PLANS NOW BEING MADE IN METROPOLIS FOR ANOTHER BIG SEASON IN THEATER BUSINESS

Famous Luna Park May not Be Open This Summer—Two More Theaters Converted into Moving-Picture Houses—William Gillette to Appear at Head of New Organization—Maud Adams Expected to Appear at Empire.

Walker Whiteside as "Tokeramo" And Malcolm Williams as "The Artist" in A Scene From "The Typhoon"

"The Flower of The Palace of Han" At The Little Theater

Louise Fredericks As Attendant, Edith Wynne Matthison as Chao Kium, Louise Seymour as "Attendant"

Florence Reed in "The Talker"

Pauline Lord in "The Talker"

Frank Reicher As "The Emperor" "The Flower of The Palace of Han"

"The Pigeon" Act II. Left to Right Pamela Gaythorne As Guinevere Megan, A Flower Seller; Russ Whytal As Christopher Wellwyn, An Artist; Sidney Valentine As Timson, once A Cabman

BY LLOYD F. LONERGAN.

NEW YORK, April 20.—(Special.)—The bankruptcy of Luna Park, Coney Island's pioneer big place, causes managers generally to agree that there is something wrong with the Summer show business.

The owners of the land, who have dispossessed Mr. Thompson for non-payment of rent, may run the place themselves this season. They are now advertising for a tenant, with but small chances of finding one.

It has been the invariable rule that "White Cities," in this section of the country, have one successful year, followed by numerous lean ones. The attractions apparently pall upon the people after awhile.

For example, Luna Park did a good business last year, that is the attendance was large. The trouble was, that after the initial 10 cents at the gate, the visitors failed to come across, and attractions that cost heavily to put on, did not take in enough to pay for the gas.

Fred Thompson, a few years ago, seemed to be one of the coming managers. Luna Park was booming, his wife Mabel Talieferro, was starring successfully, in "Polly of the Circus," and several other plays were bringing in the coin to Thompson. Now he hasn't any plays, any Luna Park, and his wife has secured a divorce.

Herald Square Film Theaters.

Two more theaters have fallen into the hands of the moving picture men, these being the Herald Square and Weber & Fields.

The Herald Square Theater is the most notable of the local playhouses that has gone in for films. It was originally opened as the Coliseum, on January 10, 1874, and then was the home of two panoramas, "London by Day," and "Paris by Night." The Coliseum structure was taken to Philadelphia at the time of the Centennial and New York's first aquarium put up in its place. Later the building was used as a circus; next it was a variety house; Harrigan & Hart had it as their home for a number of years, and at one time it was also a dime museum. Of late years it has been run by Lew Fields, who has booked it through the Shuberts.

"Weber's Theater was the home of Comedians Weber and Fields for many years. Before they took it, the place was run as a music hall on the old Koster & Bial lines, but did not make a success. Weber's has been closed most of the season, and as a straight theatrical venture has not been a success of late.

Before Charles Frohman sailed for Europe the other day, he outlined his plans for next season as follows:

"All my stars will apear in New York next season in new plays. I plan especially long engagements in New York for Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Billie Burke and Madame Nazimova.

William Gillette to Star.

"In London I shall meet William Gillette, to complete details of a high-grade stock company for New York. Mr. Gillette will appear as stock star at the head of an organization thoroughly modern in personnel and equally modern in its repertoire. To that much I already have Mr. Gillette's consent. In his last letter to me he writes: 'If the plan goes through, I shall hold myself ready to play a small bit as eagerly as a leading part.' The scheme will necessitate frequent changes of bill and the production of many plays, but they will be productions as rigidly simple as is consistent with truth.

"As far as Maude Adams is concerned, when Mr. Drew finishes his engagement at the Empire Theater, I expect Miss Adams to take control of the stage of that house for many months. I shall have an interesting announcement to make later concerning the nature of her next Empire Theater season."

All records in the line of long theatrical jumps will be broken next month, when the Winter Garden Company will move from Fiftieth street and Broadway, direct to Tokio. The engagement in Japan will be limited to five weeks. It is expected that the company, which will sail from San Francisco May 18, will number 110 people.

Augustus Thomas, one of the most successful of playwrights, gave at the Lamb's Club the other day his theories of rehearsal:

"To begin with," he said, "I proceed upon the belief that the most valuable asset a dramatist can have is the good will of the company. These ladies and gentlemen are his interpreters, and no matter how accurately he may secure the mechanical rendition of his own emphasis and inflections, there is still something wanting toward the perfect performance if the temperament of the actor is not behind the character.

Good Will of Actors Required.

"After the good will of the company, the next important consideration is the company's health. The old-fashioned stage manager believed that time and attention to rehearsals was superior to this. In too many quarters it is still the habit to give no intermission for luncheon, but to allow members of the company, during their waits, to refresh themselves at the stage door with a hastily snatched sandwich or a bottle of milk. This is a very possible expedient for a day or two, but when persisted in for the three or four weeks of preparation, it results in producing a company of almost nervous wrecks and the play faces the great trial of its first night, handicapped with a phalanx of invalids.

"Nobody who has not undergone it, knows the terrific strain of a first night upon an actor. Nat Goodwin once said to me, 'A first night is a horse race that lasts three hours.' It could not be more graphically described. For three hours the people are under the nervous tension to which a bettor is subjected in the half minute of a home stretch."

Broadway is interested in a report that Robert B. Mantell and Miss Margaret Anglin will appear together next season in Shakespearean and classical repertoire. Miss Anglin has usually played modern roles, principally of the emotional kind, but this season she is appearing in "Green Stockings," a comedy. In 1895, however, she played Ophelia to James O'Neil's Hamlet, and in Australia in 1908 appeared in "The Taming of the Shrew."

New Star Combination Due.

Mr. Mantell has played Shakespeare for many years. Until this season his leading woman was his wife, the late Marie Booth Russell. Both stars are now touring the West at the head of their own companies. If they appear as co-stars in Shakespeare, they will have the second organization of its kind in this country. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern have the other, and have been remarkably successful.

Miss Pauline Lord, who has one of the principal roles in "The Talker," now playing at the Harris Theater, is a niece of former Governor Lord, of Oregon. This is the young woman's first appearance in New York, and her portrayal of an exceedingly difficult role has been most favorably commented upon.

William Harris, the oldest of theatrical managers, believes that we have too many theaters. In a recent interview he said:

"It is a craze. That's the only word that expresses the present situation in New York. Speaking from experience—an experience of 50 years—I don't hesitate to say that we are theater-mad. When this craze started, nine years ago, New York had 22 theaters of the so-called 'legitimate' class. I'm leaving out the vaudeville houses. In the past six years 13 theaters have been built. At the present time 10 are either planned or building. This means that New York by next year will have 45 first-class theaters."

Syndicate Members Theater Men.

"At the time we built the Hudson, New Amsterdam, Lyceum and Liberty Theaters," he confessed, "we were drunk with money. Times were so good that we became reckless. But this was before the time of speculators who were not theatrical men. Bear this in mind; There is not a man in the syndicate who was not brought up in the theater. As a result, to speak personally, we have all been conservative. We realized at the beginning how far we could go. We built theaters in New York a few years ago only because we had to do so to protect ourselves against others who were jumping into the game. We thought we were acting wisely, but as a matter of fact we were doing a very foolish thing. The metropolis grows, and it is only reasonable to suppose that everything grows accordingly. But authors haven't grown with the metropolis. In this fact, more than in any other, may be found the explanation of the theatrical situation.

"I'm in a position to sell theaters," continued Mr. Harris. "If any one wants a theater, let him come to me. I can offer him a house for much less than it would cost him to build one."

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SWEDISH PLAYWRIGHT SOUNDS NOTE OF PESSIMISM IN ALL HIS WORKS

August Stridenberg's Plays Classed by Some as Unpleasant—Berkeley Theater Is Scene of First American Production of "The Father"—London Symphony Orchestra Makes Hit.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

IT is likely that the figure to tower through the season ahead will be that of August Strindberg, the Swedish playwright who has been very long in making his way into America, that is very long for the quality of his writings and the significance of the man. This does not mean that there will be a rush on the part of Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Liebler & Co., Shuberts or others of the important men who provide the theatrical feasts for the great audiences of this country.

Strindberg will make his way into America as did Ibsen, Maeterlinck, George Bernard Shaw and others of those few men of letters who had a message distinctly different from plays along the beaten path. Shaw in some of his kindlier moments classified some of his plays as unpleasant. Strindberg has been less kind and so, indeed, were Ibsen and a few others. It is doubtful that Strindberg feels his plays to be unpleasant or his ideas, in a certain sense, warped, he only sees life through very dark glasses and he has not the sense of humor which was the saving clause in the case of Shaw.

We may, after a study of Shaw, Ibsen, Rostand and Strindberg, calculate on the difference between the cynic, the realist, the satirist and the pessimist, and perhaps we will find the pessimist the most disagreeable, especially the pessimist who never was permitted a life that would make anything but pessimism possible.

"The Father" Is Presented.

The first of a series of plays to be presented at the Berkeley Theater, a tiny auditorium and stage fitted only for works which must be seen in the most intimate manner, was given on Monday night, and this was the first time probably that a Strindberg play has been offered in English, although occasional performances of his works have been given in this country by Scandinavian companies.

The work selected for the introduction was "The Father," the scenes of which are laid in Sweden in a small army post. The plot concerns the Captain of a cavalry company, his wife and daughter, the three of whom are at odds about the education and future of the girl. The father has always allowed himself to be influenced by his wife and now she will not brook his interference.

She resorts therefore, premeditatedly to influence him by suggestion and deliberately undermines his mind, which was originally perfectly normal. She accomplishes this merely by conveying the idea that only the mother can be positive that the child is hers. She creates such a strong suspicion in his mind that he becomes obsessed with the matter to such a point that she has him declared insane and his affairs are placed in her hands. Throughout it is obvious that the writer understood the torture of being torn by doubts, also that he knew the lengths to which suggestion can carry.

Play Is Gloomy One.

In this play, as in many others, the gloom is almost inexpressible, and the ingeniousness almost devilish. One can hardly feel him capable of writing in a negative manner, that is, in a manner which expresses a mere subject. His works are the outcries of his own tortured soul and he has never forgotten the episode in his life, when, at the age of eight, he was suspected of having drunk some wine that was missing, and, to escape punishment, he was compelled to state falsely that he had taken it.

Strindberg is now about 63 years old and it is believed that his health is failing. He shelters himself in Stockholm, where he studies with ardor and writes from time to time. Here he receives visits from his five children, from three marriages, but he prefers to live alone with his flowers and music, to which he devotes much of his leisure time.

There are no novelties of special importance this week in the theaters, but there are some interesting announcements, none of which are more so than the forthcoming revival of "Robin Hood" with a grand opera cast in nearly all the roles. Walter Hyde, of Covent Garden, will sing the title role; Bella Alten, Maid Marian; Florence Wickham, also of the Metropolitan, will appear as Allan-a-Dale; Pauline Hall, the well-known light opera star, will come back to Broadway as Dame Durden; George Frothingham will have his original role; Edwin Stevens, well-known in the West, will sing the part of the Sheriff; Basil Ruysdal, of the Metropolitan, will sing Eugene Cowles' old part; Will Scarlet and Anne Swinburne will sing the part of "Annabelle." This will open at the New Amsterdam May 6.

London Orchestra Liked.

It was a colossal enterprise to bring an orchestra of 100 men from London to America for 32 concerts, but this was perhaps justified by putting at the head of the London Symphony Orchestra Arthur Nikich, whose name remained behind him when he left the Boston Symphony Orchestra some 20 years ago.

His was a royal welcome Monday night when a modest-looking, reserved, rather small man made his appearance on the Carnegie Hall stage in front of the London Symphony Orchestra, one with which only "guest" conductors have appeared, and Nikisch has been its conductor for a long series of concerts every season. There was consequently absolute unity between the conductor and his musicians, one might go further and say rightfully artists.

Nikisch made a programme that should have pleased an audience with varied tastes, although there is no doubt that even in Tschaikowsky he could have found something more valuable, as of all Tschaikowsky, "Francesca da Rimini" is perhaps the most theatrical in effect.

Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, Brahms' symphony No. 1 and the overture to "Tannhauser" were all played with the rarest qualities, admirable phrasing, poetic insight and a singular clarity of line especially in the Brahms' symphony, in which no detail was overlooked. It may be that in the last movement, Mr. Nikisch held back the triumphant note a little too long for the sake of the tremendous climax, but it was a noble and inspiring performance, one which brought the house to a veritable storm of applause.

Metropolitan Is Closed.

The Metropolitan has closed and all the interest is already centered upon what the coming season will offer. Most of the artists of importance have been re-engaged and there will be some interesting additions among which may be mentioned Frieda Hempel, the German colorature, who will come for 40 performances; Jacques Urlus, the young German tenor, who will come not to replace Burrian, but with him; Mlle. Bori, a noted Italian dramatic soprano, and among the works promised are "Nero," the opera of Boito, Verdi's son-in-law, which he has been writing for nearly 20 years, and which he has only completed for the purpose of celebrating the 100th anniversary of Verdi's birth next Fall.

It is said that no work has been promised so often and delayed unless it might be Rostand's "Chantecler." Mr. Gatti-Casazza has been waiting for this work for the last 11 years, when he first arranged all the details for the first production of "Nero" even to the scenery and to Toscanini, who had been engaged to conduct it. Even the roles had been distributed. But this, the impressario now refuses to do until he will hold the score in his hands.

It is stated that there has been no deficit this season in the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Love Lyrics of a Ranch Girl.

(Robert V. Carr, in the Popular Magazine.)

INTRODUCED.

'Twas at a dance a week ago
That first we met; he bowed quite low
When he was introduced. "May I
Have the next waltz?" he asked. Oh, why
Did I refuse and toss my head,
Yet half regret the words I said?
"It's taken, and the next is, too."
And then he turned around and flew.
Why did he back away so free?
Why didn't he try coaxing me?

"STRAYS."

He rode up to our ranch today,
And claimed he's looking for a stray.
He talked for quite awhile to dad—
Looks funny that the fellow had
To take up nearly half a day
With talking of a single stray.
But finally away he went;
I peeked and watched him as he sent
His horse along just like he's glad;
And then like him I talked with dad.

INDIFFERENCE.

Last night he stopped in and he stayed
To supper, and he sat and played
Some cards with dad and joked so free,
Yet somehow me he did not see.
I wonder if he thinks I care—
One way or other—when or where
He is or what he ever thought!
But still I think he hadn't ought—
I'm sure I do not care a cent—
Yet I stayed up until—he went.

DUMBNESS.

On Sunday night he called, and I
My bestest best did try and try
To entertain him with the news,
The stereopticon and views,
And played the organ; yet right there
He sat and twisted in his chair,
And looked at me—I had to laugh—
As helpless as a real young calf.
His words seemed in his throat to stick—
I wonder if the poor boy's sick!

SWEETS.

Today he came a-riding down,
And brought me candy from the town;
And then I asked, "Is this for me?"
And then he said, "You bet it be!"
I felt so queer I let him stand
And for a moment hold my hand.
"That candy's sweet," he said, "is true,
But there's none made as sweet as you."
And then I laughed and looked away,
For there was nothing I could say.

DREAMS.

I dreamed of him last night and thought
He came to me and quickly caught
Me in his arms and told me all
Those love names that a man may call
The girl he thinks his heart's desire;
And then I dreamed a prairie fire
Came sweeping up on every side,
And he saved me, and then I cried
Upon his shoulder strong and nice,
And then he leaned and kissed me twice!

My Hopes.

Ainslie's.

My hopes are like argent strands
Transmuted by a magic moon;
My hopes are all like shining sands
Some distant Eldorado knows;
I gather them within my hands,
Their wondrous gleams and glows.

I gather them within my hands,
To me my life's most precious part,
The argent strands, the shining sands,
And hold them to my heart!