ON THE STAGE

PARSIFAL IN ENGLISH AT THE MARQUAM

MADGE ODELL WITH EMPIRE STOCK CO AT THE EMPIRE IN A WOMAN'S REVENGE

By A. A. G.

The failure of Grace Van Studiford to sing her role in "Red Feather" was one of the worst disappointments of the theatrical season. The Marquam management was in no sense to blame and presumably the company management was not responsible. The throat of a prima donna is fearfully and wonderfully formed and probably only the specialists can tell why she didn't perform, but also the whims and temper of a prima donna are past reckoning so there might be another answer.

For one good thing "Red Feather" should be given its due. It introduced us to Cora Tracey, a Kansas City girl 22 years old, now in her second season in comic opera and a contralto as fine as one could wish to hear. Make a mental note of Miss Tracey. You'll have occasion to say: "I knew her when—"

All the rest of the entertainment for theater-goers was furnished by the dime establishments. They were fair with their customers.

"A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

Stirring Melodrama by Empire Stock Company This Week.

Starting with the Sunday matinee, today the Empire Stock Company will give a complete and powerful production of one of the well-known melodramas that has been in vogue with Eastern stock houses for several years—"A Woman's Revenge." Each week the Empire Stock Company seems to become more ambitious, and they are now thoroughly established with Portland theater-goers as being by far the highest-class company of players that has ever been seen here at Empire prices. Nothing presented so far has been the least bit less than was promised, and the larger number have even proven a delightful surprise to many who attended a performance for the first time. The daily matinees at 2:15 are always well attended by parties of ladies, and also strangers visiting the city. There is but one performance during the evening, which starts at 8:15.

The story of "A Woman's Revenge" deals with one Jean Ingleside, the daughter of a New England millworker, who has loved a scoundrel and been betrayed and deserted by him. Jean's father dies of a broken heart, and over his dead body she takes the awful oath of vengeance. After five years, when she has, through the turns of fortune and honest effort, become wealthy, she seeks him out, and he, ignorant of her identity, becomes again madly infatuated. By intense cunning she leads him on, ever deluding with false hope, till he becomes the slave of her caprice. He lavishes large sums of money upon her, and finally, to meet her extravagant demands, becomes a criminal. Then, when discovered, with his head bowed in shame, an outcast, Jean casts aside her disguise and stands revealed before him with vengeance complete. This is a brief sketch of this most interesting play. There are many characters, and throughout a vein of delightful comedy and other charming love stories.

"PARSIFAL" AT THE MARQUAM

Animated Pictures of Richard Wagner's Opera to Be Shown Again.

Never in the history of Portland has there been such an expression of deep interest in the portrayal of spiritual significance as expressed by the large audience which assembled at the Marquam Theater a week ago to witness the beautiful animated picture drama of "Parsifal" and hear the story of the "Holy Grail Legend," which Richard Wagner has so beautifully depicted in his great masterpiece, "Parsifal." This has proven to be the most profound religious subject ever conceived by human mind, and it is with a universal hunger and desire to see and learn more of the beautiful uplifting and ennobling lessons brought out by these beautiful animated pictures that J. Alex Hanna has been prevailed upon to give a repetition of this beautiful animated drama, which will be hailed with many praises to Mr. Hanna and a large attendance at each of the next three entertainments, at the Marquam Theater, beginning next Friday night, May 19, with a bargain matinee and an evening entertainment on Saturday, May 20.

In addition to "Parsifal," with descriptive lecture, will be shown the most beautiful animated pictures ever imported to this country, the title being "The Reign of Louis XIV," a historical and spectacular scene in six tableaux.

Mrs. Walter Reed, Portland's famous contralto, will sing at each entertainment. The advance sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

GRAND OFFERS A SENSATION

Annie Abbott, the Georgia Magnet, a Most Mysterious Woman.

Annie Abbott, the Georgia magnet, who has proved herself the greatest drawing card vaudeville has had in late seasons, will appear at the Grand the coming week and perform a number of wonderful feats of strength. The little woman has a world-wide reputation and has astonished her audiences wherever she has appeared. The Order of the Black Eagle was conferred upon her in Germany, and she is also the recipient of many gifts from royalty for her wonderful performances.

The great Richards, who styles himself "the male soubrette," dresses himself in the latest fashion, sings sweetly and dances about the stage with all the grace and charm of those he imitates. Orrin McKnight is said to have a real novelty in the way of a ventriloquistic act and introduces original and witty dialogue for his diminutive characters. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lee and their little daughter Madeline will present a crisp little comedy, under the title "Thou Shalt Not Steal," in which they have met with the most gratifying success. "The Heathen Chinese" is what the marvelous Seymours agree to do, but no matter what the name, the Seymours are known to have ability and have never failed to please their audiences. Chenoworth, probably the best solo cornettist in this part of the country, will render his best selections. Joseph Bonner will make a special effort with "Mid the Orange Trees and Blossoms She Is Waiting," the pictures of which are most beautiful. A series of very amusing pictures on the grandiscope will complete the bill.

STAGELAND.

Johnstone Bennett is reported to be very ill and in straitened circumstances at Los Angeles, Cal.

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Ada Rehan has been offered, but declined, $40,000 for a season of 25 weeks in vaudeville.

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Thomas Jefferson and William Winter Jefferson have canceled all engagements for the season.

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Gustav Luders has gone to Germany, where he is to conduct the translation of "The Prince of Pilsen" before the Emperor in Berlin.

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Lieutenant Ryder Davis, who died some months ago in the Philippines and was buried at McCoy, in this state last week, was the divorced husband of Blanche Bates.

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Frederick Bameston, formerly a member of the Baker and Columbia Stock companies, now has an important engagement with the Avenue Stock Company in Pittsburg.

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Putnam Bradlee Strong and May Yohe made their debut as a sketch team last week at Keeney's Theater, Brooklyn, in an offering called "The Actress and the Detective."

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Rose Cecelia Shay will make a tour throughout the United States and Canada in an elaborate production of Paul Jones, appearing in the title part. She will be under the management of Matt Grau.

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New York is seeing "London Assurance" with an all-star cast. In his time Boucicault wrote more than 400 plays, and it is remarkable that "London Assurance," which was his first and was written when he was only a boy of 19, should have been the most successful and lasting.

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Thomas Dixon, Jr., has signed contracts with George H. Brennan for the production of his play, which is founded on his two novels, "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman." The piece will bear the title of the last mentioned book. The plans for the presentation of the play include a tour of the South, commencing next Fall, after which it will be taken to New York for an extended run.

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J. Palmer Collins is playing Lachlan Campbell in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and will continue to play it for the rest of the season. Although Mr. Collins has a very hard task in following J. H. Stoddart in the role of the old Scotchman, his work has been highly praised by the press.

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Rose Eytinge has been varying her duties as a dramatic teacher in Portland, Or., by a series of public readings from Shakespeare, Browning, Dickens and other writers in that city, and her success in this field has been so marked that she has been requested to give another course.—New York Mirror.

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Senator Cullen introduced a bill in the New York State Senate, April 24, making it a misdemeanor for the owner, manager or employe of a licensed theater to exclude any person from the theater without cause or excuse. It provides that all persons within the jurisdiction of the state shall be entitled to the full privileges of licensed theaters. The bill was drawn to fit the case of James S. Metcalfe, who has been barred from several New York theaters because of the publication of criticisms in Life objected to by the Theatrical Trust.

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William Bernard has stepped instantly into favor with Los Angeles audiences. The Times of that city had the following to say of his first performance at the Burbank: "The aggregation has been strengthened this week by the addition of William Bernard, who will be remembered here by reason of his excellent work with Baker and Neill. Bernard is such an improvement on the weak 'bearies' who have been drolling about the Burbank stage for the past few months that there is no possible comparison in work of any description. In other words, Bernard is an actor of really serious roles, and therefore, bringing intelligence to his conception of a part, makes melodrama at least of passing interest."

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At the Russell Theater in Ottawa on Saturday evening last, "A Courier of Fortune," a new play, was presented for the first time on any stage. It is a romance of a few centuries ago by Arthur W. Marchmont and Ralph Stuart. The play was mounted with careful attention to detail and scenery and costumes that are beautiful and appropriate. Ralph Stuart, as a roystering young Prince of the House of Bourbon, was excellent, and scored with the audience, which showed its appreciation by liberal applause. There were numerous curtain calls. The supporting company was with few exceptions capable. The play will be put on at His Majesty's Theater, Montreal, on Thursday evening and will run till the end of the week.

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Fred Stone, the Scarecrow, surprised Fred Meek, manager of the "Wizard of Oz" company, by putting in an expense account last week for $280.

"What's this?" asked the provident manager.

"I spent that in nickels thrown to the boys who wait at the stage door for me every night," answered the comedian.

"Where does the show benefit by this?" asked Mr. Meek. "That is a costly way of advertising."

"Costly? Not at all. We get them all back through the box office in the shape of gallery admission tickets."

Mr. Meek saw the force of this reason and put his O. K. on the Scarecrow's expense account.

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The late Maurice Barrymore had an enviable reputation for his wit and ready repartee. One of his chief peculiarities was his contempt for dress. "This had gone to such an extent with him," said Harry Bulger of the Woodland Company recently, "that it was a cause of great concern to his family and friends. Barrymore had a horror of ever being called a matinee idol and thought that by his dishevelled appearance he would never be included in that category. He was walking down Broadway one day and met a 'matinee idol' garbed in the latest mode—a real fashion plate. The Beau Brummel commented on Barrymore's appearance and remarked that he (Barrymore) must be wearing it on a bet.

"'Yes, I did win it on a bet,' said Barrymore. 'I bet a dirty suit of clothes with a friend that you were not the worst actor on the stage and he won.'"

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It is a popular notion that active participation in the work of the stage is incompatible with longevity, but many instances prove the reverse of this. Mr. Jefferson was 76 when he died. His death was not due to an infirmity of age, and his professional abilities had shown no impairment. March 12, John L. Toole, long a popular favorite in London, celebrated at his home in Brighton his 72d birthday. Born in London in 1833, he first appeared on the stage in 1852. Tomaso Salvini, living in Italy, was born in Milan in 1830. Henry Irving was born in Yorkshire in 1838 and Lydia Thompson in London in the same year. James H. Stoddart, who has been acting at the head of a company of which he is the star, has been a resident of this country since 1854. He was born in Yorkshire in 1827. Mrs. Annie Yeamans was born in 1836 and Henry Clay Barnabee in 1833. Mrs. William G. Jones, who has been appearing in "The Little Minister" and other plays, is 76, and has been on the stage for 66 years. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert was 85 when she died. Pauline Delaset, the French actress, was born in Paris in 1798 and died in 1875. Frederick Lemaitre, born in Havre in 1798, made his debut in 1823 and acted for the last time in 1873 when 75, after exactly 50 years of professional service. He died in 1876. Prolonged success on the stage is compatible only with the retention of good health, preserved by regularity of living and the avoidance of excesses. The aged actor who becomes truly celebrated has pursued even in an arduous profession the methods of living which conduce to longevity.

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Frederick Truesdell, of the College Widow Company, tells a story of a conceited young secretary of a prominent Washington official. This young man had reached his dignity by that far-reaching and potent power called "pull," and was immensely pleased with himself. His manner was extremely arrogant and he showed his "smallness" in many ways. One day the Governor of a Southern state called to see the secretary's superior and, of course, had to pass by the young man, when the following conversation took place:

"I would like to see Senator Blank," said the Governor.

"He is not in," replied the secretary yawning and staring blankly in front of him.

"Can you inform me when he will be in?" questioned the Southerner.

"Really, aw—I haven't an idea, don't you know."

"Dem it, sur, you look the part," replied the Governor hotly.

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Remarkable enthusiasm was shown when Sir Henry Irving reappeared in "Becket" in the Drury Lane Theater in London, April 29. The same enthusiastic seekers for pit tickets who used to gather at the doors of the Lyceum Theater before it was transformed into a music hall assembled at the Drury Lane in the morning as early as 8 o'clock, prepared to face the uncertainties of 12 hours' April weather in order to get good seats. Women were there, armed with camp stools, knitting and sandwiches. The crowd grew steadily all day.

When the curtain rose the whole house joined in shouts of welcome. Irving was deeply moved. He acted with all his old power and fervor, showing no traces of his recent illness. Maud Fealy had several recalls after her scene with Queen Eleanor, played by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh.

At the close of the play all previous demonstrations were beggared. The house stood cheering, shouting and waving hats until Sir Henry made a speech.

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The crinoline impends, and a reporter has interviewed several Paris actresses as to the desirability or the offense of this proof that fashion is nothing if not freakish.

Bernhardt declares the crinoline is "infamous," and says that no matter what fashion may decree, she will not wear it. "Why should women wish to accept a fashion that deforms the symmetry of the figure and is a veritable crime against beauty?" she asks, and adds: "The present feminine toilette is practical and beautiful. It is the masculine costume that is hideous. I regard tall hats as ugly and impractical, yet you refuse to give them up. And look at your trousers, also an abomination from the viewpoint of symmetry. Knickerbockers are the proper thing to wear."

Chaumont agrees with Bernhardt that the crinoline is a crime against beauty, and she claims also that "it disorganizes social life." "No more quiet walks or activity of movement," she says. "If women adopt the crinoline, and riding in carriages would be simply ridiculous. Then, the greatest attention is necessary to the lingerie, owing to the indiscretion of the crinoline. I refuse to adopt it!"

But this is not absolutely decisive, for there are younger and more adventurous actresses in Paris who declare in favor of the revival of this peculiar fashion. One of them, Mlle. Sorel, adores the eighteenth century, and thinks the crinoline a desirable novelty in these days. "Ample robes alone are graceful," she says, "for they diminish the bust, give the figure suppleness, and permit elegance of movement. It is probably not intended to reproduce the crinoline exactly as it was under the Empire. It doubtless will be adapted to modern requirements; besides, there are no ugly styles for those who know how to wear their clothes."

There will be other arguments, pro and con, and then probably the crinoline, which, if it should come again, will be studied from the stage by the women of today, whose grandmothers lost no grace or charm within its amplitudes.—Mirror.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COMEDIES

There Is a Difference in Tastes—We Are Boisterous, Britons Dense.

John Corbin in the New York Sun.

IT WAS George Eliot (was it not?) who remarked that a difference of taste in jokes is a severe strain on the affections. The saying must be borne in mind in contrasting the humor of English and American musical comedies—for example, of "Sergeant Brue" and "The Rollicking Girl." Many things have been forgiven, and all but forgotten, by the two kindred countries. Enlightened Britons now proclaim the signers of the Declaration of Independence as the true fathers of the modern English Colonial policy—they made it so abundantly clear how mistaken had been the previous treatment of dependencies. And we, in turn, have gone in for imperialism, the white man's burden, and all that. Let us not sever hands clasped across the seas with disputes about the comic spirit, musical or otherwise.

Is the orchestra of the pieces we export loud and brazen? It only adds to the international discord to ask us to send over Yankee earmuffs for Yankee music. Are the choruses that hail from Broadway overfond of working their smiles? Patience, John Bull! It was a witty critic, perhaps, but far from a polite one, who cried down those golden smirks as an attempt to advertise American dentistry! Is there, on the other hand, in the shows we receive from the Strand an overabundance of sledgehammer puns and rib digging jocularity? Punch, Brother Jonathan, punch with care, the old Punch jokes of the Britishaire!

There is some reason, no doubt, for the popular belief that Englishmen cannot see a joke. But never was a poor half truth more inexorably made to do a full day's work in the wells of eternal verity. Mr. Howells, who was among the foremost, if he was not the first, to proclaim the greatness of the genius of Mark Twain, has nevertheless pointed out that he earned his popular vogue by virtue of the least interesting and valuable side of his humor—the grotesque exaggeration of frontier jocularity. Thousands have roared over "Tom Sawyer" for every one who has recognized "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" for the monument of satiric irony and tragic pathos which it is. And in like manner those of us who are most scornful of the density of the Briton are least likely to relish the satiric sparkle of Gilbert, the humorous satire of Barrie, the intellectual farcing of Shaw.

A Case in Point.

The plot and the main character of "Sergeant Brue" are built upon a comic idea of such genuine force that it would only have to be treated in a slightly more responsible spirit to form the basis for a legitimate comedy. It is the vanity of mortals to think that they can accomplish by their testaments after they are dead tasks to which their living wills were unequal. A lax but amiable London bobby is bequeathed a fortune of £10,000 a year on condition that he will cultivate the spirit of diligence and efficiency which his character sadly lacks by remaining on the force until he has earned his promotion to the rank of inspector. One after another the good man's efforts to rise in the world go wrong and in the end put him in danger of being discharged—which, of course, means the forfeit of the legacy. A turn of the wheel of fortune, however, puts the magistrate whose duty it is to sack him in an equivocal position, and to save himself he gives the sergeant his promotion—and his much coveted discharge. The net result of the testator's finger in the pie of destiny is that the sergeant's very inefficiency enables him to pull out the plum. Never was there a better theme for the elaboration of comic incident than the sergeant's dual life as millionaire and bobby and his futile efforts to make a record of efficiency.

That the author has taken full advantage of the possibilities of his theme, even in the sphere of musical comedy, I am very far from maintaining. If he had done so the result would have been a masterpiece in its kind. The adventures of the Sergeant are somewhat baldly imagined and crudely worked out, and the denouement savors altogether too much of graft to serve for the pointing of a moral in human conduct. But the fact remains that there is an idea at the base of the play, and that it is an idea which finds its natural expression in a highly comic conception of character. Amiable, droll and ludicrous as Frank Daniels is in his own person, much of the fun that nightly convulses his audiences is the result of the invention of his author.

Refinement and good sense are the keynote of the whole. The music is gratefully subdued, without being for a moment monotonous; the costumes are at once splendid and in good taste, and the scenery is rich and atmospheric. Even Miss Blanche Ring has, so to speak, moved from Avenue A to Park Lane; and never has she been prettier, slenderer, more tuneful and more graceful. "Sergeant Brue" is, in fact, typical of English musical comedy at its best. It lacks something, perhaps, of the sparkle and vitality of "The Geisha," "San Toy," "Florodora" and "Three Little Maids," but it has all of their negative virtues and a good measure of their fun.

"The Rollicking Girl."

In "The Rollicking Girl" the critical surgeon could not disclose an idea of satire or of character with the aid of all the resources of X-ray and scalpel. Charles Frohman has, in fact, disclaimed all high intentions. He has entered the field of the Summer show, which, as all the world knows, is to provide horse laughs for the dog days. The metaphors are somewhat mixed, but not more so than "The Rollicking Girl."

The scene and the costumes, for all their splendid variety and brilliancy, are crude and garish; never for a moment was there any aim to delight the senses by soothing them. The music was more remarkable for boisterousness than for insinuating charm. As for Sam Bernard, the part of Schmaltz, the theatrical wigmaker, gave not the slightest scope for the portrayal of character. Schmaltz was him and he was it. He was most convulsing when he was, as the happy slanging of the profession has it, mugging the hardest—except, perhaps, when he was subjecting himself to bodily violence.

To those sad souls who insist on considering even low comedy an art, the occasion was not deeply satisfying. Only a year ago Mr. Bernard was one Hoggenheimer, of Park Lane. His conception of the character was far from right. Instead of the intelligent and worldwise English Jew—a Barney Barnato in travesty—he gave us his familiar Yiddish Yankee, lately emerged from the Bowery. Yet the lines of the character were so ably laid out in the text—and some of them were particularly witty lines—that they could not be quite effaced. Mr. Bernard was not the right Hoggenheimer, but he was a Hog-genheimer, none the less. It will be many years before I forget the disgusted exclamation of the clerk of the seaside hotel when Hoggenheimer insisted on lodging his little milliners in the wing of the house furthest from his own rooms. In these platonic days, he said, even the Babes in the Wood would insist on having separate forests. Equally in character was Hoggenheimer's declaration that he believed in platonic love, but not in platonic jewelry. Of the lines of "The Rollicking Girl" not one has survived the forgetfulness of a single week.

The features of the evening which delighted most were those which threw back farthest into the region of primitive amusement—a song which was sung by a chorus swinging out over the heads of the audience, and a grotesque quartet miming the terrors of the Indians of Broadway. The artistic level was that of frank vaudeville.

There was no doubt, however, of the success of the show. Even the first night audience, fagged by the labors of a preternaturally dull season, lay back in their seats in complete surrender to the genius of laughter. What the play lacked in intelligent interest it made up in that quality of liveliness which the manager, with all the keen and illuminating sympathy of the box office, knows to be dearest to the hearts of the great American people and which he worships under the names of Vim, Dash, Ginger and Go.

Pathetic commentary on our climate and civilization! The worry of American life and the prostrating heat of an American Summer are not to be soothed by the charms of music and of comic art. It is necessary to drive them out of the system by driving in something more powerful.

Our Librettists Give Promise.

It is not fair, of course, to judge of our musical comedy as a whole by what is confessedly and obviously an example of its most primitive form. At its best it has a very distinct quality—a far higher quality, I am inclined to think, than it has been given credit for. Certain of our librettists have given great promise.

Harry B. Smith has, like his brother of the legitimate field, Clyde Fitch, suffered from the reputation of writing too much, and likewise from the fact that he has produced little or nothing that is indisputably of the first order. But a careful and impartial observation will, I think, convince any one that he has a genius all his own, and one that is capable of better things than he has done. Some months ago, happening in at a performance of "Fatinitza," I was struck with the brilliance and humor of many of the lines. The name of the adapter was not on the programme, but I was convinced that the sparks were from the familiar anvil of Smith, and my guess was right.

It is not easy to define the quality of a jest, the soul of which is evanescence; but two of Mr. Smith's traits are unmistakable, a deftness of verbal play—more of the quip than of the pun—and a shrewd and familiar satire of minor human frailties. It is the first quality that gives character and sparkle to his lyrics, which are unrivalled on this side of the water. They are, in fact, as perfect and varied in their rhythms and rhymes as the lyrics of Gilbert, and possess also a warmth of humor which the great English librettist singularly lacked. His limitations thus far have been of the kind which, for the want of a less pretentious word, I shall have to call intellectual. Coldly surgical as Gilbert's satire is, it cuts inerrantly, at its best, to the seat of some generally recognized foible. No better records of the absurdities of Victorian ideas exist than "Pinafore," "Patience" and "Iolanthe." Mr. Smith's stories are seldom more than fantastic romances, of which "Robin Hood" is still the best; and his fooling, when it passes beyond quips and quirks, is mainly grotesque. He has never qualified in the character of social or political satirist.

At the time of the production of "The Sultan of Sulu" it seemed as if George Ade were destined to lift musical comedy to a plane of greater intelligence. Undistinguished in its lyrics and incidental wit, the central idea of the play revealed a keenness of satire and a breadth of character and humor which have never been equaled in this country, and have certainly not been surpassed—even if equaled—by Gilbert himself. As a record of the moment in which we became conscious of imperial expansion, it is as complete and as satirically illuminating as such a play could well be. Many years will pass before talk of the flag and the Constitution fail to suggest also the cocktail which works seven days in the week and imperial laws which work only Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. But Mr. Ade has never hit the same pace since, and now comes the announcement that he has said good-by to the musical stage.

Managers Are Blamed.

For the low state of the art, writers are wont, in their private discourses, to blame the managers. Many a conception of character or satire, we are given to understand, has been sacrificed to the constant demand that there shall be something doing. It would be a rash enthusiast who would proclaim that the managers, and especially those who deal in this line of trade, are men of high purpose and refined intelligence, but I am not so sure that they are altogether to blame.

The musical stage in England is in a vastly different position from ours. London is everything, and the provinces nothing. The refinement of English musical comedy is the refinement of the English metropolis. In New York the standard of taste is a pew below that of London; and, moreover, Broadway is at most a point of departure: the success of a play depends upon its appeal to the publics of all the great cities of a vast and widely diversified country. Though plays of high quality may succeed, as they have done since the time of Gilbert, there is no strong incentive for the managers to emulate them. When the theater is conducted on a purely financial basis, art, like water, tends to seek the lowest levels.

WEEK IN NEW YORK

Nan Patterson Trial Topic of Interest—Testimonial to Modjeska

NEW YORK, May 8.—(Special.)—The most dramatic incident of this week centers in the last days of the trial of Nan Patterson, the "Floradora" chorus girl, on trial for her life as the murderess of Caesar Young. Never within my remembrance has there been a case causing the widespread interest and the intense feeling that this one has succeeded in arousing. The case has, up to the present time, cost the state several hundred thousand dollars, and many people bemoan this fact. It is a question, however, whether every dollar of the several hundred thousand is not well spent. It cannot be possible that a case which has been aired to the extent of that of Nan Patterson should not reach millions of silly girls and women to whom it must be a horrible example, every detail of which will be driven home in such a manner as to constitute a warning for all time. There are few people who believe that the chorus girl killed the man in cold blood. If it was by her hand that he died, it was probably in a struggle on his part or on her part to secure the revolver. However, that has less to do with the question in point than the result. He was a brute and it is too bad that someone did not kill him long before he did die. The sympathy which is felt for Nan Patterson shows a broadening in the attitude of the world to a woman and while it does not condone her fault it is no longer a case where all the opprobrium falls upon the woman and the man is held morally responsible for nothing because he is a man. As proved by the testimony, Nan Patterson's life was hardly fit for publication, but at the very worst she was only a victim of misplaced confidence as superinduced by her appetite for drink. Also was she a victim to the love of luxury, which indeed is fatal in 99 cases out of 100, and for this reason it is difficult to believe that Nan Patterson would have killed Young, leaving all possible affection for the man out of the question.

The case, of course, was quashed since this was the third trial, and again the jury could not agree. Let us follow the girl out into the world or, rather, let us leave her out of the question and view it in the abstract. Hardly 22 years of age there is yet time for her to live down this horrible tragedy and to become a good, true woman. The day is past wherein we must believe that a woman is irretrievely lost because she has fallen and after such atonement as Nan Patterson has made there is hardly a doubt that she will be cleansed by the purifying fires through which she has passed. The spirit of forgiveness and of pity for her weakness, for her sins, does not come from that which is human within us, but it is the most convincing manifestation of the divine spark and its divinity which forgives and not humanity. Humanity may feel pity or, rather, does feel pity, but it is not that pity which would lead one to open the home and the arms to a poor hunted being. It is the sort of pity which would fling a bone to a hungry dog, but which would not lay hand upon the animal for thousands. Of this sort of pity Nan Patterson has no use, because it would not help her to become a good woman in any particular and if this is all that man or woman has to offer, it is not worth while. It is perfectly true the greatest of all else is charity, but not the charity which is given with the hand. It is that which comes from the innermost depth and the infinite height of that which constitutes man and which blesses as it falls, because it is the divinity itself.

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An event which has enlisted the sympathy and the sorrow of an enormous number of people was the accident which incapacitated Paderewski from appearing at the brilliant testimonial tendered Mme. Modjeska last Tuesday. It is said that Paderewski is in a very critical condition, not only physically, but mentally, and that unless things take a change very materilly for the better that great pianist may never again be heard. The manner in which Paderewski is suffering is perhaps better known among baseball and football players than among any other class of people, because it has to do with the over-taxed muscles which, having had a shock, owing to a railroad wreck between Auburn and Syracuse, became paralyzed on account of their over-development. In the case of football players they become paralyzed in the thighs and along the lower limbs in the event of any shock to either the nervous or physical system. With Paderewski it is stated that the entire apparatus called into play by the pianist is affected and whether he will ever recover or not can only be determined at the end of five or six months. He will sail for his home in Molges, Switzerland, May 10, in the event that he is well enough to undertake the trip. He is accompained by his wife, her son, and his physician, Dr. Fronszak.

At the entertainment on Tuesday afternoon when one of the most brilliant assemblages gathered at the Metropolitan Opera-House to do homage to the talent of the great Polish actress, Helena Modjeska, one of the most sensational moments was experienced at the reading of the letter from Paderewski by David Bispham. The applause was deafening and many people were overcome. The letter, which was addressed to Daniel Frohman, follows:

For many months I have been looking forward to May 2, anticipating one of the greatest joys of my career. The thought of joining you all on this solemn occasion has been my pride for many months. The sudden adversity of fate makes me feel now grieved and humiliated, and words cannot express all the bitterness of my disappointment. But there is still a pride and a joy I cannot be deprived of—the pride of belonging to the same country, to the same race which sent into the wide world one of the greatest and noblest artists of all times and nations; the joy of being one of many to whom Mme. Modjeska had been good, kind and generous. The first encouraging words I heard as a pianist came from her lips; the first successful concert I had to my life was due to her assistance. Unable to be present, I beg of you to convey to Mme. Modjeska the homage of my profound admiration and gratitude, and to extend my sincerest thanks to all who contribute to make this day the day of legitimae and crowning triumph for a career great, noble, pure and beautiful. Sincerely yours, I. J. PADEREWSKI.

In addition to the elaborate programme which was presented, both luncheon and tea were served and in the lobbies prominent actresses sold flowers, programmes, candies and souvenirs of all kinds.

The programme was in itself a work of art, containing half-tones of all the artists who participated, together with an appreciation of Mme. Modjeska by Jeannette L. Gilder and a charming poem by Richard Watson Gilder. One of the most affecting moments was during the address by Edmund Clarence Stedman, as he presented the great Polish actress with an illuminated memorial from which hung the Polish and the American National colors. Perhaps one of the most striking moments was when Mr. Stedman referred to Joseph Jefferson—in fact, it is very true that there were a good many notes of sadness from beginning to end. A few words of Mr. Stedman's address are herewith given:

The felicities of art are limitless, and, as in creations of our master playwright you found the most alluring range for your own powers, so your fresh impersonations awoke in us the sense of "something rich and strange."

Some haunting note of pathos is wont to lend its vibration to our choicest testimonials. I am sure, Madame Modjeska, that you recall the now historic scene when Hamlet was enacted in this place as a tribute to Lester Wallack, and when around you—the Ophelia of the play—was gathered a group of such actors as a single event rarely has brought together. Here was the princely Booth; and here, of the foremost, was Barrett, Mayo, Florence Wheelock, Edwards and John Gilbert—still without a successor; here, too, was Jefferson, incomparable as the First Gravedigger, and like the rest, without a thought of self, but all for the glory of the play.

That radiant hemicycle has vanished! last of all, Jefferson has returned to the mountain, and we shall see his smile no more. You, their younger sister, to whom they gave their pride and support—long may your enviable years flow on consecrated alike by the starlight of the past and the sunshine of the present!

It is estimated that $10,000 will be realized, after deducting $500 for the rental of the opera-house and other incidental expenses.

The programme included De Pachmann, who replaced Paderewski for this occasion; Ella Russell; Ada Rehan, supported by Guy Standing, in "Country Girl"; Mrs. Patrick Campbell; David Bispham; Mme. Modjeska in "Macbeth" and "Mary Stuart," assisted by James O'Neill, Louis James, Barton Hill, John Glendenning, Horace Lewis, John E. Kellerd, William Courtenay, Vincent Serrano, John Malone, Wright Cramer, Morgan Coman, D. J. Wood, Mary Shaw, Kate D. Wilson, Margaret Illington and others.

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It was both daring and interesting in Miss Ethel Barymore to have selected Ibsen's drama, "A Doll's House," with which to close her season. This young woman has been working her way steadily and surely along lines which are quite different from those trodden by her illustrious antecedents, because the day is different and the plays which interest the public are widely different. For this reason it is also strange that she should have had the courage to jump from the rather light society play into a role which has been made notable by some of the greatest lights on the dramatic stage. The role of Nora has been assumed by Agnes Sorma, the great German actress, by Rejane and by Duse, and Ibsen has afforded such women as Mary Shaw, Mrs. Pat Campbell and Minnie Maddern Fiske great opportunities in a new realm. That Miss Barrymore, knowing all this, was willing at the close of a season during which she endured many strains, to undertake the role of Nora proves her confidence in her own powers and also shows that she is not afraid to enter the more intellectual phases of the dramatic art. There was no one present who did not experience a thrill of delight, as well as surprise, at the impressive authority with which she handled the role, and at no time during her entire career has she made known the deeper qualities and possibilities which she possesses as she did on Tuesday night. The best support she received from Edgar Selwyn, who gave a good representation of Dr. Rank, while Bruce McRae was not an entirely convincing Torvald Helmer. Other members of the cast were Joseph Drennan, Sara Perry, Eleanore Wilton, Davenport Seymour and the three Pullman children.

FRANCES BAUER.