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Publisher, Dramatic Mirror, 133 W. 44th St., New York.

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RICHARD BARTHELMESS says: Not only do I think it greatly improved, but a really more interesting and vital paper.

Alia Nazimova is shown here in an exceptionally beautiful piece of artistic photography. The scene is from a recent Metro release called "Billions." Her last production for Metro was "Camille," which is now being exhibited to great success throughout the country.
The Maligned First-Nighters

A Defense

By ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT

THERE is just one American institution you can abuse with complete assurance that every one will agree with you. If you take a little fling at the tariff or the American Legion or Billy Sunday or the Shipman dramaturgy or Henry Cabot Lodge or the literary style of Harold Bell Wright; some one will always be found to rise in their defence. If, however, you express a few harsh thoughts about the New York first-night audience, a deafening silence, the kind that fairly shouts consent, will ring in your ears for days.

Comparing the social, theatre-wise group that assembles faithfully to greet each new play on its arrival on Broadway, many allegations are made and many legends are kept in circulation. They are baseless every one.

Society Conspicuous by Absence

CONSIDER, for instance, the popular notion that a premiere calls out the socially elect. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is only on rare occasions (as when the office of William Harris, Jr. gave the door-man at "Mary Stuart" a Social Register as his guide) that any first-night audience would arouse a flutter in the conservative bosom of a society reporter. Instead the house is always overflowing with novelists, sculptors, poets, painters, show-folks and non-descripts of unknown occupation (but of an appearance strongly suggesting millinery). At any rate it is an assembly of vagrants of no social importance.

Then it is supposed by others that that assembly will consist largely of critics. As a matter of fact, the critics are engulfed and outnumbered, twenty to one. Also that the critics all leave noisily before the play is done. It is true that two of them do sneak out apologetically when the end is in sight. The rest die inside. Or that the critics are all tremendously bored by playing. This is nonsense. It is the breath of their nostrils. No one ever assumes that an omnivorous reader grows weary of reading, that an actor grows weary of acting, that a broker gets sick of the sight of a bond. If critics were really disposed to grow weary of plays and players, one season would drive them mad.

It is also supposed that the critics are all venal. Of those now functioning for the daily press in New York, I doubt if you could corrupt more than two or three, and you would have to go about it with a most wily finesse. Also that the reviewers meet between the acts and confer on their verdicts, when, as a matter of fact, they are not especially anxious of them on speaking terms with all the others. Then there is the legend that the critic is always deeply depressed by any evidence that a piece is likely to fare well. Once upon a time the Rogues with W. E. H. drew a repulsive cartoon of me for the New York Tribune, wherein I was represented as saying sadly: "I'm afraid it's a success." It is not known of what he was thinking, if at all.

There Are No Claques

BUT most prevalent of all is the notion that the first-night seats are given away to a hired audience. It is charged and popularly believed that a clique is trumped from theatre to theatre on first-nights, like a truck-load of amenable repeaters on Election Day—that these mercenaries are engaged by the managers and handsomely paid by them for clapping—at so much a callous, I suppose. It isn't true. I have attended a thousand premières in New York, and I am firmly convinced that the theatres in that city know no such thing as a clique.

They tell me that the same proud boast cannot be held true in the opera houses. At the Metropolitan, it is a secret de Polichine that an unofficial Master of Applause does marshal a trusty detachment of singularly audible music-lovers, who are admitted for the purpose on tickets which, quantity enough ascribe their presence to the fact that they are "students." Their retention, I understand, is in accordance with a jolly old Milanese custom which was slipped into the Metropolitan by some fine Italian hand or other. Of their tricks and their manners, I can say nothing of my own knowledge. But that's what they tell me in the press-room at the Metropolitan.

I do not know, however, that Broadway knows no real claque. I would not go so far as to say that our entrepreuners are too high-minded and too fastidious to stoop to such traffic. No. The reason why there is no claque is because there is no need of one. There is shouting and tumult aplenty without any recourse to artificial stimulus. The plays New York sees in a season are good, bad and indifferent—mostly indifferent. They range from masterpieces to monstrosities. They may run anywhere from three nights to three years. But they all have one thing in common. They all receive a hearty welcome from the first-night audience. That audience may be thrilled, cajoled and delighted by the new piece. Then it expresses its feelings by clapping and cheering with great vehemence. It may, on the other hand, turn the heads of narcotic and slightly nauseating. In that event, it conceals its feelings by clapping and cheering with great vehemence.

In either event, the illusion of approval is so complete that playwrights always walk home on air and it takes a saddened old expert of many seasons to detect a palpable hit from the imitation.

In the early fall of 1919, two plays came to town. One, called "The Gold Diggers" by Avery Hopwood, ran for two seasons. The other, called "The Red Head" by the Reverend Thomas Dixon, could not muster any audiences even by giving away tickets at a time when competition had been rather discouraged by the strike's closing all the other theatres in town. Yet at their premières, these pieces were received with equal affability. It is always so. Which makes one smile a bit when the managers say plaintively that the newspapers ought to confine their reports on each new piece to account of how the audience takes it. And when the playwrights, as many of them do, refer bitterly to the first-nighters as a glassy-eyed, clammy-hearted, death watch. How the first-night audience takes it, indeed! How? Why, lying down. Unlike the Londoners, who will occasionally show a little decent resentment, your Broadway first-nighters never get up and fight back.

Good Will Rushes In

BUT, you ask, how is this affability managed? Well, it manages itself. It is subject, of course, to some little manipulation, as when the choice seats at the first-night of "The Jest" were intrigued into the hands of Italian notables, not only because the author was an Italian, but because of the press agent's knowledge that, when pleased, Italian play-goers invariably roar like the Bull of Bashian. But for the most part, the doors have only to be opened to have good will rush in and fill the house to overflowing.

Many seats are paid for and occupied by persons who, being personally involved in the new piece's prospects, fairly sit on the edge of those seats in their eagerness to have everything go well. The rest are, for the most part, paid for and occupied by men and women who, being in much the same business, know how it is. They grin like Cheshire cats and applaud like burglar alarms on much the same impulse that bids all women weep at weddings. It's something in the air. They have been through it them-
Bessie Love

who has the best role of her career in the forthcoming Robertson-Cole release, "The Vermilion Pencil," in which she plays opposite Sessue Hayakawa, the popular Japanese star.
Criticisms Based on Likes and Dislikes

"If a Critic Cannot Say Why a Play Is Bad, He Is No Critic"

By SAMUEL SHIPMAN

In an article that appeared in last month's Mirror, Mr. Heywood Broun states that it is sufficient for a critic to express his likes and dislikes for plays without stating any reasons. It is amazing that a man of Mr. Broun's achievements should hold such a principle of dramatic criticism.

If a critic cannot answer why he dislikes a play any more than he can answer why he dislikes his dinner, then he should swallow his criticism as he swallows his dinner, without printing it. Only after he has eaten his criticism can it possibly become real art, if, as George Moore tells us, "art is sublime excitement."

It is all right for the average man who pays his two dollars to see a play and say he did or did not like it without any further comment, but when a newspaper sends its representative to a play and pays him for it, he should be capable of analyzing—and should analyze—his impressions of it. If he cannot do it, he should quit his job.

Mood Dominated Judgment

I have just reread Mr. Broun's criticism of "East is West," which he thought the worst play that had ever been written. Why it was the worst play he did not say. It has since been seen by millions of theatre-goers, so it must have some redeeming traits. Had Mr. Broun been compelled to use his penetrating brain to state his reasons for condemning the play, he would have discovered the qualities that made it a sensational success. He had allowed a mood to dominate his criticism. It is the "catch-as-catch-can" critical opinions that lead to such sad blunders.

Before a man is about to destroy another's property, the product of another's brain, he should think twice. Think twice? Again and again and again. He should have definite reasons that he "can spread on paper"—Broun's words—for rejecting a play. His review should not be subjective; his subjective attitude based on a momentary impulse should not be a criterion. His personal likes and dislikes should not enter into his judgment. He must become completely objective and enter into the spirit and purpose of the author and, above all, he must not assume that the dramatist wrote the play to give the critic pleasure. In fact, by the very nature of the conditions of the theatre to-day, he must often write to give the critic pain.

 Plays to Please Public

The average playwright does not set out to delight or instruct critics. As a rule, a man like Heywood Broun knows more than the average playwright and the average person that the playwright writes for. What will prove instructive to a Heywood Broun must needs prove Greek to the average theatre-goer. One cannot harmonize the average mind with that of a Broun. To please a Broun means to write a failure; to write a success means to displease a Broun. This is the dilemma the playwright is in.

Indeed, the Russianized and Scandinavianized so-called American classics have proved successes, but every inch of space has been utilized to make them such in New York: when sent on the road, however, they have proved disastrous failures. The American people will not accept plays that are not of the native soil and in the native mood. Not so long ago they were not accepted even by our New York reviewers. They were pounded to pulp. Of a sudden our critics have experienced a love for them. They cannot explain why. They just like them—just a mood—just perhaps for a change. Instead of their developing our own talent, they are encouraging imitations of the French, Russians and Scandalanians. "Dulcy," "Six-Cylinder-Love" and "Thank You" do more for the American stage than any of the so-called masterpieces by foreigners for the reason that they are built by genuine native material. However, our critics prefer the foreign product, so what is one to do?

The like-and-dislike-mode of criticism is being practiced in this town most extensively and with a great deal of injustice. It is that sort of criticism that attempts to pass off hod-carriers as builders, bunglers as artists, driven as masterpieces—that crowns with wreaths of press notices, and halos with pots of ink.

One of our distinguished critics refuses to give a line in his Sunday page to any play that he, personally dislikes, as if he owed nothing to everyone connected with the play, and particularly his own readers who may differ with him. Sooner or later, such critics become just a mass of prejudices and predictions that lead not only to grave injustice to others, but to themselves, for it is bound to lead to misconstructions of their motives. When one sees columns given to a play that the public declines to patronize, and not one word to a play that it adores, one cannot help believing that favoritism is being practiced.

Fortunately, if the voice of the people is not the voice of the critic, it is still the voice of God.

Criticism Must Be Constructive

If criticism isn't constructive, it is nothing. If a critic cannot say why a play is bad, he is no critic. Criticism implies analysis. "I just didn't like the play," is no answer. If a critic prints an adverse review without being able to state his reasons for it, he is practicing libel. Libeling one's mind is no less a crime than libeling one's character. If a critic calls me a crook in print, and he cannot establish proof of it, I can send him to jail. If he tells the public that I am attempting to steal royalties, and cannot give reasons for his assertion, he should be criminally liable. This is just another application of my theme in "Lawful Larceny."

The personal-like-and-dislike method of criticism is a pernicious one, and has given rise to more evils than I have been able to state here. I, therefore, cannot agree with Mr. Broun that he has a right to dismiss a play with the statement: "I just didn't like it."

"At the Stage Door" is the title of the production from which this scene was taken, but evidently William Chirity Cabaanne, who directed it, intended to show us more than just the entrance to the stage, for here we have a realistic "back-stage" scene, with the company waiting for the curtain to rise. Billie Dove is starred in the feature which is released by R-C Pictures.
Where Big Movie Stories Come From

A FEW intimate interiors of the artistic offices of Edgar Selden are shown on this page. It is doubtful whether there is another business office in New York City in which a more beautiful and rare collection of paintings can be found. The scenes shown are just a few of the artistic nooks and corners in the offices of this internationally famous Play Broker and Producer.


Through Mr. Selden, Rex Ingram secured his successor to "The Four Horsemen,"—Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

Mr. Selden also controls Worth-While Pictures Corporation, now making the Madge Evans productions, the first of which is "On the Banks of the Wabash."
Stock and the "Old Tiner"

The Artist of Yesterday and the Performer of To-day

By EDWIN MORDANT

In earlier days, when the traveling stock system was in vogue, we had many great stars. They had a number of plays they were "up in." They aimed to portray a variety of parts—for versatility is the basis of an actor's efficiency. In the desipised "day of the classics" stars and actors were familiar with the plays of Shakespeare, and plays of the period. They were all character creators; they excelled in the art of making up (the familiar make-up experts) in the use of foils and broadsword. They were students of the drama, and familiar with all its traditions—and they revered its traditions. They were sincere in their efforts—although to-day they might be regarded as crude. I venture to assert there were many artistes among the wearers of the "sock and buskin."

The theatre of that period was a school—the only school of acting. The younger members of the supporting companies were glad to accept suggestions from those who had risen from the ranks—especially if it should come from the visiting star. It wasn't all a commercial proposition in those days, and the players' name appearing in large letters on the bills meant that he (or she) had reached that distinction through hard work—often combined with hardships and gruelling experiences. It is much easier to become a "star" to-day, but it takes some thing more than a name in electric lights to keep one a star. It is just as it was in the "days of the classics."

Had to Do All Characters

The members of a company in the olden days were engaged for a specific "line of business." They were supposed to be familiar with all the characters that might fall to them in the repertoire of the visiting star. In that way they were in a position to change plays nightly, if necessary. They frequently did. I question the possibility of re-establishing such a system. The actor has now become a "type." Even many of our stars are "types," and only capable of playing a style of character peculiar to their own personality. Naturally, the plays of the present-day star would require "types," so I question the benefit to the actor in the supporting company.

Back in the so-called "palmy days" it was not so easy to "go on the stage." The work was hard, and remuneration very meagre—if there was any. To-day the profession is over-crowded, and still being over-crowded—quantity, not quality; "types," not actors. In the scramble for success and advancement old associations, old friendships, have been forgotten. The comradship of the days of the struggle is a thing of the past; success produces a strange lapse of memory with many. In the days of the melodrama and the stock company we seemed to be closer to each other, and friendships were formed that lasted for life. Fond, pleasant memories come out of the past!

Stock Has Saved Productions

I do not think it expedient to attempt to restore the traveling stock system; but I do think a revival of the producing stock company of the past twenty years would benefit the actor, and revive interest in the "spoken drama." Some may scoff at the "stock actor," but many a stock actor (or actress) has saved a Broadway production. Nearly all successful actors (and stars) of Metropolitan prominence have had stock experience, and they are not averse to proclaiming that it was their foundation for success. It is foolish to contend that actors in stock companies become slovenly in work, and deteriorate. That rests with the individual, and depends largely upon the stage director and the system employed in producing plays. One-part actors have more opportunity for deterioration than those who are studying parts weekly. It is up to the individual. I have seen many productions by stock companies that compared favorably with the original New York productions—often surpassing them in many respects. There will be some who will smile at this assertion, but that will not alter facts. I would like to see this system re-established, and maintained as a permanency. In a properly-con ducted stock company no member should be engaged for a "line of business." The director should have the privilege of casting to the best advantage—for the play. That, with team-work—makes for good all-around performances.

Types Now in Demand

Recently I dined with a fine old actor—one fast reaching that age limit designated by the term "old-timer." He is old only in the number of years he has devoted to his profession. He is still young in spirit, ambition and hopes—still as sensitive as when he first entered a playhouse. His face is clean-cut and refined; his eyes keen with intelligence; his sense of humor had not been dulled—he was still optimistic.

This fine, sensitive, genial soul remarked, with some emotion, as he began passing into the discard. Do you know, a well-known manager recently questioned if I had the "punch" to get a part over. He knew I had been a good actor, but I had grown older, had gray hair, and didn't quite look the part! The author insisted on a certain type!" We had a good laugh. He was then appearing in the part, and demonstrating, at every performance, that he had the "punch." Under make-up he was twenty years younger than he appeared off the stage. He is one of our finest character actors, and an artist in making-up. To appear twenty years younger proves him to be a student. The variety of parts he has "created" demonstrate that perfection of detail which can only be attained by years of experience and devotion to an ideal—this has certainly enhanced his value as an actor.

It is a happy circumstance when an actor needn't or "look" a part; but ability to intelligently portray the part should be the first consideration. Many a fine production has been handicapped by strict adherence to a selection of "types" lacking in an actor. Theatre-goers demand good acting. They don't stop to think of the actor's appearance on the stage. He appears all the more wonderful if he can get away from himself; he surrounds himself with a glamour that fascinates the uninitiated. If he is fifty, and succeeds in making himself look thirty, it is a tribute to his art. He may have gray hair, but if it disappears under a youthful wig, and no one is wiser, that should not detract from his ability as an actor. The personal appearance of the individual is efficac; but his personality remains.

Sentiment Discarded for Business

Once the actor was remembered for his past performances—just as a race horse is. He was honored for them—even loved. Always remembered. What we now term a "business" was an art, and actors were termed artistes—not performers. Age (or length of service) does not militate against an actor abroad; should not here. But the cry is, "We are a new country!" The public demands new sensations; new faces; youth, youth! Old conditions—old people—are devoid of interest. Think of it! Perhaps the pendulum will swing back, and the "oldtimer" regain his prestige. Why not? He is still of commercial value because he has ability and experience.

The actor who has grown old in service should not be ruthlessly eliminated to make way for those who have yet to learn the essentials; they, too, should serve an apprenticeship before claiming proficiency—certainly before they become "stars." They are "types"; they do not take the stage seriously; they do not add to its brilliancy. Meanwhile the stage suffers—suffers for old incentives; old ideals. And the seriously-minded actor is twitted because he refers to the "old days" in the drama.

GALINA KOPERNAK

the talented Russian actress who makes her début to the American stage in the leading role of "Montmartre," the first production of the Players Assembly, the new co-operative organization at the Bel­mont Theatre
Mildred Davis

who is Harold Lloyd's leading lady, and was last seen with him in "A Sailor-Made Man." She will be seen opposite Lloyd shortly in a new comedy which is being temporarily called "Grandma's Boy," and is to be released by Pathe. Is it any wonder that Harold Lloyd finds it easy to smile all the time? Who wouldn't?
GOVERNOR MILLER has intimated quite clearly that he will not consider stage censorship. Which is decidedly a relief. He said that the motion picture was so far reaching in its influence that he thought some regulation, NOT censorship, was necessary. But that he does not believe in censorship PER SE.

Bravo, sir.

February Star Performances

Class A.—Doris Keane in "The Czarina."
Roland Young in "Madame Pierre."
Estelle Winwood in "Madame Pierre."
Nikita Bailleff and his "Chauves-Souris."
Robert McWade in "The Deluge."

Class B.—C. M. Hallard in "The Voice from the Minaret."
Edmund Gwenn in "The Voice from the Minaret."
Basil Rathbone's first act in "The Czarina."
Alice John in Madam "Pierre."
Blanche Yurka in "The Law Breaker."
Lucille Watson in "The Nest."
Juliette Crosby in "The Nest."

Class C.—Marsh Allen in "Madame Pierre."
Robert P. O'Connor in "The Deluge."
Fred Bickel in "The Law Breaker."
Masie Gay singing "The Gypsy Warned Me" in "Pins and Needles."
Kenneth McKenna in "The Nest."
James Spotswood in "The Deluge."
Henry Mortimer in "Your Woman and Mine."
Otto Kruger in "To the Ladies."
George Howell in "To the Ladies."
A. P. Kaye in "Back to Methuselah."
Claude King in "Back to Methuselah."

On Some Young Talents

HENRY HULL, Florence Eldridge, Frederick Bickel, Juliette Crosby, Marguerite Maxwell, Kenneth McKenna, Joanna Ross, Sam Jaffe, Tom Powers, Gilda Leary, Margalo Gillmore, Winifred Lenihan—I could add others.

Talents.

Talents which are not being channelled. To practically all of them a job is merely a job. An engagement. And they flit from one manager to another. Not that the fault is theirs. They must do it. I wish that men like Belasco and Lonergan and Gilbert Miller and others of that type would take one of these young people as a sort of guide and friend. And direct the career of that person. Give them an all-around training. And not make freak stars of them. But stars of the yesterday order.

On the Theatres Gets Slapped

THE poor old theatre! How it does get the slaps! The soldier bonus arises, and arises some congressman from Kankakee and says let's tax the theatre to pay. And so the question of increasing the tax from ten to twenty per cent. This time, however, the newspapers came to the rescue of the theatre and the increase seems to have been prevented. Just what would have happened if the tax had been increased I dislike thinking. That it would have ruined many of the managers and perhaps the entire theatre as a business is not without the bounds of the probable.

And again the poor old theatre. A motion-picture director is murdered. And the entire motion-picture industry is attacked. When a banker robs a bank the entire banking business is not attacked, is it?

I suppose the explanation is that since the theatre gets so much publicity for what it produces it must expect this sort of publicity when it has a scandal. But it is tragic just the same.

On Exceptions

AND along come the Dr. Stratons and that type and shout. I have not the slightest doubt about their sincerity. They intend doing their duty. But they take the exception for the rule. They see what is a trivial matter as a headline matter. Which is not fair. It should be their business not to condemn what they do not understand. They should investigate in more ways than reading the sensational newspapers.

On Direction

ACTORS should not direct actors. I said it some weeks ago when Clark Silvernail misdirected "Montmartre."

I say it again now. The Players Assembly's weakness is just that they want to attack the weakness of the National Repertory idea which lasted but a week at the National. There have been actors who have given up acting and have gone in for direction and who have after many years become directors of ability but even these are the exceptions. The great directors do not act and direct.

On the "Road"

ACTORS are learning that they cannot afford to say "I will not go on the road." One well-known actress refused to sign a contract which took her out of New York. She was a success on New York. But finally she failed in New York. Then she went on the road. And the "road" not knowing her refused to go see her. The girl who played the second company, however, returned later in the same play and played to capacity.

In Preparation

DAVID BELASCO will contribute an article to the next number of the Mirror on "MY ADVICE TO EMBRYO DIRECTORS."

Louis Wolheim who is acting O'Neill's "Harry Ape" and who adapted "The Claw" for Lionel Barrymore and "The Idle Inn" for Arthur Hopkins will contribute an article to the next Mirror on "ADAPTATION."

I want you to remember what I said not long ago to the effect that DRAMATIC MIRROR is yours.

Your questions, your problems, your suggestions, your wishes should be addressed to us.

THIS APPLIES TO NEWCOMERS TOO.

On Lighting

EARL CARROLL may not have written a great play in his "Ibavu" which opened his new theatre.

But he did bring about a system of lighting for this theatre which should be studied by every person interested in the theatre. And since Earl Carroll is not of the selfish type, I am inclined to think he will welcome you there if you write him.
Gladys Wilson

who is appearing in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," now on tour, shows the new Paris flair for side drapery, in black and white, endorsed by Bonwit-Teller and Company. This dinner gown of white silk crépe is bordered with a black and white embroidery treatment from which trailing shadows of black chiffon veil the arms. The border is repeated on the pointed panel that falls between the long strands of silken fringe at the right side.

Betty Blythe

the popular star of motion pictures, looks quite different in this gown of red cashmere, trimmed with red Indian embroidery, from what she did in some of those startling Egyptian affairs she wore as "The Queen of Sheba." Bergdorf and Goodman designed and offer the gown Miss Blythe is wearing.

Photo by Fab Studios

Photo by Kenneth Alexander
Broadway Buzz
Some Actors Have to Do Pantomime in Order to Protect Their Material

By JIM GILLESPIE

It's an open question as to which sex is the bravest, but the fellow who claimed his girl had more pluck than a regiment of soldiers must have been thinking of her eyebrows.

April News in Advance

3. Pearl White breaks the marine record by completing her nine hundredth trip to sea. Says the fishing was great and that New York looks wonderful, especially from the three-mile limit.

4. Hippodrome sold out and five thousand out-of-town visitors forced to sleep in the parks. The majority very indignant claiming they should at least be given a bed as they did not serve in the Army.

5. Babe Ruth preparing to start on his two months' vacation. Has bought Ward and Curran's old act for next season, entitled "The Terrible Judge." Rival teams insist that Babe wear a mask during his vacation to prevent him biting players who make home-runs.

6. Performers wondering what happened to the money they intended to save during the past season. Have been singing "Hello Prosperity" all season and are unanimous in declaring it to be a great comedy number.

7. Rival vaudeville managers eager to bury the hatchet—in each others' skull. They say competition makes the wheel go round, but the American Burlesque Circuit refuses to agree with them.

Dolling-up for Darling Dolls

When young most girls are fond of dolls and when most old fellows are fond of the same things. No doll is complete without a gift. Admission will be one nickel and the acts will consist of feather-weight turns. No reserved seats, but plenty of hanging space may be had.

21. Lecture at N. Y. A. Club by Professor Walter Kingsly, on the well-known subject, "Why Does a Chicken Cross the Street?"

22. Grand reunion and parade of Veterans of the Civil War. Henry Chesterfield, Grand Marshal, Harry Mountford, Court Martial. Line of march from 46th and Broadway to West 47th St. Police Station. For those unable to walk automobiles will be provided in the form of patrol wagons.

23. At 44th St. Theatre. Lecture on black looks by McIntyre and Heath. House organ recitals by editors of prominent magazines, followed by moving pictures showing guests trying to find a seat in the lobby of the Hotel Astor.

24. Influenza closing in New York after a long run. Doctors and undertakers admit it was a stiff proposition. Negotiations completed for revival next season. Boxes to be on sale next January.

9. Al Jolson reports "April Showers" will continue throughout the month. The first ten million pictures of Mabel Normand have been run by the dailies. Newspapers on verge of bankruptcy owing to the high cost of cuts.

10. Stock companies are forming for out-door engagements. It is expected that some live stock will be shown at the Stockyards in Chicago. The firm of Swift & Armour are busily engaged in signing principals for the summer season.

15. First half of the month in honor of split weeks. Marcus Loew trying to find room to build another theatre. Goldfish may now be seen in theatre lobbies instead of at stage doors.

20. Boxing contest in behalf of the new subway styles. Admission will be one nickel and the acts will consist of feather-weight turns. No reserved seats, but plenty of hanging space may be had.

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26. Influenza closing in New York after a long run. Doctors and undertakers admit it was a stiff proposition. Negotiations completed for revival next season. Boxes to be on sale next January.

27. Actors complaining they are still receiving money from outsiders for playing the Colonial. One act picked up twenty-seven cents, out of which his agent took the usual commission. Another act took thirty-seven bows before he was able to grope his way through the barrage.

If gestures could be copyrighted we know of more than one performer who would have to become original.

Should the Radiophonic concert continue to improve, the public instead of buying theatre tickets will soon be investing in wireless outfits.

The fellow who, after being assessed one dollar for convert charge, who wants to know if it costs that much to launder a cloth.

Also his chump companion, who, after gazing at the finger bowl, comes out of his trance by asking the waiter for a piece of soap.

It's bad enough to know that somebody else has design on your wife, but when you see that "somebody else" fooling around with another young lady it requires a great sense of humor to be able to say, "Look out, or I'll tell my wife on you!"
In the Song Shops

Songwriters Clown at N. V. A. Other Echoes From Melody Land

BY JIM GILLESPIE

THE Clown Night given recently by the song writing fraternity at the N. V. A. Club is still the topic of conversation among the manufacturers of sharps and flats. As you no doubt know the assault was made under the leadership of Johnny Black and Billy Curtis and the smoke of battle has not as yet died away. When last heard from the battalion was resting on their arms (we mean the piano players) and were preparing for a counter attack from Fred Fisher, who, owing to his success as a clown threatens to desert the music game in order to overthrow the dialectician government which is headed by Sam Bernard. Yes sir, when it comes to ready wit and humor, we must admit the crown of royalty belongs on Fred's naked bean.

Botsford Glee Club Opened

HOWEVER, we will come to that later, so let us start with the opening of the show. After a few rounds of Clown chorus, Billy Curtis came front and center to announce that the first course would consist of a musical cocktail served by the Botsford Glee Club with George (Remick) Botsford scraping the ivories. The outfit boasted of thirty pairs of iron pipes which warbled everything from Scotch medleys to present-day hits with the folks out front "doing their stuff" at the finish. Billy "Opposition" Tilden then rendered a couple of parodies with Ted Shapiro chaperoning the piano. Ted saw Walter Donaldson standing near and with true subway manners offered him his seat which resulted in the celebrated Walter dashing off Gin Gin Ginny Shore while a chap named Harry Shaw chirped forth his namesake lyrics. A stage wait was then offered which Tommy Gordon refused to accept so the "ad lib kid" hopped to the footlights and kidded his way along until receiving the high sign from the gang back stage.

The next turn was a very novel scene and proved to be something which few performers are familiar with, the professional department of Fred Fisher's music house. The curtain showed Fred trying to induce a girl to use his number, but the number wasn't big enough and besides it didn't have a green background. Margaret Padula acted as Fred's secretary and was kept busy announcing the various writers who wanted to place their songs. The boys said advance, but Fisher did not seem to know the countersign. Al Wilson and Jim Brennan offered The Royalty Blues but Fred could not see the title. Others who passed in review were Eddie Briers, Benny Davis, Sidney Clare, Eugene West, Archie Gottler, Harry Von Tilzer, Irving Berlin and Johnny Black.

All Were Friendly Enemies

IRVING BERLIN was asked to say something, so he said it with music. Harry Von Tilzer did "the old pal stuff" Fisher after was "the early to bed early to rise," gentlemen who was seen the song of the N. V. A. in endearing terms and praised it to fifty-first street, and back again. Johnny Black tried to kid Fisher by playing Dardanella but Fred kept smiling and shot out so many wise cracks that even Tommy Gordon was seen to squirm in his seat. Following the above piece Aileen Stanley entertained with a few numbers, some of which were written by

Kate Johnson Barnwell of Eldorado, Ark., whose poem, "To My Sweetheart," has been set to music and is now being published. It has gained great favor and is one of the most popular ballads being sung in the West and Middle West.

Ted Shapiro, Aileen received a neat reception while she held the floor. The probable reason for her refusing to work on the stage was no doubt due to her familiarity with music publishers.

Tom Payton was next to be introduced, who in turn introduced Paul Specht and his Society Serenaders, an orchestra that sent the folks home on all cylinders. Sammy Smith was responsible for the treat as he grabbed the boys as they got off the train from Detroit. Talk about jazz, those boys simply bathe in it. And the cornet player. Sweet Daddy! After hearing him play we are thankful for not being a cornetist, for if we were we would simply have to throw the instrument away.

Songs That Are Making a Hit in Vaudeville

Mamma Loves Papa, Does Papa Love Mamma? ............... Jack Osterman
If You Like Me Like I Like You ............... Ashley and Dorney
Ooh, Ernest ............... Green and Byler
Little Red Schoolhouse • Bennett Twins
I Got It You'll Get It • Aileen Stanley
Atta Baby • Rae Samuels

Willy White has placed his latest number, "I Got Another One, Just Like the Other One Blues" with Fred Fisher.

Sullivan's Daddy to Delhi

ALEX SULLIVAN has bobbed up with a brand new youngster whom he has christened Delhi. The child is of oriental birth and has been placed in the Remick nursery where it bids fair to develop on such substantial nourishment as acts and orchestras. Harry Rosenthal also had a hand in bringing the youngster into the world which makes it appear that the child has a musical soul. Alex claims she is the prettiest thing he has seen in years which prompted us to mention figures. "The cutest little figure you ever saw," he replied, "just wait till you see her lines." Then he showed us a copy of the lyric.

Chicago Out of Shadows

CHICAGO is bouncing around these days to the tune of "Out of the Shadows," a brand new number from the self-making fountain pen of Gus Kahn. Gus grabbed the idea while watching an unconscious couple perform at a shadow dance, wrote the lyric on the back of a two-cent stamp and mailed it to Harry Werthan, General Manager of Remick's Chicago office. Being a good business man Harry copied the lyric on a one-cent stamp and sent it to Walter Blansfuz who rounded out the melody. The song was then stamped with the Remick O. K., and is now being featured by quite a few well-known acts, including Ciccolini, who reports that audiences continually stamp for encores.

Al Berlin, World's Champion Cigar Smoker, who recently created a new record in the Harry Bloom Handicap by burning up the weed in the fast time of two-fourths and six-eighths, is improving his wind by informing the universe that the Broadway Music Company has released a new domestic brand entitled, Mamma Loves Papa, Does Papa Love Mamma? Al is also grooming a dark horse which is being kept under cover for the time being. It's a sweet-looking filly and sounds like ready money.

Relatives in the Business

BERNARD POLLACK, brother of the celebrated Lew, is now on the sales force of the Richmond-Robbins concern. Lew says Bernard is an Al salesman and Bernard retails by saying Lew is an Al songwriter, which sounds fair enough.

Joe Mittenhal is introducing a new number to his friends which answers to the title of, If I Had My Way, Pretty Baby. While walking a day in Cincinnati Mr. Mittenhal happened to hear the tune and upon making inquiries was told it was written by a farmer who was doing a hide-a-way act in the woods. After a little gum-shoe work Motti located the "early to bed early to rise" gentleman whose name was Dudd Mucum. Nothing high brow about that monicker. High grass, we should say.

Rose Abrams formerly with the McKinley Company, and Robert Norton concern is now on the payroll of Joe Mittenhal, and will be glad to introduce you to the firm's catalog.
Joe Davis of the Triangle Music Company is working on two new numbers entitled The Belle of Times Square and On the Subway. Joe sends word that the latter is a comedy which we do not doubt. We have traveled on the subway often enough to know.

Goodman and Rose are fondling a new song, entitled In Your Embrace, a ballad by Ernest Golden. Upon hearing the song the boys immediately grabbed it because they do not believe in passing up Golden opportunities.

Harry Rosenthal, the well-known inventor of popular tunes is now pouring the ivories in one of the scenes in Good Morning Delilah. Harry is using grease paint and everything, but so far has refrained from beading his eyes. We told Harry to keep away from beauty marks and he replied that most of the girls were married.

A Lead for Auto Salesmen

Murray Roth wants you to know that he is still healthy and is flying along on all cylinders. If you don't believe it just permit your optics to rest on the following songs which Murray has written and placed with the following houses: Marie Brought Pairs Here to Me, with Feist; Olga, with Stark and Cowan; Don't, for Eddie Cantor's new show, with Shapiro-Bernstein; Hatie Tottie, with Jack Mills; Mother's Blues, with Harry Von Tilzer and With Tears In My Eyes I'm Laughing At You, with Fred Fisher. Quite a combination, we'll say. Jimmie Durante and Chris Smith have broken out with a new rasher which has been diagnosed as "Honeymooners Blues." We never thought there were so many pink notes on a piano until Jimmie started corresponding with the keys. He guarantees an introduction in any flat and keys may be had for asking. What more could anyone desire? Eugene West has placed his new Blues song "How Come" with the Broadway Music Company. A good title, an everyday question and one that usually receives an answer.

Mario Opens New Offices

Sammy Smith is being kept busy these days showing his friends around the new offices of the E. B. Marks concern. The firm has the entire first floor which takes in the professional department and executive offices. Tenors will find eight piano rooms at their disposal and Sammy promises to entertain his friends with a new collection of baseball stories. Eddie Bloodwill be glad to show you his new baby victrola and Judith Rothktein will be pleased to demonstrate for you to the best of her ability and as you do not know Judith is some little demonstrator.

Joe Meyer and Herman Ruby have presented Fred Fisher with a new discovery, entitled "My Honey's Lovin' Arms." The boys claim they gave the number to Fisher because they regard him as being one of the big squeezes in the publishing field.

Ed Wolfe of the L. Wolfe Gilbert Music Company has returned from a trip to the coast and will camp in our little village indefinitely. Ed claims that things look bright throughout the country and that the music game is due for a boost.

Mike Special and his orchestra who keep the patrons' feet warmin' and Terraces celebrated Washington's birthday by throwing their music to the four winds via Radiophone. Mike claims it was the first time he ever sent a note through the air without the aid of an airplane and a two-cent stamp.

Fisher Sues Over Ka-Lu-A

Owing to the mechanical releases of KA-LU-A containing the much-talked of theme from Dardanella, Moers, Rosenchein and Ables, attorneys for Fred Fisher who published Dardanella, have requested all mechanical companies to refrain from further manufacture of KA-LU-A records and piano rolls until the suit brought by Fisher against Harms, Inc., for infringement is settled. It is said that the majority of mechanical companies have agreed to abide by the copyright law and will suspend the manufacture of KA-LU-A mechanicals until further notice. Nathan Burkhan, formerly counsel for Fisher is now representing the Harms concern.

Lou Cohn who recently divorced himself from the Ben Schwartz concern is now putting his feet under a desk in Sid Caine's office. We asked Lou if he felt important when he was carrying the title of General Manager and he replied that titles didn't mean a thing. That started a rash argument among the songwriters present.

We recently had to mutilate a beautifully monogrammed envelope in order to discover that Evelyn Rose, who formerly dished out publicity for the Robert Norton Company is now connected with the Richard Robbins concern. Which should be good news to everybody except the mailman who has to juggle Evelyn's typical tips on topical tunes.

Sid Caine is taking a course in astronomy. He wants to find out if there are any more songs in the heavens on the type of Cairo Moon. Since its introduction by Giorgio Passilia's Ambassador Orchestra the Moon has continued to shine throughout the realm of songland. Therefore you cannot blame Sid for constantly using the expressions, Thank Heavens.

Phil Ponce, who is now a full-fledged publisher, invites you to come up and hear his latest song, Southern Moonlight.
Margaret Lawrence

who is now winning new laurels in her first emotional role in Samuel Shipman's first uncollaborated play, "Lawful Larceny," produced by A. H. Woods. Miss Lawrence had previously been associated with comedy roles, in such plays as "Tea for Three," and "Wedding Bells."
four distinct phases greet you in "The Czarina." Just which is most important is rather intricate. Important, that is, to the theatre. Which is to say important to the theatre-goer and to the persons of the theatre.

I write of those phases in no particular order.

Perhaps I should take the play first. It is an adaptation by Edward Sheldon (so announced at the premiere by Miss Keane) from the work of the two Hungarian playwrights, Melchior Lengyel and Gyorgy Biró. Not a costume play. A play in which the characters are "costumed," but still not a costume play. A play in which the Russian Catherine is the heroine (?) and the costumes, but the quality of the play is not "costume-ey." The melodrama of the usual costume play is not there, nor the grandiloquence and the, incidentally, dulness. I am inclined to think that the costumes may be what "costume-ey" is good. They may be of the period but in order to take the playout of the "costume" play-class the costumes give it an extraordinary dimension of to-day. Instead of attempting to show us the Catherine of so many years ago I thought that the attempt was to make the audience think that this "Czarina" might to-day be a queen of one of the middle European countries where the clothes are more or less picturesque. Here, more realistic, drab and "costumed," but in all of it, whether the authors intended to recreate the woman as she was—and we thought of her as a Catherine of to-day I am not at all certain, I think the greater art is in the making us accept her as a woman we can in a sense recognize, rather than a woman we look upon as a museum exhibit and do not recognize. And so aside from the mechanics of the play (the bringing the envoy from France, the petite revolution, the prototyped ruler who isn't protected, the ruler who knows her army and her people and loves them, the military precision of her court, the curtseys of one sort and another, and kindness matters) it is the central figure of Czarina that makes it so compelling. And compelling because she is human, has a sense of the ridiculous, commands, loves and occasionally is bored, irritated and distrustful. I do not mean that Miss Keane is a great play. It is a clever play. A brilliant play. But there really is no play or rather drama. A slight conflict perhaps but one that we neither feel nor fear. The pattern is clean—cut; the acting begins to get a little rough. We see this when the first act develops. This parallel quality isn't bad however. It is sure with average audiences. And to sustain the average person's interest in this type of play is no mean task.

The second phase is the adaptation. The theory on which I base my opinion as to the quality of an adaptation is not only on whether it is a fine piece of writing, as such. But on whether the locale seems to be real. And this not to the man who studies the adaptation but to the one that sees it acted. Again the average man. If he sees inconsistencies it is a bad adaptation. If, notwithstanding that the language is English and the locale something else, the question of the difference in the mind of the listener, then I think the adaptation is good. Here there are no Americanisms, no "free translation" and no complications so far as I could see. And the distinction of the writing is what we have come to expect from Edward Sheldon.

Gilbert Miller and his production, third. A single setting. Tones of brown and gold. The highly-polished ground cloth. Every "prop" has a true look. And not a color combination in the costumes which does not fit into the set. And finally the direction. The direction is always modern. Even the stagey exits are out of the web of the play and are managed well. I go into these things the average persons interest in this type is nil. I go into these things the average person's interest in this type is nil.

The same attitude, the same children, the same writing, the same performers, the same mechanics and the wealth of parallels give the piece something, and there is no special sense of to-day. Instead of at a New York Institution. Rarely has there been such a piece of writing, as such. A play that is a superb study. A play in which the depth is more. I use the vaudeville term as the simplest way of describing it. And because of the variety. In characters is not vaudeville. But the same artists appear in more than one scene. Charm, novelty, amusement, acting, and brevity. Here is a group of Russian players. A series of songs, dances and the like. All in Russian. Before and after each number the guiding spirit of the organization, Nikita Baliff comes before the curtain and says whether it is in English (?), is as amusing as anything in the performance. He introduces an old song; a Parade of the Wooden Soldiers; a burlesque quartette; one act play which takes some time to get off the ground, and a bit of old Russian polka of the Sixties; gypsy songs of 1840; a Tartar Dance: a burlesque on grand opera; a song of the Russian work people; a pantomime finally Wavich and a double quartette of men, and talks to and about the audience.

In detailing these "numbers" in such a way is impossible to give any idea of their quality. And it is the quality, the manner of their performance, the way they are done that is without pretension. Excepting in so far as doing something which is not stereotypes is pretentious. And nothing in the Chauve-Souris is stereotyped. These men and women are artists. Not, no doubt, but it is there. When they sing—they sing. Of how many of our vaudeville or revue actors and actresses can this be said? The dances, for example: the "Tartar Dance" and the "Katinka," are simply superb.

Perhaps I should not compare this with "Shuffle Along." And I do not compare them. But I hope that just as "Shuffle Along" has become an institution and will remain one for years and that we will all come to think that a Chauve-Souris, is that to have some 50 numbers in their repertoire is to become a New York Institution. Rarely has there been so much enthusiasm as there has been for Chauve-Souris, who so bravely brought it to America is in for congratulations. He is receiving these congratulations by the public's eagerness to pay $5.00 a seat. S. J. KAUFMAN.

"The Nest"


Marie Hamelin, Lucile Watson, Evelyn Barry, Jacques Hamelin, Frank Burbeck, Marie MacKenna, Suzanne, Bruce Elmore, Rea Sherwood, Leontine, Marjorie Oakley, Amma, Florence Mack, Louise, Helen Cromwell

THE best thing that William A. Brady has ever done is "The Nest." Not that he has done it so well. The cast is average and the production is woeful. BUT—but the play is one of the finest things that has been done in New York in years. A play that is a superb study. It says something. A great deal. It says it dramatically. And interestingly. And what it says is of such concern to everyone that it will be a tragedy if it isn't a success. Why, you ask, will it not be a success? I did not say it will not be a success. I fear it will not be a success, but financially. And then you ask me what of the success? I do not ask you of that play that was a fine play. The answer is that this is not a "show." "Lillian" and that sort of play is a huge "show." "The Nest" is a simple story of children leaving the nest. Of the young bride who is more interested in her own home than in the parents she left. Of the young man who is en route to "affairs," And the attitude of the parents. The same attitude, the same comments, that same acts, the same opinions of parents and children since the world began—and doubting...
less until the world ends. To take such a theme—and it IS a theme if ever a play had a theme—and to let the young French chap, Paul Gerald who wrote it, takes Geraldly up to the heights.

I have been back to see it. And I found it built by a master. The foundation is in both worlds, and I find the world—word—is put. The working out straight and sure. As if to embellish his work he touches it with a gay color now and then. But this is not surplessage. On the contrary, it has the effect of heightening. But the question is, how many Americans could have written it? Is there one who has this Latin viewpoint? This sending a thought surging through a play? And being the artist who does not hold too hard on the nature and shows it with the touch of the artist? And he dares to talk of life!! Fancy that in the theatre these days!!! Or better still, he lets life talk.

What the young girl's mistress—older than himself—thought of the boy's mother in that memorable scene and what the mother says to the woman is all of life. The boy's character, too, is real. He lives. And the father who is mild and pleasant but deeply concerned with becoming a preacher about it all. All of life.

Lucille Watson is the mother, i.e., another cameo. When I am told of the continental actresses who do such fine work and am told that it is pity it is not put to better use, I once say Lucille Watson. Juliette Crosby acted the bride. I pride a splendid career for this girl. Why can't Mr. Belasco take her and Henry Hull and Frederick Bickel under contract and have these there should be schooled. There is, alas, no school, and many of the directors make promising actions into freak personalities instead of actors. Kenneth MacKenna was the boy. Another young actor who is being immedi-
ta~d work. But they all wanted a Belasco or a Lonergan or a Moeller or a Burton or a Gilbert Miller or a Milton or a McClintic or a Sam Forrest to direct them.

'The Nest' brought Geraldly to the stage. There they were in the need that wrote it. We must have it. S. J. KAUFMAN.

"Pins and Needles"

A drama in four acts. Adapted from the French of Pierre de Bodier. Directed by Roland Young. Presented by the Players' Assembly Company at the Manhattan Theatre on Monday evening, February 13th.

Simone .... Mabel Freneyne
Bow-Adán .... Rose Winter
Suzanne .... Big Alfred
Gabriel Montain .... Waters Spalding
Elaine .... Gnest Lonergan
Pierre Marechal .... Gabriel Montain
Jean Turcin .... Madame Berthe
Marcelle .... Madame Berthe
Camille .... Arthur Hohl
Isabelle .... Helen Lowell
Pierre .... John Anthony
Charlotte .... Helen Ware
Saint-Serge .... Frank Conne
Lévy-Brach .... Frank Martinez
A Gypsy Violinist .... Claude ..
Edgar .... Aindy Buckels
Parfois .... William Leonard
M. Clereau .... John Milton
Mme. Claron .... Evelyn Carter Carrington
Nina Herbert

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Montmartre

THE only thing that can be said in favor of "Montmartre" is that it had an unhappy, and therefore a happy ending. I shall not be at all surprised if this ending has since been changed. Pierre de Bodier's "Montmartre" falls in love with a young musician. The musician takes her to a little home where they live. Her Montmartre friends induce her to leave him. He becomes the usual successful man. He finds her there a few years later. They still love each other. But he does not take her back.

A story that has been written in several hundred forms. And in which—here—there is no new angle. On the contrary it all happens on schedule. The sort of a thing that the average theatre-goers will accept as somewhat a thing that has been seen.

The production at the Belmont was made by the Players Assembly Company, a cooperative idea. A young Russian actress, Galina Koperman, who had appeared in England in it. Her accent is still marked and until the second act this accent is a handicap. She resembles Nazimova in her early days but is without the power and imagination of Nazi-

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Instead of this Mr. Goodman has the father and a priest and the girl and the crook and a young district attorney discuss the sociology of the idea again and again. But for once we have come to feel that one did not care very much whether there was a third act.

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"Montmartre"
The idea, by the bye, has little that is startling or new about it. I seem to have read several hundred similar stories. The melodrama of it will doubtless carry it. But with proper cutting and radically different direction it might have been a popular success. The elements are all there.

Blaire Yurka gives the part of the girl a value that is not in the part. Because Blaire Yurka is really too fine an actress for this part. She is not essentially a mental actress and one of these days someone will write her a great play. I hope so. Frederick Bikel is worth watching. Here is a youngster who has possibilities. Manhattan Wallace's touch was a caricature. And caricatures are always amusing. Marguerite Maxwell was misdirected. Either John Cromwell cannot direct or he will not give the time and thought to the details that a play requires. I fear it is the former. William Courtenay was William Courtenay.

The appearance in America of Marie Lohr is seven years too late. I saw her from 1910 to 1914 in every play she did in London. The Marie Lohr who appeared at the Hudson in "The Voice from the Minaret" is not the same actress. Marie Lohr. And it is merely a question of avoriments. It is a question of the change in Marie Lohr. The delightful Marie Lohr is gone. And in its place something stolid. Even the trick I mean the curious little effect that may have been a mannerism but which was a joy. Billie Burke with whom I might compare Miss Lohr has not. And as a tragedienne or as a serious actress Miss Lohr has too much competition in this country. We cannot, it is true, compete with English charm—true English cannot compete with the power in our actresses. Therefore I record, with sadness, the disappointment of Miss Lohr's American debut. Neither of the plays she produced mattered. She is a genuine stick comedy in it now, but somehow this type of comedy fits this particular story. The dining scene is low comedy, but what of that? It is far more amusing than many of our dramas and to provide some. The production is garish, but it fits the mood of this particular musical comedy. Cecil Lean is at his best in his quiet moments. It is these quiet moments which heighten the well-known Cecil Lean laugh. I believe that he is a much finer comedian than he has ever allowed himself to be. Cecil Lean is a good foil for him. Tom Lewis is simply Tom Lewis, and what more can you ask of him?

THE BLUSHING BRIDE

"THE BLUSHING BRIDE" is a musical on "The Third Party" which the Shuberts produced a few years ago with Taylor Holmes and Walter Jones. This version is produced at the Alwyn Theatre, with music by Sigmund Romberg. It is intended as a vehicle for Cecil Lean, Cleo Mayfield and Tom Lewis. The book is worked out so that it will be the usual musical comedy entertainment. There is nothing more than a little stick comedy in it now, but somehow this type of comedy fits this particular story. The dinner scene is low comedy, but what of that? It is far more amusing than many of our dramas and to provide some.

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THE CAT AND THE CANARY

A drama in four acts by John Willard. Staged by Ira Hands, Presented by Kilbourn Gordon, at the National Theatre on Tuesday evening, February 7th.

"THE CAT and the Canary" is one of the best plays I have ever seen and I am just as certain that it will be a success. John Willard wrote it to make it a very bad play so it would be a great success. This makes no contest, whether he is not, all, an artist. Whether or not he has outdone "The Bat" is beside the point. The point is that he succeeds in thrilling an audience and not only the second or third night. This is a mystery play for a galaxy of old time first-nighters who must admit they were frightened. I admit it for them.

Willard has succeeded in building up a mystery muddle of confusions, full of improbabilities but it holds. And the old trick of making us guess who committed the murder isn't so badly done. The gloom which surrounds it is so carefully built that it cannot be resisted. The mysterious door, the dead body, all is brought forward full of imaginary theories, the clutching fight, the madman and the absurd will—they are all there. It must be judged, not by what it isn't but by what it is. And it is a thriller. No one will like it, but everyone will talk about it and the result will be a success.

The acting and the production do not particularly matter. Henry Hull is wasted. So is Florence Eldridge. Henry Hull should not have played this part. He can be one of the best of our younger actors. Properly guided he has prospects, but he must be carefully directed. S. JAY KAUFMAN.

"THE Voice from The Minaret"

A drama in three acts and a prologue by Robert Hichcock. Staged by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, with an arrangement with A. H. Woods, at the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, January 30th.


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Bilie Burke with whom I might compare Miss Lohr has not. And as a tragedienne or as a serious actress Miss Lohr has too much competition in this country. We cannot, it is true, compete with English charm—true English cannot compete with the power in our actresses. Therefore I record, with sadness, the disappointment of Miss Lohr's American debut. Neither of the plays she produced mattered. She is a genuine stick comedy in it now, but somehow this type of comedy fits this particular story. The dining scene is low comedy, but what of that? It is far more amusing than many of our dramas and to provide some.
Mae Burns

is another whose charming personality is gaining quite a number of fans on the screen. Miss Burns is all dressed for a yachting trip to Palm Beach (or any other place), in a smart outfit for just such an occasion. The coat is made of flannel, skeleton-lined, and comes in navy, red, green or black, while the skirt is composed of men's-wear white serge, and the hat of light-weight felt with a ribbon bound in any of the colors which the coat can be made of. This outfit is one of several designed by Abercrombie & Fitch for wear at the beach or for yachting.

Mimi Palmeri

whose work in motion pictures has attracted much attention towards her, is ready for the races at Havana, wearing a one-piece slip-on dress with a detachable cape. The material is of white and black plaid and striped Kasha cloth, while the hat is made of soft taffeta and hemp, in white. Abercrombie & Fitch offer the costume as a typical costume for general wear at sporting events for both beach and country clubs.

Photos by Fab Studios
The New Acts

New Offerings of the Past Month to Vaudeville

Dolly Sisters

Songs and dances, full stage, 19 minutes, reviewed at Palace, February 20th.

HERALDED with much pomposity and ceremony and billed as the International Wonder Girls Who Ruled London's Stage for 130 Weeks' the Dolly Sisters inaugurated their return to the States by appearing at the Palace. After witnessing their entertainment we feel safe in saying that the well-known twins need have no fear of ruling American vaudeville. That is not with their present offering. At the Palace "names" mean something and outside of a lavish display of wardrobe that is all the girls had to offer. After watching the Dolly's go through a very ordinary routine we could not help but think of their well-known high kicking and all-around dancing ability for which they are famous, but for some reason or other is entirely lacking in their present vehicle. The act opened with the Dolly's appearing in gorgeous orange-colored costumes singing a double entitled "It must be You," which was followed by Kay Kendall in a descriptive Indian dance. The girls then offer a comedy eccentric number with a clog dance which was by far their best bit, after which Kendall renders "It Was Wonderful in Madrid" and then removed his shoes to execute a difficult and novel dance which took him off to a substantial hand. The sisters attired in riding habits offered another double dance followed by a solo dance by Kendall which could be cut down as it is too long and left him gasping for breath. Another double dance by the girls brought on the curtain also and an avalanche of floral offerings that literally covered the stage. An encore was offered in the form of You-Who with revised lyrics pertaining to the girls' return to Europe which was followed by a speech. However, the turn is not there and the applause at the finish was far from being substantial, as it came from various parts of the house and was inclined to be spasmodic. The Dolly's are capable of much better work and we hope they have not decided to rest on their reputation.

Mildred Harris and Company

"Getting the Money," fifteen minutes in full stage special, reviewed at the Royal theatre on February 24th.

REGARDLESS of the fact that Miss Harris didn't offer anything that was exceedingly different, or sensational, we were glad to see that, at least the audience wasn't dissatisfied at the end of her offering—in fact, very much pleased. And this is really unusual for a motion-picture star who had entered the show since Miss Morgan, the lady who was well known in stock, and who more recently has been appearing in vaudeville at the head of her own company, and S. Miller Kent, make up the supporting company.

The offering is in two scenes, the same set being used for both. A film starts the playlet, showing a letter from Miss Harris to the audience, telling about her vehicle, and which leads up to the first scene, in the office of a motion-picture producer, who is broke, and incidentally, who also refuses to stoop to questionable methods to obtain money, backing, or do anything that isn't strictly on the level. Which is probably the reason he is broke. Miss Morgan is seen in the role of his private secretary, and who advises him to get a beautiful girl to vamp a certain "angel" for the money he needs to produce a picture.

Miss Harris enters first as an innocent country girl, who is anxious to break into the movies. The producer advises her to go home, and get the "movie" bug out of her head. The secretary tells him to use her to vamp the "angel." The girl overhears her, and promises to get the money. Again the producer insists that she go home.

The scene ends with the girl's exit, and a film, continuing the letter serves to fill in for three weeks lapse of time. The producer is facing ruin. He hasn't been able to get the money he needs and is about to close up shop. Enter the former innocent country maiden, this time in ermine wrap and evening gown. Also with the check for $75,000 signed by the "angel." All sorts of thoughts arise in the mind of the producer, as well as the audience, until at the finish, the explanation is made that the "angel" is the girl's father, (not Daddy) and that she was anxious to break into the movies and employed the means she did to get in. And that's that.

Jean Sotherrn

"Girls Will be Boys," sixteen minutes in one special, reviewed at the Broadway theatre, on February 1st.

MISS SOTHERN seems to have at last found herself in vaudeville. Or rather, we should say, Jean Sotherrn has at last found a proper vehicle for herself in vaudeville. For the past four years, we have seen her at different times, and while we liked her personality we never thought much of her material. This was mainly because Miss Sotherrn had a desire to do "kid" num-

Wilton Lackaye

"Greater Love," a dramatic pantomime in one act, sixteen minutes in full stage, reviewed at the Palace on February 6th.

"We do hope," stated Wilton Lackaye in an appeal made at the end of his act, "that motion-picture producers will perhaps learn a little lesson from our little offering.

The lesson he referred to, was the fact, that the spoken word is not necessary to bring forth a full story, or in other words, as regards motion pictures, titles are absolutely unnecessary.

Lackaye certainly proved it conclusively in his offering, which was also announced as originally written for Madame Rejene. The French dramatic actress by Henry Ridgeau. Rejene, he said, turned it down because she couldn't consider the idea of a man giving up a woman to his friend on his own wedding day to that woman.

Which practically tells the entire plot of the playlet. It is all done in pantomime, with the use of motion pictures, not for titles, but just to show letters and photographs. The scene is in the apartment of two friends, one of whom is about to be married.

By mistake, he puts on the coat of his best friend, who is also his room-mate, and finds in the pocket of the coat, a letter, in the handwriting of his fiancee, written to her day to that woman.

The gamble is made by the friend, who is also his room-mate, and finds in the pocket of the coat, a letter, in the handwriting of his fiancee, written to her friend. The letter swears eternal love, and regrets the poverty of his friend which prevents their marriage. The bridegroom finally decides to kill himself, arranging things to look as though it was an accident, in order that his fiancee may get the benefit of his insurance, to which she is the beneficiary.

It's a gamble in vaudeville—and that's just why we admire Mr. Lackaye so much more. They liked it at the Palace. And after all, with Mr. Lackaye's splendid ability in back of it, the gamble puts the odds in favor of success.

Hoffman
bers, some on the style of those which would be good numbers for Frances White, and others which weren't quite good enough for anybody.

Miss Sothern is now doing a vehicle, which we understand was written for her by Paul Gerard Smith. Whoever Smith is, he has made a study of Miss Sothern's talents far more deeply than anyone seems to have done before. With the result that he has written for Miss Sothern, a vehicle which is really the best she has ever done in vaudeville, and the best suited to her talents. This vehicle consists of a series of male impersonations, which include the rich young top, the "rube," and one of a poor young chap with neither money nor job, the way bewailing the fact that he can't give his kid sister the birthday gift he had promised her. This last number was by far the best in the entire act. The "rube" song was also very well done. For a closing bit, Miss Sothern uses a bit from her former act, in which she gives an impression of a girl setting in the audience speaking about the performers on the bill.

The setting used for the act is a novel one, and very effective. It consists of a special drop in one, with a box space in the center from which Miss Sothern enters, and which revolves to change the scene on the drop with each number. The offering is by far the best which Miss Sothern has done yet in vaudeville. It will undoubtedly bring her best results.

George Jessell

Talk and songs, eighteen minutes in one, reviewed at the Riverside on February 17th.

HAVING discarded his "Troubles of 1921," George Jessell is again doing his single, which practically consists for the most part of the bits which he did as a solo turn a few years ago. The telephone bit is still retained, as is the scenario, the latter now being called a "play." Each has had some new lines injected, but the gist of the bits remain the same as they were before.

Another new turn to the act is the introduction of a girl, who interrupts from the audience and tells Jessell that she wants to go on the stage. She is given her chance, and does for a specialty, a little dance bit of ordinary merit. However, as she serves for some clever comedy on the part of Jessell this can be overlooked.

"She's Mine All Mine," "April Showers" and "Mama's Baby Boy," the latter being from the "Troubles" act, are the song numbers of the offering, all being done well.

When we mention the fact that the act is practically the same one which was done by Jessell several years ago, we don't mean to say that it isn't a good offering. In fact, it is still one of the most entertaining singles in vaudeville. For the simple reason that the material hasn't been hogged by anyone. Jessell was the hit of the performance here. If he isn't in the other houses where he appears, he'll at least give the one that does score biggest, a close run for his honors.

Hoffman.

Cliff Green

Talking and card tricks, fourteen minutes in one, reviewed at the Regent Theatre on February 16th.

WE don't know where Cliff Green came from, or where he is going. But we do know that he isn't going very far with his present offering. Green is a young chap, with a likeable personality and a manner of handling his material that might be likened to Ben Bernie's or Jack Benny's style. Except for the fact that Green doesn't use a violin, or any other instrument.

Green does a routine of talk, which includes some fairly good laughs in it, and also some very ordinary lines. A parody on "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" is among his biggest laughs. His turn also includes some card stunts, in which he does some very good palming.

Yet, despite the fact that the palming of cards is done well, we advise Green to drop all of the card tricks from his offering. For they are really of the type that go to make up very good "parlor entertainment" and nothing more. We would also suggest that Green get a strong routine of talk and stick to it. For he has the personality and ability to handle it. He hasn't a chance with his present act. So the change can't do any harm, and may do a lot of good.

Hoffman.

The Midnight Rounders

Reviewed at Winter Garden, February twentieth.

A POT-POURRI of melody and color, several scenes with laughter as the chief reward, a well-drilled chorus and an excellent cast constitute the make up of The Midnight Rounders. Opening with a prologue, Make Believe Land which is folled by specialties, the action moves along at a rapid rate and leaves little to be desired at the finish. Harry Hines, Sam Hearn and Harry Kelly form the comedy with Hines romping off with the biggest part of the entertainment. His scene with Irving O'Hay carried some bright lines and funny business as did the insurance bit of Hearn and O'Hay with O'Hay as the examining doctor.
While this scene went over with a bang some of the talk is of ancient vintage the (how high can you raise your arm, gag) being done by R. G. Knowles over fifteen years ago. "Girl Friends" with a routine of snappy songs hung up one of the substantial hits of the performance. One number "Ooh Ernert" left the house loudly voicing its approval. The Love Door was another scene that contained many laughs with Hearn and Kelly supplying the fun. Daves White and the Misdes Ridnor and Carroll offered a pleasing dance routine with White later doing an eccentric dance which would have easily topped had it not been for the appearance of Maxie and George who literally walked off with entire show. The house was waiting for these dancing demons who were wisely held back until just before closing which resulted in the house remaining intact until their appearance.

Deiro also appeared in the closing scene Cafe De La Paix and got over nicely with the assistance of his well-known accordion. A ballet, entitled The Wedding of the Sun and the Moon, staged by Cleveland Bronnor was well executed, other numbers including Bobbed Hair Baby Dolls in which Alice Ridnor did some fast stepping with the chorus contributing a wild shimmy. Popit Pop by Jean Carroll and girls and Just Clothes by Helen Eley also came in for their share of appreciation.

GILLESPIE.

Laurel Lee and Company

"Starlet," a musical romance in four scenes, twenty minutes in one and two special, reviewed at the Franklin on February 13th.

We were disappointed when we saw Laurel Lee in her new act. In fact, more disappointed than we have been in a long time. But we can't blame Miss Lee for our disappointment, neither can we blame her new act.

Our feeling of disappointment was due to the fact that three years ago (if memory serves us correctly), we reviewed Laurel Lee in a single act, under the billing of "The Chummy Chatterer," and used up all the adjectives in our vocabulary praising her. We stated emphatically that the Shuberts, Dillingham, or Ziegfeld would grab her. And here she is in vaudeville yet. Hence our disappointment. But if those producers could only realize what a wonderful talent they were overlooking.

However, we think that Miss Lee is in vaudeville yet, due to the fact that she hasn't been seen by production managers. Evidently she hasn't been in New York during the past few years, for we haven't seen her during that time.

Three years ago, we stated that Laurel Lee possessed that rarest of rare qualities among pretty girls—brains. That still goes. She is without doubt one of the cleverest girls we have seen in vaudeville or any other place.

Her new offering is called "Starlet." It isn't one of the sensational variety. In fact, we doubt if anyone else but Laurel Lee could do the act successfully.

It is just "cute." That's about the best word to use in describing it. It's the story of a little girl who overhears a playwright telling two friends about a new play which has been accepted, and who applies for the role, singing wistfully, "I'd Love to Be a Star on Broadway." She gets the job. That tells the plot.

But it doesn't tell of how attractive she is in the South Sea costume, when she sings "Ty-Tee," with Harry Murray, a clean-cut young man who is more than capable. It doesn't tell of how cleverly she does a French character and puts over a "Kiss" number "Here is one girl who should make future history." She is making it now. All she needs is a discoverer. HOFMAN.

Bobby Higgins and Company

Comedy sketch, one and three, special, twenty-two minutes, reviewed at Hamilton, February 16th.

THERE are laughs galore in Bobby Higgin's new act, real honest-to-goodness laughs right up to the finish and then the bottom drops out of the whole affair. It sounds harsh, but never can one find yourself laughing and thoroughly enjoying the situation when without any warning whatsoever the curtain suddenly drops and you are left wondering what it all means. The act opens in one with a special drop showing the outskirts of a small town. We know it was small because the dialogue told us so. The constable is standing guard over an up-to-date traffic sign (which was a laugh in itself, but failed to register), and is approached by a lady who proves to be affiliated with the village Purity League. The talk centers around a girl who was formerly in show business and for that reason the woman orders the constable to run her out of town.

The girl appears and more talk follows which serves to bring on Higgins, a typical country dude with slicked hair, trick hat, red necktie, "one flight up" suit including tag and a bouquet. He declares the girl will leave town as his wife and flashes a marriage license to prove it. The constable and woman exit warning him not to marry after which the team go into a double "Who Dear" which was well executed and got over largely.

The scene then shifts to three showing a room with twin beds in a hotel with the maid and clerk on stage at the curtain. The clerk announces that a bridal couple has engaged the room for the night which results in he and the maid plotting to annoy their slumber. The bridal couple appear and the groom noticing the twin beds informs the maid there must be some mistake as it was not a double wedding. A laugh? We hope to tell you, in fact we find ourselves laughing while we write the line. From then on the dialogue and business is one howl after another. The groom keeps remarking about it getting late, etc., and finally musters up enough courage to take off his coat, collar and tie only to be reprimanded by the bride who advises him to disrobe in the bathroom across the hall which he does. During the disrobing the clerk calls up to inquire if they want any ice, but the bride replies they have not as yet started housekeeping.

Higgins comes in from the bathroom wearing gaudy pajamas and bathrobe, the bride retires and Higgins is about to do the same when the clerk rings again to ask what time they wish to be called with Higgins replying...
Harry Tighe and Crane Sisters

Comedy, twenty minutes in one, reviewed at the Royal Theatre on February 24th.

"T" at first you don't succeed," etc., (you know the rest of it), is an old bird among adages, but then what adage isn't an old bird? Nevertheless, as Horatio Alger would preach, it's a good one to follow, and Harry Tighe has evidently done so. He opened last season in an offering with Edna Leedum. That didn't seem to "Leedum" very far. (Forgive us, please.) So Edna went her way, and Harry went his. Tighe then secured two girls, and routine a somewhat stronger act than he had been doing for some time, as far as laughs were concerned. Tighe evidently wasn't satisfied, and now we don't know where those two girls are. Harry Tighe is now with the Crane Sisters. And with them, he's going further and better in vaudeville than he has in the past few years. Because he has better material, and better talent in the new "company."

We remember seeing the Crane Sisters in a vaudeville "revue," called "Annabelle." We remember them, because they were practically the punch of the act. But "Annabelle" didn't get very far; perhaps because the girls were so far ahead of "Annabelle."

Both are pretty—also clever. (Strange, but true.) And the smaller one delivers comedy in a manner all her own, that gets a laugh for everything that is intended to get a laugh. Both also sing. They don't just "render a number." They sing. Voices, delivery and personality.

Tighe is funnier in this offering than he has been in the past two or three he has done. It's true, there's a lot of hokum in the turn, but that seems to be what vaudeville audiences want nowadays, so all the more credit to Harry Tighe for giving them hokum that is really clever. He also does a monologue in the act and that adds more laughs.

Yes, Harry Tighe has "tried, tried, and tried again." It looks as though his trials are over. He has the material—himself—and the Crane Sisters. Their first names, we understand, are Alpha and Delta. They may be Greek, but boy, how an audience can understand them! —Hoffman.

Tempest and Watson

Songs, Talk and Dances. One and Full Stage Special, Seventeen Minutes. Reviewed at the Royal February 17th.

Florence Tempest, formerly of Tempest and Sunshine, and Bobby Watson, late of Irene, have in their present offering an elaborate vehicle which smacks of class and expert showmanship. The turn opens in one before a silver drop with the principals doing a telephone number which serves to explain that Watson was formerly with Irene and would like to join Miss Tempest in a vaudeville venture. The team then do a double, "There Are Two Sides to Everything," a breezy number in which some bright dialogue is interpolated. Watson offers an amusing affair entitled, "I Love to Go to Funerals," which he does in a very effeminate manner (having previously announced it to be an imitation) and tops the number off with some lively stepping.

Miss Tempest then appears in her familiar male attire for "Chasing Midnight Butterflies," which is followed by a dance. Another double is offered with Watson changing to evening clothes and Miss Tempest displaying an elaborate costume of the low back variety which brings on some clever talk and business. The drop then separates showing Miss Tempest reclining on a rather gorgeous day-bed which leads up to a "Pink Pajama" number. A Bride number follows with Watson handling the lyrics after which Miss Tempest is shown posing on a platform before a burnt orange and black background, with a lively double dance bringing on the curtain. It is a very elaborate offering with both principals showing to advantage. During the turn Miss Tempest exhibited several striking costumes which added to the splendor of the settings. Watson is of the light comedy type and handles himself with the assurance of one who knows his business. He is a good looking chap and his appearance suggested that he had just stepped out of a handbag.

(Continued on page 136)
Gareth Hughes

in a striking photograph which serves to bring out wonderfully those "dreamy eyes," which the girls love to rave about. His latest production for Metro is "Don't Write Letters." He has also appeared successfully in the spoken drama.
THE Blaney Players seem to have cornered the stock theatres in New York very successfully. In Yorkville, the Blaney Players, under the capable direction of Hal Briggs, are presenting dramas, comedies and musical comedies to crowded houses. "Potash and Perlmutter," did capacity business last week. "Cornered" is doing equally well this week. "Very Good Eddie" is scheduled for the next offering. Victor Sutherland as leading man, and Ann Hamilton as leading lady have created quite a large following. Elmer Waters is the house manager.

In the Bronx, the Blaney Players have been holding forth for several years at the Prospect theatre, under the direction of James K. Carey. Mildred Florence and Jack Lorenz have now been leading man and leading lady together, for a number of seasons. "Her Unborn Child" was presented last week, with "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" following it up for the current week. "Experience" did the best business of the past month.

Dan Malloy is directing the Blaney Players at the Gotham theatre in Brooklyn. "The Unmarried Mother" and "The Natural Law" are the latest presentations of the company. J. A. McStea is house manager.

Boston

BOSTON is rapidly approaching the unique position of being a stock city. While both the Copley and the St. James theatres are presenting cycles of excellent plays, Al Roberts, long associated with John Craig, has taken over the Arlington theatre and on Wednesday, February 22nd, opened it with "The Virginian." The company is known as the Arlington Stock Company. Due to the many matters which have come up it is impossible for the management to announce definitely how long the present piece will run, and what will follow.

At the St. James theatre the last month has been one of great popularity and prosperity. "Last Year in Paris," "Ladies of the Law," "My Suppose" and "Adam and Eva" have been the pieces of the past month and have been instrumental in gaining many more new friends to the theatre. Miss Clara Moores deserves special mention in connection with this company, for as leading lady she has brought a higher degree of acting ability and pleasing personality than has been seen heretofore in the company. Miss Lucille Adams has joined the company as ingenue and her work is pleasing and immensely enjoyed.

The Copley Theatre, under Henry Jewett, after a most successful run with "The Cas-silis Engagement," is now housing "Mary Brockway." "Last Year in Paris," "Ladies of the Law," "My Suppose" and "Adam and Eva" have been the pieces of the past month and have been instrumental in gaining many more new friends to the theatre. Miss Clara Moores deserves special mention in connection with this company, for as leading lady she has brought a higher degree of acting ability and pleasing personality than has been seen heretofore in the company. Miss Lucille Adams has joined the company as ingenue and her work is pleasing and immensely enjoyed.

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At the Clubs

Intimate Gossip of What Their Members Are Doing

The Friars

The Friars Club is more than a building located in West 48th street. It's one of the biggest organizations of its kind in America.

"When all of our suspended members get back it will be the biggest club in the world" remarks Friar Arthur "Bugs" Baer.

All of which proves not merely that Mr. Baer is a statistical student but also that he must have perused a few "peruses" of the minutes of the House Committee.

"It is an honor to belong to the Friars Club" appends Mr. Baer. "We've got better men in the club right now than when involved in the Disarmament Conference."

And that's the truth.

"All the world's a stage—but where's the actors?" quizzed Friar Frank Monroe not so long ago.

So the Friars decided to show him.

They gave him a dinner. It was one of the biggest affairs of its kind ever staged anywhere. After Friar Monroe has been "blown" to a two-dollar dinner and heard sundry speechmakers reveal some of the secrets of his past, the guests ambled into the monastery—and there were the actors. The show which followed the Monroe dinner was a knockout.

At this moment Friar Monroe perhaps believes life is full ofAdventure when his name comes free. As pay for the two dollar's worth of food doled out to him, the club has named him boss of the Frolic which will be put on March fifth.

A Frolicker, Monroe is hopeful of doing stunts which will make his personally conducted Frolic eclipse anything that's gone before. The club members have raised a fund of $10,000 to be wagered that their own Charles Wagner, king of the sandwich makers, can emerge victorious in an all-comers contest in the matter of ham-shaving.

Wagner, in the Club's opinion, must have been a barber in youth. He retains his close-cutting skill to such an extent even now that he can, blind-folded, slice ham for sandwich purposes so thin that after it's laid on a newspaper it's easily possible to read every word of type beneath it.

Friar Allan Brooks debuffed the other night as an after-dinner speaker—and ever since then he's been landed heavenward for the drudgery of his delivery, the subtle wit, the boisterous chuckles. A series of Frivols, which, interpreted means young Frolics, have been inaugurated at the club. Friar Charles Mosconi thought 'em out.

They'll be semi-monthly affairs which will go on after regular theatre hour at night, will involve, in the main, Friar talent—and will be seen only by Friars.

The past month witnessed more activities in the National Vaudeville Artists Club than has been held in several months. Among other things the annual billiard tournament was started. At the time of going to press, Buster West, Johnny Singer and Frank Stafford are tied for the first honors. Paul Van Dyke is holding second spot, with Nat Burns playing furiously in third spot to catch the leaders.

Another event at the clubhouse during the past month, was the night of February 27th, when a party of almost one hundred N. V. A.'s chartered a bus and went out to the Bushwick theatre to see Tommy Gordon's debut, with "Clown Nights" as a vaudeville feature. Was it a success? Ask anyone of the noble one hundred.

Clown Nights brings up another reminder to us. Of the evening when Tommy Gordon's mother appeared in a skit with her son at the club, and when she sang "Boy of Mine," it was as it was intended to be sung, when written—as only a mother can sing it. It was one occasion when the gag about "Your mother is your best pal after all," wasn't a laugh. It also made us realize how narrow an escape Sarah Bernhardt had, for Tommy claims his mother had never appeared on the stage before.

Helen Travis and Jack Allyn formed a new combination recently for the purpose of doing an act in vaudeville. They have the ability, the material, in fact everything—but are seeking a good billet for the act. Why not one of the trade papers? They'll receive plenty of billing.

Joe Penell, the tonsorial artist of the clubhouse, cut his hand during the past month, which resulted in the doctor stitching it up. Joe now always tells complaining performers, ever since, that actors aren't the only ones who get cuts.

Jerry Hoffman.

Actor's Equity

So many mole hills fill the vision of a working one during any given month that it is difficult to distinguish the genuine, man-size mountain when it comes along. Any mole hill is like a mountain if you look at it closely enough, a phenomena which befalls many a Tramp in search of unexplored regions of news. Nevertheless, we are convinced that there have been events of truly mountainous proportions in the theatrical world of the last month, and that they naturally fall into the following classes: Taxes, censorship, foreign films, and hard times.

Actors will rejoice to learn that their meals while on the road may be charged against income-tax exemptions, provided that they are keeping up a permanent home. A special set of income-tax instructions will be published by the legal department of the A. E. A. in the next issue of Equity.

They will not rejoice, however, at the attempts of Washington politicians to double the taxes on theatre tickets. Equity opposed this plan as soon as it was made public and special arrangements to present our case before President Harding personally, by the interested organizations were only called off when we were assured that the tax-plan would not be passed. Any additional tax on the theatre at this time would result in a great catastrophe. We believe that this first move in this direction has been effectually blocked.

In view of which facts the Council has passed a ruling permitting Holy Week lay-offs, providing there are no rehearsals during that week. There must be no working at half salaries, however. Either the company must be laid off or it must work at full pay.

Frank Gillmore, Ex. Sec'y.
**Western Broadway**

**Interesting Happenings in the Metropolis of Western Theatredom**

By RAY DAVIDSON

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**Olous Wives,** the result of Eric von Stroheim's expenditure of a $1,000,000—more or less—for Universal, opened here at the Mission Theater, two weeks after the premier presentation in New York. The local reception was rather cold, especially the welcome given by the press. The newspapers, it seems, weren't at all pleased with the production. The general verdict was that Universal should have found a better way to spend a million dollars. Of course, Los Angeles is vitally interested in the picture. Why shouldn't it be? Just about half the population at one time or other took part in some of the scenes. And the other half obtained a glimpse of the filming during the two years work. The Mission is jammed from early morning till late at night, and all day long enthusiastic crowds are lined up three deep in front of the theater.

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**Title and Quality Together**

**F**

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**Victor Herbert in Los Angeles**

**P**erhaps one of the most significant events in Pacific Coast picture presentation was the engagement of Victor Herbert at the Kinema Theater, Los Angeles. Herbert, probably America's greatest composer of light opera, appeared at the Kinema as a sort of innovation. He was to appear for one week only—but the public demanded an extension of the engagement and the house management had to hold him over for another seven days. The composer came all the way here from New York for the occasion. An orchestra of seventy-five pieces was recruited and Herbert wielded the baton at four performances daily, playing a selection of his favorite scores. Perhaps the engagement of Herbert was a bit out of the ordinary in picture presentation, but it was a great success financially for the Kinema. "The Song of Life," a First National attraction, was the playop project.

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**Tyronc Power in Films**

**T**yronc Power, who has been gracing the footlights of the Metropolis for the past two years, has come Home. Power is out at the Ince Studio, playing the chief role in "Finding Home," a picture being directed by John Griffith Wray. Marguerite De la Motte and Lloyd Hughes have the other important roles. A troupe of Russian Grand Opera stars hit the coast with a bunch of Slavic musical scores. To say they put some of the American companies to shame is to put it mildly. They played two weeks at the Mason Opera House and did a smashing business. They are heading east for New York.

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**Eva Tanguay,** another name for a cyclone, has hit the city again. Eva comes these days via the Pantages circuit.

Sara Southern, the clever ingenue at the Majestic Theater has been promoted. She is to be leading woman. When Mary Newcomb was taken ill the other day Miss Southern jumped right into her part and played it to perfection. Now Michael Corper, the genial manager, has announced that Miss Newcomb will take a much-needed rest and that Sara will play the leads. Edward Everett Horton is leading man.

Syl Chaplain, brother and business manager of Charlie, is to re-enter the cinema. Syl will be featured in five reels of the semi-satirical variety. His last attempt was "King, Queen and Joker," a Paramount release.

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**Bull Montana,** leading man deluxe, wrestler, matinee idol, man about town, owner of a swell automobile, etc., is to become a star!
"Two Kinds of Women"

It is a pleasing and admirable thing to see an actress break away from her usual role and display a bit of versatility; and with success. There comes, now, to the silver sheet, Pauline Frederick in a rather courageous and vigorous role in "Two Kinds of Women." The feature is entertaining, interesting and even at times, exciting, despite the vast amount of 'old stuff,' that is employed to bring about the so-called 'thrills.'

However, and particularly, of finer interest is Miss Frederick in her departure from the usual heavy emotional role that she has heretofore been accustomed to play. Let it here be recorded, that the rigorous Pauline fits gracefully into the outdoor, 'woman-who-can' part, as though she were in the habit of portraying such characterizations. In breeches and blouse—not altogether a displeasing picture to the eye—or in chaps—she rides a horse and goes through a series of rough and tumble events with a naturalness that is most surprising.

The photoplay is an hours' good amusement. The photoplay is well done; the general acting of the entire cast is pleasing; the plot holds the interest with a sequence of incidents interspersed with humor; while the direction binds it all together and keeps the spectator eager to see the feature through until the end.

There is no particular reason why it has been given the title it has. The feature might, just as well, been called any other irrelevant thing. But let that pass; for as the picture stands completed, summed for its entire worth, it is a film that will give the satisfied amount of divertissement.
"Stardust"

Hope Hampton Triumphs in Fannie Hurst's Story

Hope Hampton bids all the dreams and visions of youth good-bye in her unhappy marriage to the man whom she most despises. But she is comforted with the thought that her mother and father will receive some joy and happiness from it.

They have taken Fanny Hurst's first novel, "Stardust," and they have made of it a moving picture that shall not be relegated to the tomb of forgotten things for a long, long time to come.

Above everything else, it is Fanny Hurst; that inimitable writer who sees life in its cold, hard, ironical and fatalistic lines. It is life. It pulsates with the emotion and heartbeats, the gusto and pathos of one, Lily Becker. And if you see it, you will like us be deeply touched and come away from it, a little sister, a little wiser and a great deal more thoughtful.

Anthony Paul Kelley, who is responsible for the adaptation has done his work with excellence. Hobart Henley, who directed the photoplay has done his work—shall we say with superb technic and artistic skill—but that would be putting it far too mildly.

For Hope Hampton who goes through all the vicissitudes of Lilly Becker—what shall we say of her? It is the best, the most admirable, the finest bit of screen work Miss Hampton has done in her entire career. This is not said in a mediocre manner; after the general fashion of criticism. It is said with a knowledge of all the work this charming actress has done. Of noteworthy interest are the portrayals of Ashley Buck, Mrs. Mary Poy, Vivia Ogden and George Humbert.

Henry Irving Margolies.
"School Days"

Wesley Barry Scores in A New Warner Brothers Production

In the hustle and bustle of this altogether too complicated and troublesome world of ours, how many of us are glad for a lull in the storm of business and ever pressing care; a moment of reminiscence, as it were, in which all the blessed peace and happiness of childhood is experienced once more. William Nigh in collaboration with Walter de Leon has written and produced a feature that is guaranteed to bring back in the name of Memory all the trivial incidents, the—what seemed in those self-important days—heart-breaking tragedies, the wild pranks, the carefree joys; in a word, the life of reckless abandon of boyhood days.

"School Days," with Wesley Barry is a feature with a standard of wholesome humor that will set it apart and mark it for one of the most delightful photoplays produced. It is above all a keen study of boyhood; boyhood with all its inexplicable whimsicalities and moods. The fine humor, the tender pathos, the tragedies and triumphs—all, all of them are in the feature, making it a film that should be seen. If you want to experience the years in which your imaginings reached their most sublime and wildest heights, by all means go and see "School Days." Wesley Barry, he of freckle-fame, plays the lead. It is a difficult thing to say that the youthful screen star plays his part with complete understanding. And yet it is so. There is a naturalness and simplicity to his portrayal that gives it a decided realistic touch.

With one or two exceptions the laboratory work has been done splendidly. The color work, which Prisma has contributed, the animated cartoon stuff employed in some instances for a setting for the titles give the feature an added attraction making a pleasing and artistic impression.

Henry Irving Margolies.
"French Heels"

Irene Castle Scores in Hodkinson Feature

There will be no end to the amount of pleasure and enjoyment, and no determining how much unalloyed admiration the gentle and conspicuous sex—and flappers of any degree—will receive from and have for "French Heels," a new Hodkinson feature starring Irene Castle. For what treat could be sweeter for the ladies than to give them Mrs. Castle in a variety of costumes, from evening frock to riding habit; what could such an audience want further, or how ingratiating oneself better than to give a screen exhibition of the slender and gracious Irene in a dancing repertoire. Of a certainty, the feature shall please; but only those who seek the fashion show on the silver screen and are long enthusiasts of the star.

The photoplay has been well-photographed and well-acted. This can be said with making an exception for Mrs. Castle. We do not mean, of course, that the lead of the production has done well in her portrayal, for she has. The continuity has been written moderately fair and the direction has been done with average skill. Perhaps if a bit more realism had been added, a bit more suspense to give the feature a little thrill; a bit more of acting and less of posing it would have made a much more interesting photoplay; and one more to the credit of the star. However, instead of action one is giving decidedly finely-taken scenes of Miss Castle while she cavorts merrily in the cabaret; instead of complications one is given glimpses of her enthusiastic audiences as they most enthusiastically applaud her; instead of a better building up of the plot one is given several extra shots of the encores the star is called upon to do.

There is no question but what the feature will bring joy to the hearts of the women; but it shall not bring any real enjoyment to anyone who goes to the theatre to see moving pictures and not several thousand feet of fashion and the display of the sylph-like form and nimble feet.
No, this isn't a scene from one of those so-called "wild" parties in Hollywood which a lot of the ignorant people love to rave about. It's a scene from "Glass Houses," Viola Dana's latest Metro release. We don't know whether Warner Oland is doing a female impersonation act, or with the lady's hat an instrumental turn with the saxophone. The trio in the corner are giving him a run for his money as far as noise is concerned.

Doesn't Viola Dana look real chic in the portrait in the centre of the page? At that, Viola seems to have taken a more "grown-upish" attitude in that pose than in any other which we have seen her in. She doesn't look anything at all like a female burlesque person, of which she is accused of being in "Glass Houses," her latest Metro release. But for that matter, she isn't. The picture tells all about it.

"Glass Houses"
Viola Dana in a Fine Metro Production

DEPEND upon it that any feature in which Viola Dana carries on, in that admirable, amusing and wistful way in which she can carry on, is almost sure to be something near a hundred per cent. excellent entertainment. Also depend upon it, that the photoplay never reaches the so-called sublime heights of the much-talked-about super-feature films. But it is a good picture. We say "good" deliberately, and mean it. There is fine comedy in the film, guaranteed to relieve you of your secular cares while you witness the unwinding of the reels of "Glass Houses."

Surely the author of the story never, for one moment, believed that life for all its quixotic and hard-to-believe twists and turns, happens after the manner she fashioned her story. But it is a story especially suited to the screen, because it has the high comedy spots, not very plausible, it is true, but nevertheless, stuff that makes the feature something to see. It is fun-provoking, and after all that is the aim and ambition of the director and star.

Joy and Cicily Duval lose their money and must go to work. Cicily is afraid if Joy becomes a working girl, she will lose the chance of a contemplated marriage. So Joy disguises as the stage-type "sensible" office employee. She lands a job as companion to Aunt Harriet, who has a good-looking, but sadly wild nephew. The author throws Joy and Billy together and they are married. Then the fun starts. Billy suspects his wife as the notorious "Angel Face Ann." Joy believes her husband out of his mind. Fun mixes amusingly into the action until "Angel Face Ann" is caught and everything ends, presumably, happily.

Viola Dana plays her part with the usual grace she attaches to all her portrayals. Gaston Glass gives an excellent piece of work as the distracted Billy, while Mayme Kelso and others in the cast support the leads admirably.

Mark it down as a feature that can be safely seen and enjoyed immensely.

MARGOLIES.
Book Reviews for the Profession

New Contributions to the Literary Field

EDITED BY EDWIN MORDANT

Marooned in Moscow

By Marguerite E. Harrison, published by George H. Doran and Company, New York City. $3.00.

For many months we have been reading Soviet propaganda, reports of American Relief in Russia, political maneuvers for recognition of Lenin and Trotsky's Communist Government, etc. The American public has not been in position to judge for itself, nor get a real angle on what is happening in that troubled country. At last we have an opportunity. Marguerite E. Harrison, the author of "Marooned in Moscow," went to Russia as correspondent for The Sun (Baltimore, Maryland) and the Associated Press. Ten of her eighteen months in Russia were spent in prison. She was released in July, 1921, simultaneous with the entrance of the American Relief Association—which was conditioned upon the release of all American prisoners.

Mrs. Harrison is a keen newspaper woman, and her training in that field is fully demonstrated in this interesting and instructive volume. Her letters have the first authentic narrative that bears the mark of truth. She makes no attempt at defense, but tells in a very dramatic manner just what she saw. But one is able to form a very vivid mental picture of the actual manner of daily life in the Russia of to-day. She has summed up her impressions in a final chapter, and upon the facts as presented the reader may reach an individual conclusion. MORDANT.

The Fair Rewards

By Thomas Beer, published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York City. $2.50.

I READ "The Reward" to the end, and am still curious to know why it was published. It purports to be a story of the stage and its people. The author writes familiarly of many well-known managers and actors—many of whom have passed on. I have been associated with the profession for some years, and have never met with the types he has drawn. He says that such a book may not be limited. Out of the story there is not much to remember. But one character stands out prominently, and even that is not well drawn.

MORDANT.

Snowdrift

By James Beardsley Hendryx, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. $1.75.

"SNOWDRIFT" is one of those blood-stirring stories of the Yukon country, and holds interest to the final page. It is dramatically told, and Mr. Hendryx's vivid pictures can be readily visualized by the reader. It is really the story of a man's fight against himself, and his subsequent regeneration. Carter Brent is the type of young American that we love, sympathize with, and applaud when he triumphs over himself—and his enemies—and gets the girl Destiny picks out for him. She is called "Snowdrift," but she has another name, she is not an Indian, but real Scotch—and a real "bonnie lassie." In addition to its entertaining qualities as a novel, it would make an attractive moving picture of the type that all "fans" adore.

MORDANT.

Oh, Susanna

By Meade Minnigerode, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. $1.50.

"OH, SUSANNA" is the name of an improvised song; also that of the heroine of this delightful tale of the sea. The author has developed a story which reads very much like a history of the American Merchant Marine, for it traces its growth from 1818 to 1849—the year of the great rush for California, and the gold-fever that stirred the world. Lovers of adventure on the sea, especially during the days of the privateer and clipper-built sailing ship, will revel in this very-vividly written story. We even get a picture of old New York that is refreshing. Bowling Green was its center at that time, and Times Square unheard of.

An interesting dramatic plot, with its climax in a well-conceived love story, keeps one on the tip-toe of expectancy. MORDANT.

Wayfarers in Arcady

By Charles Vince, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. $2.00.

M. R. VINE is a close student of nature—a poet and artist by instinct. I imagine him to be one who tramps through the country alone—one who can find something to admire in everything Nature produces, and with the power to express upon paper what they mean to him. That is a rare gift—a spiritual gift. With him, it is the little things that are of moment, and each chapter is an essay of the little things that he has observed, and carefully analyzes. His word pictures are so vivid that the reader will sit with him on the Downs of Sussex, and visualize what he paints, or stroll down the roads and over the hills, and perhaps the trees will take on the same shapes they have for him. Through it all there runs a strain of spiritual uplift and practical philosophy which is helpful and satisfying. "Wayfarers in Arcady" is a book to keep by your side, and be reread as you read, and read anywhere—and thoroughly enjoy wherever you may open it.

MORDANT.

Modern Men and Mummies


THIS very interesting volume introduces the reader to a number of past, and present, noted Englishmen—and several English women. The author conveys that he speaks with intimate association with them, and that adds to the value of his impressions. Members of the theatrical profession will be particularly interested in his biographies of Bernard Shaw, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Stephen Phillips, Frank Benson, Robert Ross, Sir Francis Galton, Lytton Strachey, and Frank Harris. Some of the published letters by Harris will make American blood boil—at the same time you will agree with Bernard Shaw's estimate of the man. Portions of these letters should have been deleted; it was bad taste to publish in full.


Through the pages run many references to Oscar Wilde, and the reader will gather impressions of that gifted writer, both from the author and from his many friends and associates.

Mr. Pearson has a keen sense of humor, and displays great shrewdness in his character drawings. The fact that he does not stand in awe of the great renders his book particularly attractive.

MORDANT.

Conn of the Coral Seas

By Beatrice Grimshaw, published by The Macmillan Company, New York City. $1.75.

IN the advance notes we are informed that Beatrice Grimshaw "is the farthest-travelled lady adventurer of our day. After poking into most of the little-known corners of the earth, she has built a home on an island in the South Seas." That is the setting of her present book; the locale being Melasli, capital of the New Cumberland Islands.

Steve Conn and Deirdre Rose are the principal characters of this first-rate melodramatic romance, and I can fancy moving-picture stars reveling in them as soon as they are discovered. If the book had been written with that end in view it couldn't be more complete. There isn't a situation missing that would appeal to a director—and what a chance for "locations." All it will require is vivid imagination, for Miss Grim-
The Dragon in Shallow Waters

Jean Val Jean is regarded by competent authorities as the greatest character in fiction. Silas Dene will get no such place in the public mind because he is sordid, deeply bitter, and moved by the lowest of human motives. In the public mind, the character is wonderfully well drawn, and therefore this bold comparison is suggested.

The wrongs and persecution which Jean Val Jean suffered refined and molded the beauty of his soul. Blindness embittered and intensified the fiend in Silas Dene's brilliant moral cowardice. Without murky circumstances, he is in love with the daughter of his political enemy. He also realizes that it is a business of the mob, and he is indeed quite a boom.

Every page teems with facts, which have been carefully deduced from the earth's treasured evidence, and is so simply told that the story is a sweetness, a strength, a sincerity, and a living portrait—for it is worthy of being memorialized through dramatization. Her sharp tongue and ready wit are a delight; underneath it all is a warm heart, and a loyalty that is typical of the New England character.

Mrs. Terhune has developed her story simply and sincerely, and she reveals an appreciation of village life that helps off-set the desire to belittle everything that comes from a small town. She has a villain in the story: but it is not the kind you would expect. Through it all there is a wholesome atmosphere, and a fidelity to truth; reaching a climax in a moral more powerful than a sermon. "Eyes of the Village" is a fitting title, for it is through that medium the scenes unfold, and the story is told—and well told.

The Tower of Oblivion
By Oliver Onions, published by The Macmillan Company, New York City.

I SHOULD term this volume a "psychological study of the theory of growing young—not old." Certainly it is a psychological treatise of the most extraordinary character. You won't be able to lay it down for a long time, and then you will find yourself shaking your head and rubbing your eyes; you won't be able to decide the category in which the character of Derwent Rose should be placed. However, you will quite conclude, "It is suffering from a form of mania, and possesses a "Jekyll and Hyde" personality."

Mr. Phillpotts has drawn the character well, and succeeds in keeping one mystified. It is the sort of book you may want to read a second time—I believe it would be advisable, for there is much one may miss at the first reading. In fact, I recommend a second reading. Woven into the story is a very pathetic love interest and the sterling friendship of Sir George Coverham.

"The Tower of Oblivion" may not be one of the "best sellers," but I predict that it will be a "steady seller," for it is a book you will read and recommend.

Caruso and the Art of Singing
By Salvatore Fucito and Barnet J. Beyer, published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.

A n interesting and authoritative account of the life and characteristics of the great singer by a man who was intimately associated with him as his coach and accompanist for many years. Maestro Fucito tells of the tenor's early struggles and ultimate triumphs in Europe and America. He describes Caruso's hobbies, his wonderful generosity, his histrionic ability and his keen insight which enabled him to draw the excellent caricatures for which he was well known. Some of these caricatures are reproduced in the book, as well as photographs of Caruso in some of his famous roles.

The latter half of the book contains a more or less technical account of Caruso's method of studying, and also many exercises which he devised and used himself. There is no doubt this volume is destined to interest the student and teacher.

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Real Ghost Stories
The Pilgrim of a Smile
Adventures of the Night
The Trembling of a Leaf
The Man in Ratchett
Malcolm Sage, Detective
The Comeback
Vision House
The Golden Goat
Parables for Little People
The Dragon in Shallow Waters
The Eyes of the Village
Conn of the Coral Seas
An Ordeal of Honor
EtheU Opens the Door
The Glorious Adventure

The House of Cards
A Little More
Midnight
Marooned in Moscow
Wayfarers in Arcady
More Tish
One Third Off
Oh! Susanna
The Fair Rewards
Snow Drift
Caravans by Night
The Ways of Laughter
Evolution of Civilization
Yollop
The Purple Pearl
Torquis Success
Caruso and the Art of Singing

L. S. ABBOTT.

MORDANT.
April 1922


The Braminos, Orpheum, 13-15.

Barres & Worsley, Orpheum, 13-15; Fulton, 16-19.


Oliver Bayes, Fulton, 13-15; Lincoln Sq., 16-19.

Three Belmonts, National, 13-19.


Clark, Hughie, Avenue B, 16-19.


Cortez & Ryan, Hamilton, 16-19.


Challone Sisters, Orpheum, 13-15.

Coate, Margie, Grecy Sq., 13-15; Nat­ ional, 16-19.


American, 16-19.

Cutting A Woman In Two, Gates, 13-15; Grecy Sq., 16-19.

Connors & Boyne, Delancey St., 13-15; Lincoln Sq., 16-19.

Class & Jazz Revue, Atlanta, 13-15; Bir­ mingham, 16-19.


Carbone, Alita & Co., Kansas City, 13-15; St. Louis, 16-19.


Carl & Inez, American, 16-19.

Cowboy Williams & Dixie, Atlanta, 16-19.

Carlton, Ubert, Atlanta, 16-19.

Dance Polka, Atlanta, 16-19.

Dancin’ Dancers, Orpheum, 13-15; America, 16-19.


Dancing Surprise, Montreal, 13-15.

Dura & Feeley, Buffalo, 13-19.


Ernesto, Lincoln Sq., 13-16; Victoria, 16-19.

Earl & Matthews, Gates, 16-19.


Four Ballioths, American, 16-19.

Flying Henrys, Metropolitan, 16-19.


Frey, Henry, Delancey St., 13-15; Boule­ vard, 16-19.

Fields, Sally, Boulevard, 16-19.


Fein & Tennys, Providence, 13-15; Bos­ ton, 16-19.


Freemont's Church, St. Louis, 13-15; Day­ ton, 16-19.

Four Musketeers, St. Louis, 13-15; Day­ ton, 16-19.

Four Pardens, St. Louis, 13-15; Dayton, 16-19.


Great Howard, Holyoke, 13-15; Springfield, 19.

Goetz & Duffy, Boston, 13-15; Providence, 19.


Garden, Geo. & Lily, Memphis, 13-15.

New Orleans, 16-19.


Grady, Joe & Co., Kansas City, 13-15; St. Louis, 16-19.

Howard & Brown, State, 13-15; Delancey St., 16-19.


Honeycomb Inn, Boulevard, 16-19.


Harlequins, 5, Providence, 13-15; Boston, 16-19.

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(Continued on next page)
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Author of
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Boston

Theatre conditions in Boston continue as favorable as in the month past. The leading successes which hold popular favor are, "Red Pepper," formerly at the Wilbar, and now at the Shubert, George Arliss in "The Green Goddess" at the Plymouth, and "Liliom" at the Wilbar. These three attractions are playing to excellent business, the latter two especially, as they are selling standing room only at practically every performance. Fred Stone in "Tip Top" continues at the Colonial, with the exception of one week, when the extreme cold affected all theatres. Fred Stone in "Tip Top" continues at the Colonial, with the exception of one week, when the extreme cold affected all theatres is playing to nearly capacity houses. William Gillette closed an excellent two weeks' engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre in "The Dream," and Miss Billie Burke followed him in "The Intimate Strangers." Miss Burke cleared her run there on March 4th. "The White-Headed Boy" was presented at the Hollis Street for a short engagement on March 6th, and will be followed by "Dudley," with Lynn Fontaine. At the Tremont Theatre, Griffith and "Orphans of the Storm," closed March 4th, and Lionel Atwill came into that house with "The Grand Duke." Harry Lander appeared at the Boston Opera House, now under Shubert direction for one week starting March 6th.

Chicago

Plans for making this city more important theatrically grow apace, the latest and most far-reaching action being that of the contemplated realignment of Erlanger and Shubert, heads of the great rival booking organizations. A. L. Erlanger and Lee Shubert are, at this present writing, in this city in conference with the proposed merger. It is rumored that the first Chicago playhouse to be affected by this would be the Colonial and the Apollo, Shubert vaudeville moving to the Colonial in May, and the Apollo, taking Musical Comedies beginning, perhaps, with Ziegfeld's smash hit, "Sally."

The La Salle and Central Theatres, and possibly one or two others, it was said, would be closed as "superfluous" or turned over to the movies. However, matters, according to Mr. Shubert, have not yet been decided. The Chicago theatres involved in the new plan are the Illinois, Blackstone, Colonial, and the Powers—the "syndicate" group: Garrick, Apollo, Princess, Great Northern, and Central, all Shubert houses, and the La Salle and Playhouse, whose affairs are more or less closely allied with those of the Shubert League.

The Maligned First-Nighters
(Continued from page 101)

-Of themselves (or they hope to go through it in the near future) and they leak sympathy and fellow-feeling all over the place.

"Among Those Present"

LOOK out of the corner of your eye at the next first-night—at the world première, say, of "The Leprous Lover," by Joshua K. Pringle—and examine the mortals ranged in a row from your seat to the next aisle. It will be, for instance, playwright's aunt and uncle who, though they don't see much of him these days, do derive a little prestige over in Englewood from having this auspicious relation to the well-known Mr. Pringle. There is no need of paying them to applaud. Next is Miss Hortense Tiara, who had expected to play the lead until she was eased out of the cast at the third rehearsal. She is not precisely praying for the play's success. In fact she hopes and believes that the piece, absurdly miscast as it now is, will prove one of the swiftest and direct deaths of the year. But she is just enough of an actress to achieve an expression of fairly hearty good-will. It is her personal conviction that in the title, Patty Swain is a gångst and a disgrace to her art, but as she has come to the first-night for no other purpose than to demonstrate her splendid broad-mindedness, she makes a point of expressing a tremendous approval at every opportunity. There is no need of paying her to applaud. Next to her sits a slimy young man who is so afraid that no one will know he's been abroad that he cries "Bravo! Bravo!" in a well-managed staccato, though he feels within him that the Pringle opus is fearfully American and bourgeois and all that. Next to him sits Mrs. Amy Smithers, cousin of 101)

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-Of themselves (or they hope to go through it in the near future) and they leak sympathy and fellow-feeling all over the place.

"Among Those Present"

LOOK out of the corner of your eye at the next first-night—at the world première, say, of "The Leprous Lover," by Joshua K. Pringle—and examine the mortals ranged in a row from your seat to the next aisle. It will be, for instance, playwright's aunt and uncle who, though they don't see much of him these days, do derive a little prestige over in Englewood from having this auspicious relation to the well-known Mr. Pringle. There is no need of paying them to applaud. Next is Miss Hortense Tiara, who had expected to play the lead until she was eased out of the cast at the third rehearsal. She is not precisely praying for the play's success. In fact she hopes and believes that the piece, absurdly miscast as it now is, will prove one of the swiftest and direct deaths of the year. But she is just enough of an actress to achieve an expression of fairly hearty good-will. It is her personal conviction that in the title, Patty Swain is a gångst and a disgrace to her art, but as she has come to the first-night for no other purpose than to demonstrate her splendid broad-mindedness, she makes a point of expressing a tremendous approval at every opportunity. There is no need of paying her to applaud. Next to her sits a slimy young man who is so afraid that no one will know he's been abroad that he cries "Bravo! Bravo!" in a well-managed staccato, though he feels within him that the Pringle opus is fearfully American and bourgeois and all that. Next to him sits Mrs. Amy Smithers, cousin of 101)
The New Plays
(Continued from page 115)

"The Rubicon"

"The Rubicon," assuming that it is what it is not—a good play—is ten years too late. It is also very dull, very stupid, very old fashioned, very pretentious and certainly has no excuse in an American theatre. It is this sort of thing which hurts the American theatre. Because Paris likes this sort of thing is no reason America should like it. Paney must have a play in which the story cannot be told without a bluff. A story so exceptional that the average person will say it is impossible. And the only interest (?) will be in the so-called naughtiness which, as I have said, I found incredibly dull. A thing which is vulgar may be amusing. This is coarse and brings the sort of coarse laughter I heard at the opening.

Yes, I see that just this sort of opinion may send the crowds. Alas. The only acting that was interesting was that of Paris. Miss Heming could do nothing with so absurd a part. Edna May Oliver took a rôle at a day's notice and gave a good account of herself. Warburton Gamble is a good actor but he cannot touch a French part.

"Your Woman and Mine"

The program of the Klaw Theatre confides that "Your Woman and Mine" was staged by David Pennell. And that the production was "supervised" by Edward Elsner. And that is was presented by Lee Kugel. I have no doubt that Messrs. Pennell and Elsner had a hand in it, but this does not look like the work of Lee Kugel. It appeared to me to have been a taking over of someone else's work. Mr. Kugel says that he thought perhaps our audiences might be interested in a sentimental play, if only as a relief from the hectic things that the audiences had been seeing. Yes, if the sentimental play is a good play, or if the sentimental play is splendidly staged. "Your Woman and Mine" is neither a good play nor is it splendidly staged. On the contrary it is a very loose play. And very badly staged. And yet, in the right hands it could have been cut and pulled together and made into a popular success. All the elements are there. The governor in love with the young school teacher. The henchmen and the political fight. The mystery which should have been solved by a play and which the program in advance. The sacrificing county clerk. The noble-hearted member of the legislature. His wife. Etc., etc.

The cast has some of our very best actors. Byron Beasley, Reginald Barlow, Bertram Marburgh, George Stuart Christie, Malcolm Duncan, Royal C. Stout and Henry Mortimer, Regina Williams, the school teacher and Minnie Dupree the wife of the old legislator. But this cast does not save this play. Henry Mortimer did a magnificent piece of work in the second scene of the second act.

The author of the play is Cleves Kinkead. Mr. Kinkead also wrote "Common Clay." This may be difficult to understand.

S. JAY KAUFMAN.

"Bavu"

I ASSUME that Earl Carroll set out to write a success, so that he would be able to pay for his new theatre. I wish he had set out to write a fine play. I say this because he has one of the finest equipped stages in the country. And I would like to have seen that stage used with something better than "Bavu." "Bavu" is of the "Bat" school without being a murder mystery play. It is a story of Russia to-day. A story of a romantic half-Turk-half-Greek, who plunders as a member of the "Committee of Ten," in the Russian town of Baia. The entire play takes place in an attic, where "Bavu" is finally outwitted by a young ex-nobleman. It is this outwitting which is, of course, the interest, and while it furnishes an agreeable and thrilling evening's entertainment, I am afraid that it is not in any way important. The importance is in the possibilities for the Earl Carroll theatre.

The stage, the dressing rooms and the mechanical and electrical equipment have been designed to meet the requirements of a permanent repertory company. I hope that Earl Carroll will bring about such a company, and he can do it by using his present cast as a nucleus.

Henry Herbert was not quite facile enough for the rôle of "Bavu," but it was due to the fact that the play had not had a complete dress rehearsal, and that the lighting was completely changed the opening night on account of the fire department regulations. Helen Freeman should not be cast for leading woman. She has some capabilities, but rather more for character roles, William H. Powell had little to do. I am glad to see that Carlotta Monterey was given an opportunity to act. Here is more evidence of how our managers waste real talent.

S. JAY KAUFMAN.

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There is no question about the novelty of the idea. But as is the case in so many performances of this type, it is all too uneven and unsettled. It lacks definiteness and certainly with something better than "Bavu." The result is an impression of amateurishness which even the casual theatre-goer must feel. In the Ziegfeld and Anderson productions there is always evidence of production. The Fables enterprise was far too slipshod.

S. JAY KAUFMAN.
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