

FEW SUCCESSES AMONG THE NEW PLAYS OFFERED IN NEW YORK THIS SEASON

Metropolis Seems More Difficult to Please With Each Succeeding Year, but Anything Really Good, Whether Tragedy, Comedy, Farce or Melodrama, Instantly Recognized, Says Emilie Frances Bauer.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—(Special Correspondence).—There are not many plays in New York which may be designated as successful. Indeed, with every season it seems harder to bring satisfactory conditions into the theaters. There is such an enormous number of houses that it is hardly strange that absorbing, healthy, hearty plays cannot be found to fill them.



MR. AND MRS. FRITZ KREISLER.

One may believe that New York needs a sort of plays to meet all sorts of tastes, and it does, but it does not need any poor plays. It is never a case here of good plays for one set of people and bad ones for another. It is good comedy, good comedy, good farce, good melodrama or good musical comedy; that is the way in which all tastes are met.

Nothing is funnier or more interesting than "The Marriage of Figaro" at the Belasco. It is safe to prognosticate that this is on for a long run, as may also be said of "Arsene Lupin," which continues to hold the interest of those who love a skillfully-made detective story, and there are many of us who would not like to have the small boy hear us say so. It is an awfully bad joke, but one hardly refrains from saying that in New York not only John Drew, but he always draws, and so far as he is concerned, really it does not seem to make much difference what sort of play he has. This time it happens to be the closest approach to farce in which he has been seen, but it is entertaining and of course his wardrobe has never had such an opportunity.

It is not unlikely that Forbes Robertson in "The Partners of the Evening" has a play which will duplicate in effect, in influence, and perhaps in drawing capacity, "The Servant in the House."

A strange feature has come into the picture in New York. It began last season with a play called "The Man Who Stood Still" by Julius Eckstein, formerly of Portland, Or., in which he dealt firmly and frankly with the question of the Jew. This was followed by "The House Next Door" by "The Meeting Point" by Israel Zangwill, which will have as companion next week Henri Bernstein's "Israel." These plays have caused no end of discussion, and when one analyzes the play to its finality it does not seem to me that it was created for the purpose of raising or solving a question, but merely to tell a story which may be regarded as an episode from the Klatschew massacre. Walker is fascinated by America, the great crucible, the great melting pot of the world, is in type and in appearance like David Warfield as the music master, but he has some 30 years younger. There is an appealing thread for the musician, for the student of sociology and for the humanitarian. Chrysalis Herne has a winning part, in which her simplicity is most effective, and the entire company is equal to the most subtle drama. The cast is as follows:

Margaret Anglin is adding materially to her reputation by the very great charm of her Helena Ritchie in Charlotte Thompson's dramatization of Margaret Deland's novel, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." Miss Thompson is a young woman from San Francisco who with true Western grit has gained recognition as playwright. Her dramatization of this

novel is an exceedingly clever piece of work, and the audience who go to the Savoy nightly have declared it a success. Miss Anglin makes the part human, and her characterization is one of the most interesting features of the play. Her acting is superior to the character and is so absorbing that one forgets to analyze. The scene is laid in an interesting period, but it is not unlikely that Mrs. Deland's book is too well known to require any details of the story. The cast is as follows:

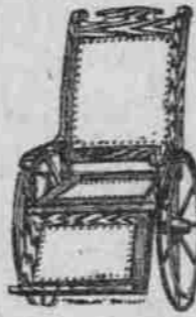
fully deserved. Kreisler will give another recital next Saturday and he will appear as assisting soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch and the new Philharmonic Orchestra under Gustav Mahler.

Osip Gabriilowitch, who was operated on for appendicitis a week ago, is improving daily and will probably be able to sail within the next two or three weeks.

It looks as though Mary Garden would have a rival in Jane Noria, who just arrived from Paris. Probably no opera singer since the advent of the fair Mary has ever received the amount of newspaper space accorded to the new operatic star. Miss Noria is an American, one of the most beautiful women on the stage, and her successes in Paris have been of a sensational nature. Her wardrobe has been described in nearly all the dailies, and it is well worth the space, as it is as beautiful as it is startling. She will make her debut as a member of the Metropolitan as Venus in "Faust" in German. In German she will sing the leading role in Leporello's "Habanera" to be given for the first time in this country in French, she will sing "Tosca" in Italian and she will be heard in English opera as well. Miss Noria represents one of the most valuable additions to the Metropolitan force. EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

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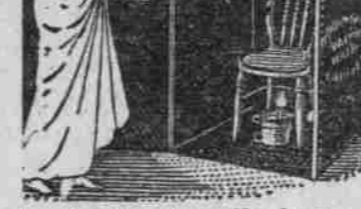
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WE TAKE CANADIAN MONEY AT PAR

Home Town Tales BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON

NO. 2—SOME FACTS FOR MAY AT HOME

Among those who will attend the convention of Door Knob Manufacturers in New York City, beginning tomorrow and lasting throughout the week, will be Lewis G. Turner, William Nichols, George M. Peterson and D. Kelo Wicks, of this town.

"YOU know, Mary, I'd rather be kicked than go," remarked Lewis G. Turner, as he and Mrs. Turner rode down to the station. "It will be a hard trip and nothing but hard work."

"Well, if I went, I could see that you got your meals regularly," she sighed. "Nothing runs a person down like not taking time to eat."

"I'll eat," he promised obligingly. "Now don't worry!"

"I know what conventions are," persisted Mrs. Turner, gloomily. "Sitting for a whole week in a poorly ventilated hall and—"

"I guess you better not come into the station, Mary," advised Turner, as they drew up at the side platform. "All the men will be there and want to talk business. We got to make every minute count between here and New York."

"You'll tire yourself out before you even get there!" sighed Mary.

Turner, entering the station some 30 minutes later, was greeted affectionately by Kelo Wicks, who had cut out smoking three weeks ago Tuesday, was lighting a fresh cigar on the stub of his old one. George M. Peterson, noted as a "light-wad," was urging everybody to "step over to the Mansion House," and old William Nichols had on a new light gray suit, a young hat and a close hair cut.

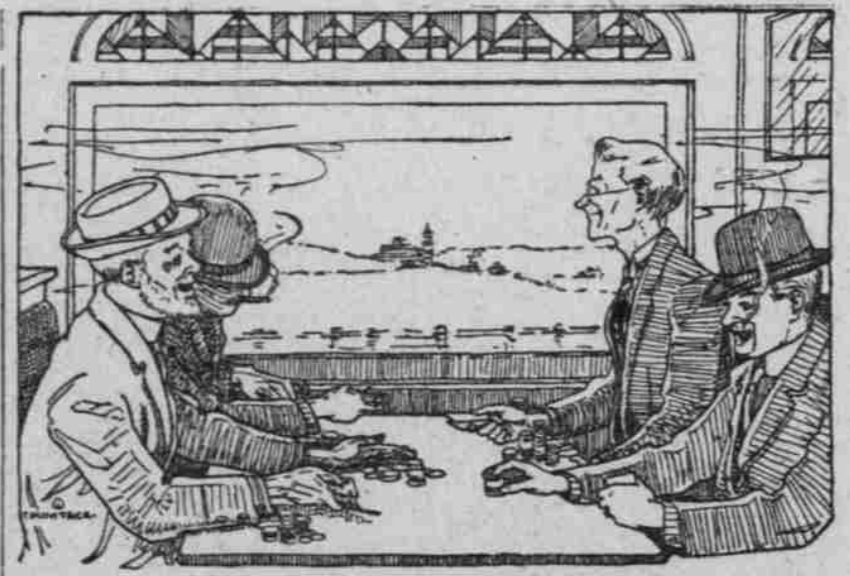
"I've got your chair in the parlor car," announced William Nichols. "And I was just telling Wicks here that the only man who ever tried to go to a convention piker fashion was killed in a train wreck!"

"Why—why—why wasn't the money," stammered Wicks.

"Yes, it's always the principle of the thing" with you, Wicksie," jeered Nichols. "But here she comes!"

"Don't you remember looking up from a magazine, reader, as those four men entered the car, and smiling in spite of yourself at their irresponsible light-heartedness? You didn't know who they were, but you knew instinctively that they were bound for a convention."

"Say, maybe this isn't all right," declared Wicks, every few minutes. "It sure is the right way to travel."



THRASHING OUT INTRICATE BUSINESS PROBLEMS.

Grand Central Station was Bailey of Syracuse. If Bailey had been a park he would have been called "Sans Souci"—Mrs. Turner, at home, would have referred to him as "that Bailey Man."

"It's a small world, after all," reminded Peterson, "but meeting you like that made even New York seem cozy."

"I know the slickest place to eat," suggested Bailey, "where you'll see a typically New York crowd. Real thing. And as they gazed around the brilliant scene made up almost entirely of smartly dressed visitors from the North, East,



Your Fine Will Entice You to That Laziney.

South and West, they shook their heads over the extravagance of these Manhattanites! A delicious school teacher from Kansas in a blue gown and picture hat was pointed out by the instructive Mr. Nichols as a Broadway show girl.

But it must not be imagined that they did not discuss the important object of their trip. It was Wicks who interrupted the frivolous conversation to inquire:

"What's the week's programme, Bailey?"

"Coney Island tomorrow afternoon," stated Bailey, "and clambake—that sort of thing goes fine once a year. Then the next day, Thursday, luncheon at the New York Door Knob Manufacturers' Luncheon Club, and in the evening the bunch will go to see 'The Sparkling Sweets.' The banquet comes Friday night," concluded Bailey. "Oh—and the meetings will be at 11 o'clock each morning—but, of course, we don't have to attend them much. Anyway, they won't last more than an hour."

But Nichols, Wicks, Turner and Peterson had come to work hard, so every morning at 11 o'clock they helped carry unanimous votes and got solid with other men in the trade discussing subjects of common interest: Aviation, the Good Shows in Town, Best Places to Eat, Tall Buildings in the Great Lakes, Best Places to Eat, Motor Cars, Best Places to Eat, Sky-scrapers, Last Time I Was in New York and Best Places to Eat. Thus are great business transactions maneuvered!

In a column story of the important part the four delegates were playing in the big convention the local paper had made Mary Turner a very proud woman when she read:

President Turner of the L. G. Turner Company will deliver a masterly paper on "The Executive Art in Door Knobs." No one is better qualified to speak on this subject, and Mr. Turner has handled it with his usual cleverness.

so the last day of the convention. "Anyway, I guess it would have gone over their heads," remarked Wicks.

So the masterpiece was not disturbed, as it reposed between the lavender striped shirt and the blue ones with the green disks. It was the second convention that manuscript had survived and was still as good as new.

"We ought to really celebrate our last evening in bang-up style," remarked William Nichols, as they sat in the hotel lobby after dinner.

"Then let's dust out before Bailey shows up," urged Wicks. "Even as they dwell upon the charm of an evening without Bailey, of Syracuse, that gentleman swooped down upon them full of new and expensive plans."

"I thought I'd go to bed early to-night," yawned Turner.

"At least you'll come for a ride up Fifth avenue on top of the motor stage," wheedled Bailey. "And then—"

Having scrambled up the jiggley, spiral stairs to the hurricane deck of a big green bus, it developed there were four seats vacant.

"I'll ride inside," said Turner hastily. And they forgot all about Turner because of well-known millionaires to houses they didn't live in, and pointing out fashionable clubs and hotels to each other, until on their return they decided to get off at Thirty-fourth street.

"Why, where's L. G.?" they demanded in consternation, as they gazed into the empty interior. "Say, conductor, did that man who was with us get off?"

"No. He disguised himself as a fly and is sitting on the bald head of that hair tonic advertisement," grinned the conductor. "Say, he wanted to give you

follows the slip, I guess, and got off at Forty-second street."

"Of all the sneaky tricks!" declared Nichols. "He's gone back to the hotel." "We'll have to get even," threatened Bailey. "He'll miss the time of his life, though."

"He'll feel like kicking himself to-morrow," added Peterson, "and a persuasive voice."

"Come on, boys," cried Bailey, "and we'll pick the pin feathers from flying eagles!"

"Not too fast," cautioned the others conservatively, as the taxicab got under way.

"You don't call this fast, do you? We're barely crawling!" Driver—just show these gentlemen a little speed," he directed.

"Make him slow down," protested Wicks. "We'll get pinched."

James McSwat, a taxicab driver, was needed when he appeared before the night owl for reckless driving late Saturday night. His fare, L. G. Turner, a delegate to the Door Knob Convention, said the fine. Mr. Turner and his party were in a merry mood and declared the arrest was an interesting experience.

"Boys," said Mr. Turner gloomily, "I sent for you to come over here to convince Mrs. Turner that I went to bed early on Saturday night." Some busybody sent her a marked copy of a paper.

"I had hoped it had something in it about Lewis' speech," interrupted Mrs. Turner. "And instead—read how you were all arrested for reckless riding!"

"But we weren't with your husband on Saturday night," broke in Nichols, relentlessly. "Didn't he tell you he gave us the slip?"

"You are only making matters worse," growled Turner. "I don't understand this outrageous affair. I tell you I went to—"

"Then whom were you with?" demanded Mrs. Turner. "Weren't you ever with your own party? There's the telephone."

"I'll answer it," snapped Turner, leaving the piazza group.

"Wasn't it Mrs. Turner the truth—on condition that she keeps it dark from L. G.?" said Wicks.

"Why, you see, Mrs. Turner, we played a little joke on your husband for slipping off to bed early, as he has truthfully assured you—and leaving an awful bore by the name of Bailey on our hands. It was coming to him, you know," explained Wicks.

"You have his name," nodded Mrs. Turner, giggling. "Well—I won't give you away."

"That's dandy of you," declared Peterson. "We want to tease him."

"I have a little reason of my own," confided Mrs. Turner. "And I must in every way not to let him know—anyway, until after he gets back from that Western trip he finds he must take next week."

Which may—or may not—have had a

bearing on the following item, which appeared several days later:

Lewis G. Turner leaves this week for a business trip in the West. Mrs. Turner will accompany him.

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