CAPITAL SATIRE ON LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY IS FOUND IN WEBER AND FIELDS NEW PLAY "ROLY POLY"

Never Have Famous Stars Been So Delightfully Funny and Foolish—Rupert Hughes' Latest Farce Has No Dramatic Form—John E. Kellerd Makes Impression in "Hamlet"—"Broadway to Paris" Is Elaborate Production at Garden—Arnold Bennett's "Milestones" to Continue.

(Left to Right)—Jean Power, Edward Chester, Jean Hamilton, And Marie Stuart In—"A Scrape O' The Pen" At Joe Weber's Theatre.

Anna Wilkes, In "The Gypsy"—Park Theatre

Charles Brown, Charles A. Murray, Sam Edwards, Eva Condon, Grace Moorissey And Maude Hanaford.—Act II, "C.O.D." Gaiety.

Marie Dressler, With Weber & Fields All Star Stock Co.

William Collier And Herman, The Dog In Lew Fields' "Never Say Die"—48th St. Theatre, N.Y.

John Hazzard & Eleanor Kent, In Pixley & Luders' Romantic Operetta, "The Gypsy"—Park.

BY LLOYD F. LONERGAN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—The little music hall made famous by Weber and Fields has been replaced by one of large proportions, for the things they do and the things they say require a broader scope.

The girls that appeared in the old productions were never prettier, never, it seems, so gorgeously attired, as in the present vehicle for the Weber-Fields talents. "Roly Poly" is the right sort of a show for the music hall and is worthy of comparison with some of the best that these two comedians have provided. There are new faces in the company, but the Ednas and Mays, Vonnies and Dorothies, the Gertes and Hazels of the former programmes still justify their positions on the end and in the very front row.

"Roly Poly" provides the thread of plot upon which their doings and the various song and dance features, the droll contributions of Frank Daniels and something too much of Bayes and Norworth have been strung. As usual, it is the taller man, Fields, this time as Meyer Tanzman, who provides the suggestions upon which little Weber, as Michael Schmalz, acts to his immediate disadvantage. They are at Raatzenbad, taking the waters, and there Schmalz meets Bijou Fitzsimmons (Marie Dressler), whose hand he seeks in marriage.

Keen Satire Produced.

How his friend saves him from this fate, after producing a document, which is a capital satire upon legal phraseology, needs not be told in detail. But the fun reaches its height in a scene where Schmalz plays "dead dog" at the suggestion of his friend, and in which, at the finale, the colossal Marie Dressler falls plump on the tall, thin Fields.

Marie Dressler's best song, "The Prima Donnas," helps to liven up the earlier parts of the show, which has a spectacular interlude in a new art dance by Bessie Clayton and the ballet, which for swiftness of foot work and variety of posturings could not be excelled.

In and out at odd intervals comes Frank Daniels to add his quaint personality and method to the fun and to make an especial appeal in a sad refrain, "I Cannot Drink the Old Drinks."

Never have Weber and Fields been so delightfully foolish as in the automobile scene with Miss Dressler, and the two comedians of the pied English certainly have never before so lavishly mounted a production as "Roly Poly."

The new music hall starts under the most favorable conditions. It is comfortable, attractive and, best of all, it has the right sort of a show for Weber-Fields admirers. Since their name is legion, prosperity seems assured.

Hughes' Play Is Odd.

Rupert Hughes, in his farce, "What Ails You?" now appearing at the Criterion Theater, shows how jaded city people can recover their health and strength at a training farm. He calls the play a callisthenic farce, which explains why the services of the athletic reporter rather than the reviewer of plays seems necessary to properly assay the offering at the Criterion Theater. But farce, comedy or anything else supposed to have dramatic form, this piece is not, although the friendly first night audience seemed to find amusement in the exhibition.

The plot of the piece has to do with the highly romantic case of a young man who believed himself to be fatherless, but who in reality was the son of a maitre d'hotel—one who traced his descent from a chef to kings and was properly proud of the fact. His particular complaint was drink, but practically everyone in the cast had some kind of ailment which brought them to the training farm, where they were vigorously bullied and felt happy ever after. In other words, Mr. Hughes' farce puts Muldoon's on the stage, thereby providing an object lesson for young and old.

A first act, showing a presumably smart restaurant, is chiefly remarkable for its length and the time arriving at a climax.

The second act is more entertaining than its predecessor. The scene was the gymnasium of the training farm. A short, fat woman wears a jersey with vertical stripes. There was one very fat man and another his complete opposite in the matter of avoirdupois. The domineering master of the establishment ordered them about in the characteristic manner of the well-known retired wrestler, whose training methods have made him famous.

The third act finds the characters of the play still in pursuit of health by taking a long walk, which is part of the system of the health resort. William Courtleigh, an excellent actor, easily fills the requirements of a part which is more picturesque than dramatic. A capital comedy performance was provided by Shelley Hull, whose drunken scene in the first act was particularly well done. Desmond Kelley and Marguerite Skirwin played well and looked better.

John E. Kellerd is appearing at the Garden Theater in "Hamlet." Mr. Kellerd has gathered a company of capable players whom he considers will be the most efficient aid in his projected revival of Shakespearean plays. Mr. Kellerd's performance of Hamlet was a thoughtful and scholarly interpretation. His acting in the player's scene, as well as the interview with his mother that followed, was especially well received.

The Ghost, as played by Theodore Roberts, was a brilliant performance. Charles Stevenson was an excellent King Claudius and Amelia Gardner was most satisfying as the Queen. Edward Mackey as Laertes and Elwyn Eaton as Polonius gave excellent performances.

The new offering at the Winter Garden, in which Gertrude Hoffman is featured, is called "Broadway to Paris," and is an elaborate production. The play is divided into two acts and seven scenes, and is a satire upon the affairs and doings of Americans abroad. George Bronson Howard and Harold Atteridge are the authors of the book, and the lyrics and music are by Max Hoffman, who, incidentally, conducted the orchestra.

Miss Hoffman had the role of Ann Trelawney, an actress at the Theater Olympia, Paris. Mlle. Bordoni, the French pantominist and singer, also appeared. She sang three new songs. Others in the cast were Louise Dresser, Sam Mann, Maurice and Florence Walton, Marion Sunshine, the Ahearn troupe, George Bickle and James Morton.

By Monday, December 2, Charles Frohman will have completed arrangements for a special matinee performance of the play, "Chains," which, written by Elizabeth Baker, created such a profound impression in London when it was originally done during Mr. Frohman's repertoire season at the Duke of York's Theater May 17, 1909. Between then and now the play has been squared with American conditions by Porter Emerson Browne. It will be first acted in this country at one of Mr. Frohman's theaters by an especially organized company.

"Milestones" to Continue.

Paul Rubens, author of "The Sunshine Girl" and "Hook of Holland," which had a run at the Criterion Theater, New York, four seasons ago, is writing a new musical play for Charles Frohman. Mr. Rubens is to compose the book, as well as the music. The new piece is to be called "The X-Ray Girl." Mr. Frohman intends to produce it in New York or London at Easter. Paul Rubens will personally deliver the manuscript of "The X-Ray Girl" to Mr. Frohman, coming from London especially for the purpose. J. A. E. Malone, the London stage director for George Edwards and Charles Frohman, has been secured to direct rehearsals of "The X-Ray Girl."

Klaw & Erlanger have arranged to cancel all previous bookings for the remainder of the season at the Liberty Theater so that the run of "Milestones" may not be interrupted. The 100th performance of the play will be celebrated early next month.

Contracts have been made by Haensel & Jones, the New York managers, and Miss Isadora Duncan, the dancer, by cable for another American tour, to begin next April and to last two months and a half. Miss Duncan is to appear in the East only in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. She will spend the greater part of her time on the Pacific Coast, where she has not as yet been seen. Immediately following the close of her tour, Miss Duncan will return to Paris to dedicate the new theater which is now being erected for her.

DELICATE PROBLEM IS UP

Should Atheist Become a Doctor of Divinity?

LONDON, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—Should an atheist have the oportunity of becoming a doctor of divinity?

This delicate problem has been raised by the council of the senate of Cambridge University. They have given formal notice of certain preliminary steps to alter the statutes which at present restrict the granting of degrees in divinity to members of the Established Church.

It is contended that the proposed alterations will deprive these degrees of any religious significance whatever.

Strong opposition has already been raised to the proposal, and a memorial to the Vice-Chancellor signed by the Lord Chief Justice and 27 D. D.'s, among other distinguished members of the Cambridge senate, asks for the appointment of a syndicate to consider and report on the whole question.

The Rev. William Cunningham, D. D., Archdeacon of Ely, writes as follows:

"This proposal, to deprive divinity degrees of any religious significance, is being pushed on by the council without a thorough discussion of the consequences involved. Scant courtesy has been shown to the Lord Chief Justice of England and other distinguished non-residents."

A committee of residents in Cambridge University has issued an appeal to members of the senate, in which it is stated:

"If the statute is altered, as is now proposed, it will be possible for non-Christian students to proceed to the B. D. or D. D. degree.

"This proposal, to throw open degrees in divinity to students who hold any belief or none, involves the view that divinity consists simply in the literary and historical treatment of the subject. We feel that these changes are of such a fundamental nature that all members of the senate, whether resident or not, should have an opportunity of expressing their opinion on the point at issue."

Old "Hundred" Brought Emotion at Corinth

General Prices' Musketeers, Part of Southern Army, Stirred by Hymn Just Before Battle.

"THE discussion of the old-time hymns by J. M. Lowe in the Star was of unusual interest to me because of a Southern incident in the Fall of 1862," said James Thomas, known as "Chevalier Thomas," in the Kansas City Star, "I was lugging a gun along with Pap Price's musketeers in Mississippi. We were trying to join Van Dorn so as to attack Rosecrans at Corinth. All over the country troops were being rushed to the 'scene of the impending difficulty.' We were on the march to Iuka, a place just south of Corinth.

"One day a queer-looking man rode slowly by the camp. He was on a mule, and his stirrups were so high that his knees seemed to come up to his breast. He wore an immense Tuscany hat, bent down in front to shade the eyes, and tilted up behind. The rest of the rider's apparel was in harmony with that outlaw hat.

"All sorts of sarcastic allusions were hurled at the rider as he slowly passed down the long line. But he neither turned to the right nor to the left; never quickened his pace, but looked stolidly ahead.

"A couple of days later we camped in Iuka and our commander said that Bishop Cavanaugh was in town and would talk to those who cared to hear him. Fully 5000 soldiers assembled at the meeting place. When the 'scarecrow' of the road was introduced to us as Bishop Cavanaugh, a man noted all through the South for his devotion, you can imagine how some of us felt, and as we faced him we knew he knew.

"Bishop Cavanaugh began by lining the first verse of Old Hundred:

Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy!

"What power the old hymn and in the earnest tones of that man! How it resounded through the forest like a declaration from the Almighty himself! I have hear eminent pulpit orators, but never have I been so thrilled as I was then.

"A Miesouri soldier led and 5000 lusty voices joined in.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men,
And when like wandering sheep we strayed
He brought us to his fold again!

"I have forgotten many things since then—the charge, the hand-to-hand fights with clubbed muskets over the breastworks—but never will I forget that song.

"And then the bishop talked to us. He told us to be good soldiers, to do our duty to our God and our country, and to let him cast up the result.

"'I bring you today a battle hymn,' he said; 'the battle hymn of Christ. It is great enough to fight for; it is grand enough to die for. Take it with you on the march; sleep with it in the camp; let it swell aloft on the red field of battle! It is a beckoning hand to the striving; a radiant halo for the victor; a garland for the dying!

"'God bless you, my men; may he keep you true to the hymn, and what e'er the adventure of the conflict—'

"B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m!

"'May he bring you safe into his beautiful home at last!'

"B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m!

"Rosecran's cannon were thundering in the distance, and our guns were rushing to the front, but not a man of the soldier congregation stirred until the final word:

"'Amen!'

"'Fall in, company!'

"Officers galloped about, delivering commands to their companies; the battle line was formed; the artillery barked savagely and the beautiful autumn day went down in a canopy of smoke and flame—

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

"Far into the night you could hear the soldiers singing the hymn as they worked with the dead and wounded. Under the trees, over the meadows, across plain and valley, tenderly, lovingly, as a hope for the living and a benediction for the dead, the solemn cadence filled earth and sky, rising to the very stars."

DRESSMAKERS HAVE WOES

Tastes of Public in New Frocks Rebel Before New Fabrics.

PARIS, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—The dressmakers are lamenting once more on the taste of the public. They have done their utmost to introduce complicated paniers and amalgamations of periods in the models they created for the Autumn. But the good taste of the Parisiennes has swept them away. One after the other the "latest models" have been found wanting, and notwithstanding the youth and grace of the mannequins who parade the dresses before the clients the Parisiennes have shaken their heads.

There is nothing more obstinate than a woman who knows what she wants. It is rare enough, but the dressmakers have to bow and submit. Strangely enough, in all the big establishments this state of things exists at present, and the clients are dictating their wishes. Studied simplicity is the order of the day. Women who have draped themselves in crepe de chine and charmeuse will not look at the heavy brocades that, i thad been hoped, would have pleased them. These expensive materials are admired, but they are waived aside for the plain satin that molds and drapes the figures a la Grecque.

It has taken many years for Parisiennes to become slight and slim, and they are too well satisfied with their bustless, hipless, etceteraless figures to hide their line under materials more suitable, in their estimation, for furniture coverings. They accept the velvet brocades for evening wraps, but that is all.

There are some men who postpone marriage in order to make money, and some who postpone making money in order to get married.

ARISTOCRATIC GIRLS QUIT FAMOUS RELIGIOUS TASK

Sister-in-Law of Czar, Once Gay Court Belle, Fails to Keep Daughters of High Families Faithful to Vows of Privation.

GRAND DUCHESS ELIZABETH, SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE CZAR AND SUPERIORESS OF THE ARISTOCRATIC MARY AND MARTHA HABITATION IN MOSCOW. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HER IN HER SPECIALLY DESIGNED NUN'S UNIFORM.

MOSCOW, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—Princess Irina Troubetskoy, Princess Yekaterina Shakhovskoi, Countess Marya Tolstaya, and five other young women of ancient race have forsaken the Mary and Martha Habitation in Moscow. They have thereby earned the wrath of the imperial superioress, Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, widow of the Grand Duke Serge, who was blown to bits in the Kremlin seven years ago.

The aristocratic secession is making a great stir. The young girls left the Habitation because they found intolerable the stern rule and ascetic insistency of the Grand Duchess, who waxes in piety and gloom day by day, declaring that all women in her Habitation should wear sackcloth, eat as little and suffer as much as their "sinful bodies" will bear.

High Classes Induced to Join.

The Mary and Martha institution is not a convent, but only an "Obitel" or Habitation, and the young women who live in it are pledged to temporary pious works, but not to eternal vows. Grand Duchess Elizabeth founded it four years ago for charitable works, in order to impose on herself penance for what she regarded as her grievous sins. From the first the Grand Duchess succeeded in inducing to enter it young unmarried women of the highest class.

Daughters of dignitaries of Nicholas II's court joined the "Obitel," also a niece of the Moscow millionaire Morosoff. At first they stayed there contentedly. The regime was severe but bearable. But every month conditions grew worse. The Grand Ducal superioress has been getting sterner to herself and to others, and now things have become impossible.

So the gently nurtured, spoiled Princesses and Countesses begged the superioress to release them. The Grand Duchess consented. "You are not nuns, but free women," she said; and all eight left. But they left behind anger and disappointment.

Fanaticism Is Feared.

Intimates of the Grand Duchess—who are themselves all religious women—fear that her zeal and religious gloom are declining into fanaticism. For three years Russia has rung with tales of deeds of piety of an extravagant kind. When last year she went to Viatka to pray over the bones of the newly discovered St. Athanasius, she walked seven miles through melting snow, and insisted on carrying a heavy ikon of the saint, weighing about 16 pounds. Half way to the church the Grand Duchess stumbled from weakness, but she was bent on completing what she called her "path of thorns."

At the Borodino celebrations the Grand Duchess has been prominent, during all religious ceremonies, and she has kept with the bishops and monks, and away from the Czar and his entourage. She refused to stay at the small Borodino Palace, where Nicholas and his family spent their nights, and went instead to the house of a station master close by.

She took a fancy to two village girls, and has brought them back to Moscow to share in the grim life of penance and prayer. The young village girls are intended to replace the unfaithful aristocrats. Already this system has led to a considerable tragedy, which caused a full week's sensation.

Tragic Romance Results.

During the Grand Duchess' visit to Kieff last year, she went to the neighboring village of Yushno-Michailovo, where rumor said there was a very holy old man. The holy old man and the Grand Duchess prayed together three days. The old man's 18-year-old granddaughter complained to the Grand Duchess that she was miserable, and wanted to find work in Moscow. She feared that her sweetheart had perished. She had been engaged to a young man in the volunteer fleet, who had gone ashore at Kustendji in Roumania, and had never rejoined his ship. His comrades reported that he had quarreled with a Roumanian and had gone off to fight it out with him. He had apparently been killed. The Grand Duchess told the girl that religious life was the one remedy for her woe and offered to take her into the Obitel.

As "poslushnitsa," that is, half servant, half religieuse, the girl was taken to the Moscow Habitation. Three days later her lover turned up in Kieff. He reported that he had been in a Roumanian jail as a result of the quarrel. He heard with despair that the girl had gone to a convent, and concluded that she had taken vows for life. A few days after his arrival he drowned himself in a quarry.

Meantime the girl's father had written to her in Moscow to come home. She came and the first thing she saw on arrival was a group of peasants fishing her sweetheart's body out of the water. On that she rushed from her friends, cast herself into the same quarry, and was drowned.

Duchess Once Gay Belle.

Such incidents in no wise quench the fiery zeal of Grand Duchess Elizabeth. A tremendous change has overtaken her both bodily and mentally. Ten years ago she was known as the gayest and most frivolous woman in Moscow, where Grand Duke Serge was Governor-General. Now she looks as if she had spent her life in a nunnery. She has grown thin, ascetic and stern-looking. She has entirely ceased wearing ordinary dress, and appears always in the white or black uniform of the Habitation. On her breast hangs the cross of the "Obitel." Weird stories go about concerning her self-torture. Most are untrue, but the Grand Duchess not only wears next her body the roughest peasant clothing, but forces also her aristocratic young women to do the same. Summer and Winter alike she rises at 3, and prays on her knees for half an hour. Until she is engaged in other devotions, in religious reading, and in confession to the venerable Ignatii Drosdoff, one of Moscow's hollest men. The rest of the day is spent on the management of the "Obitel," and in good works.

Grand Duchess Elizabeth's good works are real good works. She does them herself. When she visits a workman's home it is she who washes, fumigates, puts in order and mends tattered garments. Few of those whom she descends on know who she is. Not being a nun, the Grand Duchess keeps her full rank and title, as Russians say, of "Great Princess," but she uses more often the name "Superioress Elena," and sometimes calls herself Countess Niemtseff.

Only with one person in the secular world does Grand Duchess Elizabeth keep in touch. That is her sister, the Czaritsa. With Nicholas II she has always been on cool terms. In her nun's garments the Grand Duchess pays rare visits to Tsarkoe Selo and Peterhof, and two years ago she made a voyage on the "Standart" with her sister. Which of the two suffers most is a doubtful question. The underfed but healthy Grand Duchess looks a much greater sufferer than the enfeebled and neurasthenic but stout, presentable Czaritsa.

Grand Duchess Elizabeth is now preparing a plan for "sister habitations" in St. Petersburg, Odessa, Kieff and Kostroma. A strange story is connected with her choice of the insignificant provincial town of Kostroma. Kostroma is the town in which the Romanoffs had their origin, and next year the tercentenary of their accession to the Russian throne will be celebrated there.

Our idea of a model wife is one who finds out how much scolding her husband will stand for, and then stays within the limit.

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