

# At a Glance



**"BROWN OF HARVARD"**  
AT THE  
**HEILIG**  
TONIGHT, MON. TUES. NIGHTS  
WED. TUES. JAN. 19, 20, 21. HENRY WOODRUFF.



SCENE FROM "BROWN OF HARVARD" AT THE HEILIG.

**DRAMATIC CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK**  
HEILIG—Tonight, tomorrow, Tuesday, Tuesday matinee, Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard."  
MARQUAM GRAND—Tonight and week, "The Everlasting Devil's Auction."  
BAKER—This afternoon, tonight and week, resident stock company in "The Mills of the Gods."  
EMPIRE—This afternoon, tonight and week, "A Desperate Chance."  
STAR—This afternoon, tonight and week, French stock company in "Kidnaped."  
GRAND—Vaudeville.  
PANTAGES—Vaudeville.

**NEXT WEEK'S OFFERINGS**  
HEILIG—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "The Gingerbread Man," musical play; Wednesday, Herbert Witherspoon, concert.  
MARQUAM GRAND—January 13 to February 1, "Way Down East."  
BAKER—"A Milk-White Flag."  
EMPIRE—"Big Hearted Jim."

**BACK TO THE COMEDIES—  
AWAY WITH PROBLEM PLAYS**

Dramatic Writers All Over the Country Are Clamoring Vigorously for Lighter Opera—New Parisian Productions Built in Ratified Straits

By J. F. S.

WITH a unanimity that is startling the writers on things theatrical for the American magazines—by which is meant the critical essayists—are demanding a return to comedy.

"Enough of problem and passion," they cry. "Give us, oh give us, a laugh. We don't care a fig for Hilda Wangel and her Master Builder. What matters it to us why he climbed and fell and why she heard the sound of harps as his body came crashing down through the scaffolding? Why should we add the trials of Hedda Gabler to those of our own? It's bad enough to watch out for the vagaries of our own husbands without paying \$2 a seat to see what happened to Rebecca and Rosmer."

Once they have established their point that the world is tired of tragedy (which it never is and never will be, misery being altogether too fond of company) they split on the rock of what to give us in its place. Henry B. Harris, who has tried to supply the want with more or less success, in a recent article said:

"I am fully convinced that today New York, tired, restless, heedless, flippant, money-getting, and money-spending, sensation-loving New York is ready for a revival of the sixteenth century morality or miracle plays, produced in the twentieth century setting. New York is tired of gazing on the ruin wrought in real life by the lust of gold and flesh and is hungry for plays which show the triumph of mind and soul over flesh."

He then goes on to give a few which he considers desirable, among which is "Brown of Harvard," which is to appear at the Heilig tonight.

But Mr. Harris' article, interesting as it is, can hardly be said to be disinterested. He himself was engaged in producing just such a play as he describes—and the play was a very noticeable failure.

But the eminently respectable and flawlessly fair Atlantic Monthly contains another plea for a return to comedy—at least if Gamaliel Bradford Jr.'s article on Beaumont and Fletcher in the January number is not a direct plea for a revival of the Elizabethan comedies, still it dresses them in such an attractive light, comments so charmingly on the wit and humor and general desirability of the works by the authors of "The Coxcomb" that it really almost makes us forget certain school boy encounters with the Elizabethans that until now have left a most disagreeable taste in the mouth. He admits most naively that they are not burdened by

"The heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,"

but he insists that we would be the better for more opportunities to see and hear the merry Fletcherian plays given on the stage.

Now far be it from me to controvert this. When one is engaged in a death struggle with theatrical managers, T. M. As., stock actors and press agents, he doesn't care to invite the wrath of the Elizabethan worshippers. But I can never forget what a tiresome lot of pedantic, rhetorical verbiage it is necessary to go through to get at the meat of the comedies.

Elia of course sat down with his gin and his Beaumont and Fletcher and dozed over them both and loved them both. He wrote countless pages in his very best and most attractive form—and Charles Lamb could be as alluring in his quiet gentle way as anyone could well wish—in the endeavor to make his cult a fashionable, modern one. But in these days the doctors inform us that gin isn't good to drink and without it the effort of going through "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" seems too big a thing to tackle.

He could relax, let go, throw off the burdens of the day, and flood his soul with "sunshine and sweet laughter, and bright, immortal gaiety." But it must be remembered that the gentle Elia was a connoisseur, and it takes connoisseurship rightly to appreciate the Elizabethans. They found the drama in its very first rankly luxurious growth, sprung from the uncultivated but enormously rich soil of the hearty, wholesouled, mentally and morally unenured English people. As it has been pointed out, Shakespeare had developed their art to the point where it was easy for the wits of the day to merely cultivate the soil a trifle and watch the plants of their imagination flower into an unrivaled bloom.

The trouble with them is that they did flower, flowered to the extent that for every line of sparkling dialogue—and the Fletcherian dialogue does sparkle—he must wade through much that is useless artificiality and much that is little better than muck. Cacafofo is a philosopher and an interesting one; Euphrasia is a very charming young person indeed, but in these days of simple dressing it would be no more difficult to arrange the ruffs, the doublets and the various gawgaws of sixteenth century dress than to arrange our minds into suitable condition to receive the Beaumont and Fletcher plays.

If one really has an unaffected taste for the early drama he couldn't do better than to discard the plethora of riches offered by the middle period and hie him back to the earlier farces. Take for instance that most enjoyable product of fifteenth century France—the farce of Master Pierre Patelin. There are just five characters of importance, Pierre, his wife Guillemette, the draper, the judge and the shepherd. There is no bothersome side talk. The farce is there and it doesn't take an expert to find it.

After reading the work one fairly longs for a return of those simple days of easily-understood plays. The humor in it is exactly the same as that utilized by the author of Florence Roberts' new comedy, "Sham," which we saw a week or so ago. Patelin hasn't any money and gets his goods by bunking tradespeople. Tradespeople were made to be bunked any way,



EMMA WISE, "DEVIL'S AUCTION" AT THE MARQUAM.

according to Patelin, and Katherine Van Riper, we remember, expressed it in just about the same way.

Only there was nothing quite so funny in "Sham" as the scene where Patelin extracts the cloth from the draper and where the draper comes to call for it and finds the thieving lawyer stretched out in bed, apparently in his last agonies.

Fournier's version of Patelin was given at the Comedie Francaise some years ago and must have been well worth witnessing.

The new plays at the French capital this year show an inclination to get away from the Sardou horrors and back into the comedy field again. The brothers Marguerite have just produced a comedy at the Comedie Francaise called "L'Autre," which has been received with a great deal of enthusiasm. It's one of those kinds of comedies which anyone seeking pure fun will shy from—it really isn't a comedy at all and two lives have a very tragic time of it before the last curtain falls.

A much prettier tale is the Dresden China shepherdess piece of Louis Arthur's, just brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens called "L'Ingenue Libertin" and founded on one of the stories in the "Fables." There are mask balls and shepherds and flocks and a great deal of light and pretty music by Claude Terrasse. Mlle. Arlette Dorgere, the prettiest, daintiest little body imaginable, is playing the leading part and doubtless doing it most attractively.

It will be interesting to see where this popular demand for comedy leads us. We can't possibly get tangled up in the briar bush of musical comedy any more than we are now and we can never hope to get our eyes back by jumping in again. Dramatic activity along original lines is bound to pay some attention to that most interesting and hardest to classify of literary forms, comic effect. Every one wants to write a comedy and probably one out of 10 really does write one.

The universities are turning comedy writers out by the score every June. But we'll have to give them time to mature. It usually takes half a dozen false starts before the desirable work turns up at last and it must be remembered that there was no such universal desire for comedy five years ago. The musical farce had paralyzed the nation then. In the meantime we can continue to hold Clyde Fitch's later works up as horrible examples to the budding dramatists and ask them to most respectfully consider that they don't have to be original. Let them work out any one of a dozen old motifs if they are only amusing and remember

"The ends of all, who for the stage do write,  
Are, or should be, to profit and delight."

**LEWIS MORRISON WAS  
MISS ROBERTS' MANAGER**

In last Sunday's dramatic page reference was made to Louis Mann as the manager of Florence Roberts. Mr. Mann's name was inadvertently used instead of Lewis Morrison, who played in "Faust" for so many years. Mr. Morrison is largely responsible for the training in her art which Miss Roberts secured.



SCENE FROM "THE MILLS OF THE GODS" BAKER THEATRE.



HILDA GRAHAM IN "KIDNAPPED" AT THE STAR.



CHARLOTTE HAMMER IN "A DESPERATE CHANCE" AT THE EMPIRE.

## PROMISES MADE BY THE PRESS AGENTS

"Brown of Harvard" Tonight.

Henry Woodruff, star of the most realistic and successful of all college plays, "Brown of Harvard," which, by the way, preceded and was the model for several highly advertised attractions supposedly based upon life at Yale, Columbia, etc., will bring that delightful entertainment to the Heilig theatre, Fourteenth and Washington streets, tonight for an engagement of three nights and a special-priced Tuesday matinee.

"Brown of Harvard," produced by that master stage craftsman, Henry Miller, was the first college play to be presented at a Broadway theatre in New York. With Mr. Woodruff in the role which he will play here, it had its first performance in the Princess theatre in the metropolis, and remained there for 30 weeks, after which it enjoyed an all-summer run at the Garrick theatre, Chicago.

Among the clearest evidence that "Brown of Harvard" vividly and truly depicts life in American colleges, is the fact that during its New York run every school of prominence within a radius of 200 miles arranged for special nights at the Princess and sent large delegations to see the play. Among the institutions which thus unqualifiedly endorsed "Brown of Harvard" were Yale, Princeton, Columbia, New York University, Cornell, Vassar, University of Pennsylvania, West Point and Harvard itself. Each of the schools mentioned presented Mr. Woodruff with the varsity pennant, and these flags are prominently displayed in the first and fourth acts of the play.

The central feature of "Brown of Harvard" is a race between a Harvard crew and one from an English university, the contest taking place on the Charles river, near Cambridge. The first and fourth acts show dormitory life at Harvard, the scene being Tom Brown's apartment of famous old Holworthy Hall. The second act shows the boys at their sports and glees in the yard between Holworthy and Stoughton. In the third act is pictured the boathouse on the day of the race. All these scenes are such faithful productions they will at once be recognized by a Harvard man.

Mr. Woodruff's part is the best he ever had, and it is safe to say no actor more appropriate to it could be found, for the star is a graduate of Harvard and not only retains the spirit and enthusiasm of his college days, but he has the appearance and physique of the varsity athlete. Nearly every member of the company is a college man so that playing his part is hardly acting, but more like living over on the stage incidents of his school days. The second scene ever staged and there are other incidents calculated to make the blood tingle.

The supporting cast, which numbers 30 odd people, contains the names of: Helena Byrne, William Rosell, Frederick Forrester, Gordon Johnstone, Eugene O'Brien, Franklin Jones, Louis Haynes, Adrian Bellevue, Charles H. Bates, Oliver Follansbee, Robert Stowe Gill, J. C. King, Daniel Pennell, Albert Shower, Charles Durnell, H. Ransseler, Arthur Reading, Robert Compton, James Herman, James Keating, Frank Willard, Jino Chiny, Bernice Wiley Golden, Ethel Martin, and others.

Seats are now selling at the theatre for the entire engagement.

Baker Stock company will present for the week opening with today's matinee. This only other serious drama by this author of so many noted farces will be seen for the first time here, and will doubtless prove to be one of the greatest plays of the entire season. There will be a matinee Saturday.

The first act shows the interior of a criminal court room. James Clarke and Frederick Payton are being tried on a charge of embezzlement. A telegram is handed Clarke. He then confesses that he has been guilty as charged, and tells how he robbed his employers to aid his invalid sister. The telegram announces her death from shock when she learned of his arrest. He implicates Payton and the two are sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The second act takes place at the office of the Nexton cut glass factory, eight years later. Clarke, unable to stand the rigors of prison life, has escaped and assuming the name of Richard Harper, has found employment in the glass works and has risen to be general manager. He has fallen in love with his employer's sister-in-law, Catherine Gordon, who knows nothing of his past. Payton, who has served out his time, appears on the scene and attaches himself to Clarke, blackmailing him by threats to tell his history.

Clarke puts up with all sorts of indignities, pays Payton his price, gives up the girl he loves, and is constantly in dread of being discovered. He refuses a position with the International



George M. Topack, Taby, in "The Devil's Auction," at Marquam Grand.