Music and Drama Entrance New York in One Big Night

New Theater Houses First Audience, Boston Showhouses Open and Two Opera Seasons Are Begun November 8—"Herodiade," the New Salome, Appears.

—Photo copyright, 1909, by George Grantham Bain.
MARY GARDEN AND OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—(Special.)—November 8 was one of the memorable dates in musical and dramatic life of this country. That night the New Theater was opened to the public, the new opera-house in Boston was opened, the Metropolitan Opera Company opened its Brooklyn season, and the Manhattan Company opened its fourth season of grand opera, all of which events are significant far beyond the fact itself.

The musical critics in a body were invited to each of the affairs, but as it is sufficiently difficult to divide oneself in New York proper, the Boston Opera-house was dedicated without the presence of yours truly, also the opening of the Metropolitan Company in Brooklyn went on without my presence. A Massenet opera, performed for the first time in America, was sufficient to keep one eye on the orchestra and the other on the stage every minute of the four hours, with intermissions, that it took to portray the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Herod, to say naught of her daughter by a first—well, her daughter, the impressionable Salome, who became desperately enamoured of John the Baptist. This is not the Salome as pictured by Oscar Wilde and translated into music by Richard Strauss. It is the Salome of the opera called "Herodiade," and there is a prize offered for any baritone who never sang "Vision Fugitif," or the soprano who never sang "Il Est Doux, Il Est Bon."

However, "Herodiade," as an entity, was never before presented in this country. It was planned for last season on account of Renaud, who has the leading part, but it was laid over until a later occasion to make room for "Salome," the redoubtable of Wilde-Strauss. If there are two opinions expressed about "Herodiade," they will come from two possibilities only, the Renaud worshipers, and these are not to be counted by the usual methods of computation, and those who thought about the opera as an opera. For the former there never has been anything more divine. Renaud was on the stage almost every minute of the time, and when he was not there was time to think of how lovely it would be when he returned.

Now, as a matter of fact, Renaud cannot help being a matinee idol. A man who is everything he is—in the superlative, is born to be an idol if he is destined for the stage, and if he follows this career, as least there is some reasonable excuse for worshiping at his shrine, openly, unabashed and with abandon. Everyone idolizes and idealizes him. It would be inartistic not to do so, it would be an admission that one is not able to understand his marvelous and inapproachable art. Renaud is also a decided boon for the critics, especially for those whose tendencies run to superlatives. This is the one case where it is recognized to be so justifiable that even the man with the blue pencil stops with that formidable weapon in the air, while his mind is groping wildly in the rubbish heap of adjectives cast aside upon former occasions for something which could be brushed off, polished up and used to advantage in behalf of the great French master.

Well, Renaud is the man who has contributed more to Mr. Hammerstein's standing as an art connoisseur than any one who has ever been identified with the Manhattan, unless it might be Mary Garden, who is not complete without Renaud in the cast, and Renaud's art is enhanced and supported by the great singer who is now thinking more about her duties at the custom-house than at the opera-house. But Miss Garden is not the Salome in the Massenet opera. She has had enough Salome troubles of her own, and was calm in her contemplation of those which fell to the lot of Mme. Cavalieri. She was thinking, no doubt, that there are Salomes and Salomes, that there are Richard Strauss and Massenet, and Cavalieri is to be congratulated that to her lot fell Massenet instead of Strauss.

The stage setting was simply stupendous, even more so than a setting for "Aida," but there was a sad anachronism, one which could have been avoided if the horn-player had only thought about memorizing his music. There was the great pageantry with a body of at least 16 horn-players on the stage and the eyeglasses that loomed up on the largest man tended to upset the illusion as well as the equanimity of some who are sensitive to those things.

The opera was directly in line with the trend of plays now on in the New York theaters. The scene was laid in Jerusalem, and of the chosen people there were plenty. There were also long and frequent harangues on the recital question, but as Massenet wrote in 1881, there was pure, mild harmony instead of the sort of discord which is now the reigning requisition in ultra-modern music, specially aggressive examples of which may be found in simple love songs or in lullabies.

The rest of the week was filled with interesting productions and debuts. Wednesday evening, Mme. Tetrazzini made her re-appearance with John McCormack, the young Irish tenor from Covent Garden, who says the noted Italian prima donna was his "fairy godmother," from the time they first met in the London Opera-house. His debut was one of the most successful in the history of the Manhattan, as he is tall, very good-looking, with a most fetching smile and a voice of beautiful lyric quality. Sammarco made the third in a powerful trio, one strong enough to carry into success, even a time-worn opera like "La Traviata" or "Lucia," in which the three will be heard next week.

Mme. Tetrazzini is back with a wonderful wardrobe. Three of the most startling gowns were shown Wednesday night. The first was a pale blue, soft, clinging crepe covered to the flounce with an overdress of gold bugle beads, two inches in length, forming open squares. The next was of Irish lace and the last was still more dazzling than the first. It was a white satin, with a robe of jewels which gave the effect of hundreds upon hundreds of small diamonds.

The New Theater opened to the public Monday night with the utmost magnificence. The New Theater at Central Park, West and Sixty-third streets, is supposed to represent, eventually, to New York what the Oreon is to Paris. Of its influence or its importance there is no need to speak at this moment, in the presence of the interest awakened in its opening. The doors were thrown open Saturday afternoon and evening, but that was only by invitation. As may well be imagined, even on Monday night, the house could have been sold out over again, so great was the number of people who wished to attend this auspicious event. Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" was given with the following cast:

Mark Antony	E. H. Sothern
Octavius Caesar	A. E. Anson
M. Aemilius Lepidus	Rowland Buckstone
Sextus Pompeius	Ben Johnson
Domitius Enobarbus	William McVay
Eros	Charles Balsar
Scarus	Howard Kyle
Agrippa	Jacob Wendell, Jr.
Proculeius	William Harris
Thyreus	Henry Stanford
Menas	Lee Baker
Canidius	Reginald Barlow
Euphonius	George Venning
Demetrius	G. F. Hannan-Clark
Alexas	Lawrence Eyre
Diomedes	Pedro de Coroba
Soothsayer	Albert Bruning
Clown	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Guardsman to Caesar	Alfred Cross
Cleopatra	Julia Marlowe
Octavia	Beatrice Forbes-Robertson
Charmian	Jessie Busley
Iras	Lesh Bateman-Hunter

The newness of everything, the magnitude of the house and the brilliancy of the audience in a certain sense detracted from the performance, and it did not seem as though the audience was in touch with the stage. It was good to see Sothern and Miss Marlowe together again. His qualities are well known, and of her it may be said that she is the best actress on the American stage today. Her Cleopatra was superb in its grace and its variety of shades. It is expected that a renewed interest in classical drama may be awakened, and that opportunity will be made to present works of high aspirations of which the ordinary manager would be afraid.

A case in point is that of William Faversham's production of "Herod," by Stephen Phillips, which, notwithstanding its very great merit as a work of art, is not a success at the box office. The production is massive and artistic in every particular, but the only interest manifested is by the exclusive few exceptionally literary people.

"The Harvest Moon," Augustus Thomas' latest play presented by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theater, in New York, has caused endless discussion because of the theories of mental suggestion and color influence enunciated in it. As a play "The Harvest Moon" has received little but praise, but some critics have accused Mr. Thomas of pushing his theories into the realm of the unreal and fantastic in the matter of color influence.

Now comes the word that Mr. Thomas has received a scientific justification of his theory. For the State of Illinois, at the State Hospital for the Insane at Bartonville, has instituted eight different plants devoted to phototherapy, or light healing.

Mr. Thomas' contention in the "Harvest Moon" is that a scene designated to portray a cheerful domestic episode should be played with red furniture and a red glow in the air. On the other hand, that brown is dismal and depressing and puts audience and actors out of key with such a scene. Love scenes, he says, speaking through Monsieur Vavin, the character who is the famous French playwright of the piece, should be played in a violet light, because nature has shown us that a violet light induces sweet and tender emotion. And so the love scene in "The Harvest Moon" serves to bring two lovers that had quarreled together.

The account of the work that is being done by medical science along this line comes in the form of a dispatch from Peoria, Ill., to the New York Herald under this head: "Many Tinted Solariums Attached to Illinois Asylum for Treatment of Different Forms of Lunacy." The dispatch itself is as follows: "Peoria, Ill.—Two college buildings erected on the site of the Illinois Hospital for the Insane, of Bartonville, at a cost of $100,000, and equipped with eight solariums for the work of phototherapy inaugurated by Superintendent George A. Zeller, will be dedicated Thanksgiving day.

"Two of the solariums are equipped in ruby, two in violet, two in amber and two in opal. The incandescent lamps are of these colors, also the decorations on the walls.

"The doctor has found that despondent insane patients are enlivened when placed in the red room and violent patients soothed when in the blue room. Opal is antiseptic and aids the consumptives."

In the minds of older people this will revive a memory of the famous "Blue Grass Cure" of 40 years ago. Whether this was a Boston fad or a Boston contribution to science has never been satisfactorily settled. Many extraordinary cures were at one time credited to it by its adherents and by its opponents to mind cure. In any case it died away after a time, as other medical fashions have died, but, unlike others, it has survived in the violet windows in the old Beacon-street houses in Boston in which in other days people sat and bathed in Mr. Thomas' soothing violet rays. And now it turns out that after all this may not be all "moonshine," as the severer school of doctors once characterized it.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

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Thanksgiving Pictures

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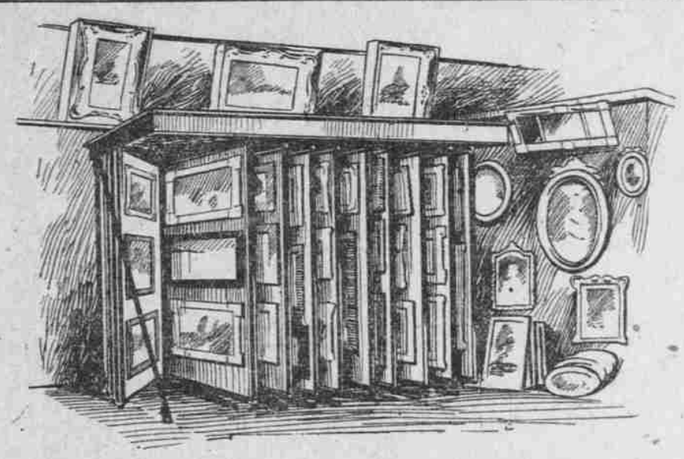

Our annual Thanksgiving Picture Sale, in which we offer choice of 237 pictures—genuine etchings, facsimiles and photographs, all suitably framed in gold, dark woods and antique moldings; just the one here to fill that vacant space on your walls, or to send as a Christmas gift to some deserving friend; regular price $5 each; on sale until Wednesday, at 9 A. M.—only one to a customer, at, each..... **98c**

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Thanksgiving Cut Glass On Sale Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

For the three closing days of our annual cut glass sale we have added a number of unusually strong features the great reductions offered, making it possible for everyone to have cut glass on the table for their Thanksgiving dinner.

$4.00 8-inch Bowls, extra deep cutting, distinctive shapes, many beautiful designs, choice, each **$2.98**

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$3.00 Comports, each	$2.25
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$3.75 Bowls, during sale	$2.81
$14.00 Bowls, during sale	$10.50
$50.00 Punch Bowls, sp'l	$37.50
$75.00 Punch Bowls, sp'l	$56.25
$3.50 Candlesticks, each	$2.62
$7.00 Candlesticks, each	$5.25
$8.75 Finger Bowls, six	$6.56
$11.00 Finger Bowls, six	$8.25
$5 Cake Trays on sale for	$3.75
$6.00 Celery Trays, each	$4.50
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$3.50 Tumblers on sale for	$2.62
$9.00 Creamers and Sugars	$6.75
$9.00 Cigar Jars on sale for	$6.75
$4.50 Cigarette Jars for	$3.37
$3.50 Cruets, assorted, for	$2.62
$4.00 Mayonnaise Bowls	$3.00
$27.00 Lamps, special	$20.61
$5.00 Pitchers, each, only	$3.75
$20.00 Pitchers, each	$15.00
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50c Cal. Sauterne, 5s, special	34¢
50c Cal. Burgundy, 5s, special	34¢
50c Cal. Riesling, 5s, special	34¢
50c Cal. Zinfandel, 5s, special	34¢
50c Cal. Claret, 5s, special	34¢
50c Cal. Grape Juice, quart	38¢

All Wines and Liquors DELIVERED FREE if Requested.

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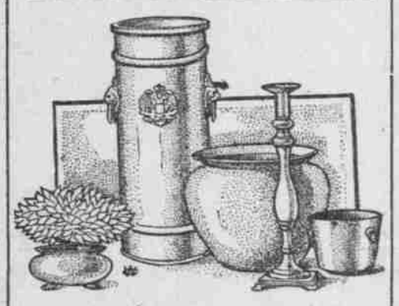

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$3.60 8-inch Jardinieres, each	$2.70
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$2.00 Fern Baskets, on sale	$1.50
$4.00 Fern Baskets, choice	$3.00
$8.00 Fern Baskets for	$6.00
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$1.60 Fern Dish, 5-inch, each	$1.20
$2.00 Fern Dish, 6-inch, each	$1.50
$2.80 Fern Dish, 8-inch, each	$2.10
$1.40 Basket, choice, each	$1.05
$2.80 Call Bell on sale at	$2.10
60c Candlesticks, smooth brass	45¢
75c Candlesticks, smooth brass	60¢
$1.00 Candlestick, smooth brass	75¢
$1.40 Candlestick, smooth brass	$1.05
$2.00 Candlestick, smooth brass	$1.50
$3.60 Candlestick, dull brass	$2.70

BALLINGER, TAFT, PINCHOT AND ROOSEVELT

Side Lights on the Personalities Involved in the Big Conservation Controversy—Basis of the Bond Between the Chief Forester and the Ex-President—Taft's Delicate Position at This Time.

Alfred Henry Lewis in Human Life.

BE it known that, speaking for myself as to the merits of what controversies are set forth below, my feeling is upon the side of Mr. Taft. Mr. Ballinger has had two fights. Mr. Taft as President was ex-officio referee. He gave a decision in both for Mr. Ballinger. It is upon these decisions that all that adverse criticism of Mr. Taft depends and hangs as from a hook.

Mr. Glavis, a subaltern of the Interior Department, complained that coal land frauds were afoot in Alaska by which the public was threatened with the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars. Mr. Glavis said that divers Cunninghams were being employed in those frauds in the capacity of what New York City's East Side call "stalls"; but that the true parties in villain interest, the real bugs under those coal-land fraud-chips, were the seven Guggenheims, all of them millionaire smelter kings, one of them in that millionaires' club, the Senate. Mr. Glavis explained that by turning their convenient blind side to what was so fraudulently going forward, Mr. Ballinger and sundry of his underchiefs were giving nefarious aid and comfort to the Guggenheims, alias Cunninghams.

Mr. Taft, as I have stated, went all through the situation with a lantern, and decided against the Glavis assumption. As under the circumstances was fitting, the accusatory Mr. Glavis lost his official head. Mr. Ballinger and his department were exonerated of the charge of conniving with the Guggenheims, the Cunninghams, or any one else to rob the Nation of its sooty rights in coal.

There was or rather is a Mr. Pinchot—a Mr. Gifford Pinchot. He was born rich, which is no good thing for any man. Cradle-riches make one opinionated, dictatorial, petty. They destroy one's perspective, limit one's experiences and therefore one's powers of comparison. Worst of all they weaken one's fiber by removing the reason for work.

Mr. Pinchot went to Harvard, which if you are able to do is a very good thing. There Mr. Pinchot met Mr. Roosevelt. It was a meeting of moment to Mr. Pinchot, since it very much molded his career.

Mr. Pinchot has a fad. It is trees. Fads are all right in private life. In public life they have to be watched.

It is no exaggeration to say that personally Mr. Roosevelt really loved Mr. Pinchot. The latter was honest, loyal, clinging, vine-like. Mr. Roosevelt was honest, self-reliant, sturdy, up-and-down as an oak.

Mr. Roosevelt, then, loved Mr. Pinchot for Harvard as well as for himself. Never shall I forget the beaming look of Mr. Roosevelt when he presented me casually to Mr. Pinchot.

"Pinchot," said he, slapping that fad-swept personage on the shoulder, "is in charge of *my* tree policy."

Mr. Pinchot, officially as well as privately, was raised a pet. He was a favorite and trusted member of Mr. Roosevelt's famous "tennis cabinet." I do not understand that Mr. Pinchot was riotously popular elsewhere than at the White House. That may have been born of his nearness to Mr. Roosevelt. As the poet Gray explains in what lines he tearfully commemorates the drowning of his pet tabby cat and how little the sad affair affected the other animals, "A favorite has no friends."

As forestry chief under Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Pinchot did as he pleased. He dealt with the law as it should have been and not as it was. Full of his tree fad, he carried forestry as an element of government to every exaggeration. He robbed the present to enrich the future, and—so they say—took 180,000,000 acres out of public lands available for settlement, and enthusiastically added them to the "Forest Reserve." Mr. Roosevelt, looking the other way, thinking on other things, busy with his great plan to make Mr. Taft his successor, leaving all forest things to his "dear Pinchot," promptly O. K.'d the confiscations.

Also, like Mr. Glavis, Mr. Pinchot discovered a mare's nest. The Pinchot nest related, not to coal, but water. He detected symptoms of a coming water-power trust.

In some recondite way, which I do not understand and therefore shall not try to lay bare, that coming water-power trust was to be knocked on the head, killed as it were on the nest by a sheer first effect of that forestry confiscation of 180,000,000 acres.

But behold you, along comes Mr. Ballinger as Secretary of the Interior. Keen, clear, alert, law to his finger-tips, all spring steel and action and in the pride of his youth sets aside the Pinchot confiscation, deforests that conquest of 180,000,000 acres and readds it to the general public domain from which, by Mr. Pinchot, it had been so feverishly subtracted.

Naturally Mr. Pinchot carried the storm of his griefs to Mr. Taft. That executive, at cheerful ease in his Beverly splint-bottom rocker—of double width and strength—gave judgment as aforesaid for Mr. Ballinger, and Mr. Pinchot dolefully withdrew, as depressed as some peacock bereft of its tail.

It's awful to be born rich. It's more awful when thus conditioned you are taken captive by a fad. The two combined make "No" so hard to bear.

Mr. Pinchot hasn't left the department—Mr. Glavis has—being incontinently chucked out. Mr. Ballinger won from Mr. Glavis on a knock-out—from Mr. Pinchot on points.

Mr. Roosevelt was in the White House. Junior Jimmy Garfield sat in the Cabinet. Mr. Roosevelt went looking about for a superintendent of the Land Office. Mr. Garfield said, "Get Ballinger."

Mr. Garfield had met Mr. Ballinger at Williams about the time Mr. Roosevelt at Harvard was meeting Mr. Pinchot.

"What's his politics?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"He hates thieves," was the reply.

Then Mr. Garfield told Mr. Roosevelt an engaging tale of how Mr. Ballinger had once killed three rattlesnakes with his quirt during those far-off cowboy days. This tragedy took place appropriately on the banks of Rattlesnake Creek.

"There are rattlesnakes in the Land Office," observed Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Ballinger, having speciously roped the latter into the White House on a pretense of lunch. "I've pitched upon you to kill them."

Mr. Ballinger, Snake-Killer, reform Mayor of Seattle, became Superintendent of the Government Land Office. True to his employment, he did for that Land Office what St. Patrick did for Ireland. When he got through, not a graft-rattle, not a fraud hiss could anywhere be heard. The land snakes were gone. With broom of law, with besom of dismissal, Snake-Killer Ballinger had swept them out.

Mr. Roosevelt was working as beaver never worked to make Mr. Taft his successor. Brother Charles Taft down in Cincinnati was spending $1,200,000 of his wife's money—inherited from her iron-mongering father, old dead Dave Sinton—in the same good cause. Mr. Ballinger, inspired by so much and such high example, began to get busy along similar lines.

Mr. Ballinger caused himself to be named National committeeman from his State of Washington. He saw to it that he was sent delegate to the Chicago Convention. He maneuvered himself delicately yet sufficiently upon the convention's platform committee. On all occasions and in every corner he was for Taft and Taft alone. Also he showed himself as apt for politics as any Irishman.

To Mr. Ballinger, as debts of politics are counted, Mr. Taft owed much. It was the expected thing that Mr. Ballinger should be invited into the Cabinet.

It was just as expected, that being invited, he would come. He was invited. He did come. He's there now, to the destruction of the Glavises and the dismay of the Pinchots. It might be subjoined, too, that he is there to the advantage of the public and the truth in no wise be overrun.

H: 107.2