

# MADAM NAZIMOVA WINS LAURELS IN ROLE OF MRS. CHEPSTON IN PLAY FROM HICHENS' NOVEL

"The Red Petticoat" Declared to Be a Real Novelty in Musical Comedy and Particularly Well Acted. William Collier Has a Play That Suits Him Exactly. Miss Annie Russell's Presentation of "She Stoops to Conquer" Delights Gotham Audiences.



Marguerite Clark and Maids of Honor in "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs" of The Little Theater

Sessie Woods in "The Suz Daddys"



Mme. Alla Nazimova and Cha Bryant in "Bella Sonna"



Mme. Alla Nazimova in "Bella Sonna" Photo © by Chas. Frohman

Norah Boyle, with Weber and Fields All Star Company



Ernest Lambert and Girls Act II "The Gypsy", Park Theater

BY LLOYD F. LONERGAN.  
 NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—(Special).—"Bella Donna" is a success at the Empire Theater, not on account of the dramatization of Robert Hichens' novel of Egypt, but because of the wonderful acting of Madam Nazimova, who has the role of Mrs. Chepston. The books labor under the disadvantage of possessing no character that could possibly be accounted sympathetic in the professional sense of the word. Certainly the character of the discredited woman was not in the novel the creature to inspire affection or admiration.

The third act of the stage version of the novel is most interesting, for the warfare between the physician and the woman whom he finally conquers is admirably cumulative. In the beginning she seems to triumph and has almost succeeded in expelling him from the boat on which his friend is dying. She has the support of the American doctor, who is blinded by his growing love for her. But this man is ultimately overthrown by the suspicion which the visitor creates in his mind

and the discovery of the poisoned coffee. So the heroine is compelled in the last instance to yield to him and hand over her husband, in his own villa, to the care of the friend who saves his life.

This melodramatic act awakened in the audience greater response than any of the preceding episodes. Madam Nazimova was responsible for a degree of this success, for she abandoned her mannerisms long enough to act with uncommon effectiveness the scene of her brief triumph and her ultimate defeat. Her indirection of suspense and apprehension was natural and eloquent. Subtly she revelled in her momentary victories and with sullen resignation bowed before the final success of her opponent. Such an exhibition of her real skill was welcome, for it seemed during the first two acts as if the artist of this gifted woman had deserted her altogether.

Taking sensuality rather than aversion as the dominating note in the woman's character, she writhed, squirmed and twisted with all the realism of the angriest freshly impaled on the fishing hook. The most ardent searcher for a new distortion

of the line in the art nouveau would have been inspired to create a masterpiece merely by the distant contemplation of her spinal column.

There were beautiful backgrounds for the various scenes and the melodramatic episodes of "Bella Donna" are profoundly interesting. These, combined with the popularity of the novel, should make the play one of the real successes of the season.

At last we have a musical comedy which is a real novelty. The Shuberts have produced "The Red Petticoat" at Daly's Theater, and much to the surprise of the jaded first-nighter the usual mess of disguised princesses and many kings were missing, for the new offering is a melodrama set to music.

Rida Johnson Young has written a real story with blithe comedy and genuine situations. Paul West has jingled some of his jingliest lyrics, and Jerome Kern has let loose a flood of tootsome, captivating and ultra-catchy music. The music in "The Red Petticoat" is perhaps prettier than anything in town.

"The Red Petticoat" story is founded

on a play called "Next," produced at this theater a year ago—an original and amusing little story, dealing with a feminine barber, who comes to the mining camp, and not only shaves and massages the camp, but sets it to rights, reforms its barbarians, helps along its love affairs and does general duty as a Good Samaritan. Sophie Brush is a real creation—a bit freakish, of course—the style of spinster that years ago May Robson used to revel in. Sophie is gorgeous and at the close of Act I she has an undressing act that set Daly's in peals of laughter.

It is she who displays the red petticoat. In this garb arrayed for the night, Sophie is a volume of screams. Fortunately for the baldheads in front, there are galaxies of pretty girls, who do not wear red flannel petticoats, but who appear in the laiciest and "lingerie-est" of lingerie.

In the third act a beautiful maid seeking gold is discovered in the camp, and the story rushes to its conclusion. As a story it has the average musical comedy in conception beaten in 17 different ways.

It is Miss Helen Lowell ("Lizzie" of

"The Lottery Man" and "Miss Hazy" of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch") who plays Sophie, and plays it admirably.

The role of Jack Warner, the gambler, was admirably acted by Joseph Phillips, whose singing voice undoubtedly the best on the comic opera stage.

A distinct hit was scored by Miss Grace Fields, whose voice has the quality that once made Marie Tempest's adorable.

It was a bright and conscientious company. They all want to do their job as though they meant business.

William Collier is holding forth at the Forty-eighth-street Theater in the usual capacity of the star of "Never Say Die" and as part author. First night audiences usually know what to expect in the case of this actor and conditions have not been disregarded.

The general formula for a Collier play, whoever his collaborator may be, is to start with a more-or-less serious situation, and then, as the play progresses, to let the audience know that Mr. Collier has begun to get tired, or feels that his audience must be in the same state. It is no disadvantage for any playwright to have brought his method to such perfection.

In "Never Say Die" Mr. Collier is Dionysus Woodbury, who had been told by the London doctors that he had only three weeks to live and was consequently so nervous that he insisted that his name should be so pronounced as not to suggest his approaching dissolution. It was in view of this near-end that he entered into the matrimonial arrangement which was destined to bring him such happiness. He married a young girl that she might, after his death, and as his rich widow, take for her husband the young man of her heart.

This lover was an artist and gifted more with genius than cash in hand. His betrothed was rich, so the thought of money had never interfered with the course of their future happiness. But the money was lost and it was then that separation seemed imminent. The dying millionaire who had still saved enough for his happy way of life married the young girl, while the artist lover went to Italy to study still longer and then come back to claim his widowed bride.

In the desire to fulfill his part of the agreement and carry out the prophecies of the physicians, the hero abandoned the diet prescribed for him and set out to enjoy himself. Instead of what Harry Conroy used to call "a purrah death" he recovered his health, but lost his heart simultaneously to the young woman he had married.

As her artist lover turned out not to be worth such a nice girl—certainly was he even less worthy of her after her marriage—the sacrificing millionaire recovers his health and gets a wife at the same time.

Mr. Collier embodies in this characteristic Collier wit. His dramatic method was, of course, perfectly suited to such a part. Paula Mars and William Collier, Jr. were other members of the family that shared in the Collier distinction.

Whoever wants to have his faith in good acting renewed and be most delightfully entertained into the bargain need go no further than the Thirtieth Street Theater, where Miss Annie Russell inaugurated with signal success quite the most ambitious project of her professional career.

With the indorsement, and, in a measure, the patronage of a number of well-known women, Miss Russell has undertaken to give a season of nine weeks of English classical plays and has organized a stock company for the purpose. If her subsequent productions are as charming and full of color and spirit as was the one of "She Stoops to Conquer," Miss Russell will not need the support of her imposing list of patronesses to carry her plan to the conclusion she so greatly desires, a permanent stock company.

It was a simple case of production, if by that one means scenery and general stage settings. Everything was artistic and tasteful, but the scenery was never bigger than the acting, not the furniture more notable than the production of the spirit of the comedy. The production really was the playing.

It was, with one or two exceptions, difficult to say just which players stood out from the others in the general smoothness of the whole thing. Each played with the others, not for himself.

There have been many productions of the Goldsmith comedy during this generation and the past one, but Miss Russell need feel nothing but gratification and theatergoers nothing but gratitude for her contribution to the list, a contribution that will be remembered.

Miss Russell herself played the part of Kate Hardcastle, and was never more perfectly cast.

The players were of such uniform excellence that it is hard to say who's first and who second, yet some honors must be given to George Giddens, who gave quite the most perfectly Tony Lumpkinish performance of Tony Lumpkin that has gladdened this town for many years.

Miss Beatrice Herford and Fred Perskin were Mrs. and Mr. Hardcastle, both playing with admirable regard to the play as a whole and both scoring individually.

**CROWN PRINCE RECKLESS**  
 Their Apparent of Germany Takes Great Chances With Life.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—(Special).—The Crown Prince's riding accident at Danzig, where he commands the "Death's Head Hussars," is not his first mishap of the same kind; the wonder is that his neck has not been broken long before this. His dominating ambition is to be considered a sportsman in every way, as is evident from every line of his recently-published reminiscences in a field of sport. He has been repeatedly cautioned by his imperial father against the dangers of steepchasing, but once he was even ordered several days' confinement to his room—"Stun-arrest"—for riding his horse up to the utmost terrace of Sans Souci.

The other members of the family have been more fortunate. The Kaiser's favorite pastime until quite recently was the most dangerous sport of wild boar hunting, and some years ago he made public the fact that he had slain 2700 of these animals. Yet he has never sustained the least mishap on his sporting expeditions, and all his sons, who are equally ardent sportsmen, have hitherto been as fortunate as their father.

Lieut. Henry of Prussia, too, has gone unscathed, but he has been the cause of some accidents to others. He had no attained his majority before he was engaged in a shooting party, while shooting in the presence of the Grand Duke of Baden, to wound a gamekeeper so severely that the man was crippled for life, and has since been in receipt of a generous pension. Then in Corfu, while climbing a steep hill, he accidentally lodged a shot in a Greek officer behind him, while at a later point he inflicted serious damage on a Turkish dignitary appointed by the Sultan to attend him on a shooting expedition in Syria.

**MARRIAGE AND HAPPINESS.**  
 Exchange.

Arnold Bennett is about to write a novel to demonstrate that there is such a thing as a successful marriage. There's a better way than that, and each of us can try it for himself. Just marry a nice girl and behave yourself afterward.

# FEARING DEATH SOON, RED DEFIES OSTRACISM

With Two Wives in Trail, Captain Joe Seeks Forbidden Friends After 25 Years of Exile for Horse-Stealing at Ellensburg.



CAPTAIN JOE'S TWO WIVES.

ELLENSBURG, Wash., Nov. 23.—(Special).—Followed by his two wives, who, like himself, were bent and aged, Captain Joe, the sole survivor of the murderous band of savage warriors that aided old Chief Moses during the stirring times of 1878, rode into Ellensburg this week from his ranch on Turpin Creek, in Okanogan County, where he has resided since he was banished from the Kittitas Valley by the white settlers. Captain Joe had not been in Ellensburg since the time that he was detected in the act of stealing old Toby's horses, for Toby, although a redskin, was a friend of the whites, and Captain Joe was forbidden ever again to set foot in the Kittitas Valley unless he was willing to take a chance of being hanged.

When Moses, together with Chief Joseph, the Elsieck and Pute Indians, started on the rampage that terrorized the whole Northwest in the Summer of 1878, Captain Joe was Moses' right-hand man, and, although accepting the hospitality of the white settlers of the Kittitas and Yakima valleys, was filled with a deep hatred for the race that had taken the land from his forefathers. Prior to the uprising, Captain Joe had been employed by J. L. Vaughn, who made the first wagon tracks in the Kittitas Valley, and who was the first postmaster here. When told of Captain Joe's visit, Vaughn expressed regret that he had not seen the Indian, stating that he remembered the old warrior and that he had thought that Joe had long been dead.

**INDIAN'S CRAFT IS SHOWN.**  
 In 1878, when the handful of settlers in the Kittitas Valley were hearing wild rumors of the depredations being committed by Moses and his savages, the block now bounded by Main, Pearl, Fourth and Fifth streets, which is valued at \$100,000, according to the County Assessor, was the center of a huge stockade, which was erected to provide for the women and children of the valley settlers. Practically the only buildings outside of this stockade were a few log cabins. Captain Joe remained in the midst of the whites, professing to be friendly, but in reality watching and waiting for a signal from the Wenatchee Mountains from Moses, who was to sweep the valley. Moses failed to appear at the specified time, and Captain Joe disappeared from the settlement, joining his chief in the hills. Later, when it became apparent to all that the uprising had failed and that the Putes and Bannocks were unable to get across the Columbia, Captain Joe drifted back to Ellensburg. Toby, with his faithful wife, Nancy, was at all times friendly to the settlers, and Captain Joe endeavored to rent his smiddy against the white by running off with Toby's horses. Old Toby was gradually growing blind and did not realize that his hands were being depleted. Captain Joe was caught while making away with Toby's horses and warned to leave the valley for good.

Yesterday, after an absence of over a quarter of a century, the old warrior rode into town, searching for familiar faces and the old landmarks that have disappeared. His two wives, dressed in all their finery, followed the old buck as he rode to a hitching rack, and when he dismounted they likewise tied their horses and came after their master. Peebly-eyed, Captain Joe looked down Main street, peering into the shops and stores, until he came to T. W. Farrell's harness shop, where he stopped.

"Sye tiliicum" (stop, friend), said the pioneer harnessmaker to the Indian, and Captain Joe's toothless mouth broke into a smile.

"Mika wawa, all same nika, de late

**RIGHTS CONTROL IN DUMA**  
 Clergy Basely Used and Prestige of Church Undermined.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 23.—(Special).—The issue of the elections is now defined. The Right have an absolute majority in the Duma, and the Center are curtailed and shorn of their leader, M. Guchkoff.

Although it is entirely artificial, such a transposition may be a logical historical necessity, inasmuch as it doubtless, will forever discredit hopes of reaction, but for Russia at the present critical juncture of international affairs the electoral experiment carried out by M. Sabier and M. Harousin is a great misfortune.

By using the clergy for base electoral purposes these representatives of the Church and the Home office in their zeal as courtiers have not only magnified the difficulties of the Government, but disastrously undermined the prestige of the Church.

The Nationalists publicly denounce the electoral abuses and have withdrawn from the contest in many of the constituencies.

**TOY SOLDIERS IN DEMAND**  
 German Factories Crowded With Orders Since Balkan War.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—(Special).—One of the effects of the triumphs of the Balkan armies is the flood of orders with which the German toy-making trade is being inundated for tin and wooden soldiers representing the armies of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Montenegro.

Nuremberg orders are reaching Nuremberg, Sonneberg and other centers for little counterfeiters of the Balkan legions in time to delight the hearts of the boys of two hemispheres at the coming Christmascide.

# HAIR STOPS FALLING, DANDRUFF DISAPPEARS—25-CENT "DANDERINE"

Save Your Hair! Beautify It! Invigorate Your Scalp! Danderine Grows Hair and We Can Prove It.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or a loose or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine now will immediately double the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and straggly, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it all

through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove to yourself tonight—now—that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that Danderine and carefully draw it all