house had only been filled. However, he would have his joke at any expense, and during the next scene, in which Dr. Belgraff alone in his office, the veteran Joseph Allen entered, and, reading his introductory line, looked at Lackaye and inquired:

"Are we alone?"

Lackaye, with one quick glance at the entire audience, nodded his head, and replied: "Yes, comparatively alone."

MARQUAM GRAND THEATER. W. T. PANGLE, Res. Manager. MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, NOV. 23-24-25. Special Matinee Wednesday, at 2:15 o'clock. DE WOLF HOPPER AND HIS OPERA COMPANY IN A MUSICAL PRODUCTION OF CHAS. DICKENS' MASTERPIECE MR. PICKWICK. As presented at Herald Square Theater, N. Y., for 3 months. HISTORICAL COSTUMES SCENERY AND GENERAL PROPERTIES AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA SELECTED CHORUS Original Cast including Digby Bell, Frank H. Belcher, Louis Payne, J. K. Adams, George Chapman, Augustus Colelli, Frank E. Wiling, Guy H. Bartlett, George Rolland, George H. Williams, John Barry, Charles Homan, Marion Field, Marguerite Clark, Laura Joyce Bell, Vivian Ogden, Gertrude Taylor, Florine Murray, Nellie Victoria, Felice Robinson.

MARQUAM GRAND THEATER. 5 NIGHTS AND TWO MATINEES COMMENCING TUESDAY DEC. 1st. KLAW & ERLANGER'S STUPENDOUS PRODUCTION OF GEN. WALLACE'S THE GREAT CHARIOT RACE IN ACT V. THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF ALL STAGE PAGEANTS. A MIGHTY PLAY. 350 PERSONS IN THE GORGEOUS SPECTACLE—350. PRICES: LOWER FLOOR, first 12 rows, \$2.50 BALCONY, first 3 rows, \$2.00 GALLERY, reserved, .75c LOWER FLOOR, balance, 1.00 BALCONY, next 3 rows, 1.50 GALLERY admission, .50c BOX SEATS, 3.00 BALCONY, balance, 1.00. SEAT SALE STARTS THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, AT 10 O'CLOCK.

THE BAKER THEATER. GEO. L. BAKER, Sole Lessee and Manager. Phone Main 1907. THE FASHIONABLE POPULAR PRICE PLAY HOUSE. ONE WEEK STARTING SUNDAY MATINEE, NOV. 22. MR. GEORGE L. BAKER ANNOUNCES FOR THE THIRD WEEK OF THE BAKER THEATER COMPANY. WILLIAM GILLETTE'S GREATEST COMEDY TOO MUCH JOHNSON. SPECIAL THANKSGIVING DAY MATINEE. NEXT WEEK—JIM THE PENMAN.

EMPIRE THEATER. COR. TWELFTH AND MORRISON. GEO. L. BAKER, RES. MANAGER. PHONE MAIN 78. A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT. ONE WEEK STARTING SUNDAY AFTERNOON NOV. 22. Special Holiday Matinee Thursday—Thanksgiving Day. THE GREAT CHINESE-AMERICAN SENSATION. KING OF THE OPIUM RING. SEE THE CHINESE SMUGGLERS' LANDING A CARGO THE HUMAN TOWER OF CHINKS THE RAID ON AN OPIUM JOINT THE CHINESE THEATER ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT. PRICES—Night, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Afternoon, 10c, 15c, 25c. Seats now selling; reserve early. Boxoffice open daily till 10 P. M.

AT THE NEW ARCADE THEATER. 330 Washington Street, Bet. Sixth and Seventh. Opposite Imperial Hotel. FIVE SHOWS DAILY. 2:30, 3:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30. ADMISSION 10 CENTS. The Home of Continuous Vaudeville. Our motto is: "Hard to get, hard to hold." In other words, the more expensive the attraction, the harder to find room to hold the folks who flock to our festival. We send many a message of merry-making and we are going to send a lot of happygrams between now and next Sunday night, so be ready to sign for yours. There will be a bunch waiting for you, and ALL FOR TEN CENTS. This is the time to give thanks, and every patron of the theater will do it this week when the Thanksgiving bill is put on. For this week's bill we have signed merry-makers of the top-notch order and they will be all there from the Commander-in-Chief of Fun to the highly diverting pictures of the American Bioscope. We will start out with WELLS BROTHERS. Here is an act that will make you snap your eyelashes. A duo of comedy acrobats who do amusing feats, as well as singing and dancing of a superlative order. FOUR BRAGDONS. These candidates for popular favor are sure to win your vote. They do a comedy sketch, many odd tricks, and some laughable antics combined. Breahn & Mascot. Scintillating skitists, in a hot mixture of spicy dialogue, comic incidents and droll songs. Here's where you get a sure return for value received. PAUL NEWMAN. What does he do? Well, if you can name a ballistid who can take first money away from him, we'll thuputate a few wime and give some grape gas a chance to get in its work on you. He sings tunes that are illustrated. AMERICAN BIOSCOPE. A new lot of moving pictures will delight men, women and children. ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING. AT THE NEW ARCADE. Five shows daily, 2:30, 3:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30. Sow a dime—reap a crop of fun.

CORDRAY'S THEATER. Cordray & Russell, Managers. Phone Main 992. COMMENCING MATINEE TODAY, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22 and Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights. Nothing But Bank Notes, Gold and Laughter. Elmer Walter's Latest Scenic Sensation. A Millionaire Tramp. SEE HEAR The Great CHURCH SCENE—The OLD HOTEL—The Country Opera House—The Village Depot. The Choir of the Church of the Holy Cross—The Song of the Christmas Revelers. Prices—Matinee: Adults, 25c; Children, 10c. Evenings: 15c, 25c, 45c, 40c, 50c.

CORDRAY'S THEATER. Cordray & Russell, Managers. Phone Main 992. Evening Prices, 15, 25, 35, 40 and 50c. Matinee Prices, adults 25c; children, 10c. Special Engagement for One Week, Starting Thursday (Thanksgiving) Matinee, Nov. 26th. The ever welcome favorite, the best of all SWEDISH DIALECT COMEDY DRAMA. The same, the refreshing, the merry Swedish boy from the hills of the old country. YON YONSON. A Favorite With the Girls A Treat for the Old Folks Beloved by the Children A Source of PURE FUN. NELSE ERICKSON AS YON Lumberman's Quartette—Log Jam—Luxurious Appointments.

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