

WEATHER IN NEW YORK BRINGS OUT CROWDS TO THE THEATERS

Emilie Frances Bauer Writes of New Plays, and the Successes of Stars Now Occupying the Boards.



BLANCHE BATES, IN "THE FIGHTING HOPE."



MISS HEDWIG REICHER AND MR HARRY LIEDTKE IN "DIE RABENSTEINERIN" (NEW GERMAN THEATER.)

LOUIE MANN AND EMILY ANN WELLMAN IN "THE MAN WHO STOOD STILL."



GRACE VON STUDDIFORD AND WALTER PERCIVAL IN "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY"

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—(Special correspondence.)—The weather lends itself to further the interests of the theaters and notwithstanding the excitement of the approaching election most of the plays have their quota of hearers. One of the most successful now running is that in which Blanche Bates is appearing, and in which she has a role affording her wide opportunities. There is no assistance from gorgeous Paris gowns and elaborate stage setting. It is squarely and fairly her own personality and her peculiar talents which give up the stage and perhaps as great ones as she has ever worn. The play is rather original in many respects while it preaches no moral there is a high principle running through it which never leaves it at any moment even under strained and trying circumstances. It is called "The Fighting Hope," and with the exception of one bit of crudeness it is admirably constructed. There are five characters supplemented by a telephone and a typewriter at which Miss Bates operates with remarkable deftness—indeed there is little doubt that should she decide to give up the stage she would not be at a loss for a profession. She comes as confidential secretary to Mr. Temple, who is to be held as a thief in the crime was not committed by Robert Granger, at that moment imprisoned for over-certifying a check. Miss Bates is really the wife of the convicted man, and her service in Mr. Temple's office

is merely for the purpose of helping to clear the name of her husband for the sake of her two children, who are of much greater importance to her than is the husband. His weakness has always elicited a degree of regret, as she is especially won by those who have strong and forceful characters. In Mr. Temple she finds a man whom she formerly admired without having known him, and from the moment she presents herself for the position it is evident that she has made an impression upon him. If he were free from all suspicion he might allow his admiration for her to find expression, but under the circumstances he would not presume so far. The confession of who she really is and what she wants is made to Mrs. Mason, the housekeeper for Mr. Temple, who knew her when she was a young girl, and who ever half believes that Temple is guilty and that Granger is wrongfully held. She, however, recognizes the danger of the situation and calls the wife's attention to the fact that Temple seems deeply interested in his secretary, whom he believes to be a single woman. The network closes around him and there is only one thing which could possibly clear him, and he reveals his affection to his secretary, but tells her that he will not even speak of his love to her unless he is cleared from all suspicion. His fervor and his splendid bearing are the traits that Mrs. Granger admires and they are those which her husband lacks pitifully. When the letter is found which clears him entirely he gives it to his secretary to put into

the safe, as she only has the combination. When he leaves the room she crawls back and takes it out. It proves to be a letter from her own husband, in which he promises for the sum of \$100,000 to overcertify the check. Her horror maddens her, and she forgets everything except that she is working to save her children from a shadow, and in a moment of frenzy she burns the letter and with it goes the evidence of Temple's innocence. As the last shred of it disappears she realizes what she has done to Temple, and that she loves him. His admission of love follows before he knows who she is and what has happened. Her confession to him is a remarkable piece of work, and here Miss Bates establishes a new standard for herself. She insists that she will go on the stand and testify what she has done and what was in the letter, when Granger walks in apparently a free man—pardoned. After a stormy scene he persuades her to hide him in her room, and Temple's clerk, not knowing what has happened to the letter, asks her to take a letter to the detective agency. He dictates this and she then hears that the money was invested in bonds made out to a woman of questionable reputation. When he leaves the room she drags Granger out from his refuge and asks him who the woman is, to his momentary consternation, but he regains his self-possession and shows her how helpless she is, as is also Mr. Temple, for he could testify any time that her testimony was given because she was in love with him. The climax is at hand

when it is revealed that he had not been pardoned, but had escaped and was tracked to that office. The attempt to save him was of no avail and a shot fired outside is all that is necessary to realize that trouble is over and sailing is clear for the widow of the convict and the man she loves. Charles Richman is a magnificent support to Miss Bates and the company throughout is without flaw.

Jules Goodman, of Portland, Or., will be responsible for four plays to be seen in New York this winter. The first was produced last Thursday night at the Circle Theater with Louis Mann in the cast. Mr. Goodman called his play originally "The New Generation," but renamed it "The Man Who Stood Still." Mr. Goodman has brought forward several ideas, among which he treats the question of race prejudice, but he does not carry it to a forcible conclusion. This may be because it is not the only idea in the play or because it is a forbidding subject. Another idea brought forward is that in America there is but one crime and that is failure. The young writer is not always logical and in many cases argues on both sides of the question. Mr. Mann is the only really interesting actor in the cast and the role is well calculated to show his capabilities. There are many moments of humor and some really excellent comedy throughout. The cast was as follows:

- John Krauss.....Mr. Mann
- Marie Krauss.....Miss Edna Brown
- Estina Bender.....Mrs. Mathilda Cottrill
- Edward Spiegel.....Robert A. Fischer
- Fred Spiegel.....James Van Studdiford
- Alice Spiegel.....Miss Emily Ann Wellman
- Martin MacFerguson.....P. S. Barrett
- Frank MacFerguson.....H. A. Le. Motte
- Joseph Abrams.....Geoffrey Stein
- Essie.....Miss Lillian Shinnott
- Hal.....Frank Julian
- Eleanor Ames.....Miss Gladys Malvern
- Emma.....Corinne Malvern
- Jackson.....Herbert Marum
- Blake.....Nat Daniels

In "The Golden Butterfly," produced at the Broadway Theater Monday night, Reginald de Koven has at last come forward in a new light opera which is more on a par with the excellence of "Robin Hood" than he has ever brought forth since that opera swept the cyclonic success through this country from coast to coast. The subject selected by the composer and his collaborator, Harry B. Smith, is rather out of the usual in a certain sense and rather familiar on the other hand. It deals with the theft of a musical idea, whether consciously or otherwise, and the story is based upon the stealing of an opera by a manager. This enlisted the services of two prima donnas, who played against each other with very amusing and interesting effect. Miss Van Studdiford is well known and has the star part, but Miss Gene Lunexia is a good second with a voice of charming quality. The hit of the evening was given to Miss Van Studdiford, who sang it charmingly, and was recalled many times. It is "The Butterfly and the Clover" and gave a dainty touch of indescribable beauty to the act. The orchestration is exceptionally well done and the orchestra is well handled by Anton Heindl, who evidently understands his profession. All the parts are adequately filled and some are of exceptional ability, among these are Walter Percival and Louis Harrison. The cast follows:

- Bertha.....Miss Lenora Novasolo
- Olga.....Miss Marie Woods
- Count Androsky.....Charles Purcell
- Potoff.....Louis Casavant
- Baron von Alendy.....Miss Grace Van Studdiford
- Hina Walden.....Miss Alice Heindl
- Frans.....Walter Percival
- Wanda.....Miss Alice Heindl
- Hanska.....W. J. McCarthy
- Tina Kobay.....Miss Gene Lunexia
- Call Boy "To-Too".....Charles W. Butler
- Head Usher.....A. Hanselman
- Stage Carpenter.....Walter Jenkins
- Prince Sergius Orloffsky.....Louis Harrison
- Leslov.....Charles Purcell
- His Wife.....Miss Gladys Coleman

What is distracting a good many commanders of the pen is whether John Drew is a good man to interview or whether he is impossible. Some decided one way and some another and a secret that may prove valuable to those who intend to serve their country this way is that if he knows it there will never be anything for publication. Sitting before a formidable reporter is not one of his pleasures and after a session with him one wonders how he could have been so entertaining and yet said so little for publication. He can talk of sports and outdoor exercises, for these are his favorite pastimes. He is often found riding in the park and his horses are the envy of lovers of equines. He is well-known habitue of the country clubs, but his greatest delight is his country place at Easthampton, Long Island where he has a splendid estate with golf links, tennis courts and a wide expanse of country for polo, a game at which he and his daughter are experts. Every week-end, winter and summer, finds him in this home, surrounded by his friends, all of whom enjoy his country estate as well as does the noted actor himself.

Mr. Drew has the satisfaction of reading for the hundredth time probably that no role ever fitted him like that of Jack Strawn, in which he is now seen at the Empire. As long as we can remember John Drew, the same remark has been called into requisition, which means that he always makes one feel that he has never been better fitted with a role before. In fact one might easily imagine that he is as careful in the fit of a role as in the fit of his coat and in speaking of John Drew this is significant. It is difficult to believe that this is his 14th season as a Charles Frohman star, for he looks as young as he did when he first played Petrochio at Daly's. Mr. Drew is not one of the reminiscent sort and it is seldom that he refers to those bygone days, even though they were days of glory and of magnificent associations for him. When Edwin Booth was in his prime, Mr. Drew played Tubal to his stock and his scrapbook contains many clippings about the "young John Drew" in his "studious performances." In their time Mr. Drew has acted with all the best figures of the American stage and with many of the foreign artists, among them Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Barrett and the elder Salvini, and it is safe to believe that he is as enthusiastic today about his profession as he was when he was building all his hopes on a career.

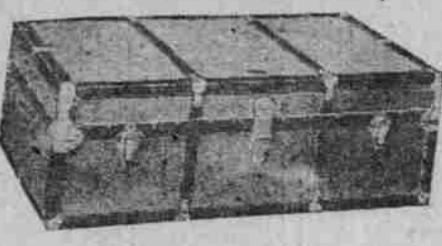
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"BAH! I'll pull your hat over your eyes."
"Bah! You're afraid."
"I am, am I? There!"
"I'm from Tennessee, too, there!"
The angry voices, each somewhat ventriloquial, startled the passengers on a crowded car on the Woodlawn line about 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The stragglers seemed probable, and the stragglers stepped aside to make room for the entertainment, and thereby exposed to view two aged men, each with a firm grip upon the brim of the other's hat. One of the men, a spectator said, was about 70 years old; the other, about five years his senior. To some of the passengers interference appeared to be advisable, but others thought action should be delayed until facial damage was threatened. So the old men were permitted to keep the floor. Each retained his hold upon the brim of the other's hat, and only mumbles could be heard.
"Let go of the hats and speak out!" said a listener, who was curious to know what subject two old men could find to quarrel about. The hats were released, and the men informed the trespassers upon their struggle that they had been discussing the Presidential election.
"He's from Tennessee and he's going to vote for Taft," said the elder man.
"He's from Tennessee and he's going to vote for Bryan," said the other.
"If Taft was a yellow dog you'd vote for him because he is a Republican," declared the first.
"I would, and if Bryan were a mule you'd vote for him because he is a Democrat."
"Huh!"
Two hands were extended again for the unoffending hat brim, when the inquisitive man interferred, and the trespassers upon their struggle that they had been discussing the Presidential election.
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