

# Subway Strike Affects Theaters

### DAMAGE TO BUSINESS GREATER THAN THAT INFLICTED BY SEVEREST BLIZZARDS. IBSEN'S DRAMA AROUSES INTEREST

NEW YORK, March 18.—(Special Correspondence.)—For the benefit of those who think that the worst damage on the theatrical business comes from blizzards and little innocent things of that kind, the information is herewith given that the worst blizzard conceivable is nothing to compare to the effect of a strike now on in New York City, which affects the L and the subway roads. The hardship which this has brought upon the traveling public in New York is simply beyond any description and, as stated before, no blizzard could possibly tie up both business and the public as this strike has done.

Leaving out of question entirely the matter of right and wrong, it seems perfectly outrageous that in the present case such hardship can be wrought upon the general public who have no more to do between the equities of the company and its employees or, to be more correct, between the employees and their company, than between man and wife. Not only is life and limb of every person who travels endangered, but the hardships are almost beyond meeting.

Surface cars are running which are so crowded that people ride on the roofs, and a number of the back platforms broke off, leaving the cars to go about without them, and also without 25 or 30 people who were hanging on by the skin of their teeth.

Can anyone ever describe that sensation which is experienced when, after standing in the beating rain and the cold wind, eight or ten such cars go by without stopping and the consciousness dawns that this may continue hour after hour?

Can anyone realize the sensation of being on these cars and being carried as far the other side of your destination as you were to stop, and then, because the cars were so loaded with people that there was no way of stopping or of getting out or of making your wants known, in any shape or manner.

At moments like these people do not waste much sympathy on those who precipitated these conditions, and for the greater part, they are ready to give the kind upon them. Coldly viewed from the exterior, there is no possible explanation that can be offered, but for those who understand how, under the way of a leader who exercises a semi-hypnotic spell, people are affected by what is known as the psychology of the crowds, there may be some sort of an explanation connected by those who want to find sympathy for them.

Very few plays have ever been awaited with as keen an interest as the latest drama, "When We Dead Awake." It was the topic of conversation, it has been the subject of editorial comment, and it gave promise of sweeping things before it in a general way.

Perhaps this was because it was Ibsen, but more likely because of the startling title, which he was lucky enough to hit upon.

Judging from the production which occurred on Tuesday afternoon at the Knickerbocker Theater, it would be difficult to believe that the play is on for a very extended run. When a work is so extremely symbolic as "When We Dead Awake," it can only appeal to a narrow circle, and that a class of people who are given to reading literature on these lines. To these there is much that is beautiful, as well as much subject for

thought and study in the new Ibsen play, but for the general public there is little dramatic interest, and of the symbolism they see naught. It is not unlike, in a certain sense, Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" in theme, and it may be remembered that notwithstanding the superb mounting and the gorgeous production given that play by E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harcourt, the public could not be interested at all.

It seems to me there was much more possibility in prolonging the life of "When We Dead Awake," purely and simply as a dramatic production, without any reference to its literary or philosophical worth.

Again, the topic is that of two human beings drifting apart without realizing it until suddenly brought to face the tragic crisis. To those with a less discriminating mind who are not seeking the symbolism in each speech, by each individual, the story of Arnold Rubek, the sculptor, whose feelings for his model have led him to depend entirely upon her for inspiration and for success, and of Maia Rubek, his wife, will form nothing more than the same sort of plot around which hundreds of other plays and books have been built.

It is but natural that Rubek should turn to his model for sympathy, just as it is only natural that Maia should turn to Ulfhelm, a landed proprietor and bear-hunter of brutal nature. In this Ibsen has offered no new theme, nor novelty in the handling of his subject. For those who are broad-minded enough to love the sculptor for his model, which represented to him not only an ideal as a woman, but also a solution, this would be the only logical conclusion, and in this the pair would elicit their sympathy.

This problem was offered in the Forbes Robertson play. Ibsen himself has suggested it in "The Doll's House," and more recently, in "Hedda Gabler," but as you were to stop, and then, because the cars were so loaded with people that there was no way of stopping or of getting out or of making your wants known, in any shape or manner.

When will playwrights learn that death never solves a problem? It is the easiest way out, and perhaps the most dramatic, but if a play is offered as a problem, its creator owes us some slight finking as to what he regards as the solvent.

The company that presented the work was not any too efficient, and the best work was undoubtedly done by Dorothy Donnelly, who in a way portrayed the frivolous and altogether human Maia with a real insight to the deeper meanings. Frederick Lewis, who played Oswald in "Ghosts," left a good deal to be desired in the role of the sculptor. Miss Florence Kahn was more successful in everything than she was in make-up, for her pallor was almost exaggerated, and in many of her speeches she reached her usual high standard, but not in all, however. Frank Lossie played the part of Maia Rubek's brutal lover, which he did with much force and ruggedness. If the note of poetic insight was lacking, the other two members of the cast were James H. Lewis, as the inspector of the baths, and Miss Evelyn Wood, a Sister of Mercy.

We have had our quota of English actors this year, but with the exception of Mrs. Pat Campbell we have had no actress lent us by Great Britain until Miss Edith Jeffreys made her appearance at the New Amsterdam Theater on Monday night in

a play called "The Prince Consort," which abounds in misfit parts and stunning errors.

Miss Jeffreys came to New York preceded by a reputation built upon legitimate lines and good hard work done in London and elsewhere in the provinces. There was much interest shown in her engagement, as was proven by the large house which greeted her on Monday night.

As Queen Sonia she has the opportunity to show what she is—that is, a very well-bred woman of culture, refinement and reserve. She has a beautiful musical voice, and in all that which requires dignity and command she is thoroughly mistress. What she would be in a role that required the sweep of passion is another thing, and something which her present play gives no opportunity of finding out. If this is life at court, and it probably is, it is a good thing to keep out of it, for it is very stiff and very ungenial, not even suggesting intellectuality as a substitute for other elements in the way of geniality and life.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the production is the gown supposed to be the replica of Queen Alexandra's coronation robe, which is not saying as much as one would like to say about the play itself. Henry E. Dixey was a welcome figure as the ex-King of Ingra, not only because it was Dixey, but because there was a dash of real humor in him. William H. Thompson, who is another of the best-known American actors, was cast to a very poor advantage, which is a pity, for Mr. Thompson is of fine qualities. It will be remembered that he is the husband of Isabel Irving.

The cast follows: Prince Cyril of Ingra..... Ben Webster  
President of Council..... W. H. Thompson  
Count Myrta..... Wilfred North  
Minister of Finance..... Charles Butler  
Minister of Police..... Roy Parcell  
Archbishop of Marissa..... Charles Bosser  
Chamberlain..... Herbert Ayling  
An Officer..... William Little  
Princess Xenia..... Kate Phillips  
Mlle. de Strakpa..... Lillian Malvern  
Mme. de Stokrova..... Edith Cartwright  
Mme. d'Orsaret..... Felice Morris  
Queen Sonia..... Edith Jeffreys

This week marked the return of several old favorites to New York theaters, not to their own, however, since Blanche Bates, who has for several seasons appeared at the Belasco, goes to the Academy of Music with "The Darling of the Gods." The play is even more elaborately staged than before, since the stage of the Academy is enormous. She was welcomed very warmly here, where she is regarded one of the greatest favorites.

Another to return to New York is William Gillette in his old warhorse, "Sherlock Holmes." Miss Hilda Spong is playing the part of the leading woman. This play is on at the Empire. Amelia Bingham also opened at Wallack's on Monday night, in a play where the scenery and the gowns are of more value than the play itself, which is called "Mademoiselle Marie." Most of these "done-over" plays lose the character of what they originally were and never become anything else. Is that explanation vague? That makes it all the better explanation. Miss Bingham has in support Frederick de Bellville, Henry Kolker and Miss

Brylla Lynden. Of course, it is needless to say that Miss Bingham was the whole thing.

Those who think that the coming of Mansfield in an event simply in cities where they have not the theatrical life what they have in the larger centers of the country, will be interested to hear that when the announcement is made that seats are on sale for a four-week engagement in New York, the rush is like unto a football rush for seats. This time Mr. Mansfield will appear in repertoire, including Beau Brummel and all the old favorites. The last week, including the matinee performance, will be given to Moliere's "The Misanthrope."

The death of A. M. Palmer was the result of a stroke of apoplexy which occurred on Monday while on an elevated train, and came as a surprise to a very large circle of friends, as Mr. Palmer was a great favorite in all theatrical circles. There is perhaps no man in the present day who was more widely known than was A. M. Palmer, for his companies were heralded with the greatest delight whenever they appeared in the city. It was understood that if it was an A. M. Palmer company it was well worth while.

Mr. Palmer was born in North Stonington, Connecticut, July 27, 1832, of good New England stock—in fact, his father was a clergyman and he himself was graduated from the University and Law School of New York City, but never practiced law, and in 1859 he was appointed librarian of the Mercantile Library. Through literature, or his love for literature, he became interested in the theater and entered this line of business with Sheridan Shook in September of 1872, at the Union Square

Theater. Here they produced a play by Sardou called "Agnes," which was written expressly for Agnes Ethel. Mr. Palmer was also running the Brooklyn Theater at the time of the terrible holocaust, which was one of the historical times.

His career is too well known to require more than a passing reference to the great successes with which he has been identified while manager of the Madison Square Theater, where he remained for ten years, and at this house was produced, among other plays, "The Private Secretary," "Jim, the Penman," "Saints and Sinners" and "Alabama." In September, 1888, Mr. Palmer took charge of Wallack's Theater, retaining it Palmer's, which it remained until 1894, when the manager retired from activity.

In later years Mr. Palmer took charge of the tours of Richard Mansfield, after which he was compelled to give up all work until about two years ago, when he became manager of the Herald Square Theater for Charles Frohman.

The funeral services occurred on Friday morning at "The Little Church Around the Corner," Dr. G. C. Houghton officiating. The honorary pallbearers were Bronson Howard, representative of the American dramatists; William Gillette, the dramatic profession; F. F. Mackay, the Actors' Fund; E. A. Ditchmar, the Press; Daniel Frohman, the theater managers; Forbes Robertson, the Garrick Club, of London; Francis Wilson, the Players' Club, and Joseph Grieser, the Actors' Order of Friendship. At the church the business managers of the various New York theaters acted as ushers, and the remains were taken immediately after to Stamford, Connecticut, where interment was private.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

## LITTLE SERMONS BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Aphorisms by the Editor of "The Philistine," Author of "Little Journeys," Etc.

KEEP your mind on the great and splendid things you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously setting upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire. Just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Pictures in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that person in the theater and entered this line of business with Sheridan Shook in September of 1872, at the Union Square

one calls to me as she goes by, and asks, "Why have you done so little since I saw you last?" And I can only answer, "I was thinking of you."

ANY man who plots another's undoing is digging his own grave. Every politician who voices insinuations and hints of blame about a rival is blackening his own character.

A MAN in commerce, where men prey on their kind, must be alive and alert to what is going on around him, or while he dreams his competitor will seize upon his birthright, and so you see why poets are poor and artists often beg.

IT is difficult to improve on the plan of God; many have tried it, but to their sorrow. The greater comprehends the less; but the less cannot comprehend the greater.

GAMBLING means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, irregular meals, bad air, excitement, form a devil's monopoly of bad things—and the end is disgrace, madness, death and the grave.

ART is the expression of man's joy in his work. You must let the man work with hand and brain, and then out of the joy of this marriage, beauty will be born. And this beauty mirrors the best in the soul of man—it shows the spirit of God that runs through him.

THE friends we have are only our other selves—we get what we deserve. TRY these: A good thought, a kind word and a good deed. IN strict scientific economies the gambler is a parasite and a thief. He consumes, but does not produce. I'D rather be the scuppiest kind in nature than to possess all knowledge with no one to whom I could communicate it. MIND your own business and thus give other folks an opportunity to mind theirs. I AM not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the best way

Barbarous English Breakfast. Elizabeth Robins Fensell in Atlantic. Breakfast as understood in England—it is another matter in France—is the most barbarous form of entertainment ever devised by man. I do not marvel that Sydney Smith objected because it "deranged" him for the day. But Lord Houghton managed to add to its terrors, if I can judge by the note before me, dated from Alkman's Hotel, Clifford street, Bond street, "Will you," it says, "do me the pleasure of breakfasting with me here at 10 o'clock this morning." At what unearthly hour, then, I ask with compassion, did Lord Houghton rout his unfortunate guests out of their beds to summon them to the morning feast? And what gain in the form of bacon and eggs, or talk, however good, would make up for the loss of the last precious minutes to the man with a talent for sleeping? However, the Rye always kept up the good American habit of breakfasting early, and probably to him the drawback

was that bacon and eggs had long ago been disposed of, when his summons came, and work was already too well started to be interrupted by any talk. As for "call London," had it, with Carlyle, looked upon Lord Houghton as a mere robin redbreast of a man, it would still have thought no inconvenience too heavy a price for being seen at one of his breakfasts. The present generation, however, for whom the breakfasts are no longer spread, cannot help asking what and why was the greatness of this person "whom men called Lord Houghton, but the gods Monckton Milnes?"

A Cairo Restaurant Advertisement. Food and Cooking. Mohammed Ben Ali Yusuf begs to announce to Nobility and Cairo Smart Set that he has opened high class restaurant shop at No. 2, Sharia Manakrah, Muski. Everything AI and dam cheap. Prices quite wonderful. N. B.—Delectable music and dancing ladies every evening.

Again a Great Bill at the STAR THEATER. NEW BILL STARTS MONDAY. The Musical Genius. Frosini. Late of the Milan Conservatory. Two Yerkes. In a Novelty Contortion Ring. The Coltons. In a Versatile Comedy Sketch. Cordero, Zanfretta & Carl. With their Famous Novelty Dancing Dolls. Hanson & Drew. The comedy entertainers in a brand-new society sketch. Maud Carter. Character Singer and Dancer, a pert and pretty soubrette. Roscoe Arbuckle. The Popular Song Illustrators. Edison's Projectoscope. Always something new in moving pictures.

Matchless GRAND Week of March 20. SUNDAY, CONTINUOUS 2 to 11 P. M. TED E. BOX. London Eccentric Comedian—The Man Who Makes You Laugh. SEFTON AND DEAGLE. Refined Novelty Comedy Sketch. THOMAS ELMORE. Southern Post-Optimist. THE TUCADOS. Novelty Heavyweight Balancers. PRICES: Evening—Lower floor, 20c; balcony, 10c; boxes, 25c. Matinees (except Sunday and holidays)—30c.

JAMES POST & COMPANY. Celtic Comedians. MISS GEORGIA EMERY. High-Class Vocalist. Mr. Alf Bonner's New Song "When the Harvest Moon Is on the River." THE GRANDSCOPE. (a) Riot at St. Petersburg; (b) Bewitched Lover; (c) Topsy Turvy Waltz; (d) Papa Caught With the Goods.

LECTURE RECITAL. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. Saturday Evening March the Twenty-Fifth Unitarian Chapel. Tickets, \$1. Students' Tickets, 50c. On sale at Graves' and Woodard, Clarke & Co.'s.

# Acts a Cowboy but Never Saw a Real Live Puncher

"DUSTY" FARNUM, cowboy-knight of the stage, made the remarkable confession to me that he had never seen a real live "puncher" except those in the Wild West show. It was fairly disillusioning, for I had studied him closely the night before, and was certain that his wonderful creation of "The Virginian" was made possible because some time or another he had worn chaps to shed the robe of night herding, and to save his eloquent legs from the scratches of mesquite brush.

It was just sheer genius, then, not experience as the bona fide plains horseman, that was responsible for his splendid assumption. I carried over to the hotel well-defined ideas that he would tell me of earlier days spent in a steel-fork saddle on top of a bounding broncho, of wide vistas of sagebrush, of huckle sunsets on the red hills, of fights for the water holes and the wide, deep thrill of round-ups on the open range.

Then to be told that it was all studied! It was just a bit disheartening to one in search of romance, but it established in my mind the truth that this very successful young man is not an accident.

"How did you ever manage it, then?" I asked, as I settled into the only armchair in his room at the Portland.

The big, tawny actor got up in his slow way and walked to a table where a copy of Wister's book lay. "I've read this story over and over again. I think I almost repeat it, word for word, for I've imagined the kind of fellows he writes about until I'm sure I know just how they walk and talk and gesture themselves under all circumstances. Buffalo Bill gave me many points, and other men who know the type have told me a thousand things."

When he walked about the room I took his measure, and found him to be essentially big. His legs and arms are long, his shoulders broad, and his chest deep. He must be six feet high and weigh not under 180. He stands a trifle, and has the slouch of a man who has spent much of his life riding a horse at a dog-trot.

Gray, but Only Twenty-nine. Playing the part has so gotten into him that unconsciously he carries the part with him when he leaves the stage. His eyes are big and almost innocent, brown almost black. His hair is decidedly black, long and curly at the ends, just as it is in the play, for he wears no wig. He is beginning to get gray, though, but B. B. says that to playing in cheap repertoire through the Canadian provinces. His dress is plain, with a suggestion of carelessness. He says he hates dress suits and "billed" shirts, and I readily believe him.

Altogether it was a great mistake, his having been born in Boston and educated at the Technology. If he had said Lander, with a little finish at a Down East school, it would have been more eternally fit.

"I've lived a great deal in the open air," he explained, when I continued to wonder. "Summer before last I rode all over the State of Maine on a horse. I wore the same 'chaps' that I wear in 'The Virginian,' and you should have seen the natives stare at me. It was a great vacation, though, I never enjoyed one more."

"I'm something of an amphibious animal, too, and next to horseback riding I like boating. One of my possessions is a 36-foot sailboat, and I know almost every cove along the New England coast."

Now Dustin Farnum is modest, almost diffident, and I had to pump him assiduously to keep the conversation on himself. He wanted to talk about this town and a dozen other things, and continually dodged away from personalities. He's a delightful companion, and a man well



"DUSTY" FARNUM, THE COWBOY KNIGHT OF THE STAGE.

informed on subjects remote from his profession. He talks entertainingly, and I was reminded more than once that he was being interviewed, not about the Japanese war, politics, literature or Oregon, but about himself, and finally he got down to cases.

"Only Acting Seven Years." "If it comes to that, I presume I'm one of the luckiest dogs in the world. You see I've only been acting seven years."

"I started out playing villain with a little By-ny-night, respectable company through Canada. In 16 weeks I played 25 different parts. No wonder I'm gray. My long suit was a bad character in a play called 'A Hoop of Gold.' I'll accuse any amount of your laughter. In that gentle capacity I beat a woman and threw a child over a property precipice. That was my early 'artistic' training."

"Then I went to New York and got a chance to carry a spear in Margaret Mather's production of 'Cymbeline.' I had one speech, and I thought it very fine. I retired into the wings I heard someone in the audience laugh. E. J. Henley, who was a member of the cast, helped me a great deal. He took me in hand and

regularly told me how bad I was. Finally, however, when we played 'Romeo and Juliet,' I managed to secure the part of 'Tybalt.' After my first performance of the role Mr. Henley told me that if I lived long enough I might learn to act. It was the first real encouragement I ever received.

"After that I was with Blanche Walsh for a little while, and later played juveniles with Chauncey Olcott. When the No. 2 'Arizona' Company was organized, I got the part of Captain Hodgekeman, and when Vincent Sereno left the cast I succeeded him as Denton. That was my first big opportunity. I was here twice in the character, and bought part of my cowboy tops in a pawnshop in Portland two years ago."

"From 'Arizona' I joined a stock company in Buffalo, and it was while playing there that I received a telegram from Kirk La Shelle, asking me if I would create the part of the Virginian for the New York opening. I had read the book and loved it, and when I got that offer I was wild with joy. I nearly broke my neck, getting to the telegraph office to answer, and I did create the Virginian, and seem to have suited people. That's the inside history of my theatrical career. If you must have it, I suppose I'll have to go on playing cowboys all the rest of my days."

It is a remarkable history, although

Farnum speaks lightly of it. From being a spearbearer to one of the most successful stars in the country, all in six years, is a record which has seldom been equaled.

He's entirely unspoiled and is as different from the typical matinee idol as could be imagined. I wish some of our young gentlemen of the stage who play here frequently might learn lessons from Dustin Farnum. He's as sensible as a young lawyer, grocer or farmer who never looked before an audience such as greeted "The Virginian" here, and saw that audience go temporarily insane because he was there. Farnum could ride out into frontier Oregon with his makeup on, get a square meal at the tailboard of most any chuck wagon on the range without any questions being asked, and most any outfit would be glad to give him a job among the cow-hands until it was discovered that he is an actor. He is the best imitation of the real thing I could wish to meet. If the Lake County range war breaks out again this Spring, Governor Chamberlain might do better than call out the troops or send Sheriff's posse into the audience. He might make a deal with Kirk La Shelle for the Virginian, Steve, Trampas, Baldy and the rest of Judge Henry's punchers, and set them on the trail of the sheep-shooters. I've no doubt the press agents would be willing.

A. A. G.