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# 1911 NUMBER

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# Let Us Make Believe!

LET'S pretend we're in 1911; slipping off twenty-five years just as if they had never been.

Imagine, please, for the sake of the illusion, that these pages of STAGE were written, illustrated, and sent to press—not in July, 1936, but in July, 1911; and that they are presented to you in the manner which STAGE would have employed had it existed at that time.

Here again are Maude Adams as Chantecler, and Minnie Maddern Fiske as Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh; Ethel Barrymore in *The Twelve Pound Look* and *Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire*; and John Drew and Mary Boland, Leo Ditrichstein and John Mason, Marguerite Clark and Laura Nelson Hall; and oh, how many others!

And here once more are the musicals: with Emma Trentini in *Naughty Marietta*; with Christie MacDonald in *The Spring Maid*; with Hazel Dawn in *The Pink Lady*; and *Madame Sherry*, *The Slim Princess*, *The Girl and the Kaiser*, *The Balkan Princess*, *The Ziegfeld Follies*—and many others.

Music had its Golden Year: with Caruso, Scotti, Slezak, Didur, Destinn, Fremstad, Gadske, Garden, Homer, Gluck, and Farrar—and Mahler, Toscanini, Gatti-Casazza, and Andreas Dippel. And in concerts and recitals: Sembrich, Kubelik, Hofmann, Schumann-Heink, Melba, McCormack; and Damrosch and Stokowski.

It was the heyday of vaudeville: with—to name but a few—Eva Tanguay, Vesta Tilley, Nat Wills, Harry Houdini, Gertrude Hoffman, the Lloyd Sisters, Joe Jackson. . . . And what a galaxy they all were—at the Old Colonial and all around the circuit!

It was a very *prodigy* of a year.

Recall in memory: Martin's . . . Delmonico's . . . Sherry's . . . Churchill's . . . Murray's . . . Bustanoby's . . . the Waldorf . . . the Holland House . . . the Hoffman House . . . the Astor Roof . . . Jack's . . . the Brevoort and the Lafayette. . . . Who of us can remember, or ever knew, all of the fine restaurants and the hotels where we used to go to dine and wine—and sometimes dance? For that was the year of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, when

the town went dance-mad; and when Rector's at midnight became the Balmoral Club, and Reisenweber's, The Society of United Friends.

In all of the reckless activities of these After-Dark hours there was subtly prophesied the desperate days to be born in the war to come.

It was *indeed* a very prodigy of a year. A dear, dead, but gay and gallant year.

\* \* \*

This issue in your hands is an attempt to recapture in picture and text, and in idiom and fact, the glamor of After-Dark entertainment as it was known to New Yorkers twenty-five years ago.

We, the editors, have had a rare good time in fashioning this magazine for you. It has been a vast and laborious task of research, one in which we are indebted to the New York Public Library and the picture collections of the Messrs. Culver, Davis, Brown, and Seton.

And we are indebted, too, to the collaboration of those advertisers who have entered enthusiastically and wholeheartedly into the task of recapturing the memories of long ago.

We hope that you will have as much fun in reading these pages as we have had in making them—*nearly as much!*



EDITOR and PUBLISHER

# WE WENT TO THE PLAY

This is the time of year, of course, when Broadway skips off into high jinks and tired-business-man allurements; or else just stands stock still and catches its breath before the return engagements and vigorous rehearsal schedules of August. Most of the managers are scouting for new fall attractions in other lands, or are shut up in stuffy offices planning even richer and more exciting enchantments for the coming year.

Except for a last priceless glimpse of the Divine Sarah and the Sothern and Marlowe return engagement (which, by the way, did not reach the boards until July 3 and then closed after one performance) this June has been like most of the others: A new *Ziegfeld Follies*; a couple of summer musicals, Gilbert and Sullivan, and a scant peppering of half-baked dramas, which slunk off to the sticks almost before they had gained a bowing acquaintance with the Gay White Way.

Mme. Bernhardt paused, between her triumphant trans-continental tour and embarking for home, for only four performances at the Globe; four performances, however, which will remain unforgettable theatre experiences in the hearts of New York's playgoers. The first bill was Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice* and André Theuriet's *Jean Marie*; two plays of her repertory in which Mme. Bernhardt never before had appeared in New York. After a tour which would have exhausted the energies of even the most vigorous of our junior stars, the great tragedienne seemed even younger, more alive, surer in her matchless art than she did in December, when she played her four-week engagement here. She no longer seemed rooted to one spot on the stage; and, when she moved about, did not appear to need the support of chairs and tables as she had before.

Her staging of the Maeterlinck play is particularly interesting: with the great doors of the convent upstage center; the chapel, where occurs the miracle of the flowers, on the right; and the doors of the cloister on the left. The tempo and intensity of her performance rise in an exquisite crescendo. In the first act, *Sister Beatrice*, already torn with doubts about her worldly love for Prince Bellidor, stands at the feet of the Virgin; her voice the softly modulated tones of a young girl. When the Prince comes her voice vibrates with a woman's passion. When, as the Virgin, she comes down to take *Sister Beatrice's* place among the nuns, her voice, her face,

her gestures take on a sublime gentleness and humility which beggar description.

In *Jean Marie*, evidently put into the repertory to give prominence to her young and talented leading man, Lou Tellegen, Mme. Bernhardt played, with complete simplicity and unpretentious pathos, the wife, Therese, who so touchingly sacrifices love for duty. Her *La Dame aux Camelias*; the feverish gaiety, the restless lightness of the first scene; the voice which still melts the heart as her "Jamais, jamais!" rings through the garden at Neuilly; the white exaltation of the death scene need no further comment here.

Nor does her *La Femme X* with its own incomparable death scene. It is miraculous, too, to see how the *L'Aiglon* of this woman of sixty-five has deepened and gained subtlety and stature with the years. One, now, might almost consider it her greatest part—except for *Phedre*. Her playing in the Racine classic will always remain, of course, the highest flight of her genius; her speaking of that hushed and portentous line to Oenone, scarcely breathing the words, "It is thou who has named him," one of the acting miracles of all time.

But, to get back to *L'Aiglon*, one cannot better elucidate this growth in concept and performance than by quoting a few lines of the superb review of H. T. Parker, the brilliant young critic of the *Boston Transcript*, written after Mme. Bernhardt's playing of the Eaglet there. "Once," writes Mr. Parker, "with the full power of the theatre thrusting across the footlights to assured effect, Mme. Bernhardt's princeling flung the candelabra into the disillusioning mirror. A wavering hand flings it now out of a spirit that wavers because it has begun to see itself. . . . These are the finer sensibilities, this is the finer attuning of Mme. Bernhardt's acting now. Once she acted in the theatre, for the theatre, by the ways of the theatre. . . . Now she acts out of insight, to beauty. The spirit not the substance of her personages concerns her; the sublimation and not the shows of acting stimulates her. She began in sophisticated theatrical power; and she is ending in spiritualized simplicity."

No more gigantic stride from the sublime to the ridiculous was ever taken within the walls of one theatre than the one between the classic austerities of the great French-woman's repertory and *The Red Rose*, that riot of girls, giggles, and

garters, which opened at the Globe three days after Mme. Bernhardt did. Here is a typical Valeska Suratt show; centered around the sultry, sinuous personality of its star; a colorful and rather off-color production with not great distinction but ample entertainment quality for warm-weather audiences. The *Student Glide*, a *Grizzly Bear* dance routine, and *Men, Men, Men* are the two best numbers in it. But the dressing—undressing rather—remains the high point of the evening. And here again Miss Suratt steals the honors; appearing in a series of flaming and sumptuous costumes, cunningly contrived to display her superb figure to best advantage.

The new edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies*, although not as rich in clever material as some of the others have been, adds up to a gorgeous and amusing evening's entertainment. The revue has two acts and thirteen scenes, the best of which are *Everywife*, a lampoon of the season's successful morality play, *Every-woman*, which was first produced at the Lambs' *Gambol* earlier in the season; two sprightly parodies on *Pinafore* and *The Pink Lady*; a delirious extravaganza called *New Year's Eve on the Barbary Coast*; and an ingenious pony ballet in which Lillian Lorraine and half a dozen girls are mounted on wooden ponies and swing out over the audience as they ride and sing.

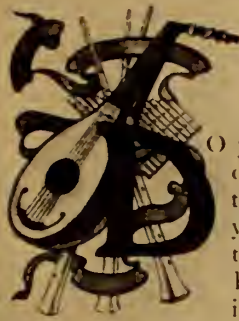
Even in competition with Bessie McCoy, Fannie Brice, Leon Errol, Walter Percival, The Dolly Sisters, and Miss Lorraine, Bert Williams makes the prime hit of the evening. The audience can not get enough of him: As *Nobody* in the *Everywife* skit; singing *Woodman Spare That Tree*, the latest success of the town's favorite song writer, Irving Berlin; playing his famous pantomimic poker hand; singing *Harmony*.

Bessie McCoy has a new dance—not to be compared with the Yama Yama of happy memory, but still an exhilarating and comic affair—called *Tad's Daffydils*, in which she leads eight girls in Yama-like gambols. Her best song, by the way, is *Take Care, Little Girl*. Fannie Brice, that new *Follies* favorite, lacks first-rate material this year; but she can still make excruciatingly funny faces. *That Chilly Man* gives little opportunity for her robust "coon-shouting" style; but she scores hilariously in a Yiddish part in the *Pinafore* travesty. The Dolly Sisters are about as usual, and they bring down the house with their Siamese dance. George White, a young man well

worth watching, dances with them and dances well. The whole show is set with Mr. Ziegfeld's accustomed lavishness and taste; and the girls, of course, are the handsomest on Broadway. And just for good measure, "Ziggy" has thrown in a cabaret with all of his stars acting as entertainers.

As we enjoy Shakespeare even when the thermometer stands at a hundred and four, we were mightily disappointed at the sudden demise of the Sothern-Marlowe return engagement. Rumor has it that the whole idea was Lee Shubert's; that neither of the eminent Shakespearean stars thought it wise to play New York in midsummer. But being under contract they had to submit to their manager's decision. The combination of a particularly scorching night and the holiday, however, settled the matter. And, after one performance, the engagement—a planned repertory of *Macbeth*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Twelfth Night*—was called off. The excuse given to the press was that Miss Marlowe had collapsed from the heat. The real reason obviously was *no box office*. Immediately the two sailed for London, where, again rumor has it, that happy event, which all of America has been expecting since Virginia Harned obtained her divorce over a year ago, will take place.

In spite of the weather and the laggard sensibilities of New York's playgoers, however, Broadway on the night of July 3rd did have the opportunity of seeing the Sothern-Marlowe *Macbeth* once more this season. This is a brave production; and, although it lacks greatness, earns ably the distinguished place it holds in their repertory. Sothern, realizing his physical limitations for the role, makes his Thane of Cawdor a mental criminal; a man of nerves and feverish emotions. Banquo's ghost, for instance, brings him in a panic to the floor. As always Mr. Sothern uses his talent and his fine vocal equipment intelligently; Miss Marlowe's *Lady Macbeth* remains charming. She almost has a sense of humor; and a thrilling lesson in the language is delivered every time she utters it. Nance O'Neil, in our opinion, however, is the only frightening and completely real *Lady Macbeth* of these times. And now we wish this splendid pair of players a hearty "Bon Voyage," and await their return in the fall with high anticipation.



# The Influence of Music on Our Lives

Do you crave for the good old songs of heart and home that bring to you the memories of days gone by? Do you want some inspiring band music to set your feet and heart a-patter? Do you desire the pleasure of having the greatest opera stars at your command—of having repeated the gems you may have heard, the arias which impressed you with their sublime beauty? Or would you rather hear some favorite gospel hymns to soothe you with their tenderness or stir your soul with their power? Or perhaps you may want something to make you laugh, for humor is a divine thing and helps us along as well as high faith.

It is twilight of a quiet Sunday afternoon. The hush of the day, the tinkling of distant vesper bells and the flutter of birds coming home to nest, all suit the mood of Sabbath rest and meditation.



Perhaps it is little Marie who goes softly to the Victor and starts the solemn strains of "Lead, Kindly Light." The voices of the Haydn Quartet dwell lovingly on the words which meant so much to Newman, which have meant so much of devotion and hope to many souls after him. Now they blend in a unison of holy resignation, and now the bass comes out stronger, reassuring and dominant.

If ever "true religion and undefiled" found lyrical expression it is in this hymn—and if ever a great hymn was faithfully recorded, it is here.

You can feel the springs of your own devotion welling up, memories of holy moments that are past, and the beauty of the soul that leans on and trusts in the Almighty. You will not wonder that this has been the favorite hymn of so many brave, believing spirits.

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Of course you have stood on a corner and listened to a band as it came up the street. And little by little, the rhythmic tramp of feet, the martial blaring of the horns, the rat-a-tat-tat of the snare drums, begin to get you. And after the band come the soldiers, and something swells up inside you and you wish you were going to war or doing something daring and heroic. This is just the way you will feel when you hear Sousa's new march, "Glory of the Yankee Navy." It has the true Sousa swing, the sort of blood-tingling valor that would break up a peace conference, that makes the funny little shivers run up and down your spine, and you feel that you must do something to blow off steam and give vent to the joy of life. You know the Sousa kind of music? Well, this is it.

Victor Single-faced Record 5818. Ten-inch, 60 cents

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A good "talking" record now and then gives variety to a Victor program. You will not regret getting this one.

Victor Double-faced Record 16507. Ten-inch, 75 cents



Swinburne said he pitied anyone who died without reading certain passages in Tasso. We pity anyone who lives without hearing Tetrizzini sing that matchless gem from Traviata—"Ah! fors'è lui". Verdi, the king of Italian melody, wrote nothing more sweet, more tender, more melting in the richness of its feeling.

Violetta, the sin-laden "lady of the camellias," perceives in an instant that the man is come who can rescue her soul from shame and draw her into the paradise of pure love.

The dawning light of true love shining thro' the poisoned shadows of her old life is expressed with poignant tenderness, and the love-motif swells and throbs into a sublime burst of song, the cry of the soul that has found its own. It is the kind of music that almost makes you ache with pleasure. Tetrizzini in this selection displays both her marvelous technical ability, and her wonderful shades of dramatic interpretation.

This Victor Record alone would make it worth while to own the Victor.

Victor Red Seal Record 86293. Twelve-inch, \$3



Of all this season's light operas none achieved a greater success than "The Pink Lady". Sparkling music and catchy words—you won't wonder at the furore over this opera after you hear "Gems from The Pink Lady". There are four sprightly selections, "By the Saskatchewan", "Oh, So Gently", "Donny Did and Donny Didn't", and "Beautiful Lady Waltz".

The first and last of these are probably the favorites. The "Saskatchewan" is a lively, liting piece that bubbles and shimmers like the ripples on the river's own fair face. The "Beautiful Lady Waltz" is a more serious musical effort, and you will want to try it with your own "beautiful lady" (or if you are one, with your wonderful man). It's the kind of waltz that just seems to glide you on, in dreamy spirals, and you forget that the room is crowded, and the floor slippery, and the night hot, and—oh, well, it makes you forget everything but just her.

Victor Single-faced Record 31823. Twelve-inch, \$1

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- G. Mario Sammarco, Baritone
  - 38312 Hamlet—Brindisi (Drinking Song) (Thomas) 12-inch, \$1 In Italian

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- Hold Me Just a Little Closer That Girl' Quartet 10
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# THE SHOW IS ON!



## As a Man Thinks

By Augustus Thomas. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert. With John Mason, Chrystal Herne, Walter Hale, John Flood, Charlotte Ives. Staged by Mr. Thomas. Matinees Wed., Sat., at 2:15; evenings at 8:15. NAZIMOVA'S 39TH ST., 39th near B'way. Scheduled to re-open Aug. 14.

Mr. Mason returns in the role of the physician in whose eyes the laws of humanity transcend all racial prejudice. A serious drama which involves the question of moral responsibility between the sexes as Mr. Thomas sees it; Chrystal Herne demonstrates it; and Mr. Mason solves it to the satisfaction of all involved.

## Excuse Me

By Rupert Hughes. Produced by Henry W. Savage. With John Westley, Anne Murdock, James Lackaye. Staged by George Marion. Matinees Wed., Sat., at 2:30; evenings at 8:30. GAIETY, B'way at 46th. Scheduled to reopen August 14.

This riotous, rollicking farce set on a Pullman train in which the young Loch-invar comes out of the west, woos, and wins, but returns so quickly that he forgets the wedding license, is ably acted by Mr. Westley and Miss Murdock; while Mr. Lackaye, as the minister who turns his collar around, neatly steals the show. But then, in this trainload of laughs there are so many ministers—though none to join Mr. Westley and Miss Murdock in holy matrimony—that one of them is almost sure to steal the show; although it is really the porter, Willis P. Sweatnam, who comes out ahead.

## Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George M. Cohan from the novel by George Randolph Chester. Produced by Cohan and Harris. With Hale Hamilton, Edward Ellis, Grant Mitchell, Frances Ring. Staged by Samuel Forrest. Matinees Sat. 2:15; Evenings at 8:15. GEORGE M. COHAN, Broadway at 43rd. Opened September 19, 1910.

The special air-cooling system at George M. Cohan's theatre isn't the only reason why this is the only drama without music to survive the summer. Mr. Hamilton as the successful J. Rufus Wallingford—successful in this instance in business, both shady and respectable, and in love, completely respectable—continues to enchant with his ebullience. Frances Ring as Fanny Jasper, the secretary, and Purnell Pratt as the energetic newspaper reporter, Clint Harkins, continue to be irresistible. Mr. Cohan seems to have hit the nail—or rather the tack—on the head with this one.

## MUSICALS

### He Came From Milwaukee

Book by Mark Swan and Edward Madden. Music by Ben Jerome and Louis A. Hirsch. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert. With Sam Bernard

and Nella Bergen. Matinees Wed., Sat., 2:15; evenings at 8:15. CASINO, B'way and 39th. Scheduled to reopen Aug. 21, and close Sept. 2.

Mr. Bernard as Herman von Schnellencin is the intrepid Milwaukeean who, in the manner typical of the much-cartooned *rusticus in urbe*, finds that he has bitten off more than he can swallow when he leaves his placid little hamlet to become involved in love and politics abroad. Mr. Bernard is deft in this pleasing little comedy, which is not too heavy for summer theatregoing.

### The Hen Pecks

Book by Glen MacDonough, A. Baldwin Sloane. Music by E. Ray Goetz. Produced by Lew Fields. With Lew Fields, Sam Watson, Mrs. Sam Watson, Ethel Johnson, Blossom Seeley, Lawrence Wheat, Vernon Castle. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Matinees Wed., Sat., 2:15; evenings 8:15. BROADWAY, B'way at 41st St. Scheduled to reopen July 31.

The sly Mr. Fields, as Mr. Henderson Peck, ably escapes from his henpecking wife who tracks him to the barber shop, in a comedy in which it is proved that you can't tame the shrew by running away from her; even if you do live in the country. The graceful singing and dancing of Ethel Johnson and Lawrence Wheat provides a comely background for the hilarity sponsored by Mr. Fields.

### The Pink Lady

Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan. Music by Ivan Caryll. Adapted from the comedy *Le Satyre* by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger. With Hazel Dawn, Alma Francis, Frank Lalor, William Elliott, Louise Kelley, Alice Hegeman, John E. Young, Alice Dovey. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell. Matinees Wed. and Sat. Evenings at 8:15. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42nd Street, West of Broadway. Opened March 13, 1911.

This racy and glittering comedy of song, scenic effect, and costume continues to stand up against the weather, despite the fact that Miss Dawn is a little languid about it all. For those who are still of the opinion that musical shows should have plots, there is a complication about a young philanderer trying to get someone to impersonate a non-existent friend, but Louise Kelley singing *Donny Did, Donny Didn't* is much more important.

### The Red Rose

Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Music by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced by Lee Harrison. With Valeska Suratt, Wallace McCutcheon, Ernest Lambart, John Daly Murphy, Flavio Arcaro, John E. Hazard, and Alexander Clark. Staged by R. H. Burnside and Jack Mason. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:20; evenings at 8:20. GLOBE, Broadway at 46th. Opened June 22, 1911.

The something about the American (Mr. McCutcheon) who wants to marry an artist's model (La Suratt), but who is supposed to marry an American heiress who wants to marry an Englishman, playing nightly under the stars at the Globe is the kind of entertainment that will satisfy summer audiences. Miss Suratt and the six English rosebuds in the skin-fitting tights she designed for them—as well as the elaborate decor—are pretty

much all right just as they are. But when they start singing *Come Along, Ma Cherie* and when they go into the *Men, Men, Men* number . . . well, La Suratt has that certain something!

### The Spring Maid

Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt. From *Die Sprudelfee* by Julius Wilhelm and A. M. Willner. Produced by Louis F. Werba and Mark A. Luescher. With Christie MacDonald, William Burrell, Elgie Bowen, Tom McNaughton. Staged by George Marion. Matinees Wed., Sat., 2:15; evenings 8:15. LIBERTY, west of B'way. Scheduled to re-open Aug. 14.

This nostalgic little comedy against a melodic and regal background brings Christie MacDonald with her charming voice and lyric manner as the Princess Bozena back to the Liberty. A rich and lavish production of the comedy that has for so long charmed the Germans, with the addition of the witty and humorous Mr. McNaughton, funny man supreme.

### Ziegfeld Follies of 1911

Words and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Maurice Levi and Raymond Hubbell. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld. With Bessie McCoy, Lillian Lorraine, Bert Williams, George White, Leon Errol, The Dolly Sisters, Fannie Brice, Clara Palmer, Vera Maxwell, Katherine Daly. Staged by Julian Mitchell, Gus Sohlke, and Jack Mason. No matinees; evenings at 8:20. JARDIN DE PARIS, atop the New York Theatre. Opened June 26, 1911.

Fannie Brice takes a part in tearing apart *Pinafore*, and that should be enough for you, but it isn't enough for Mr. Ziegfeld. Two hours of musical extravaganza, highlighted by Tad's Daffydils with Miss McCoy as chief Daffy; a travesty on *The Pink Lady*; and a cabaret of the Barbary Coast with the Dolly Sisters; interrupted by an enlightening one-acter, *Everywife*, announced by Mr. Williams. Mr. Williams, by the way, threatens to walk away with the show, and is only prevented from doing so by Lillian Lorraine, Leon Errol, and a comparative newcomer, George White.

## TOO LATE FOR REVIEW

### A Gentleman of Leisure

John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse have turned out an ingenious comedy on the Raffles-Jimmy Valentine pattern and William A. Brady is producing it with Douglas Fairbanks as the amateur cracksman in love with the police commissioner's daughter, played by Ruth Shepley. Others in the cast are George Fawcett and Arthur Laceby. (PLAYHOUSE. Scheduled to open Aug. 24.)

### Maggie Pepper

Charles Klein's play about a department store fairy godmother. The cast is headed by Rose Stahl and includes Frederick Truesdell and Beverly Sitgreaves. (HARRIS. Scheduled to open Aug. 31.)

### Oedipus Rex

John E. Kellard's production of the Sophocles drama with Aubrey Boucicault, Lillian Kingsbury, and Arthur Goodsall. (IRVING PLACE. Scheduled to open Aug. 21.)

### Hamlet, Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice

The Shakespearean repertory produced by John E. Kellard with Mr. Kellard in the title roles supported by Eric Blind, Lillian Kingsbury, Aubrey Boucicault, Viola Fortescue, Louis Dean, Charles James, Agnes Heron. (IRVING PLACE. To open Aug. 24.)

### The Real Thing

Catherine Chisholm Cushing has written a comedy about a wife who is losing her husband because she pays too much attention to her house and children. This is set aright by the intervention of her widowed sister, but you will have to see Maurice Campbell's production with Henrietta Crossman, Minnie Dupree, Albert Brown, and Frank Mills to find out how. (MAXINE ELLIOTT. Scheduled to open Aug. 10.)

### The Girl of My Dreams

A musical comedy by Wilbur Nesbit and Otto Haurbach, music by Karl Hoschna, a comedy about three hats and a jealous Frenchman with a mysterious cane which turns into a sword. Produced by Joseph M. Gaites. Leila McIntyre and John Hyams have, we understand, some very good songs, among which are *O-o-h! Maybe It's a Robber!* and *I Am Ready to Quit and Be Good* (this latter with the Bachelor Boys). The staging is by Frank Smithson. (CRITERION. Scheduled to open Aug. 7.)

### The Siren

A Viennese Operetta in the Broadway style by Leo Stein and A. M. Willner with music by Leo Fall; the English version by Harry B. Smith. Produced by Charles Frohman. With Donald Brian and Julia Sanderson, bringing back their fine singing and dancing in *The Waltz Caprice* and *Wallflower* numbers—Frank Moulán, and Ethel Kelly. (PLAYHOUSE. Scheduled to open Aug. 24.)

## COME & GONE

### Pinafore

A colorful and sparkling revival of this unfortunately dated comedy by Gilbert and Sullivan, produced, coincidentally, on the date of W. S. Gilbert's death. An excellent cast supported the lavish production at the Casino, which included Henry E. Dixey as Sir Joseph Porter, Louise Gunning as Josephine, Marie Cahill as Buttercup, George MacFarlane as Captain Corcoran, Alice Brady as Hebe, Arthur Aldridge as Ralph Rackstraw, and De Wolf Hopper as Dick Deadeye. (Opened May 29. Closed July 7.)

### Macbeth

A presentation of *Macbeth* with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. The two weeks engagement at the Broadway Theatre which was to have included *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and

(Continued on page 6)



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# THE SHOW IS ON!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

*Twelfth Night* was abruptly cut short owing to the weather. (Opened July 3. Closed July 3.)

## Madame Sarah Bernhardt

A return engagement of the Divine Sarah in five performances at the Globe. The plays presented were *Jean Marie* by André Theuriet; *Sister Beatrice* by Maurice Maeterlinck; *La Femme X* by Alexandre Bisson; *La Dame aux Camélias* by Alexandre Dumas, fils; and *L'Aiglon* by Edmund Rostand. (Opened June 19. Closed June 23.)

## VARIETY

### The American Roof (260 W. 42nd)

Week beginning July 30, Jermon and Walker (sister act) and Vilmos Westony, the foreign pianist, playing *Tannhauser*, *Every Little Movement*, and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Week beginning Aug. 6, Marie Sparrow in popular songs, Dorothy de Schelle, Musical Hodges, Mlle. Palerma. Week beginning Aug. 13, Maude Tiffany (*Oceana Roll*), Arlington and Hester, eccentric dancers, Anderson and Gould (colored act). Week beginning Aug. 20, Marie Dorr in Impersonations, De Haven and Sidney, and Polk and Polk (equilibrists). Week beginning Aug. 27, the De Faye sisters (banjoists) and Nat Carr, Hebrew comedian. Evening performances at 8:30.

### Columbia Burlesque (B'way and 47th)

*The Merry Whirl*. Book by Don Roth. Music by Leo Edwards. Produced by Cliff Gordon and Bobby North. With James C. Morton, Frank Moore, and Mildred Elaine. Staged by J. Herbert Mack and Jack Mason. Week beginning Aug. 14, the Trocodero Burlesquers in *Sweeney's Vacation*, and Frank Tinney. Week beginning Aug. 21, The Majestics in *Rogue de la Mode*. Week beginning Aug. 28, The Big Gaiety Company in *A Florida Enchantment*. Matinee and evening performances daily. *The Merry Whirl*, the musical comedy which closed after so short a run at the New York Theatre in 1910, has now found its own level at a Variety house. Mr. Morton as the clock who comes to life in the Magic Ring part of the comedy and Spike McCarthy in the Paris skit and Mr. Moore as snowman and Dan McCormick, are so routine as to need no introduction to anyone who has been once to Brighton Beach. The new version contains *Alexander's Ragtime Band*—another hit by the prolific Irving Berlin.

### Folies Bergere (46th Street west of B'way)

Hell, by Reynold Wolf, Gaby, by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith are the two revues with which the Ballet, Temptation, by Alfredo Curti, make up the first part of the evening's entertainment. The cast includes Ada Lewis, Kathleen Clifford, Ina Claire, W. C. Gordon, Leslie Leigh, Otis Harlan, Taylor Holmes, Grace La Rue, Olga Petrova, and Les Marquards; the Dallas Dip Dancers provide supper and cabaret entertainment. Beginning August 18, the entertainment will be augmented by a midnight performance, *Hello Paris*, by Ned Wayburn with Harry Pilcer, Marie Earle, Edith Rose, Bessie Gray. Evenings, the restaurant opens at 6:00, the curtain goes up at 8:15; Intermission, 11:00 to 11:15; 11:18 to 1:00, supper and cabaret. Tues., Thurs., Sat. matinees. Open for luncheon at 12:30, the curtain goes

up at 2:15. On Saturdays, there is a special 4:00 o'clock intermission for tea.

### Hammerstein's Roof (42nd and Broadway)

The Suffragette Farm with the twenty pretty farmerettes will remain as a permanent fixture of this variety palace throughout August. They will be augmented the week beginning July 31 by Ruth St. Denis in *Radha*, The Hindu Temple Dance; Gus Edwards' Fifteen Schoolboys and Girls. Week beginning Aug. 7, Ruth St. Denis in her lissom *Cobra* and *Nautch* dances; Will Rogers (without his rope); and Kranz and Hyman. Week beginning Aug. 21, Stella Mayhew will be the headliner and the program will be rounded out by Ada Overton Walker's company in *Paris By Night*; Belle Baker, Kit Carson, and Leslie and Brady. Week beginning Aug. 28, The Apple of Paris, Consul the Great, *Tempest* and *Sunshine*. Motion picture scenes, and the regular Sunday concerts will continue to be a feature of the house. Matinees daily; evenings 8:15 to midnight.

### Keith and Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre

Week beginning July 31st, Valerie Bergere does the honors. Week of Aug. 7, Nat Wills, the Happy Tramp, shares honors with La Titcomb, the Singing Equestrienne, followed by that inimitable team Gallagher and Shean in *The Battle of Bay Rum*, and Herman's trained animals. Week beginning Aug. 14, Charley Ross and Mabel Fenton head the bill in *Just Like a Man*, followed by Audrey Maple, Fletcher and Norton, and Bert Fitzgibbons. Week beginning Aug. 21, Charley Richman in *At the Fire Escape*. Week beginning Aug. 28, Emma Carus in her endearing and ingenious act, *Up and Down Broadway*; Porter J. White in *The Beggar*; and Roehm's novel Athletic Girls in fencing, wrestling, and juggling turns. Matinee and evening performances daily.

### Hurtig and Seamon's (West 125th St.)

The week of Aug. 21, Morton and Moore will bring the *The Merry Whirl* to this theatre for one week. Matinee and evening performances daily.

### Murray Hill Theatre (42nd and Lexington)

Opens Aug. 21, with Billy Watson and The Girls from Happyland; Week beginning Aug. 28, *The Passing Parade*, produced by Gordon and North of *Merry Whirl* renown.

### Winter Garden (50th St. and B'way)

Gertrude Hoffman presenting *La Saison des Ballets Russes*. Directed by Morris Gest and F. Ray Comstock. With Gertrude Hoffman, Theodore Kosloff, Lydia Lopokova, Maria Baldina, Alexander Volinine, Jan Zolewsky, Alexis Bugalow, Mlle. Cochin, Nicolas Salanikow in *Cleopatra*, *Les Sylphides*. Scheherazade. Staged by Theodore Kosloff. Matinees Tues., Thurs. at 2:30; evenings at 8:30. Two choreographic dramas and a romantic revelry threaten to set a new dance style in America, but it is all a little vague—as vague as some of Mr. Stravinsky's music.

## OUT OF TOWN

### The Palisades Amusement Park (Opp. 130th St. Ferry)

The last three weeks of the Aborn Opera Company's musical comedies will be as

follows: July 31, *Sergeant Kitty*; Aug. 7, *The Red Feather*; Aug. 14, *The Belle of New York*, starring Miss Grace Ellsworth.

### Brighton Beach Music Hall

Under the management of the ubiquitous Doc Breed, the month's schedule is as follows: Week beginning July 31, George Evans, Consul the Great. Week beginning Aug. 6, Gus Edwards' High Flyers. Week beginning Aug. 14, Eva Tanguay (*I Don't Care*); Bert Levy; Horton and Co. Week beginning Aug. 21, Eva Tanguay is the only headliner doing her own version of *Salome*. Matinees daily at 2:45; evenings at 8:30.

### The New Brighton Theatre (Brighton Beach, Ocean P'kway)

Week beginning July 31, the only summer vaudeville appearance of Lillian Russell will be at the theatre on the same bill with Gallagher and Shean. Week beginning Aug. 7, Princess Rajah in her unique dances; and Bud Fisher presenting cartoon illustrations of Mutt and Jeff. Week beginning Aug. 14, the delectable Stella Mayhew, *Tempest* and *Sunshine*, Leo Carrillo; Howard and Howard. Week beginning Aug. 21, Ar-buckle and Co.; Clarice Vance. Week beginning Aug. 28, Frank Tinney is the only announced star. Matinees daily; evenings at 8:30.

### Henderson's (Coney Island)

Week beginning July 31, Ada Overton Walker in her Impersonations; Jewell's Mannikins; Week beginning Aug. 7, a new two-show policy with the Spissel Brothers (acrobats) and the Kauffman Brothers (blackface comedians). Week beginning Aug. 14, Belle Baker in a song and dance act and Gus Edwards' Kountry Kids; Week beginning Aug. 21, Minnie Amato and Company in *The Sewers of Paris* with Apache dances; Howard and Howard; Week beginning Aug. 28, Gus Edwards' High Flyers and Les Marquards. Matinees daily, and beginning Aug. 7, two evening performances at 7:30 and 9:00.

### Morrison's (Rockaway)

Patsy Morrison has planned a varied program for the summer including *Carrie de Mar* and Mlle. Dazie, Howard and Howard, Bert Levy, Hayes and Johnson during the week of August 13; The Four Mortons, Consul the Great, the Son of Solomon, the Vassar Girls, the Courtenay Sisters, and Al and Fanny during the week of August 20. And August 27 brings the Millership Sisters in song and dance, Felix and Caire, and Minthorne and Abbot Worthly. Matinees at 2:30; evenings at 8:30.

## PROMISED AND HOPED FOR—VARIETY

### The Colonial

This popular house will reopen about September first with Amelia Bingham in her *Big Moments from Great Plays*, the Flying Martins, and Chip and Marble in a new Dutch playlet entitled *In Old Edam*. They will be followed by that hilarious farce in which Billie Reeves takes the part of the original drunk, in Fred Karno's *Night in an English Music Hall*, Clarice Vance (probably singing *Oceana Roll*), and Charlie Chase in a monologue. Irene Franklin, it is said, has a new song, *I Want to be a Janitor's Child*, and will appear with it some time in September with Billy's Tombstones and the ever popular *Six Musical Cuttys*.

McIntyre and Heath, the blackface comedians who made a hit in New York last season, will conclude the month.

### Columbia Burlesque

During the month of September, Manager J. Herbert Mack will present *The Ginger Girls*, *The Honeymoon Girls*, and *The Queen of Bohemia* in a mixture of song, vaudeville, and sketch.

### The Orpheum

Reports have it that Leon Errol, late of the *Follies*, is staging *Summer Breezes* for this circuit, but New York will probably not see it until some time in the winter. This house will reopen with *Every-wife*, the *Follies'* travesty on *Everywoman*, and Clarice Vance. For the second week in September, Drew, Barrymore and Company will head the bill with their popular interpretations; Cliff Gordon, and Salerno will also appear, to be followed by Billie Reeves in his "souse" sketch with the Ryan and Richfield Company presenting *Honor Among Thieves*, Frank Tinney, and Smith and Campbell in *Mr. Pifflepaff*. The Apple of Paris, Frank Fogarty (the Irish song and dance man), and the Bathing Girls; and Irene Franklin, Bert Leslie, and Trovato, the Italian tenor, will be headliners on the next two bills.

### Keith and Proctor's Fifth Avenue

For September Charlotte Parry and Company will bring their *Into the Light*, a new playlet in the dark, to this house. Also *The Four Mortons*; Amelia Bingham in *Big Moments from Great Plays*, Frank Tinney, Smith and Campbell with a brand new skit entitled *Mr. Pifflepaff*, the Great Howard, and the Three White Kuhns. Lillian Russell will make an appearance here the latter part of the month, as will Walter C. Kelly (*The Virginia Judge*), Ed Wynn, and Mrs. Gene Hughes in a new comedy, *Youth*. They will be followed by Maggie Cline appearing on the same bill with Paul Dickey and Company in a new sketch about college hazing, entitled *The Come Back*. Houdini, home from his visit to England, will round out the month.

### Hammerstein's

Early in September the Roof is scheduled to close; and the regular theatre will reopen with an all-star program featuring Carter De Haven, Bert Leslie in *Hogan the Painter*, the Gordon Brothers and the Kangaroo, the Kauffmann Brothers, Lyons and Yosca in ragtime numbers, and the Foley Brothers. Other programs during the month will include Irving Berlin singing a number of his own songs—*The Mysterious Rag*, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, and *Ephraim*—Charles Richman and Company, Fields and Lewis, Frank Tinney, and Jewell's Mannikins, Herman Lieb in his version of the comedy, *Dope*, Willard Simms, the hoop-rolling Kratons, Frank Fogarty, the Irish mime, Montgomery and Moore, William Rock and Maude Fulton in a cabaret act. Van Hoven and Charles Seamon are scheduled to appear the latter part of the month.

### Winter Garden

Gertrude Hoffman will continue to present *La Saison des Ballets Russes* until September 11, when the *Musical Revue of 1911* will return for a week. The week of September 18 this theatre will be dark in preparation for the grand re-opening on September 26 with the long-awaited *Le Debut de Chichine* in the *Revue of Revues*, a spectacular musical vehicle which will include Mlle. Deslys, Mlle. Rasch, Frank Tinney, and the Messrs. Edgard Chatel and Vermandares.

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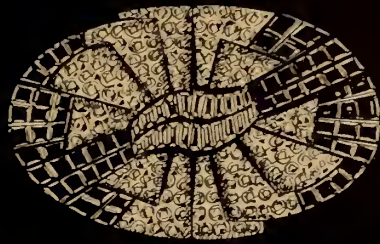


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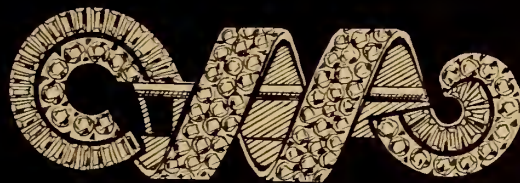
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## *New Suits for Fall 1911*

*Smart, Dressy Tailored Suits*

in wide wale diagonals, in black, navy, brown and purple

\$35.00

*Fancy Tailored Suits*

Exact copy of the latest foreign model, of imported English diagonal or English whipcord. Velvet and Braid trimmed.

\$55.00



\$55.00



\$35.00

## *Lord & Taylor*

New York

# H. JAECKEL & SONS

Furriers and Importers

16, 18 and 20 West 32nd Street [our only address]  
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Our collection of  
new models is now  
complete and ready  
for inspection.

Stole and Muff in White Fox

Furs for Street, Carriage and Motor Wear

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**Southeast Corner  
Madison Av. and 64th St.**

The New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects judged this house to be of "the greatest excellence in its exterior design" and awarded 1ST MEDAL to the owner.

**Ten Stories High,  
Fireproof and Easily Accessible.**

High Grade Apartments; each a residence absolutely detached from its neighbor. All the principal living and sleeping rooms are grouped around the outside of the building. The elevators open directly upon private vestibules.

In addition to the extremely large rooms these apartments contain many exclusive features.

14 Rooms & 3 Baths                      \$6,000 to \$10,000

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Near 43d St. Tel., 6200—Bryant  
OR MANAGER, ON PREMISES

## Douglas L. Elliman & Co.

REAL ESTATE

421 MADISON AVENUE

(48TH AND 49TH STS.) TELEPHONE } 850  
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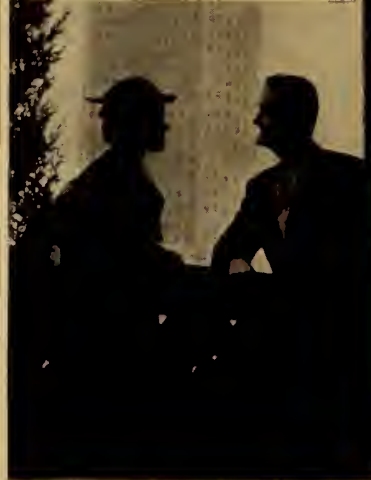
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. announce that their offices at No. 421 Madison Avenue, between 48th and 49th Streets, are now ready for the transaction of general Real Estate Business. Special attention will be given to the sale and rental of Apartments, Private Houses and Business Properties in the Fifth Avenue and East Side sections.

The new firm is composed of Douglas L. Elliman, for over eight years with Pease & Elliman, and Argyll R. Parsons, who was also connected with that firm.

## THE WORLD AT YOUR FEET

The roof gardens are only one of the pleasant advantages at Allerton. There are game rooms, lounges, all the advantages of Club Life . . . included in the price of your one living-bedroom.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN: Midstan House, Madison Ave. at 38th Street. Allerton House, 143 East 39th Street. FOR WOMEN: Allerton House, Lexington Ave. at 57th St. RATES start at \$10 weekly. \$2 daily.



**ALLERTON**  
CLUB RESIDENCES  
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is to know city living at its best! Here are apartments planned and built to provide all the luxuries. Here is hotel service scrupulously devoted to your complete well-being.

*1 to 7 Rooms... Simplex and Duplex Furnished or Unfurnished... Lease or Transient... Occupancy Now or in the Fall... Notable Restaurant*

*The*  
**DORSET**

THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH  
NEW YORK

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Introducing  
**"L'APPARTEMENT  
 AVEC CUISINE"**

For Fall occupancy, Mayfair House offers three new attractively planned suites... consisting of Kitchen and Pantry (equipped in the modern manner), Living Room, Bedroom, Boudoir, Bath, Foyer and numerous Closets.

RATES AND OTHER INFORMATION ON REQUEST • NOW RENTING FROM PLANS

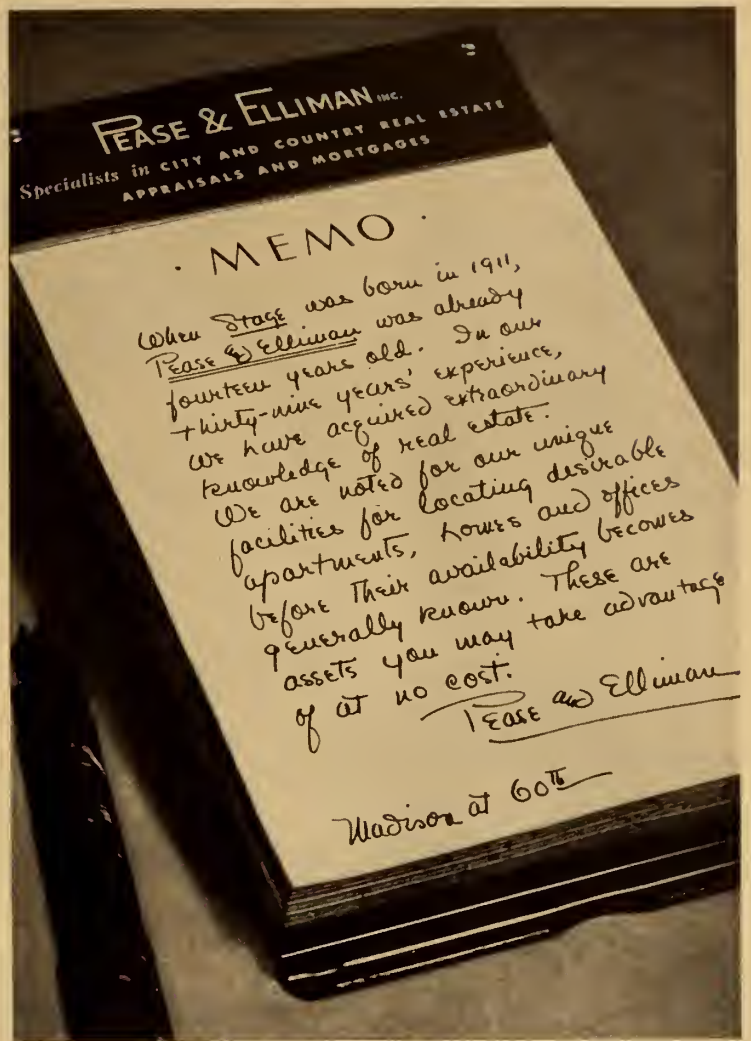
PARK AVENUE AT **Mayfair House** 65th ST., NEW YORK  
 EDWARD H. CRANDALL



One of the new suites... styled by Kimbel... charmingly livable  
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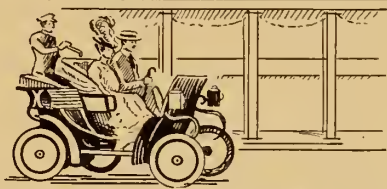
**HOTEL Pierre**  
 FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET  
 At the Park — NEW YORK

EDWARD H. CRANDALL • • PRESIDENT



**MR. ELLIMAN ESTABLISHES NEW BUSINESS.**  
 Mr. Douglas Elliman, for eight years with the well-known real estate company of Pease & Elliman, has now established his own business at 421 Madison Avenue, where he intends to specialize in high grade apartments east of the Park. . . . .  
 We wish Mr. Elliman success in his new business.

*Reprinted from  
 Town & Country  
 Aug. 1911*



Serving  
**NEW YORK'S FOREMOST  
 FAMILIES Since 1911**

**I**N 1911 apartments were a novelty, only one other firm on the East Side even attempted to handle them. We were pioneers in their development.

**For 25 years**  
 we have specialized in the better type of buildings and have gained a most intimate knowledge of the residential district East and South of Central Park.

**Douglas L. Elliman & Co.**  
 INC.

15 EAST 49th ST. PLaza 3-9200  
 Established a Quarter Century

## CULVER, HOLLYDAY

& CO., INC.

offer a selected list of  
apartments in buildings  
under their management

Our representative at buildings

38 East 57th St., PLaza 3-5050

### 988 Fifth Avenue

corner 80th Street

11 rooms

De Luxe apartment occupying  
an entire floor and surveying a  
fascinating Park panorama.

from \$5000

### 1035 Park Avenue

S. E. corner 86th Street

7-8-9 rooms

The apartments face the avenue  
and have an unobstructed view  
over low private residences.

from \$3100

### 345 East 57th Street

3-4-6 rooms

from \$1020-\$1750-\$2050

### 38 Central Park South

3-4 rooms

from \$1140

### 32 East 68th Street

2-4 rooms

from \$900-\$2100 (Duplex)

### 142 East 71st Street

6 rooms

from \$2450

### 340 East 72nd Street

8 rooms

\$3000 (11th floor)

### 111 East 75th Street

3-4 rooms

from \$1080-\$1500

### 192 East 75th Street

3-4 rooms

from \$960-\$1260

### 140 East 81st Street

3-4-5-6 rooms

from \$990-\$1460-\$2040-\$2070

### 167 East 82nd Street

3-6 rooms

from \$1230-\$1940

### 49 East 86th Street

3-4-6 rooms

from \$1700-\$1800-\$2150

### 115 East 90th Street

3-4-5 rooms

from \$900-\$1200-\$1450

### 9 East 96th Street

4-6 rooms

from \$1320-\$2130

### 166 East 96th Street

3-4 rooms

from \$840-\$1320

### Penthouses

955 Lexington Ave. . . 5 rooms  
111 East 75th St. . . 2-3 rooms  
140 East 81st St. . . 3 rooms  
167 East 82nd St. . . 6 rooms  
151 East 83rd St. . . 3 rooms  
49 East 86th St. . . 3-7 rooms  
9 East 96th St. . . 8-9 rooms



You'll call it  
**YOUR** home...

It welcomes you instantly, this Beverly atmosphere of cheery comfort. Partly it is achieved by the spacious, bright rooms, so colorfully and tastefully decorated; partly by the suave and friendly service expressing the Beverly way of making guests happy. You'll find this charm reflected again in the Restaurant and the Duplex Cocktail Lounge . . . The Beverly is located in the smart East Fifties within easy walking distance of theatres and mid-town business. Single rooms, unfurnished, from \$800 a year. Furnished, from \$85 a month. Two-room apartments—unfurnished, from \$1,400 a year; furnished, from \$150 a month. Many have terraces—all are equipped with serving pantries, electric refrigerators and generous closets—full hotel service included. Transient—single with bath and shower, \$4 and \$5. Double, \$6, \$7. Suites—living room, bedroom and bath—from \$8. Music during the cocktail hour, dinner and after the theatre.

Special rates during the summer months

The  
**Beverly**  
Hotel

William A. Buescher, Manager

ONE TWENTY FIVE EAST FIFTIETH STREET • NEW YORK

## When It's Your Move—

Whether you are returning to town, or are about to leave, or have just moved into a new home—

If you are a subscriber for STAGE please let us know immediately the address to which you wish us to send the next one, two, three or more numbers. Be sure to give us your old address as well as the new one.

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TODAY AS EVER

"NEW YORK'S SMARTEST  
APARTMENT HOTEL"

Transient or yearly lease . . .  
Furnished, or unfurnished . . .  
Choice suites are available for  
immediate or Fall occupancy.

ALFRED C. RAY  
Manager

LIVE AT THE  
**DRAKE**  
440 PARK AVE.  
AT 56<sup>TH</sup> ST.

BY APPOINTMENT TO

Manhattan's Smart Set



JOIN THIS

*Fashionable*

**SUTTON PLACE COLONY**

EXCLUSIVE • CONVENIENT • INEXPENSIVE

Come over today—or at your earliest convenience. We would like to show you how much real apartment value you can obtain here at a surprisingly moderate rental. You'll find a group of finely constructed and well-planned buildings offering a wide choice of attractive layouts. There are still a few luxurious penthouses and maisonnettes. Many river view apartments.

NOTABLE FEATURES ARE:

SPACIOUS, WELL-BALANCED ROOMS...  
REAL FIREPLACES...OVERSIZE DINING  
FOYERS...DOUBLE THE USUAL CLOSET  
SPACE...BATH WITH EVERY CHAMBER  
...OUTSIDE KITCHENS.

**1½ ROOMS** and COMPLETE KITCHEN

360 EAST 55th . . . from \$60.00

405 EAST 54th . . . from \$60.00

865 FIRST AVE.\* from \$60.00

**3 and 3½ ROOMS**

419 EAST 57th . . . from \$90.00

320 EAST 57th . . . from \$85.00

360 EAST 55th . . . from \$80.00

405 EAST 54th . . . from \$80.00

865 FIRST AVE.\* from \$75.00

**4 and 5 ROOMS**

2 and 3 Baths

419 EAST 57th 4 Rms. from \$125

419 EAST 57th 5 Rms. from \$150

320 EAST 57th 4 Rms. from \$115

405 EAST 54th 4 Rms. from \$115

405 EAST 54th 5 Rms. from \$125

Ownership Management of  
CRYSTAL & CRYSTAL  
Representatives on Premises

\*at 49th Street . . . Beekman Hill

*For a Fortunate Few*

**PENTHOUSES**

2-3 & 4 ROOMS

**TERRACE APARTMENTS**

1-3 & 4 ROOMS

**MAISONNETTES**

2 to 8 ROOMS

These exceptionally desirable apartment homes are located in the buildings listed above. Rentals are reasonable for quarters of this high character. For full particulars communicate with

MR. A. W. MALONE  
Telephone: PLaza 3-6271





FROM THE "LONDON GRAPHIC"—NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Under the stars on a New York Roof restaurant as seen by Ch. Hoffbauer, the English artist.

## DINING and AFTER-DARK DIVERTISSEMENTS

The night life of the city seems to be entering on a new phase. With the advent of more and more cabarets, it would appear to us quite likely that the craze started a while back by the Bustanoby brothers in their Beaux Arts Cafe will have become, when the fall season gets underway, the dominant characteristic of a great many of our night places. Others read signs of a wide-spread indulgence in the various new "rag" dances—notably the "Turkey Trot"—which, it is true, can

be seen already here and there. We, however, cannot envisage the pleasure seekers of this town jumping up and down between dinner courses or rushing madly from place to place to make their own entertainment in this silly fashion. Be that as it may, the outstanding restaurants and hotels listed below will at present afford the August-beleaguered New Yorkers and visitors from out-of-town ample amusement, relaxation, and the opportunity to circulate wealth.

### *Arrowhead Inn*

Nowhere on the outskirts of the town will you find a more enjoyable place for dining. And it is particularly appealing these summer afternoons and evenings. Ben Riley, the owner, has been the host to the town's most distinguished people. At anytime you're likely to see the carriages of well known sportsmen, financiers and lawyers drive up to the portals. The yearly Tally-ho race from the Holland House to the Arrowhead is part of the city's social history. 177th St. and Ft. Washington Ave.

the entire roof of the Hotel will be devoted to outdoor dining and drinking and not just the section over Broadway. Times Square.

### *Beaux Arts*

The immense success of the Thursday night soirées in this foremost artistic French restaurant and cafe has prompted the Bustanoby brothers, the proprietors, to give a similar entertainment every evening after the theatre. These artistic gatherings are patronized by smart "bohemians" who demand good things to eat, and have become a unique feature of metropolitan life. Music and entertainment from 7 P. M. until closing time, with no interims between 9 and 11. The table d'hôte is \$1.50 and there are private rooms for parties of 4 to 100. Ask Louis Bustanoby to serve you the new cordial "Forbidden Fruit." You'll find it nowhere else in town. And

don't be alarmed if you should see ladies sitting at the bar. The sidewalk tables have now been removed, for eating here was fraught with all sorts of hazards, what with ragamuffins jeering and throwing stones, and street dirt settling thicker than volcanic dust on your food. It is the opinion of this department that New Yorkers will never take to this sort of thing—at least not until the automobile comes into its own. 80 West 40th St.

### *Billy, the Oysterman*

It's hard to get a table at this place (the capacity's only 96) but people don't seem to mind, for the fish cakes, oysters, steaks, and chops served here are well worth waiting for. You'll see many well known Metropolitan figures among the regulars at the bar and tables: Spear Payne, Standard Oil mogul; Johnny Oakley, Tammany Hall brave; Dirk

Van Cott, Republican bigwig; and Diamond Jim Brady—the latter deep in his first dozen oysters. And there's always a group of Princeton Club members from Gramercy Park to swell the numbers. So popular has the place become, that Billy is thinking seriously of enlarging the premises. 35 West 19th St.

### *Brevoort*

Messrs. Orteig and Duchon run this renowned establishment in true Continental fashion, serving foods and wines that are incomparable. Nowhere can you find the like in omelets, onion soup, or pastry. If you are an experimentalist, order *escargots* (snails). This was the first restaurant to serve them this side of the Atlantic. Fifth Ave. and 8th St.

### *Burn's*

Like Jack's, and Cavanaugh's, this

(Continued on Page 28)

# Waldorf-Astoria



SINCE the opening of this internationally famous hotel in 1897, it has played a part in the social life of the community unequalled by any other public establishment. The list of its patrons during the last decade includes the names of practically every notable here and abroad. Its decorations and appointments; its modern comforts and quiet elegance; its cuisine and service (under the inspiration of world-renowned chefs and restaurateurs) and the high standards that prevail throughout every other department of its vast organization have made its name everywhere synonymous with fine living.

---

*For particulars inquire of*

**The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel**  
**Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York**

Reproduced from an advertisement of The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel published in 1911



• The Starlight Roof, two hundred feet above Park Avenue, has a movable ceiling so that it can be opened directly to the sky.



• World-wide radio reception! The Waldorf-Astoria is the first hotel in this country to offer in every room programs broadcast from every important land on the globe.



• The twin Towers of The Waldorf is a separate community of homes. Exclusive privacy . . . and yet all the advantages of the greatest of transient hotels.



• Air-conditioned Grand Ballroom! With movable stage, full theatre-size movietone and technicolor apparatus, perfect acoustics, and a magnificent concert organ.

# A NEW WORLD . . . A NEW WALDORF!

Twenty-five years ago The Waldorf was a brilliant center of New York's social life, as it is today. The Waldorf . . . like New York . . . changes, but, today as then, pervading the palatial structure is the abiding spirit of genuine hospitality.



THE

**WALDORF \* ASTORIA**

PARK AVENUE  
49TH TO 50TH STS.  
NEW YORK CITY



## Luncheon Hour at the New Ritz-Carlton

The fastidious *haut monde* has instantly selected the new Ritz-Carlton as its favorite meeting place for the exchange of the noontide pleasantries amid surroundings comparable to any to be found in the fashionable hotels of England or the Continent. The Carlton after-theatre suppers have also become equally noted for their perfection in both cuisine and service among discriminating New Yorkers.

ALBERT KELLER, Mgr.

MADISON AVENUE and 46th STREET, NEW YORK



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Chez Mouquin, from the painting by William Glackens.

## DINING and AFTER-DARK DIVERTISSEMENTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

fine restaurant specializes in steaks and sea food. The chef here has a trick of making the best fried potatoes we've tasted. Sixth Ave. at 45th St.

### *Browne's Chop House*

Ladies are not allowed within the sacred down-stairs precinct of this hearty establishment. It is noted for its ales and English mutton chops, and its fine collection of old prints, and is one of the favorite gathering places of journalists, musicians, and the sporting fraternity. Not so long ago after the opera we saw such a diversified group as Acton Davies, Robert Winsmore, Deems Taylor, Scotti, and "Honest" John Kelly against the small bar. Broadway opposite the Metropolitan Opera House.

### *Cafe Boulevard*

This is an ideal spot for those who like to explore out of the way places. The restaurant has lots of local color, strange faces, wines, and foods, to say nothing of romantic gypsy music. Make every effort to get a table upstairs on the outside balcony. There is a fine view of St. Marks from here. Second Ave. and 10th Street.

### *Cafe de L'Opera* (*Louis Martin's*)

Louis Martin's very, very opulent and pretentious lobster palace done in a sort of rococo Assyrian style of

architecture with all kinds of bizarre and expensive looking decorations. Admission was not permitted when it first opened unless one were in dinner clothes, but New Yorkers don't like the law laid down to them and there seems to be a truce at present, which we hope will result in full victory for the customers. You'll see plenty of show girls, out-of-town buyers, and famous Broadway characters in the main dining room downstairs. Upstairs there's music, dancing, and a cabaret. The third floor is a Japanese tea-room and above are several floors of banquet-rooms and private dining rooms. Come prepared to spend a tidy sum, in return for very little as far as food and service are concerned. Maybe you'll think the sights are worth it. Broadway and 42nd St.

### *Casino in the Park*

The city's only Park restaurant and long patronized by the best people. Sunday afternoons is the best time to visit this attractive place for then it is most fashionable, though Saturday luncheon is also a favorite time with the carriage trade. Hire a victoria at the 59th Street Plaza and drive through the Park before dining. Central Park.

### *Cavanaugh's*

A most excellent family restaurant where you may be sure of good food, especially chops, steaks, and fish of all kinds. There is music here, both

## M. E. BELLOWS SONS,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**FINE WINES, BRANDIES,**

**LONDON PORTER, BROWN STOUT,**

**SCOTCH & ENGLISH ALES,**

**LONDON MUSTARD, &c. &c. &c.**

No. 77 BROAD STREET

**NEW YORK.**

vocal and instrumental. 258 West 23rd St.

### Churchill's

Ex-Captain-of-police Churchill runs this gay place where everybody doing the town seems to foregather in the late hours. Just now you'll hear Maurice Levi and his orchestra and Miss Elizabeth Spencer, vocalist. Quite expensive, with a wild, sporty crowd. Broadway and 49th St.

### Claremont Inn

A fashionable outdoor dining spot and one of the most attractive restaurants in the East. Its spacious dining verandas and lawns overlook the Hudson and, on a hot summer night, it's hard to get a table. George M. Cohan used it not so long ago as a scene in his *The Talk of New York*. The indoor rooms are notable for the fine collection of English life etchings by Dendy Sadler which adorn the walls—said to be better than the famous Maryland Club collection in Baltimore. Riverside Drive at 124th St.

### College Inn

A crowded, noisy place much frequented by undergraduates on holiday. Fisichelli's Symphonique Orchestra furnishes the music. Don't miss *I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid*, as sung by McFayden, McGuire, and La Pearl. The food's indifferent, but nobody seems to care. Broadway at 41st St.

### Delmonico's

One of New York's very ultra places and an institution in the social life of the community. The name has long been synonymous with the best in wining and dining. The phrase, "a cool bottle and a bird" is identified with this famous restaurant. Expensive, and no one would think of dining here *sans* evening clothes. 45th St. and Fifth Ave.

### Dorlon's

An estimable chop and oyster house where the family will be quite safe from cabaret vulgarity. 23rd St. and Madison Square.

### Engel's Chop House

Combination lamb chops, Welsh rarebits, and pickled beets are some of the well-known items on the menu of this restaurant. The cheeses, too, here are equally popular as can be attested by the receipted bills for this product which are posted monthly on the wall near the bar. 35th St. east of Sixth Ave.

### Fausi's

This Circle restaurant—with the sign of the Red Devil out front—is a pretty feverish spot with a fast Broadway crowd in a sordid setting of crowded tables and rose lights. A tango orchestra and a number of entertainers add to the hectic atmosphere of the place. Don't take a chance on anything more than a sandwich. Broadway and 59th St.

### Fleischmann's Vienna Gardens

On a summer morning you'll see a number of distinguished residents of the neighborhood having breakfast outside at the hedge-enclosed sidewalk tables under the awnings. This restaurant is noted for its ambrosial coffee, its rolls and sweet butter. Its proprietor is noted for his philanthropy, for it was he who established "the bread line"—giving away bread and coffee nightly to the hundreds of needy in the district. Broadway and 11th St.

### Folies Bergere

Henry B. Harris and Jesse Lasky are backing this theatre restaurant—the first of its kind to be done on such an elaborate scale and quite a novelty. Your ticket (\$2.50) entitles you to a seat at a table from 6:30 to 11 (dinner extra). No food is served during the show which goes on about 8—so you have to get there early. At the supper show later there's a cover charge of \$1.50. The show itself is likely to be quite entertaining with ballets, good orchestra and such performers as Grace La Rue dominating the bill. Whether New Yorkers will take to it or not is an open question. Our opinion is in the negative. 210 West 46th St.

### Forty-five Seconds from Broadway

This is Joe Adam's low ceilinged resort—a favorite with youngsters who think they're seeing life. An orchestra plays loud and incessantly, and early in the morning there are songs and recitations. One of the latter, *I'd Rather Be a Lobster than a Cheap Skate, Anyday*, comes around 2 A. M. It's supposed to make you go on buying. 44th St. east of Broadway.

### Gilsey House

Across the street from Daly's Theatre, the bar and grill of this hotel are favorite gossip spots for the theatrical and sporting professions. Broadway and 29th St.

### Gotham

The impressive and luxurious Renaissance Room here has become one of the most exclusive dining and supping places on the Avenue. It can boast the patronage of the Astors, the Rhinelanders, Col. Roosevelt, George and Herbert Pratt, and a score of other distinguished names. Fifth Ave. at 55th St.

### Healy's

Everything that goes on elsewhere in town seems to go on here in this landmark of a restaurant. Dancing is now a feature of the place and the new Hungarian Wisteria Glen is set aside for those who wish to wriggle through the new dances. Hazy Natzy and his band furnish the music. The barroom here is a great gathering place for the sporting fraternity and there are all sorts of private rooms upstairs set aside for

(Continued on Page 35)



### THE RITZ-CARLTON OF TODAY

Because of its glamorous tradition, and because it is an essentially *modern* hotel, it holds a unique place in the esteem of urbane travelers and diners-out; throughout the world its name has become a household word expressing high refinement in cuisine and service. Social New York bestows its approval on each of the Ritz-Carlton dining rooms in its accepted season, and upon the two Ritz bars. Single rooms are six to eight dollars; double rooms, eight to ten; suites, twelve and up; special rates for extended stays. Albert J. Keller, President.

### BELLOWS & COMPANY, INC.

Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines,  
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

Connoisseurs of Today:

WE SERVED YOUR GRANDFATHERS AND  
EXPECT TO SERVE YOUR GRANDSONS



100 Years Ago



Today

Catalogues available upon request

Sixty-seven East Fifty-second Street, New York City



## After the Play

the pleasure of a late supper will be enhanced at the time by the sparkling purity and softness of a bottle of

**White Rock**  
**LITHIA WATER**

Delicate diners will feel reassured in eating and drinking freely as White Rock counteracts overindulgence and removes the causes for regret next morning.

If unable to be supplied by your dealer please advise

**WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY, WAUKESHA, Wis.**

# HA! I'm on the alkaline side

There's a right end and a wrong end to this whole question of drink-mixing. Wise drinkers steer clear of those heavy, sweetish drinks and hold to the alkaline side. White Rock is absolutely "dry." Has no sweetness at all. It is mildly alkaline and tends to counteract the acidity of whatever you mix it with. *It thinks of tomorrow.*



...better for you

*“Mumm’s  
the Word!”*



*C*ORDON ROUGE *C*  
CHAMPAGNE

G. H. Mumm & Co<sup>o</sup>

REIMS





Dessin de E. Virtel

*Champagnes of the highest quality*

# G.H. Mumm & Co

SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE - SUCCESSEUR

**REIMS**

G. H. MUMM CHAMPAGNE (SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCESSORS) AND ASSOCIATES, INCORPORATED. LA MAISON FRANÇAISE . . . 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE



MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

*This Wine Is Identical With That Sold In England*

© 1936

# Many CADILLAC sales are made to users who have been accustomed to buying much higher priced cars.

You will find, no doubt, that this has repeatedly occurred in the sphere of your own observation. And, in the same connection, other interesting phenomena have manifested themselves which bespeak universal satisfaction.

## A Seeming Contradiction

What could be more significant, for instance, than the seeming contradiction of these two facts:

First, that *Cadillac owners almost never change.*

Second, that a majority of each year's buyers have *never owned a Cadillac before.*

This is literally true.

If you'll stop and think, can you recall a single Cadillac owner who transferred his allegiance to some other car?

And yet, we know, as we have said, that most of this year's Cadillac buyers have never owned a Cadillac before.

## The Explanation

What is the explanation?

The very pleasing one that the Cadillac buyer gets *more than a season's use out of his car*—that most of last year's Cadillac buyers are driving the same car this year.

Speaking broadly, Cadillac cars *do not deteriorate.*

If they are sold at the end of a season, they are sold for a high price. If they be exchanged, the exchange is usually generous.

## Some Everyday Records of the

# Cadillac

## "Thirty"

**NEW YORK**—75 Cadillac "Thirty" users drove their "Thirty" cars an aggregate of 398,884 miles at a total expense for mechanical repairs of \$53.21, averaging 71 cents per car for the season.

**DAYTON**—50 Cadillac owners drove their cars an aggregate of 168,580 miles at a total repair cost of only \$5.71, or an average of but 12 cents per car for the season.

**INDIANAPOLIS**—66 Cadillac users drove their cars an aggregate of 252,599 miles. Total repair cost, \$71.30, averaging \$1.08 per car.

**NET TOTAL**—191 cars—820,063 miles—cost \$130.22. Average cost of 69 cents each or less than 16 cents for each thousand miles.

*Last year's Cadillacs are in actual demand this year, in addition to the demand for the 1911 Cadillac. This year's sales will eat up each day's production as fast as completed and shipped.*

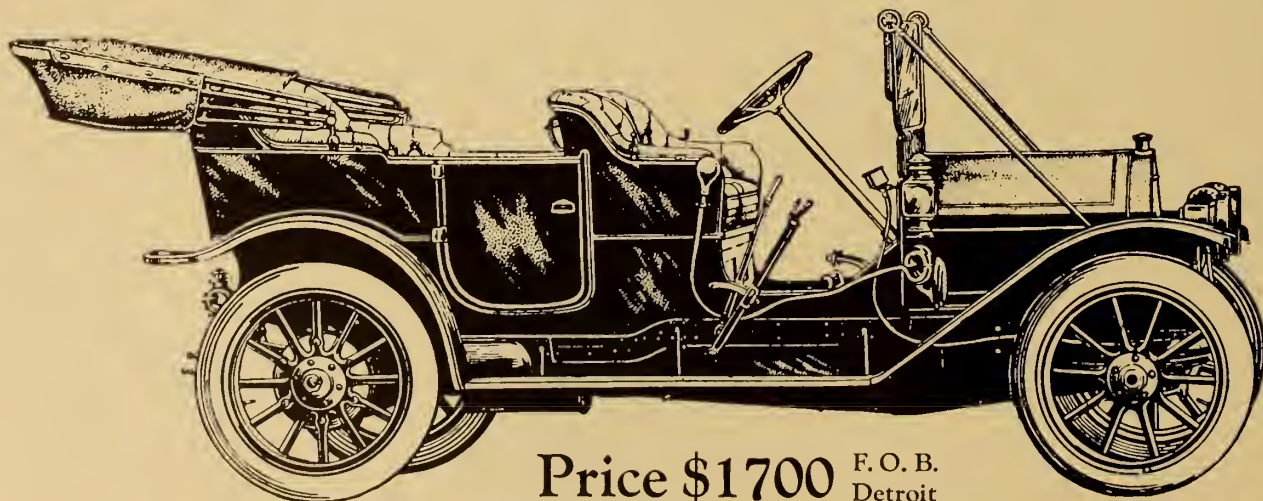
Gather all these facts together and they will spell their own explanation. And that explanation is:

## Standardization

The Cadillac does not deteriorate because of the high state of standardization which exists in each part and in the union of all the parts. That is why so many Cadillac owners use their car a second season and a third and a fourth and continuously. That is also why so many who have owned cars of a higher price buy the Cadillac—a case of equal efficiency and greater economy. That, too, is why so large a proportion of new

buyers choose the Cadillac. That is why the Cadillac owner says:—"If I had it to do over again, I would buy a Cadillac."

Standardization.—Perfect alignment of all the parts. Consequent removal of friction. The economy that results therefrom. That is the entire story of the success of last year's Cadillac, the Cadillacs of the years before, and the magnificent Cadillac of 1911.



Price \$1700 F. O. B.  
Detroit

Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster (Coupe \$2250. Limousine \$3000)

Prices include the following equipment—Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp. One horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. 60-mile season and trip. Standard speedometer, robe rail, full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front. Tire holders.

## Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed Under Selden Patent)

Reproduced from an advertisement of Cadillac Motor Car Company published in 1911



The bar of the Waldorf-Astoria at the cocktail hour presents a vital cross-section of metropolitan life.

## DINING and AFTER-DARK DIVERTISSEMENTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

banquets and beef steak parties. Broadway and 66th St.

### *Hofbrau House*

Janssen's perfect German restaurant carries on the best culinary and drinking tradition of the Vaterland. Big carved casks of sherry and port line the walls. The beers here are unsurpassed. The old German custom of ringing a bell every time a new keg is tapped is strictly observed. The food is what you would command in any of the first class restaurants of Germany. Broadway and 30th St.

### *Holland House*

At the cocktail hour the bar here is thronged with the town's notables. Its popularity is due in part, no doubt, to the handsome and comfortable appointments of the room, but the fact that here are served the best and largest cocktails is no mean point. The restaurant is also a favorite with the smart set, the food being of the very best. Note the imported Delft-handled cutlery. Fifth Ave. and 30th St.

### *Imperial Hotel*

This old hotel had a reputation as one of the city's best hostelrys even before the Waldorf-Astoria was built. It still ranks among the best of the more genteel places. Dinner in the Palm Room where there

is music is something you shouldn't miss. Broadway and 32nd St.

### *Jack's*

The most famous of the city's all night places where sooner or later you'll see everybody you know. College boys, actors, lawyers, politicians, bankers, newspaper men—every walk of life is represented here nightly either at dinner or in the early morning after the rest of the places in town have closed. Jack Dunstan is the amiable and handsome host and he rules his establishment with an iron hand. There's rarely trouble in Jack's but should a customer get obstreperous, the well trained flying-wedge of waiters will see that he meets the sidewalk at lightning speed. Sixth Ave. and 44.

### *Joel's*

A very picturesque night place run by a very interesting and amusing character. (Joel, we hear, has just finished a book on psychology.) Here, mixed up with Mexican revolutionists and Broadway characters of various shades, you'll generally find a group of newspaper men around the O. Henry table: Frank Ward O'Malley, Heywood Broun, Clive Weed, or an equally witty assortment. Adding further to the atmosphere of the place is the Lady Orchestra—a nice looking ensemble that plays as well as it can. Forty-

first Street, West of Seventh Avenue.

### *Knickerbocker Hotel*

An appealing summer dining place here is the open-air terrace on the second floor overlooking 42nd St. The Grill downstairs is equally attractive and is preferable if you're looking for something a little gayer. The Bar, where you can also dine, is, however, the place to go at cocktail time if you wish to see a typical cross-section of Gotham. The handsome Maxfield Parrish King Cole painting over it has long been the talk of the town as have the creaking tables of "free lunch" laden down with every conceivable delicacy and ruled over by two white-capped chefs. This important hotel, under the direction of James B. Regan, is playfully known along the Great White Way as the Forty-second Street Country Club. Broadway and 42nd St.

### *Keene's Chop House*

Once a part of the Lambs' Club, this important eating place may not be overlooked by men who like their chops and steak served in the old English manner in an atmosphere that might be London. The walls are lined with old and rare playbills, pictures of sporting events, actors and actresses of other days. In the tap room you may play checkers, chess, and dominoes and sip the best of imported ales. Many of the customers

come every night, and keep their private pewter mugs and long church-warden pipes hanging along the smoke stained walls. 36th St. just East of Sixth Ave.

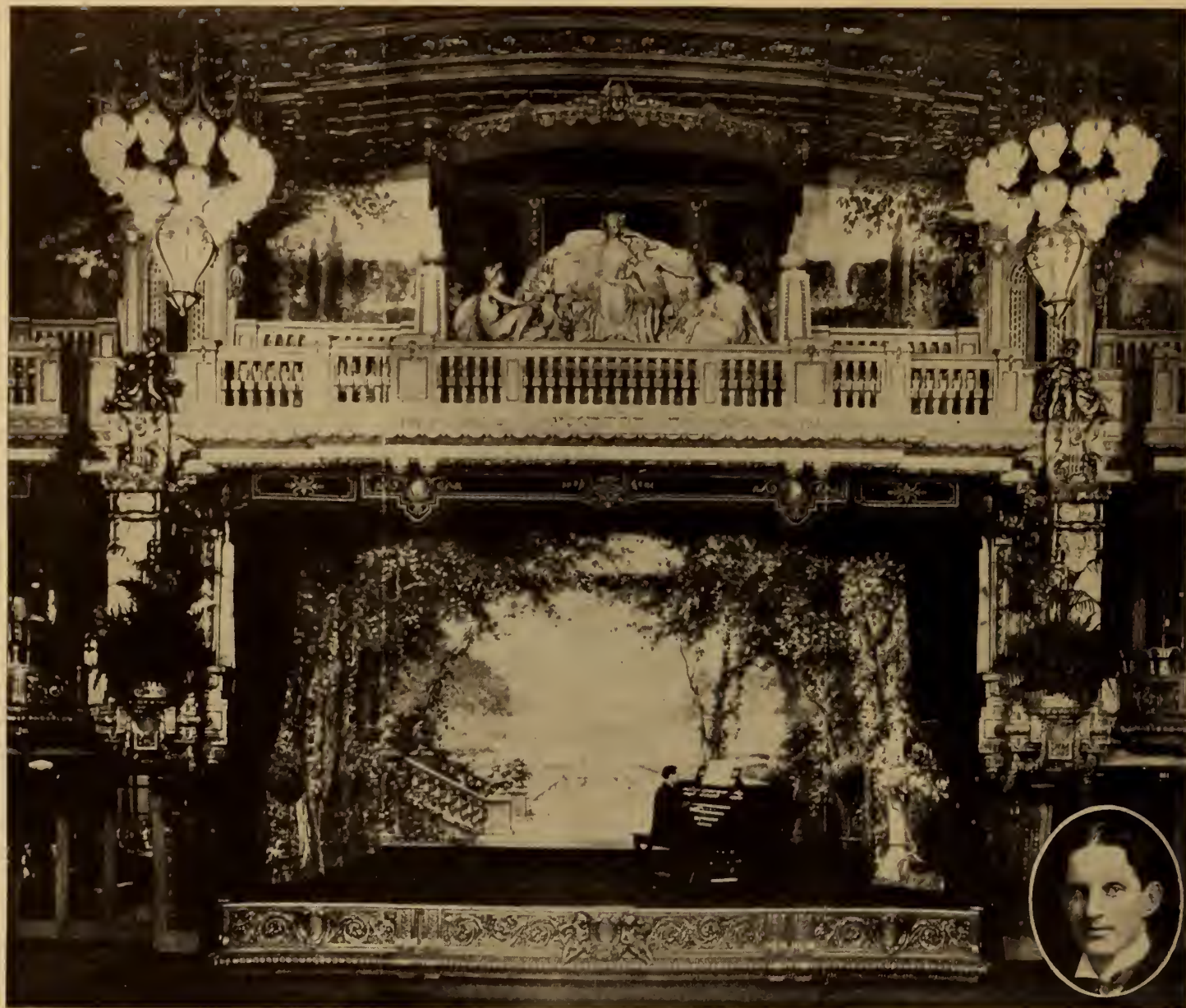
### *Lafayette*

Nowhere else in the city will you find a cafe so completely and genuinely French as the one in this hotel which many know as "Old Martin's". There are marble top tables on which you may play bagatelle, cards, chess, or dominoes while you sip your aperitif or after dinner coffee; a rack with all the important foreign newspapers and even a "Madame" at the cash desk. The main dining room in the rear serves the best French luncheons and dinners in town, and the wine list is unsurpassed. The owners of the Brevoort around the corner are also the proprietors of this most agreeable hotel. University Place and 9th St.

### *Little Hungary*

Stirring gypsy music, foreign dishes, three kinds of wine served with the dinner (you press your glass against mouths of long necked, inverted bottles to fill it), and flaming punch are some of the unusual attractions of this well known East Side restaurant which, to judge by the hundreds of autographed photos on the walls, has been visited by all

(Continued on Page 38)



Mr. Leo B. Riggs

## THE CELEBRATED ORGAN IN THE HOTEL ASTOR GRAND BALLROOM

An Invisible Organ and Some of the Details Which Go Towards Its Construction

THE music of the spheres may seem an old, old myth to most people, but there is a modern instance right here in New York to-day which is likely to rouse just as much wonder and amazement as the old story of the sweet sounds which it was the privilege of the gods alone to hear. If you doubt this statement drop into a certain well-known hotel on Times Square and try to follow to its source the sweetly insistent music which will come to your ears. Try to fathom the rich notes which have an orchestral volume and variation in tone color, and find if you can the magnificent organ from which the music falls like an enveloping veil, from above, and rolls and vibrates from underneath. It is a mystery and yet not a mystery, for when the lights brighten and a close inspection can be made of the balcony frescoes in the east and west galleries of the great ballroom, forests of pipes may be dimly perceived—an organ which is a creation of real genius.

This organ, so cleverly and artistically arranged as to be practically invisible, is one of the latest additions to the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor, and is used for concerts, dances and whenever an orchestral organ can be utilized. Perhaps nowhere else in the world can an organ be found which will surpass it for variety of tone colors, and superb blending of voices.

The instrument has one hundred and two stops of varying timbre and widely differing power. The main organ occupies large chambers on the east and west galleries, with chimes in the north section. Another organ in the Orangerie balcony hundreds of feet away may be played as an echo of the main organ, or

individually as a support and enrichment of the Orangerie orchestra. Each organ may be played independently of the other or in conjunction with each other, a feature of organ construction never before attempted. The music roll may also be utilized.

The interior of the great organ is a labyrinth of thousands of pipes, cables, magnets, armatures, pneumatic tubes and other details of construction. One hundred and nineteen miles of insulated wiring is used. The pipes range in length from thirty-two feet to less than half an inch. There are one hundred and thirty-nine cables, each containing from thirty-two to a hundred wires, and in all one thousand, six hundred and forty-three electric magnets are necessary. By means of the blowers of five and twenty horse-power respectively, air is compressed into great air chests under the pipes, where ten times the amount of compressed air of any other system of organ construction may be readily stored. These chests may be entered when the organ is being played and the mechanism may be observed in actual operation.

The concert of the Mozart Society, the Kneisel Quartette, the University Glee Club, the Mendelssohn Society and other well-known musical events are scheduled for the grand ballroom during the coming season.

The above picture shows Mr. Riggs, the talented organist of the hotel, on the stage of the grand ballroom seated at one of the movable consoles or playing boards. These consoles have four keyboards or manuals and are connected with the organ itself by means of a seven hundred wire cable one hundred and fifty feet long.

*Reproduced from an advertisement of Hotel Astor published in 1911*

★ ★ *A Bright New Setting* ★ ★ ★ ★  
 FOR A HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY



You'll enjoy the bright new setting for the traditional hospitality of the Astor. There's the glamorous new Roof for dinner and supper, featuring Hal Kemp and his orchestra with a sophisticated show. The stately dignity of the famous Hunting Room for luncheon or dinner. And for delicious summer refreshments the cool Astor Bar, biggest on Broadway • The big, comfortable guest rooms are newly decorated and modernized, too. A cheerful new lobby greets you when you step in from Times Square and the great ballroom and banquet rooms are now being re-decorated • And, of course, the convenient location of the Astor is ever new—in the heart of Times Square, at the crossroads of the world.

# HOTEL ASTOR

★ ★ TIMES SQUARE • NEW YORK ★ ★ ★ ★

*F. A. Muschenheim, President • R. K. Christenberry, General Manager*

# Great Western Champagne



"BRUT SPECIAL 1900"  
(absolutely brut)

"SPECIAL RESERVE"  
(very dry)

"EXTRA DRY"  
(medium dry)

*Produced by the old French slow method of fermentation in the bottle taking from six to seven years of time.*



## Highest Honors in France

Great Western is the Only American Champagne ever awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions

- Paris Exposition, 1900, France
- Paris Exposition, 1889, France
- Bruxelles Exposition, 1910, Belgium
- Vienna Exposition, 1873, Austria
- Bruxelles Exposition, 1897, Belgium
- Paris Exposition, 1867, France

PLEASANT VALLEY  
WINE COMPANY  
RHEIMS, N. Y.

Oldest and largest producers of Champagne in America



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Height of the supper hour at Sherry's.

## DINING and AFTER-DARK DIVERTISSEMENTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

sorts of prominent people, from Colonel Roosevelt down. 257 East Houston St.

barroom on the Broadway side. Broadway and 33rd St.

### Lüchows

This is one of the oldest established restaurants of the city specializing in beer (it's one of the few places that knows how to keep it), German dishes of all kinds and steaks that rival any English Chop house in town. You'll see many German families, of course, dining here, but not so long ago it also became the Conversation Corner for a brilliant group of *literati* headed by James Huneker. There's a good orchestra that plays just the right, sentimental beer music. Ask for George, the Oberkellner. 110 East 14th St.

### Mandarin Cafe

When Broadway shuts down for the night, late uptowners often meet in slumming parties in this very atmospheric Chinatown place run by Jimmy Kelly, former lightweight boxing champion and ex-manager of Nigger Mike. There is good Chinese, American, and Italian cookery, and you'll hear "Piano" Dozey and his orchestra "rag" the scale. Irving Berlin, whose *Alexander's Rag Time Band* is sweeping the town was one of the singing waiters here, not so long ago. The resort is open all night. 111 Doyer St.

### Martin's

The outdoor terrace tables on the Fifth Avenue side are very popular this season at luncheon and dinner. The Cafe, however, continues to be the chief attraction of this notable restaurant. It is crowded with the town's smartest and gayest at all hours. You may dine here also if you are not in the mood for the formality of the other rooms. The Cafe is genuinely French and carries on all the old French cafe traditions down to the stacking of saucers on your table after each round of drinks. Louis, brother of proprietor James B. Martin, has just opened a new place of his own uptown, the Cafe de L'Opera—which is something else again. Fifth Ave. and 26th St.

### Hotel McAlpin

Local socialites and many out-of-town patrons patronize the well known Skyscraper Dining Room of this popular Hotel—said to be the highest roof garden in the city. You'll see many of the younger set here at dinner and after the play, for the fact that no dancing is permitted seems to insure its respectability among the reigning dowagers. The famous Horseshoe Bar downstairs, however, continues to be crowded with Broadway celebrities. At its opening, a very gay event, it was Diamond Jim Brady who purchased the first bottle of champagne—for Lillian Russell. Broadway at 34th St.

### Mouquin's (Knickerbocker Cottage)

A branch of the well known downtown restaurant and another one of the town's eating places that is truly French. Upstairs are large dining rooms and music, but the most interesting spot to lunch or dine is in the cafe downstairs. Many distinguished artists and writers have

### Martinique Hotel

This was, until recently, a hotel which catered largely to permanent residents and one of the first to have a dining room on the top floor. The present changes include a large grill, a red and gold dining room on the street level, and a handsome marble

made this their evening meeting place. At the south table on the Sixth Avenue side you'll generally see such masters of the brush and needle as Joseph Pennell (don't let his unkempt appearance trouble you), Childe Hassam, and their friends. The cuisine here and the wines are the best. Sixth Ave. and 28th St.

#### Murray's

The latest novelty in places that have anticipated the public's desire to dance at all hours to the new "rag" music. The trappings are Roman—or close to it—and low lights and hanging garlands set off the tables which are arranged at various levels around a revolving dance floor. Dinner is served, but the gayest time is late in the evening. The building stands on the site of Molly Riorden's famous establishment. Table d'hote dinner \$1.25; supper 75c. 42nd St. near Broadway.

#### Navarre Hotel

The Grill and the roof garden restaurant are good places to visit after the play. Some of the specialties you should try are celery broil and grilled oysters; boneless shad; lobster a la Navarre; crab flakes a la Denver. There is music for dancing. 7th Ave. and 38th St.

#### The Netherland

If you wish to dine in a very refined and decorous atmosphere, the restaurant of this Plaza hotel should satisfy your caprice. Fifth Ave. and 59th St.

#### Pabst

Noted, of course, for its beer and its German cooking. The large crescent bar is one of the most popular on the circle. The uptown branch (125th Street) is equally famous.

#### Plaza

An extremely attractive summer garden opened here this season and dining on its terrace has become quite the thing. This magnificent Park hotel is also a great rendezvous of the younger set, especially at luncheon and tea-time. Fifth Ave. and 59th St.

#### Rector's

No one can say he has seen the after-dark world of the city until he has visited this restaurant—the town's greatest gift to spenders, bon-vivants, and chorus girls. Rector's, for various legal reasons, is known as the Balmoral Club after closing hour. Broadway between 43rd and 44th Sts.

(Continued on Page 40)



Midnight on the Hotel Astor Roof.

## A MAITRE D'HOTEL TALKS

*"When the responsibility is mine, I serve Great Western Champagne because of its proven, intrinsic merit regardless of its cost per bottle."*



Americans  
are renewing a definite  
preference for America's

## Great Western CHAMPAGNE

produced by our own precise vintner's artistry and the old traditional method of slow fermentation in the bottle. "Great Western" is the only American champagne to win gold medals in France, Austria and Belgium. It also won the coveted Diplome d'Honneur in Paris.

"Our choice at any price is Great Western" is again being overheard wherever quality is apparent.

Interesting literature  
sent on request.

Address Dept. S-86  
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.  
Rheims, N. Y.



AMERICA'S  
Great Western  
CHAMPAGNE



**DINING and AFTER-DARK DIVERTISSEMENTS**  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)



we're living high—  
up in the air  
we're living fast—  
in the cafes  
high flyers and  
fast goers use

**RED RAVEN**

clears the head  
cools the blood  
settles the stomach  
and is ideal

"For High Livers' Livers"

*splits, everywhere 15c*



*Reisenweber's*

The gayest and naughtiest place on the Circle, with music, and a cabaret show that is startling to say the least. Married men on an outing will be glad to know that the little midnight number in which the chorus sprayed perfume on the customers has been eliminated by popular request. After the legal closing hour it is known to the initiated as the Society of United Friends. 58th St. and Seventh Ave.

*Ritz-Carlton*

Associated with the famous European hotel system, this recent addition to the long list of outstanding city hostelrys is about the last word in sumptuous appointments. It has "caught on" definitely with the town's fashionables and its impressive dining rooms are crowded with the best people during luncheon, dinner, and after the play. Leading foreign chefs and directors of long Continental experience assure this hotel a permanent place in the smart life of Manhattan. Madison Ave. at 46th St.

*Roger's*

Another of the town's better chop houses with something of the same atmosphere as its rival, Jack's down the avenue, though not quite such a favorite with the Broadway crowd. 45th St. and Sixth Ave.

*St. Regis*

This comparatively new hotel under the management of the well-known restaurateur, Rudolph Hahn, is about as luxurious a place the town can boast. The cuisine and service are above criticism and the general scheme of decoration is handsome and appealing. The St. Regis was known for some time as "the house which couldn't have a bar"—due to the fact of its proximity to a church. This was straightened out a while ago and now it has one of the finest and most frequented in the city. 55th St. and Fifth Ave.

*Savoy*

Luncheon or dinner in the restaurant on the Fifth Avenue side are delightful occasions these torrid times. Reserve a table at one of the large windows overlooking the Park. Fifth Ave. and 59th St.

*Scheffel Halle*

A fine old German restaurant where you may hear the good music of Rigo's gypsy orchestra and enjoy an inexpensive dinner. Try the imported Kulmbacher beer. There are bowling alleys downstairs where ladies are permitted to try their skill. Third Ave. and 17th St.

*Shanley's*

This new Shanley restaurant has become, since its opening a short while ago, one of the very lively night places along the Forties. Not

quite on a par with its illustrious neighbor, Rectors, it nevertheless furnishes those who like to get about after-dark with plenty of entertainment. You can dance the new dances here and there is a fast cabaret. Dinner, served from 6 to 9, is \$1.50; after the theatre suppers \$1.00 and \$2.00—but the gaiety of the place will probably make you spend a lot more. Broadway between 43rd and 44th Sts.

*Sherry's*

There is little doubt that this restaurant—toney (we beg to say) to the last degree—has as much to offer in the way of appointments, perfection of cuisine and service as any to be found in the capitals of Europe. Though dining at Sherry's on Sunday nights has long been the habit of the *haut monde*, the various rooms here are equally popular on weekdays during luncheon, tea, and supper. 44th St. and Fifth Ave.

*Smith and McNeil's*

If you like to go slumming in the dawn you'll find a visit to this downtown restaurant an amusing experience. Its patrons are the farmers and truck drivers who arrive in the early morning hours to deliver their produce at the Washington Market, a short distance away. You'll see all sorts of interesting characters and be reminded of that colorful morning you spent at Les Halles, the markets of Paris. 199 Washington St.

*Terrace Gardens*


The open air terrace above the street where light German operas are sung from a specially constructed stage is a unique place to visit these midsummer nights. It is a pleasant escape from the noise and smoke of the cabarets just to sit, sip beer, and listen. 58th St. between Lexington and 3rd Ave.

*Unter-den-Linden*

An outdoor German beer garden—known to many as Stillgebauer's—where you sit at little tables arranged around pebbled paths, drink excellent beer and hear music of the *Shine Little Glow Worm* variety. Broadway and 93rd St.

*The Waldorf-Astoria*

The chief attraction of this most important of New York hotels at this season is, of course, the roof where either at dinner or later you may be sure to find Society enjoying the setting and the orchestral music. The other departments of this hotel are too numerous to mention in detail and are known throughout the country: Peacock Alley; the main restaurant, with windows overlooking Fifth Avenue, and, of course, the Bar. The latter has represented—and still represents—a phase of American social life no future historian of the city may overlook. The list of its patrons includes, since its opening



Red Raven Splits presents

Self-Stirring

**BILLY BAXTER CLUB SODA**

Take a "high" glass, about 12 oz. capacity, and fill with large chunks, or cubes, of ice. The glass should be "high" ... that's where you get the name, "high-ball."

Put an ounce of Rye or Scotch in the glass; this flavor is known as the "ball."

Now a bottle of Billy Baxter Club Soda (or ginger ale), thoroughly chilled, and remove cap; invert the bottle over the glass, permitting the first two or three ounces of Billy Baxter to rush, or dash, from the bottle into the glass, and start the process of self-stirring; now pour the balance gently into the glass.

Do not stir with a spoon ... the spoon is the enemy of the high-ball. Billy Baxter is self-stirring. Booklet Helen D tells all.

Get Billy Baxter now and serve as directed ... you will have high-ball-joy beyond your wildest dreams.

RED RAVEN, CHESWICH, PA.

For  
**PLAYGOERS**

THE advent of the safe and speedy modern taxicab (driven by chauffeurs whom we recommend to our guests) has rendered the Fifth Avenue Hotel more convenient than ever to the theatres that lie along Broadway north of 34th Street.

After a luxurious dinner, our guests are "whisked" up Broadway to any theatre they select, avoiding the traffic policemen who make crosstown journeys so arduous. And after the play, the return for supper to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, under the electric of "The Great White Way," is an experience that must be enjoyed to be appreciated.

The cuisine and wine cellar of the Fifth Avenue Hotel are internationally famous. May we submit a schedule of summer rates for single rooms and suites?

**FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**

Fifth Avenue at 23rd Street  
NEW YORK

LUXURIOUS LIVING  
at Amazingly Low Cost

**fifth Avenue Hotel**

5th Ave. at 9th St., NEW YORK

1-2-3 or more rooms. Serving pantry, electric refrigeration and finest hotel service. . . . Furnished or unfurnished. . . . For a brief visit or on lease.

**SUMMER RATES NOW IN EFFECT**

Choice selection of apartments for Fall occupancy.

**DINE OUTDOORS**  
at New York's most popular  
**SIDEWALK CAFE**

for Cocktails—the world-famous  
**AMEN CORNER**  
the most colorful spot in town

24 Fifth Avenue at 9th Street  
MORRIS WHITE PROPERTIES, Owners  
JAMES J. CAREY, Manager



in 1897, the names of practically every person prominent in the life of the community. The cuisine of this hotel—under the direction of Oscar—has an international reputation. Fifth Ave. and 34th St.

**A Little Way Out of Town**  
*Brighton Beach Casino*

You may dine here on the wide verandas or indoors where there is always an entertaining vaudeville bill in the afternoons and evenings. Just now Lillian Russell heads the programme. Brighton Beach.

*Canoe Place Inn*

This is the oldest hostelry on Long Island, and the only one possessing a charter directly from her Majesty, Queen Anne. You could select no more charming place on your motor trip for dinner or the weekend. Fanned by zephyrs from the south and north. Canoe Place is blessed with a summer climate which many claim surpasses that of Bar Harbor. A dreamy, restful place, this Inn, from whose flower-decked verandahs may be seen ocean, gardens, fields, and forests. Hampton Bays, Long Island.

*Feltman's*

This Coney Island restaurant serves a variety of dishes, but the shore dinners have given it its wide renown. There are also many little tables where you rest from sight seeing and enjoy excellent beer to the strains of a good orchestra. Coney Island.

*Henri's*

A very exclusive and select little

place which opened a few years ago with only a few candle-lit tables on a screened porch. So remarkable, however, has been the food prepared in person by the proprietor, Henri Charpentier, that it is now patronized by such distinguished personalities as J. P. Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, David Belasco, Enrico Caruso, Antonio Scotti, and many others. 666 Scranton Avenue, Lynbrook, Long Island.

*Longvue*

This delightful restaurant, situated high over the Hudson, is operated by the same management which has made The Claremont on Riverside Drive so famous. It specializes in French dishes. The brook trout served here are netted from a pool on the grounds for immediate cooking. If you stroll through the shady walks you'll see a number of tame foxes in cages—particular pets of the proprietor. Hastings-on-Hudson.

*Villepigue's Inn*

Now that the ponies are running at the Sheepshead Bay track this is a most convenient place to lunch before the races or to dine afterwards. The Inn is noted for its sea-food—its shore dinners being unequaled in these parts. Sheepshead Bay.

*Woodmansten Inn*

A very delightful, but somewhat expensive Inn, where good food and drink are available. Here you may dine *al fresco* in a summery setting. The place is well patronized by Broadway lights as well as by the younger motoring set. Just off Pelham Parkway. **BON VIVANT**

# Fair and Cooler



When the thermometer goes up and your spirits go down, cool off with a tall glass of Teacher's-and-soda. You'll find that the incomparable flavour of Teacher's really makes a world of difference. WM. TEACHER & SONS, Ltd., Glasgow and London. Established in 1830.



86 PROOF

# TEACHER'S

"HIGHLAND CREAM"

## Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

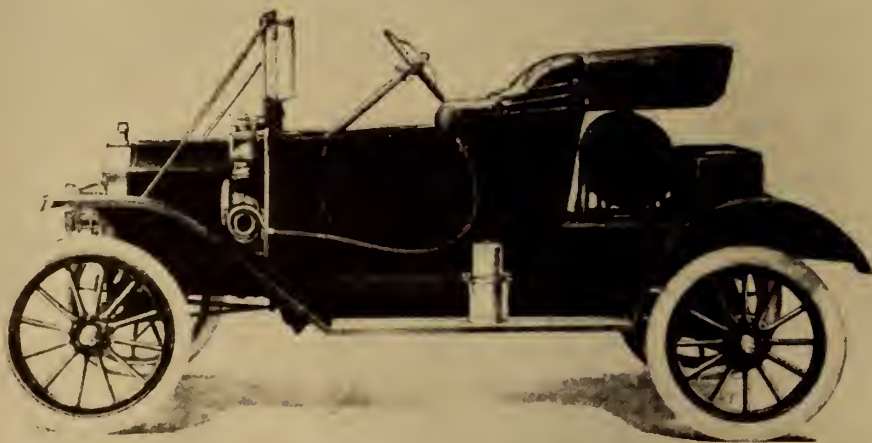


The Folies Bergeres—the latest novelty in music hall restaurants, fashioned after the famous Parisian resort.

# Ford Ford Ford

## Higher Than Ever In Quality

FORD Model T—famed for its service on all the highways of the world—is still of the same scientifically accurate and simple design, same heat-treated Vanadium Steel Construction, same light weight—same economical car to own and operate.



**\$590**

### FORD Model T Torpedo

4 Cylinders, 2 Passengers  
 Completely equipped as follows:  
 Extension Top, Speedometer  
 Automatic Brass Windshield  
 Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator  
 Three Oil Lamps  
 Horn and Tools  
 Ford Magneto built into the motor  
 This car thus fully equipped for \$590, F. O. B. Detroit

*Of course you expect us to be enthusiastic in our advertisements of Ford Model T. You think that naturally, as the designer and maker of Ford Model T, we are biased in our judgment and exaggerate the merits of this standard car.*

So we propose that when you are considering the purchase of a motor car, that you investigate for yourself, by talking with owners of Ford Model T cars—they are all around you—or write them for their opinions and experience with this satisfying car. Call on any Ford dealer and he will direct you to Ford owners, or write us direct and we will send you the names and addresses. This is an easy and dependable way to satisfy yourself as to the reliability of every claim we make for Ford Model T. Then have the Ford dealer give you a practical demonstration. Take a ride and see how simple it is to drive, how perfect the control and how smooth Ford Model T runs.

We tell you frankly Ford Model T is better today than ever before, because while there have been no changes in detail, in design and construction of the car, it has been possible to refine certain features and add certain conveniences.

The increased demand has led naturally to increased manufacturing facilities, and this larger production has given us economies through which we are able to reduce the price, while increasing the quality.

We repeat the assurance that Ford Model T is the highest quality car made in the world, bar none. It is made in the most compact and efficient factory in the world, bar none. Henry Ford, the designer of Ford cars and the founder of the Ford Motor Company, has never been more active and efficient in his work than at the present time. He is continually moving through the immense plant, here, there and everywhere, alert, observing, thinking, doing—one object in view—*increase the quality; increase the efficiency; increase the serviceability of the car and reduce the price.*

This car will bring you all the comfort, luxury and speed in riding that any motor car can give you; it brings you a practical service more extensive than any other motor car can give you. It costs you less in purchase price, and it is the cheapest car in the world to maintain in operation.

Here's the Ford line—

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, completely equipped, \$690, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, completely equipped, \$590, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4 cylinders, 3 passengers, removable Rumble seat, completely equipped, \$590, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Town Car (Landaulet), 4 cylinders, 6 passengers, completely equipped, \$900, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Delivery Car, 4 cylinders, capacity 750 pounds merchandise. The most practical delivery car on the market. Completely equipped, \$700, F. O. B. Detroit.

No Ford cars sold unequipped.



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# STAGE 1911 Number

AUGUST . . . . . 1936

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### The Girl on the Cover

Miss Billie Burke is scheduled to appear under Mr. Charles Frohman's aegis in the new play from the French entitled *The Runaway*. The play was written by Pierre Veber and Henri de Gorsse, and adapted by Michael Morton. The opening date is tentatively set for the 9th of October, at the Lyceum, and co-starring with Miss Burke will be the Messrs. Henry Miller, Junior, and C. Aubrey Smith. From the Culver Collection.

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# The 1910-1911 DRAMATIC SEASON in REVIEW

By Burns Mantle

The calendar tells us—handy things, calendars!—that we have come to the close of another theatrical season. There will, of course, be sporadic productions of plays through the summer. New York expands in popularity as a summer resort. What is often facetiously referred to as the "tourist trade" becomes increasingly important to the more alert producers of plays. Steamship agents are convinced this summer of 1911 will see many tourist records broken. Therefore, those of you who expect to remain in the city during the heated term may hope to be variously entertained in the playhouses.

However, our concern of the moment is with the past rather than with the future. "The past, at least, is secure," shouted Webster. We know what we have seen, and though we have not been altogether pleased with what we have seen, at least the measure of our disappointment has been no greater than, shall I say, should have been anticipated?

"Activity in the local field of dramatic enterprise has been, and continues to be, almost frantic," wrote our frequently querulous but keenly observing colleague, William Winter, of the *Tribune*, in a recent magazine article devoted to the drama. "Play after play has been produced, and almost every play has failed."

That, I insist, is a pessimistic view. It is true that probably seventy-five per cent of the

produced plays have resulted in failure—financial failure, at least—but that percentage is no higher than it always has been nor, I am inclined to believe, any higher than it will be for some years to come. Naturally the percentage of failure will decrease with the years. A younger and more progressive group of play producers is gradually moving into the picture. George C. Tyler, who for so long has been the producing genius of Liebler and Company, is thinking of striking out for himself. Winthrop Ames, so ably representing the best brains of the Back Bay district of Boston, far from discouraged by the failure of the New Theatre, is already looking for-

ward to the erection and direction of his own theatre. Henry B. Harris and his younger brother, William, are quite certain to do big things in the theatre of the future. The new Authors' Producing Company, in which both Edgar and Arch Selwyn, and their dapper young associate, Crosby Gaige, are interested, is a hopeful infusion of new blood in the theatre. Joe Weber and Lew Fields, no longer partners in fun, are now managerial rivals in earnest. Louis Werba, Mark Luescher, Alfred Aarons, Wagenhals and Kemper—all young and all eager—should contribute magnificently to the theatre during the next quarter century. By 1935-36 the American theatre should lead the world.

In our artistic pride we have suffered one major defeat in 1910-11. This will be the last season of the long awaited and loudly heralded New Theatre. After two seasons of struggle it is understood that the backers of that enterprise have withdrawn their support and the Temple to Art erected with such elation and heralded with such joy in Central Park West a year ago is to pass to other hands and, it may be, to other uses. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* as the saying is.

The New Theatre enterprise, as we belatedly know, was a failure from its inception. Underwritten as it was by our foremost patrons of art and "big business," the prevailing sentiment in its creation sprang from a

## THE TEN BEST PLAYS, 1910-11

*As A Man Thinks*, by Augustus Thomas  
*The Thunderbolt*, by Arthur Wing Pinero  
*The Concert*, adapted by Leo Ditrichstein  
*The Gamblers*, by Charles Klein  
*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*,  
 by George M. Cohan  
*Smith*, by Somerset Maugham  
*Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*,  
 by Harry James Smith  
*The Blue Bird*, by Maurice Maeterlinck  
*The Commuters*, by James Forbes  
*The Country Boy*, by Edgar Selwyn

### MAUDE ADAMS

(Left) Miss Adams is attired in the rooster's crown and feathers in which she portrayed the title role in Edmond Rostand's play about barnyard folk. She is shown here, at the break of dawn, chanting to the sun a clarion call which the denizens of the barnyard believe to be the power which makes the sun rise each morning.



### JANE COWL

One of the most palpable hits of the 1911 dramatic season was made by this young actress in "The Gamblers." She enacted the wife of a District Attorney who accuses her of plotting against him with his enemies. In her scenes of wounded pride and righteous indignation, Miss Cowl projected a sense of high art rarely attained.



Mrs. Fiske, Kathlene MacDonell, and Florine Arnold in the delightful new comedy entitled "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." In this scene Miss Arnold is calling Miss MacDonell "a viper—a venomous viper!"

CULVER

belief that money can accomplish anything. Put enough money back of an enterprise and it is bound to succeed! That is your capitalist's idea. Well, the New Theatre represents something like ten millions of dollars invested, and is a failure!

There are, naturally, many reasons advanced as the cause of failure. The theatre was too large; the drama demands intimacy. The acoustics were faulty; the drama must be heard. The supply of native dramas was inadequate; only one native play, Edward Sheldon's *The Nigger*, was produced the first season. The company was large but inelastic. Whenever any of the great parts was to be cast it became necessary to call in guest stars. But the true cause, the basic cause of failure, was undoubtedly that which afflicts any theatre, large or small, subsidized or struggling: the failure of the promoters to produce dramas that appealed to enough playgoers to guarantee the support of the enterprise.

Winthrop Ames and his associate producers, the Messrs. Shubert; Mr. John Corbin, literary adviser, and the others who were close to this first attempt to establish a National theatre in America may garner some satisfaction from the fact that their second season was better than their first. At least one commercially successful production, that of Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, has come through with a cash profit this season. After a successful initial run at the parent house the Maeterlinck fantasy was transferred to the Majestic Theatre, where it continued.

I must make a note to write Mr. Ames and ask him if, after the transfer, he still had trouble with the little unborn children of the cast sneaking away to smoke their cigarettes. I have heard they were a cause of great distress to the firemen engaged to patrol the magnificent distances back stage.

Among other New Theatre productions that may be mentioned with some degree of interest, if not enthusiasm, is that of Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Piper*, a worthy poetic drama founded on the Pied Piper of Hamelin legend, which, although perhaps a bit lofty in quality for the crowd, deserved a place in the repertory of an Art theatre. Mary Austin's *The Arrow Maker* was dignified and poetic, but too crude to survive. Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Thunderbolt* had all the virtues of the "well made play," but lacked sympathy. Illegitimacy is still an unpleasant theme, even in our progressive theatre, and this is the story of an illegitimate daughter who inherited a fortune from her father after the family had done its best to keep it from her.

The *Mary Magdalene* of Maeterlinck may be said to have been compounded of a little impressive verse and a good deal of "tinsel and heroics," as has been written of it. Miss Olga Nethersole's attempt to bring us the heaving technique of the Continental drama, touched with a lasciviousness that nearly killed dear Mr. Winter, proved little to the liking of New Theatre patrons.

Aside from the departed and departing glories of our first subsidized theatre, the season offered several good plays. The best of them was probably Augustus Thomas' *As a Man Thinks*, a vigorous discussion of the double standard of morality that is beginning to irritate many citizens—especially editors. Mr. Thomas, as is a frequent custom with him, tried the play in the form of a one-act sketch in a Lambs' Club Gambol and later expanded it. It is a better play than was this author's *The Harvest Moon*, and not so good a play as his *The Witching Hour*, which represented other Thomas forays into the strange world of the metaphysicians. Mr. Thomas is becoming a good deal of a preacher in the theatre, and playgoers normally resent being preached to. Thanks to his strongly developed dramatic sense he made us like the "You can't shoot—that—gun, you can't pull that trigger!" business and the "a guilty thought is as criminal as a guilty deed" of *The Witching Hour*. He tried holding us with the evils of implanting wicked suggestions in a girl's mind in *The Harvest Moon*. Now he would remind us in *As a Man Thinks* that "there is a double standard of morality because on the golden basis of woman's virtue rests the welfare of the world."

Like Thomas or not, he is the only dramatist among us who has the courage to experiment in new fields. He should have been a preacher. Or an actor. Or a politician. As he stands he is all three in one, and the mixture is confusing. Only as an after-dinner



Chrystal Herne as Mrs. Clayton, and John Mason as Dr. Seelig, in the Shubert production of "As a Man Thinks," scheduled to reopen at Nazimova's on August 14th.



This is the elaborate hotel setting which has been constructed for George M. Cohan's adaptation of that best-selling novel "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."



CULVER

speaker is he an unqualified success. He saves the banquet promoter's coffee. He keeps the guests awake without it.

Charles Klein's *The Gamblers* must also be placed near the top of any list of the season's outstanding plays. Like Mr. Thomas, Mr. Klein is definitely an actor's dramatist, a playwright with a feeling for effective (and frequently hackneyed) theatrical situations. If he lacks Thomas' interest in psychological exploration he still is a good workman. His *The Gamblers* is more sentimental than moral, dealing with a banker's misappropriation of funds, his effort to save himself from the prosecution of a District Attorney who is both a personal and an official enemy, and his second meeting with the prosecutor's wife, with whom formerly he was in love. Mr. George Nash was a forceful banker, Charles Stevenson a stubborn prosecutor, and a good deal of interest centered about that attractive young leading woman, Miss Jane Cowl, who promises to do still better things in the future.

Two of the better comedies of the season were Leo Ditrichstein's Herman Bahr adaptation—Mr. Ditrichstein is always fooling with

one adaptation or another—called *The Concert*, which ran practically all winter, and the lively *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* which that amazing young man, George M. Cohan, scissored out of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. Mr. Cohan, having practically exhausted his interest in the song and dance show, is evidently set on a career that shall involve a certain amount of "straight" drama. The idea of Mr. Cohan's going straight is something at which to marvel. What may be described as his first step on the new road is a firm step. *Wallingford* was one of the real hits of the year.

We shall include in this list of favorites also a comedy from the pen of that hard-working English dramatist, Louis Napoleon Parker, who gave up musical instruction and composition to turn out spotty plays with astounding rapidity. This is Mr. Parker's slightly anemic but still amusing *Pomander Walk*. Its cast included an amiable pair in George Giddens and Lennox Pawle, and that sometime writer of drama, T. Wigney Percyval, who sounds as though he should be quite a comic fellow with a monocle.

I hear Miss Maude Adams was personally

quite well pleased with her appearance in the Rostand *Chantecler*, a unique and novel exhibition. Not many of her devoted following shared her enthusiasm. Among those disappointed, it may be reasonably inferred, was Mr. Charles Frohman, whom the fun of seeing his favorite star bedecked in feathers and taught to crow cost a pretty penny. It was, in fact, a bad season for Mr. Frohman, despite his canny care in first having a peek at his purchases on the stage in London. John Drew's appearances in W. Somerset Maugham's *Smith* have not brought either the usual acclaim or the usual receipts—brought little or nothing, in fact, except some additional attention to that confident, pretty, and very blonde young leading woman named Mary Boland.

The Frohman production of the comedy *Suzanne*, with Julian L'Estrange and Billie Burke, though it held out for sixty-four performances, was far from a successful venture. Practically only Mr. J. M. Barrie's one-act, *The Twelve-Pound Look*, saved Miss Ethel Barrymore's season in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, in which she essayed a character much too old for her; a character, in fact, which



Miss Ethel Barrymore is shown in scenes from the two Barrie plays given at the Empire. At left, with Charles Dalton in "The Twelve Pound Look." At right with Mrs. Sam Sothorn in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."



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Teresa Maxwell Conover, A. E. Anson, and E. M. Holland in a climactic scene from "Nobody's Daughter." Mr. Anson, as the husband, is accusing his wife of an indiscretion.

DAVIS

Mr. Barrie intended to be played by no less an actress than Miss Ellen Terry, for whom it was written. Mr. Frohman is reported as being quite discouraged at the moment. Losing his faith in sex as a motive force in drama (he recently told interviewers that he was through with all "sex-problem" plays) Mr. Frohman has suffered failure with a fairly wholesome repertory. This would seem to leave the pudgy one either up a tree or out on a limb or in some such uncomfortable position.

Speaking of sex, did you see that the Mayor of Boston had banned Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way*, despite its moral lesson? Evidently the prevailing Codfish believes with Mr. Winter that "*The Easiest Way* no more teaches anything than an open sewer does."

C. F. might start a search for another *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, which idol of the simple played more than two hundred performances with Mabel Taliaferro's sister Edith ("Mabel's sugar, Edith's spice," the fellow said) as the sunbonneted heroine. There is a pint-size fellow in this cast that may amount to something some day. His name is Ernest Truex.

A good deal has been spoken and written recently about a general playgoers opposition to thinking in the theatre. There is proof enough that the anti-thinkers had pretty nearly a free field this season. "The plays that have added to the Nation's fund of dramatic art have been exceedingly few, contrasted with the quantity of rubbish that has littered the stage since the opening of the season last August," Louis V. Defoe wrote recently in the *Morning World*.

Well, Margaret Mayo's *Baby Mine*, which ran for nearly three hundred performances, and two lightweight comedies that managed to play for nearly two hundred performances each were probably in Mr. Defoe's thought. These were Philip Bartholomae's *Overnight*, which separated two newly married couples and had the wrong bride paired with the wrong and very timid groom; and Rupert Hughes' *Excuse Me*, which extracted a lot of laughter from the humors of traveling at express speed in a Pullman coach. James Forbes, whose *Chorus Lady* is still well remembered, got a lot of fun out of the adventures of recognizable suburbanites in *The*

*Commuters*, and Edgar Selwyn dramatized a boarding house to comedy advantage in *The Country Boy*. These last two stayed on for five months each.

On the other hand Winchell Smith's adaptation of F. Anstey's *Love Among the Lions*, with a cast which included Ernest Stallard, Jane Oaker, and A. E. Matthews, a young English comedian whose quiet methods made an immediate impression, was a failure. So was a second Anstey piece, *The Brass Bottle*, despite the help it got from Richard Bennett, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, and a pretty ingenue from the west named Irene Fenwick. Robert H. Davis, the esteemed editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, tried his 'prentice hand with *The Family*. It lasted seven performances, with Julie Herne, Thomas Meighan, and Mabel Bert in the cast, but gave promise that Mr. Davis, should he decide to go on playwrighting, may one day make a name for himself.

Two that lingered for a month, though a little uncertainly, were *Seven Sisters*, which Edith Ellis adapted from the Hungarian and Daniel Frohman produced with Laurette Taylor, a comparative newcomer to Broad-



To the left are Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning in a domestic scene from "Baby Mine."

To the right is Mr. Cecil Yapp, who undertakes the role of The Cat in the play "The Blue Bird."



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Miss Billie Burke and her leading man, Conway Tearle, in a remorseful scene from "Suzanne."



The great train robbery in "Excuse Me," that successful farce by Rupert Hughes.

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William Faversham and Julie Opp as they appeared in "The Faun."

way, Shelley Hull, and Charles Cherry in the cast, and *The Dictator*, which Richard Harding Davis wrote and Lew Fields produced with Willie Collier, Mrs. Collier (Paula Marr), their son, "Buster," and their sister, Helena Collier-Garrick, making a family matter of the troupe.

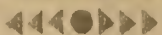
A sinister, and it may be a prophetic note, was sounded in the box-office success of the Paul Armstrong-Wilson Mizner underworld drama, *The Deep Purple*, despite a general unfavorable reception by the critics. In the light of Mr. Armstrong's last year success with *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, the question

arises, can this sort of thing indicate a developing interest in underworld drama and types? If it does, what, indeed, are we coming to? A lot of excitement, obviously.

Two poetic experiments outside the sacred portals of the New Theatre were William Faversham's sportive adventure in Edward Knoblock's *The Faun*, with Julie Opp, and Henry B. Harris' production of Percy MacKaye's *The Scarecrow*, another adaptation of the Faust legend, with the German actor, Frank Reicher, Edmund Breese, Alice Fischer, and Fola La Follette in the cast. Both were financial failures.



At the right are Holbrook Blinn and Ruth Benson in a scene from that exciting play, "The Boss." Mr. Blinn, as the boastful Regan, is giving his views on how to live and love.



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The setting is very realistic, representing the complete interior of a Pullman coach.



Leo Ditrichstein and Janet Beecher in David Belasco's late production of "The Concert."

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Madame Sarah Bernhardt, supported by a young Franco-Dutch actor with hair on his chest, Lou Tellegen by name (born Isidor van Dannueler), added to her series of farewell tours, and was as rapturously received as though she meant it. Fred Terry and Julia Neilson brought over *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which ran a month, and *Henry of Navarre*, which didn't. Prominent in their support was a young English actor named Philip Merivale. He has declared a liking for America which seems quite likely to bring him back.

Blanche Bates, who has not been lucky

with plays since *The Girl of the Golden West*, enjoyed at least a popular run in *Nobody's Widow*, a trivial but amusing piece by a youthful writer of "indelicate" farce comedy, Avery Hopwood. She had the well liked Bruce McRae as her mate. Mrs. Fiske found a comedy called *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* which served her similarly, being counted one of her less important but most entertaining adventures in the theatre. It was written by a young college professor, Harry James Smith, who gives considerable promise. Henry Dixey had the chief comedy role in New York, though Holbrook Blinn



Miss Blanche Bates and Mr. Bruce McRae in the play "Nobody's Widow."



At the left, a scene from that play of happiness, "Pomander Walk." Mr. Lennox Pawle is shown surprising the sweethearts, Miss Dorothy Parker and Mr. Edgar Kent.



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created it when the play was first tried in Chicago. Mrs. Fiske continues to bite off her words sharply, a habit that exasperates the Fiskeites who do not hear and delights those who do.

Walter Browne's *Everywoman*, the modern morality play, at least made use of all the tricks known to the stage and found a considerable public ready to swallow its obvious homiletics. It also had Laura Nelson Hall, Patricia Collinge, Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, Edward Mackey, and Frederick De Belleville to give it weight and character. Jules Eckert Goodman gave Emma Dunn a chance to play *Mother* with all the tremolo stops working.

There was a good deal of foot tapping at various musical comedy events. C. M. S. McLellan's *The Pink Lady* took up where *The Merry Widow* left off, with Hazel Dawn (born Hazel Tout in Ogden, Utah) scoring a huge hit. Alma Francis and William Elliott were in the company with her, but no one paid much attention to them. Christie MacDonald, the most fascinating of light-opera prima donnas, was happy in

Harry B. and Robert B. Smith's *Spring Maid*, with music by Heinrich Reinhardt, and a Three Trees number by Tom McNaughton that caught the town. *Naughty Marietta*, with a book by Rida Johnson Young, a score by the dependable Victor Herbert, and a flute-like soprano issuing from the throat of a mite of a prima donna, Emma Trentini, also stirred up a good deal of excitement.

*The Girl and the Kaiser* with Lulu Glaser and Harry Connor; *Alma, Where Do You Live?*, a simple something but vastly popular, which George V. Hobart wrested from the French and Joe Weber produced with Charles Bigelow, the comic, and Kitty Gordon; *He Came from Milwaukee*, with Sam Bernard and Louis Harrison; *The Echo*, by a couple of bright young Columbia boys, William Le Baron and Deems Taylor; *The Girl in the Train*, a Leo Fall operetta, and *The Girl in the Taxi*, with Carter DeHaven—the assortment was about as usual, and mostly about as dull.

There were reports from the west that Chicago still had hope of becoming a producing center and was proud of its native playwrights; of Joseph Medill Patterson, the

youthful publisher who suspended a newspaper career to write social drama, and already has *Dope*, *The Fourth Estate*, *A Little Brother of the Rich*, and *By-Products* to his credit; of Arthur Jerome Eddy, for his *Great John Ganton*; of William Anthony McGuire for *The Heights*; of George Barr McCutcheon for *Brewster's Millions*, and so on.

Some progress has been made with the law to curb ticket speculation, but not much, thanks to the interference of Senator Tim Sullivan, who gets the "specs" released as fast as the police bring them in.

Statistically there were 89 new plays produced, as against 102 last season; 37 new musical comedies as against 26; 67 revivals as against 38 a year ago; 17 Shakespearean productions against 13. The grand total was 215 new entertainments, a gain of 22 over last season—if it can be called a gain.

Our colleague, the estimable James Metcalfe of *Life*, estimates that a six million dollar subsidy will be necessary to revive and sustain the National Theatre. You may leave your donations at this office, or send them direct to the writer.



We see here the deft scene in W. Somerset Maugham's "Smith," wherein John Drew, as the reformed wastrel, returns to Mayfair and boldly asserts his passion for Smith, the parlormaid, played by Mary Boland.

# A Letter to DAVID BELASCO from William C. deMille

Merriewold Park, N. Y.  
July 25th 1911

Mr. David Belasco,  
Belasco Theatre, N. Y.

My dear Guv'nor:

I haven't written you before this because I knew you had been spending your days and nights at poor Gussie's side. I know how dearly you loved your little daughter and what a blow this has been to you.

I have been thinking of those old days, more than twenty years ago, when we lived across the street from you on Waverly Place and you and Father were writing *Men and Women*. Remember how the little deMille boys played with the little Belasco girls? It seems a long time from 1890 to 1911.

I wonder if you remember that this is my birthday as well as your own, and how in the old days you used to give me toys? Now you are giving me my second Belasco production. Judging from the tryouts in Washington and Baltimore *The Woman* looks to me like a better bet than *The Warrens of Virginia*—but you never can tell about New York.

We all missed you at the Washington opening, although, of course, we understood why you couldn't be there; but with Bill Dean on the stage and Ben Roeder in front everything went smoothly and the audience gave it a really good reception.

President Taft was in a box, occupying a special chair big enough to accommodate his dignity, and I got the thrill of my young life when he sent for me after the final curtain and told me how much he liked the play. I wish you had been there to get your share of the presidential praise.

Incidentally, I almost died at the end of the first act. When Mark gives Wanda his phone number, "Plaza 1001," and the audience realizes for the first time that the woman the politicians are going to sacrifice is the wife of one and the daughter of the other, I expected a burst of applause as they got the drama of the situation. Instead there was a dead silence while the curtain was falling, then a buzz followed by a growing laugh which got louder and, last of all, applause.

By that time little Willy was quite ready for the firing squad. I thought we had a Gargantuan flop. But, as everyone seemed so pleased, I came up for air and realized that the audience was right (as usual); that that was just the way they *should* take it; not having met the woman, all they saw was the plotters falling into their own trap and it pleased and amused them. In the whole two

weeks we played, every audience gave us exactly the same reaction so we're right; but for almost a minute I felt like a bridegroom at the altar who has just discovered he has forgotten to wear his pants.

I made one change in the third act which I'm sure you will like. Both Dean and I felt the last scene between husband and wife was anticlimactic; they were saying more or less the same old things. We tried changing the lines but it was still no good. Then I had one of my rare moments of sanity: I cut out the whole scene and, when she faces him to take her medicine, he speaks the one line, "I only know I've got to go on loving you." Business and exit.

It worked—and I hope you'll like it.

I thought Helen Ware and Bill Courtleigh were both extremely good as Wanda and Jim; but Dean tells me you're going to put Mary Nash and John Cope in the parts when we start again. Well—you know best.

Now that I'm so used to the play as it is, it's hard to realize that I started it two years ago as a vehicle for Frances Starr; with no story in mind; only the character of the telephone girl, and that we called it *The Machine* right up to rehearsal time. But you were quite right when you finally decided that the title was rotten and sent me home to think up another.

I'll confess to you now that I went through the script six times before I realized that the phrase, "the woman," occurs forty times in the first act alone and over a hundred times during the play. I still have the bright new dime you gave me for bringing that title in.

I saw Jesse Lasky the other day. You know he and Harry Harris have just lost their shirts in that *Folies Bergere* outfit. Jesse is going back into vaudeville and wanted me to produce a vaudeville operetta for him—all about old California. I was afraid it would interfere with *The Woman*, as Dean says we start rehearsals in a couple of weeks, so I turned the job over to Cecil who tells me he and Lasky get along very well together.

Also I ran into George Broadhurst who is full of his new play, *Bought and Paid For*. He thinks it one of the best things he's done yet and expects to bring it in about a week after our opening. He tells me it's about a husband who drinks and wants to make love to his wife while drunk; she doesn't like it and leaves him and he reforms. Sounds unpleasant and melodramatic, but perhaps it'll go; you never can tell.

Oh, by the way, you remember that little girl, Mary Pickford, who played Betty in *The Warrens of Virginia*? I met her again a few weeks ago and the poor kid is actually thinking of taking up moving pictures seriously. She says she can make a fairly good living at it, but it does seem a shame. After all she can't be more than seventeen and I remember what faith you had in her future; that appealing personality of hers would go a long way in the theatre, and now she's throwing her whole career in the ash-can and burying herself in a cheap form of amusement which hasn't a single point that I can see to recommend it. There will never be any real money in those galloping tintypes and certainly no one can expect them to develop into anything which could, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called art.

I pleaded with her not to waste her professional life and the opportunity the stage gives her to be known to thousands of people, but she's rather a stubborn little thing for such a youngster and says she knows what she's doing.

So I suppose we'll have to say goodby to little Mary Pickford. She'll never be heard of again, and I feel terribly sorry for her.

In a few weeks now we'll be rehearsing and it will certainly feel good to work with you again in the theatre.

Until then, my best to you—

Your friend and pupil,  
WILLIAM C. DEMILLE

David Belasco at work in the privacy of his studio.





Bert Williams in "The Ziegfeld Follies."



The world-famous line of beautiful girls in the 1911 edition of "The Ziegfeld Follies."

DAVIS

## A SPLENDID SEASON

By DEEMS

That marked the flood tide of the Viennese craze, however. Of the ten successful musical comedies now running on Broadway, only one is a Viennese importation. There will be others. Two or three, in fact, are already announced for next season. But the rush is over. There will never be another *Merry Widow* or *Chocolate Soldier*.

This season's importation, by the way, *The Spring Maid*, at the Liberty, introduces both a new composer and a new firm of producers. The composer is Heinrich Reinhardt, who, to judge from the score of *The Spring Maid*, is destined to have as successful a career on this side of the Atlantic as he has had in his native Germany. The book, by the way, has been adapted from the original by the old reliable team of Harry B. and Robert B. Smith (they are not related). The producers, Werba and Luescher, are two young men who, up to a few months ago, followed the humble calling of theatrical press agent. They acquired *The Spring Maid* after it had been rejected by several of the established producers, raised the money, somehow, to put it on—and have made their fortunes. The star of the piece is one of New York's favorites, Christie MacDonald.

The most important native production is Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta*, which opened at the New York Theatre last November and is still running. It marks the re-entry of Oscar Hammerstein as a producer of musical comedy. Many a sympathetic tear has been shed over the collapse of the dauntless Oscar and his Manhattan Grand Opera Company; but while the artistic loss to New York was a heavy one, the impresario's financial disaster has probably been overestimated. It is no secret that the Metropolitan bought him off, and while the exact



CULVER

Orville Harrold and Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta." Mr. Harrold is singing "I'm Falling in Love With Someone," in which he takes and sustains a high E flat, creating a veritable furor.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when it looked as if New York's "Great White Way" had better change its name to "The American Prater" and be done with it. For the terrific success of Franz Lehar's *The Merry Widow*, which opened here four years ago, brought about a flood of Viennese operettas that threatened to render the English and American brands extinct. Any collection of words and music that bore the "Made in Vienna" label was sure of a production on Broadway. In fact, there is a well authenticated report that one so-called Viennese operetta that opened—and closed—here last season had never been seen by the Austrian capital at all. Hearing that a prominent American theatrical manager was about to visit their native city, its author and composer, having a few thousand *kronen* to gamble with, hired a cast, an orchestra, some second-hand scenery, and an audience. They then produced their brain child for one performance only, solely for the bedazzlement of the American visitor, who, seeing the theatre jammed to the doors by an apparently riotously enthusiastic public, promptly bought the American rights to the piece; and scored an equally prompt failure.





Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth (at the left), and William Danforth (right) in "Little Miss Fix-It."

CULVER

## in OUR MUSICAL STAGE

TAYLOR



CULVER

Miss Christie MacDonald and Mr. Tom McNaughton in one of the many delightful comical scenes in that resounding musical success, "The Spring Maid," still on view at the Liberty Theatre.

sum he received has not been officially announced, it must have been a large one; for the Manhattan Company, at the time of its dissolution, was far from bankruptcy.

The book, by Rida Johnson Young, is one of those books, but the score is one of Herbert's best, and, for once, admirably sung. The cast is headed by Emma Trentini, who, as you will remember, was one of the best light sopranos of the Manhattan Company, and Orville Harrold, a newcomer whose voice, while far from being of operatic caliber, is still miles above the average of musical comedy tenors. Miss Trentini's best number is a delightful *Italian Street Song*, while Mr. Harrold's delivery of *I'm Falling in Love With Someone* enjoys the swooning admiration of the matinee girls.

Speaking of musical comedy tenors, what, one wonders, has become of Edward Johnson? His singing in Oscar Strauss' *A Waltz Dream* had much to do with that operetta's long run at the Broadway Theatre. That was three years ago, and Johnson seems to have dropped completely out of sight. It seems hardly credible that his voice should have failed; the inescapable conclusion is that Broadway managers don't know a good voice when they hear one. Young Johnson not only had a voice. He was an actor, and a good one. Let us hope his eclipse is temporary.

There is no space in which to go into detail regarding all of this season's musical productions; which is a pity, for the average is unusually high. The New Amsterdam has housed two successes this year. The first, *Madame Sherry*, was the starring vehicle for Lina Abarbanell, a newcomer and a welcome one. Her chief vocal offering was the outrageously popular *Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own*. Otto Hauer-



Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess."

DAVIS

bach contributed the book, an adaptation from a French vaudeville, and the music was by Karl Hoschna, who wrote *Three Twins*. The score of *Madame Sherry* is a decided improvement over its predecessor, and one looks forward with real eagerness to its composer's next offering.

The present incumbent of the New Amsterdam is *The Pink Lady*, starring the blonde and charming Hazel Dawn. To say that the music is by Ivan Caryll is, of course, to say that the score is a delight to the ear. In addition, *The Pink Lady* has a book (adapted by C. M. S. McLellan from a French farce) that is far above the average for this type of offering. It should have a long run.

Caryll is one of three English composers who have been represented on Broadway this season. The second of the trio is Paul Rubens, whose *The Balkan Princess*, while hardly one of his best scores, contrived, with the aid of a book by Frederick Lonsdale and Frank Curzon, to have a fair run. Those with a flair for theatrical genealogy will be interested to observe that the small role of Marie Rose was played by Miss Alice Brady, the daughter of one of Broadway's best known producers, William A. Brady, and step-daughter of one of America's leading ac-



DAVIS  
Bessie McCoy, moonstruck, in the "Ziegfeld Frolic" on the New Amsterdam roof.



CULVER  
Robert Warwick and Louise Gunning tenderly embrace in "The Balkan Princess."



CULVER  
Valeska Suratt in one of the really dramatic moments in "The Red Rose."



A scene from "The Ballet of Niagara," one of the fin

tresses, Grace George. Miss Brady made a second appearance later in the season in an elaborate revival of *H. M. S. Pinafore* that included such illustrious performers as Henry Dixey, Marie Cahill, and Louise Gunning. Guessing the future of a newcomer is a hazardous business, but it is reasonably safe to predict that little Miss Brady will never be another Marie Cahill.

The third of our English composers is Leslie Stewart. His new score, while it has the unmistakable Stewart touch, will hardly efface the memories of *Floradora* and *Havana*. For once, in fact, the book of a musical comedy is more important than the music, the book in question being that of *The Slim Princess*, at Charles Dillingham's Globe Theatre. Its author is Henry Blossom, who had the luck to have a story by George Ade upon which to base it, and a cast that includes Elsie Janis, Joe Cawthorn, and

William Pruette to play it to the hilt. Incidentally, one notes with interest that the top admission price to the present Globe offering has dropped back to two dollars. Last year, you may remember, when Mr. Dillingham opened the Globe Theatre with *The Old Town*, in which Miss Janis and Mr. Cawthorn supported Montgomery and Stone, the expense of his cast was such that he felt constrained to raise his top admission price to two-fifty. The case was exceptional, one admits (Montgomery and Stone, it is rumored, were being paid a thousand dollars a week apiece, and Janis and Cawthorn eight hundred), and the experiment, for once, succeeded. But for the average musical comedy such a lofty price would be disastrous.

The remaining musical offerings need not detain us long. One was *Jumping Jupiter*, which, despite a score by Karl Hoschna, owed what success it had largely to the presence of



Kitty Gordon, as Alma, sings Pierre (John McCloskey) to sleep, in "Alma, Where Do You Live?"



spectacles ever presented on the giant stage of the Hippodrome.

CULVER

an exceptionally good cast. The bespectacled Richard Carle was its bright particular star, charmingly surrounded by such planetary favorites as Ina Claire, Helen Broderick, Edna Wallace Hopper, and Jeanne Eagels.

Another is—or should it be are?—the *Follies of 1911*. This year's edition is cast in the familiar mold—a moderately dull book, music by an anthology of Tin Pan Alley composers, a few bright lyrics by Gene Buck, hordes of pretty girls, and numerous entertainers who are stars in their own right. The list, this season, includes our beloved "Yama-Yama Girl," Bessie McCoy, nimble-footed as ever; Leon Errol, he of the rubber legs; the Dolly Sisters; Bert Williams; Ann Meredith; beautiful Lillian Lorraine, who, like the House of Lords, "did nothing in particular, and did it very well"; an amusing novelty in the form of a female Jewish-dialect comedian, Fannie Brice; and that

recent graduate from the team of Ryan and White, George White.

Since Florenz Ziegfeld produced the first of these extravaganzas, five years ago, they have become more or less of a New York institution. How long the fickle public will flock to them is hard to say, but to say that there will probably be a *Follies of 1916* is not as wild a prediction as it may sound.

To interject a personal note into this chronicle, the past season was one of poignant memories for your correspondent. The month of February, 1911, marked the demise, somewhere on the road, of a musical comedy called *The Echo*, which some of the more gray-bearded readers may remember as having opened at the Globe in the fall of 1910. Its book was the work of William LeBaron, and the music—what was left of it—was by your correspondent. The cast included Bessie McCoy, the Dolly Sisters, Ryan and White,



CULVER

Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz as they appeared in the cast of "Mme. Sherry."



CULVER

Lew Fields and Lillian Lee, funning in Lew's own production of "The Hen-Pecks."



Lulu Glaser is the central figure in this group of principals from "The Girl and the Kaiser."

DAVIS



SETON

The Dolly Sisters, European stars, appear in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1911."

Flossie Hope, Johnny Ford, and Lillian Lopokova—all dancers, you observe. Which will give you a good idea of what the producer, Mr. Dillingham, thought of the book and music. This is, perhaps, as good a place as any to announce that the authors of *The Echo*, undismayed by their temporary setback, have all but completed a new offering, *In Old New Amsterdam*, which, they confidently expect, will appear on Broadway next season.

LeBaron, by the way, has some sketches and lyrics in the summer show running at the Folies Bergère Theatre. This new structure, on Forty-sixth Street, just opposite the Globe, is an innovation in theatrical entertainment, being the nearest thing to an English music hall ever seen in New York. The lower floor, instead of being filled with rows of seats, is occupied by chairs and tables, and the spectators are invited to eat, drink, and smoke while the show is going on. The show itself is a sort of glorified vaudeville entertainment, more or less topical in nature—what the French would call a *revue*.

Miss Ina Claire, by the way, can be seen at the Folies Bergère. This youthful entertainer, who attracted considerable attention in *Jumping Jupiter*, seems well on her way to stardom. She is promised for the fall in a new piece with a score by Lionel Monckton, the composer of last season's delightful *The Arcadians*. Miss Claire's vehicle will be called *The Quaker Girl*, and she will be seconded probably by the inimitable Clifton Crawford.

The coming season promises another star of somewhat different caliber, the much-discussed Gaby Deslys, whose escapades with young Manuel, the ex-King of Portugal, have made her as well known as President Taft. Mademoiselle Deslys will make her first Amer-

ican appearance some time in the early fall, in a new Winter Garden show—not alone, we hasten to add, as the cast will also include Frank Tinney, Mlle. Rasch, and Harry Jolson.

Other offerings, less certain but nevertheless promised, for next season, include another Lehar work, *Gypsy Love*. It will star Marguerite Sylva, who is known as a brilliant *Carmen*, but is an unknown quantity as regards musical comedy; a new Herbert piece, *The Enchantress*, with the English star, Kitty Gordon; another Karl Hoschna score, *The Girl of My Dreams*, with a book by Wilbur Nesbit and Otto Hauerbach; and, of course, another of R. H. Burnside's colossal extravaganzas at the Hippodrome. This one will be called *Around the World*. Let us trust that it will run longer than eighty days.

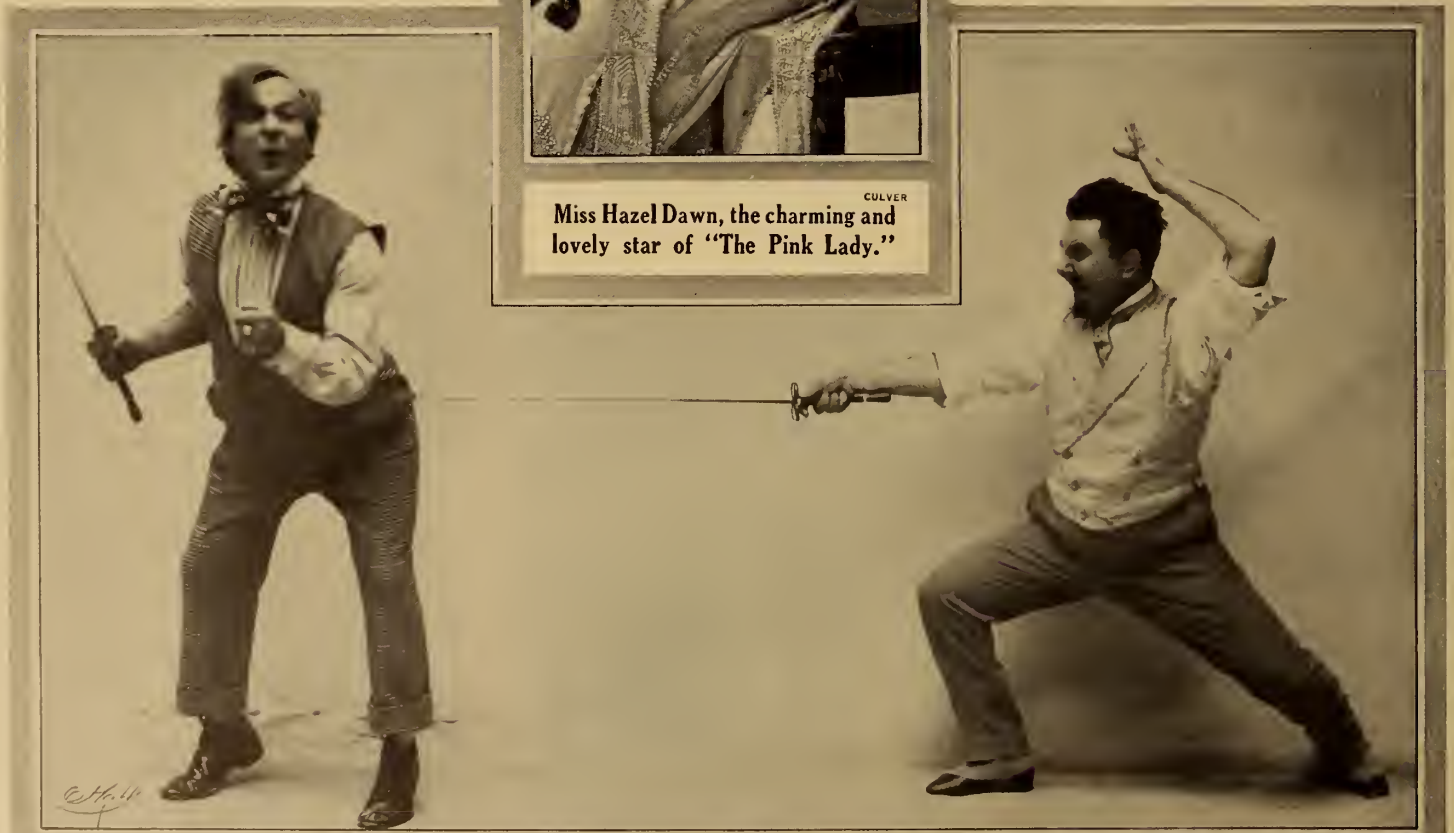
The trend of building uptownward seems, so far, to have affected the theatres very little. Daly's, on Twenty-ninth Street, the Manhattan, the Savoy, and the Herald Square, on Thirty-fourth—all are doing a flourishing business. The Knickerbocker, the Broadway, and the New Amsterdam are still the center of the theatrical world. True, the Park (formerly the Majestic), on Columbus Circle, is prospering, but it has had the luck to have housed a series of resounding successes, including *The Wizard of Oz* and *Babes in Toyland*, ever since it was built. The Park is a little ahead of its time, perhaps; but the theatrical district will inevitably move uptown. In the eighties it was below Fourteenth Street; in the nineties, between Fourteenth and Twenty-eighth. Later, its northern boundaries moved up to Forty-second. Now they are, roughly, Forty-eighth. Is it not logical to assume that in another twenty years the district will extend as far north as Sixtieth, or even Seventy-second?



DAVIS  
Fannie Brice, young comedienne in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1911."



CULVER  
Miss Hazel Dawn, the charming and lovely star of "The Pink Lady."



The Messrs. Sam Bernard and Louis Harrison at swords points in that hilarious musical comedy, "He Came From Milwaukee."

# PLAYERS in VACATION SEASON



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Ho, for the delights of vacation time! What are Broadway's children doing this summer? The camera obscura tells all: (1) Miss Eva Davenport at the helm of her new touring car; (2) Fifteen of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior's, most glamorous show girls in a four-seater sight-seeing bus (electric), setting forth for a picnic in the country; (3) Miss Elsie Janis "jouant au tennis" at her summer place; (4) Miss Blanche Bates demonstrates her prowess with the "crank"; (5) Mr. Forbes-Robertson sets out on an invigorating round of his favorite outdoor sport, golf; (6) Mme. Olive Fremstad embarking for Europe; (7) Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham (Julie Opp) reaping the harvest at their Surrey estate; (8) Miss Geraldine Farrar standing on the boat deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

# STAGE ASIDES

**T**HE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING has made tremendous bounds in this country in the last few years, and manufacturers seem disposed to go to any extreme to place their product in the public eye. This year we have noticed that many clever and ingenious things have been done to advertise articles to the theatregoing public. Visitors to *The Pink Lady*, we are sure, will not soon forget the aroma that pervades the theatre between Acts Two and Three at every performance. A note in the program explains that this effulgence of pungence is a great spray of Lazell's Bocadia perfume, and it is certainly a most charming way of acquainting the nostrils of the audience with the exquisite odor of this fine scent. We compliment the Messrs. Lazell on their ingenuity, and we exult with them at the notion of those adoring swains in the audience whose thoughts, while they gaze at Miss Hazel Dawn, soar to new heights on the clouds of Lazell's Bocadia.

**O**UR ALERT EARS has come news of a remarkable new invention, nurtured in Paris, and soon to come to this country. This invention is a complex mechanism which goes by the name of "talking pictures."

Mr. Henry W. Savage has secured the American rights to these pictures and he promises to exhibit them in this country next season. It is said in the ecstatic Paris press that the pictures reproduce the voices of the actors as they perform on the screen and the illusion is so life-like that it is difficult not to believe that a genuine performance is taking place. This illusion is the combined triumph of the photograph and the graphophone.

**W**E DO NOT HESITATE to say that we are made very happy by the news that there is a concentrated movement afoot among the producing managers of this country to take action against the motion picture manufacturers, because the latter have been filching the general themes of successful Broadway plays for picture subjects.

New York is to be made the center of operations of this war between the stage producers of Broadway and the motion picture makers of Astoria and California. A legal move will be made to restrict the use of a film that is practically a copy of a big Broadway success of the past season.

Bravo to the managers! This shameless thievery has gone far enough. If the picture manufacturers want to use Broadway plots, let them pay for them! We concede that they can not pay the prices that our reputable playwrights are used to, but an adjustment of a few hundred dollars, in lieu of regular royalties, should satisfy all parties concerned.

**W**E ALL KNOW that the great force in the life of Maurice Maeterlinck is his wife, Georgette Leblanc. She is the wonder-working influence who changed him from a poet of the stagnant pools of life to an optimistic philosopher whose works set the whole world dreaming. We visited the Maeterlincks on their recent visit to these shores, and we found Mme. Maeterlinck to be a creature as fragile and as fine as a Ming vase. She is the perfect partner for that rare genius she calls mate. She not only cooks every morsel her husband eats and supervises the household, but also finds time to serve as his inspiration. She understands how to respond to her husband's every mood. "She is the other half of my soul," says M. Maeterlinck.

We asked Mme. Maeterlinck for the secret of her matrimonial success. Her answer was to pull out, with a regal flourish reminiscent of her art in the theatre, the set of rules which she calls her "Code for Wives." Certain excerpts from it may prove of value to our feminine readers:

"Never allow hirelings to tend your husband in what concerns his bodily welfare.

"See that his clothes are ready each day and befitting the season of the year.

"When your husband is in a bad temper, don't develop similar symptoms; but when he is merry, imitate him plentifully.

"Don't fondle him before meal time—kisses to a hungry man are as soap bubbles to a parched throat.

"Use your tongue only in agreement; disapproval is best expressed with the eyes.

"If your husband has the gout, don't insist on walking.

"If you wish to convince him that you are a better actress than Bernhardt, and a sprightlier dancer than Pavlova, show him that you are a better cook than Escoffier.

"A wife's duties are, among others, to smooth over domestic tiffs—a man never admits that he is in the wrong—and to have an eye for the week after next.

"Finally, never lose sight of the fact, in making all these sacrifices, if a man supports the family, woman is his superior in far more ways than he is hers."

**M**R. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, the young and vituperative critic-reviewer of *Smart Set*, has called *The Deep Purple* the best crook play he has ever seen. We agree completely with Mr. Nathan. *The Deep Purple* was a strong, powerful play about the nether world, and Mr. Wilson Mizner, its co-author, a personality who collects friends as the lode-stone collects vagrant filings and an author of melodrama without peer, is to be awarded all the encomiums of press and public for a worthy contribution to the season. His words are matchless gems of wit.

However, one particular jewel from the fertile pen of Mr. Mizner failed to charm the first-night New York audience as it indubitably charmed the first-night Chicago audience. We refer to that portion of the dialogue wherein one of the characters in the play, the hero, addressed an officer of the law.

"Being a detective," he said to the officer, "I don't suppose you believe there's any such thing as an honest man?"

The officer cogitated for a moment and then replied, "Not in New York."

Strange to say, New York audiences were very hostile to this line. Chicago audiences were uproariously in favor of it.

**T**HE WISEACRES along Broadway are passing along a new joke which we overheard.

It seems an author met a manager friend of his.

The author says: "I see you gave Blinks a part in your new play. I thought you were not very good friends."

MANAGER: "That's all right. He gets mobbed in the last act by a bunch of supers!"

AUTHOR: "But that's all stage play."

MANAGER: "Not this time. I have selected *these* supers from among his creditors!"

(Rather typical, we would say, of the attitude of more than one manager towards his actors.)

**M**R. J. S. METCALFE, the esteemed critic of *Life*, is the least satisfied of the critics with Miss Maude Adams and her portrayal of the title role in *Chantecler*. Mr. Metcalfe has brought his rapier-like wit into his argument against the performance. "The entrusting of the title role to Miss Adams," says Mr. Metcalfe, "was shrewd from a business point of view, but disastrous from any artistic point of view . . . rumors are abroad that Mr. Charles Frohman is contemplating a spectacular production of *King Lear* with Miss Adams in the title part."

There are dozens of johnnies of the stage door who will have Mr. Metcalfe's scalp for the implication.



Arturo Toscanini



Toscanini, Gatti-Casazza, and Geraldine Farrar



Gustav Mahler

# THE SEASON IN MUSIC

By MARION M. D. MARTYN

The final Bravo has been shouted over an extraordinary musical season, marked by the presence of great artists in bewildering numbers, and by the increasingly distinguished contributions of the two brilliant newcomers to the Metropolitan from La Scala. At the end of their third year, Signor Gatti-Casazza and Maestro Toscanini have more than justified the predictions of the few persons who knew their worth when they arrived here, strangers, such a short time ago. Mark only the daring departure of the opera season's opening night, last November fourteenth, when, instead of a traditional *Aida* or *Traviata*. Maestro Toscanini offered a rendition of Gluck's *Armide*, never before heard at the Metropolitan. The felicity of casting and the truly magnificent singing were worthy of the superb direction they received, and of the painstaking perfection of detail which goes so far, it is whispered, in this conductor's hands, that he supervises even the costumes and make-up of the artists in his productions.

The title role in the first novelty of a season now memorably full of novelties was sung by Madame Fremstad, who has seldom, if ever, been heard in a characterization better suited to her unique dramatic temperament. Renaud was sung by the indispensable and ever-inspired Caruso, Alma Gluck lent her crystalline classic style to the two lyric parts of Lucinde and *Un Plaisir*, Louise Homer was strikingly successful as Hate, and the remaining roles fell to such excellent sopranos as

Mesdames Rappold and Sparkes. Caruso sang the formal, exacting music in the French in which he has not hitherto been at home and, much to the surprise of an enormous audience and many judicious critics, covered himself with, if not glory, at least vociferous approbation. The whole production was an eloquent realization of the uncompromising standard of excellence that has held sway in the opera house under the new regime. It did not in any way outdo the vivid—indeed, bloodcurdling—drama of the *Orfeo*, revived last year and repeated five times this year with the same incomparable cast of Homer, Gadski, and Gluck; but it continued a procedure that may long be remembered in local musical annals—the revival of "dead" classics by Toscanini in such a manner that they

believe their numerous years of desuetude.

Undoubtedly the outstanding novelty of this, and of many other, seasons, and one that redounded to the great credit of the Metropolitan, was the world premiere of Puccini's newest opera, *La Fanciulla del West*. For this no pains were spared and no opportunities missed. Giacomo Puccini came from Italy, and David Belasco from Forty-fourth Street, to sanction the doings. The Heavenly Quartet, as the inimitable combination of Destinn, Caruso, Amato, and Toscanini has already been dubbed (one wonders if they will achieve immortality commensurate with their collective nickname), departed from the familiarities of *Aida* and *Gioconda* to sing the new music as only they can, and Madame Destinn was particularly happy in a role whose sturdy and rugged background seemed most suitable to her substantial personality. Caruso as usual was rapturously (and justly) applauded, and the orchestra played with the new fire and precision that has marked its work since the advent of its exacting conductor. Indeed, in the case of this new opera, this particular observer tends to speculate upon the exact amount of vitality contributed to the score by the extraordinary conducting; and thus to verge toward the suspicion that, without such direction, it might not in the future hold its own with *Butterfly*, *Bohème*, and *Tosca*. Only time, as the cliché has it, will tell.

Not only in the Italian department of the repertoire, but in the German and French as

The four men responsible for "The Girl of the Golden West"—Gatti-Casazza, Belasco, Toscanini, and Puccini.



CULVER



Leo Slezak  
(Left) Fremstad as Kundry  
(Right) Melba as Violetta



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well, Signor Gatti provided his public with premieres possible only to his unparalleled resources. Eighteen days after the American West had run riot on the stage of the Metropolitan, Fairyland superseded it in the form of *Königskinder*, Humperdinck's new opera for children, and for that majority of grown-ups to whom such childishness as *Hänsel und Gretel* is of prime musical importance. Seldom has a new part come so exquisitely to realization as the Goose-Girl of *Königskinder* in the hands of Geraldine Farrar. Gone were the coquetries of Manon, the griefs of Butterfly, and the felinities of Tosca, in the pathos and sweetness of the ragged child who sang the lovely music with genuine tenderness, and acted with touching realism. Realism, in fact, went so far in the details of this production as to introduce to the stage of the Metropolitan a flock of live geese, which must have required rather more energetic attention from some protesting stagehand than from the poetic maiden who fictitiously had them in charge. Alfred Hertz conducted this charming work, in the presence of the composer who honored the occasion with his presence, and the cast supporting Miss Farrar included Hermann Jadowker, Otto Goritz, Adamo Didur, and the versatile Louise Homer

as The Witch. One of the most interesting departures of the season was Madame Homer's relinquishment of Humperdinck's more famous Witch, in *Hänsel und Gretel*, to the splendid tenor and mime, Albert Reiss, who imbued it with much brilliant venom.

The third novelty of the year was Dukas' new opera, *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue*, sung in French under Maestro Toscanini's direction by Miss Farrar and a splendid new artist, the French basso Leon Rothier, as Barbe-Bleue. (On December tenth, Monsieur Rothier made a debut as Mephistopheles which augured well for a secure niche in the company's roster. He is a worthy successor, in style and musicianship, to his great predecessors and compatriots, Maurel and Plançon.) Dukas' score, to an adaptation of Maeterlinck's libretto, fell short of finding complete favor with a press, whose dean described some of the music as "excruciating dissonance"; but, molded by the hands of Toscanini, it achieved a clarity it could not otherwise have enjoyed.

Among the very great experiences left us to contemplate and treasure in memory as the aftermath of the rich operatic season must be included the *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*, each conducted four times by Toscanini in

such manner as to imprint them indelibly. Three times we were given the opportunity to hear—and to see, for her astonishingly vital and impassioned acting is a rare thing—the Isolde of Olive Fremstad, an Isolde so toweringly commanding and magnificent that the mind cannot project a greater. This daring statement is made in full cognizance of the Metropolitan's own traditions of the opera; of the already legendary days when Lilli Lehmann and Jean de Reszke sang it under Franz Schalk and established what posterity must accept as the greatest of all renditions. However, though we may well believe that Isolde has found no vocal protagonist equal or superior to the immortal Lilli, and though Johanna Gadski's one performance this season was magnificently sung, we still do not see how any woman could emotionally and histrionically project the formidable part with more fire, grandeur, and passion than Fremstad. This impersonation received such support (perhaps such inspiration) from the leader in the pit that soprano and conductor quite outstripped the remainder of the cast—all of whom, however, sang with the scrupulous musicianship exacted of them by the conductor. In *Die Meistersinger*, Toscanini was again blessed with the superb voices on

Enrico Caruso as Dick Johnston, alias Ramerrez the outlaw, and Emmy Destinn as Minnie, in the opera version of "The Girl of the Golden West." Pictured here is the memorable scene in which Johnston comes staggering into Minnie's



cabin, wounded by the bullets of the searching party which is hot on his trail. Minnie, torn between her love for the mysterious outlaw and her distrust of him, decides at the zero hour to hide him from the posse in the cabin's loft.

CULVER



which the present glory of the Metropolitan so safely rests: Gadski and Destinn alternated as Eva, and Jörn sang all but one performance as Walther, the fourth being allotted to Leo Slezak, the brilliant new tenor who has explored the Wagnerian repertoire so creditably. It has been well said that while the poetic tragedies of a nation's lore can well be interpreted and comprehended by any sensitive artist, only a native of the land that gave it birth can do full justice to its comedy. This, in the case of Toscanini, is spectacularly refuted by his way with *Die Meistersinger*, a way so lusty, so robust, so full-blooded, yet mischievous and sparkling in a manner unattainable by the average Teuton, that one can only place it, along with his *Falstaff*, on the pinnacle of all divine laughter, and savor it for the rich treasure that it is. To hear and compare these two immortal works of heroic comedy is a privilege to be remembered for a lifetime; and it is not amiss to admonish the music lover to do so; for who knows if we shall be so privileged again?

The remainder of the Wagnerian repertoire lay in the capable hands of Mr. Hertz, under whose direction the matinee *Ring* cycle, beginning on February second, was distinguished indeed. What particular details need be selected for praise in a series, the casts for which were drawn from such embarrassment of riches as Gadski, Fremstad, and Morena among the *hoch-dramatische* sopranos; Alma Gluck as the lyric Freia and Forest Bird; Homer and Wickham for contraltos; Slezak, Burrian, and Reiss among tenors; Goritz, Ruysdael, Witherspoon (a valuable newcomer), and Soomer to lead the basses? Since the days of Mottl and Schalk, of the de Reszkes, Nordica, and Lehmann, the Wagnerian traditions of the Metropolitan have been rarefied, and they are being richly upheld now; so richly that it seems impossible to imagine a future in which they will de-

cline, though that is one of the grim possibilities that we should not overlook while banqueting on the luxuries of today. Somehow a skull upon the table would not seem out of keeping with the solemn rituals of the Niebelungen cult.

Even on the days when the Metropolitan, in its plethora of vitality, was not performing in its house, we had opera—and remarkable opera—under its roof. For the French performances of the Chicago-Philadelphia company that grew out of last year's directors' deal with Mr. Hammerstein, were of the usual prime quality to which we have been accustomed. Mary Garden, supported by a company that included Dalmores, Dufranne, Bressler-Gianoli, and Renaud, appeared successively in *Thaïs*, *Louise*, *Pelléas*, and *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, and won the usual acclaim from her devotees.

Two performances of opera that took place in November were memorable not so much for quality as for the presence of Madame Melba; she sang Gilda on November twenty-fifth and Violetta on the twenty-ninth, both with her wonted fluency and ease, if with something less than a voice in prime condition. She was partnered in *Traviata* by the delightfully melodious young John McCormack, a tenor of such rare vocal quality that his histrionic deficiencies on the operatic stage are much to be regretted.

Down to the last detail the ensemble at the Metropolitan, under the new regime, has proved what a superb thing opera can be when given its full and imperious due: though the scenery and settings have not all glowed with any great refulgence of beauty or reality, the musical and dramatic level could hardly have been higher. The improvement in the chorus and the orchestra (emanating, one suspects, chiefly from the will of the fiery Italian Maestro) has been striking.

And, as if to put the overflowing touch upon a cup brimming with riches, we have had a rare feast for our eyes; the ballets have been beautiful and the presence of Pavlova and Mordkin as soloists has held the whole choreographic standard up to the incredibly high level of the conducting and the singing.

One note of profound sadness must be recorded to counterbalance a year of great joys in music: the lamentable death, a few weeks ago, of Gustav Mahler, just after he had returned to Vienna from his winter's labor of reorganizing the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. In two short seasons the great director completely transformed our venerable symphony orchestra and brought it well within comparison of its great namesakes abroad. His programs in this past crowded season have been generous and richly rewarding, exploring a very wide range of symphonic lore and including the contributions of many noted soloists. Most successful among these were the all-Wagner programs that featured Madame Gadski, the all-Bethoven, when Xaver Scharwenka played the E flat piano concerto; the all-Tschaikowsky program; and one that seemed particularly appropriate in the hands of the illustrious Bohemian-born conductor: a program almost entirely of works by Czech composers. In this, Alma Gluck sang a Bohemian Cradle-Song of Smetana and two of Herr Mahler's own songs, and was followed by stirring performances of Dvorak's *Carnaval* and Smetana's *Vltava*—surely the most moving of tone-poems. To realize that this true immortal of music, whose monumental compositions have only begun their tenure of a changing world, is gone forever from our grateful midst, is hard indeed. Though he spent but three short seasons in New York, he placed on both our Metropolitan and our Philharmonic the exacting marks of his standards and his genius. Let us hope they will long remain.



John McCormack in "Natoma"



Gadski and Homer as Orpheus and Eurydice



Alma Gluck in "Pagliacci"



# WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Here it is the second week in July, 1911, and I've just come back from my first trip abroad. I thought little old New York would look rather sad and drab to me after the boulevards of Paris and the cosmopolitan flavor of London. But it doesn't. Oh, no! This is a great town. We're getting on. We're marching. We've taken our tip from the Old World, and we know a thing or two now that we didn't at the beginning of this century. Particularly in our night life along the glittering lane of Broadway.

We're way off from such dubious excitements as "slumming parties" down on the Bowery, sitting in Night Courts in evening dress to hear sentence passed on the sad daughters of joy who walk our streets still, and who, like the poor, will, I fear, always be with us. We want gayer evenings, and we're getting them.

I know how quiet and sedate our restaurants used to be; but now we're getting Continental supper places. Why, George Rector's is now the Balmoral Club—he calls it that in order to get around the midnight closing hour (clever man!). And Bustanoby, up in Columbus Circle, is calling his place the Domino Club; and Reisenweber, right across from him, has labeled his spot the Association of United Friends—for the same reason. I have seen the Turkey Trot, the Maxixe, and the Tango, and there's another whirl coming in that they call the Bunny Hug. Well, well! What next, I wonder. Will some of the Purity Leagues get after us, daredevils that we're coming to be! I hope not. We've just

gone European, that's all. Why, down at the Cafe Martin, in that glowing, golden room on the Broadway side, with its yellow curtains and the seats around the wall, the waiters now pile up the saucers, Paris fashion, one for each drink; and we young blades pretend we've always been used to it. How Gallic we feel in such surroundings! I took Amy there the first evening I got ashore, and who should sit near us but Lillian Russell, like a beautiful lamp lighting up the whole room.

Amy and I had dined at Mouquin's, on two sonnets I'd found a check for from the *Smart Set*. Sort of nice that two lines paid for the poulet, particularly as Maurice, my favorite waiter, had whispered to me, with that kindness for which he is famous, "One portion will be enough for two, sir!" (He knows that poets are born, not paid.) And the salad came out of another line, and the soup and cheese and dessert were paid for, and our wine; and still I had fourteen lines more—or seven dollars—to spare. So it was over to Martin's we went, then, for a *masa-grand* of coffee and yellow chartreuse to top off with. I couldn't afford to go to these places if I depended entirely on my salary down at the dear old Butterick Building—where we earn our bread and butterick, as we editors laughingly say. Lord, no! It's the quatrains and lyrics one sells that make an occasional round of night life possible.

This year has been a swell one in the theatre. Amy and I saw a lot of good shows before I went to Europe on six hundred dol-

lars for six whole weeks! Right after the New Year came in we went to the opening of a comedy called *Over Night*. I remember what George Broadhurst had told me in The Lambs about it. It seems they'd called him in to "fix it up," and he said, wonder of wonders, there wasn't a thing to be done to it—no stage carpentering was necessary at all; yet it was by a wholly unknown young writer named Philip Bartholomae. Scenes laid on a boat. Sort of naughty. Might shock some of the prudes—like the Bunny Hug. Might even shock old Alan Dale. But Margaret Lawrence saved it from vulgarity. I wondered what young Bartholomae would do next. The world was his oyster after that opening performance.

Afterwards, Amy and I went to the Cafe des Beaux Arts on the corner of Fortieth Street and Sixth Avenue, and Anna Held was there in a big picture hat, and when she rolled her eyes—gee! it was like seeing her play for nothing. And I felt like a real man about town when Jacques Bustanoby came over to our table, and suggested chicken à la King and a bottle of Beaune, it being a cold, bitter night.

New York may remind some people of a gawky red-headed boy who needs a haircut, but isn't yet ready for a shave, but not me. His clothes don't quite fit, but he'll learn. Yes, he'll learn. Everything's pushing uptown. Tiffany's moved long ago, and so did Brentano's. Who'd ever have guessed that Madison Square would put Union Square in the shade? But still we all go downtown to

the Lafayette where the Frenchmen play dominoes. You can play a game or two while your dinner is being prepared, sip your aperitif, and then lounge into the big room, bowing to all your friends, and sit down to about the best squab and salad and cheese and Crepe Suzette to be found anywhere in the world. And what a wine cellar!

I like the chop-houses in our town—Browne's, over on Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan—a hangout that Acton Davies frequents. And Engel's and Keene's, where we all have long clay pipes with our names on them, and where you run into all your cronies, and the cream ale is wonderful, foaming to the brim. It's great to go to these places after the theatre for a Welsh rarebit and a wee nightcap. When I go out stag, I always like the Hoffman House bar, with its naughty Bougureau paintings. Makes us lads feel sort of wicked to put our feet on the rail, push back our derbies, and pretend, for a brief time, that we're real men of the world!

A little while ago they opened a restaurant, just a few steps down from the sidewalk, called Murray's. Dim lights. Mysterious. Becoming. The women of middle age—and over—loved it. The young ones didn't care, for they shone in any light. But it proved a thrilling place to go, with a dance floor so small and intimate that when it was crowded—as it always was—the dancers could scarcely move. They were like stationary figures engraved on a pin-head. Everyone tried to get in at the supper hour; any overflow went to Churchill's, up Broadway, or to either of the two Shanley restaurants, which have never lost their popularity. But restaurants are a good deal like photographers. They have their little hour, they are fashionable for a while, and then they vanish. Murray's is slipping, just like any other spot in our town that becomes a sudden rendezvous for everybody. Its demise is inevitable in a fickle place like New York; but while it lasts . . .

We have the Folies Bergere in the same way. Little tables all around, where you can dine before the stage performance begins, and stay on and sup afterwards, till all hours. It has coziness; it is what the Germans would call *gemütlich*; and everybody flocked there

for a time; for New Yorkers are like sheep, and always will be. George Jean Nathan, who tells me he wants to become a great drama critic, was the first person to take me there, and we did feel important in our opera-hats and tail-coats, with gold-headed sticks dangling from our wrists as we entered this swanky place. But New York is getting cold to it, after a few brief months. I wonder why. Maybe it is because the tables take up too much room, and that the coming and going of the waiters, with trays of drinks, interrupt one's enjoyment of the happenings on the stage.

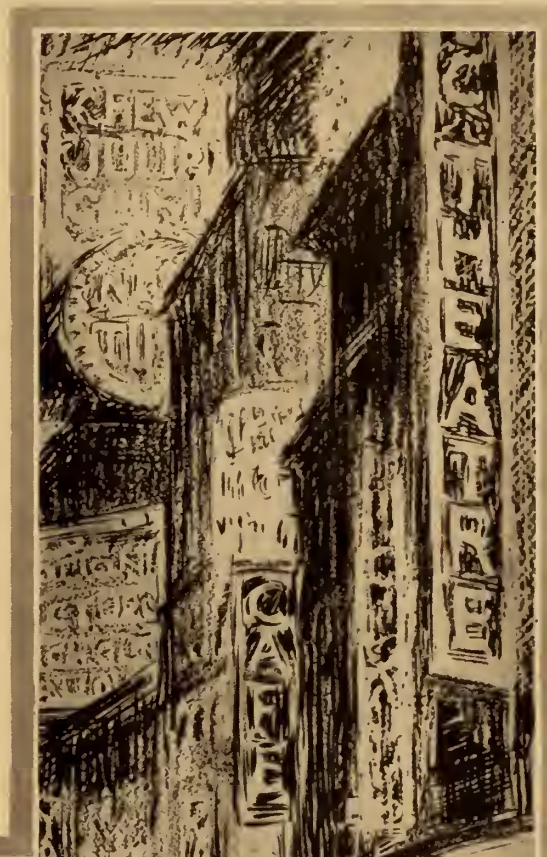
But I know why the Cafe de l'Opera is changing its name to Louis Martin's—for a silly reason you'd never guess. Its gilt doors, its advance notices, its ballyhoo, startled the length of Broadway, and we all said, "Now, here's something that will cause even the jaded wine agents and Society, itself, to stand on tiptoe and lift their eyebrows." But somehow it appealed only to the chorus-girl and show-girl type, and they came at first in hordes with their dapper young swains, pushing their way in to the exclusion of any other element. And then—they stopped coming. Why? Because not one chorine in a thousand could ask her beau to take her there, because she couldn't pronounce Cafe de l'Opera! She'd say, "the Opera, you know," and find herself at the Metropolitan. The French language got in her way and crowded her out of the very place where she wanted to be. Crazy, but true. And down come those gilt signs. Strange place, this Broadway of ours.

Amy likes the Waldorf-Astoria at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue with its Peacock Alley. Used to be a farm on this very spot, the legend runs. I don't doubt it. The whole world goes by in an endless procession—senators, capitalists, brokers, ladies (and some not quite that), rich mine owners, gamblers, actors, singers, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the town. It is fun to watch the continuous parade; and we youngsters have always been fond of the bar, particularly on Saturday afternoons, when all the "characters" drop in, and the glasses clink, and the old oak walls

resound with mirth. What stories are told here, in the very heart of our metropolis! And they're still telling about the Bradley-Martin Ball, of happy memory, which was given under this old roof. New York has known better and more expensive parties since; but somehow everything dates from that famous function, when preachers railed in their pulpits against its extravagance, almost having apoplexy while they shrieked their invectives and disfavor. They forgot to how many people such an affair gave employment.

We used to have a great gambling house in New York—Canfield's, where the top-hat fellows went, after passing, not one Cerberus, but two or three. But Canfield had to shut down. The Bronze Door which he ran just west of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Thirty-third Street, has been reopened by Frank Farrell in this year of 1911, and dim forms, sometimes with a flash of white shirtfront exposed,

DRAWINGS BY WALLACE MORGAN





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These elegant Gardens at Murray's are a rendezvous for the fashionable world in its eternal search for entertainment.

may be seen passing through those equally heavy and imposing portals when the hour is late. I've never crossed the threshold of such a place; it would frighten the likes of me, with only a few damp bills clutched in my damp, young hands.

They opened the St. Regis Hotel several years back, and it had a pretty poor start; for word was whispered around town that it was to be the most exclusive and expensive caravansery on the whole continent. Even the millionaires were scared away. But my friend Baron R— gave a dinner there one evening; and as a round dozen of us entered the main, much bedecked dining room, we found ourselves the only party there; and forty waiters, eager for something to do, leaped to serve us. It was funny, and tragic: like more people on the stage than in the audience. We felt like royalty, eating in solemn state, with a low, invisible orchestra spilling its golden sounds from a lofty minstrel gallery. Even yet, New Yorkers are timid about giving dinners at the St. Regis; but the prices have come down. They had to!

But if you don't feel like a place such as this, or you can't afford it, there are plenty of contrasts that will suit your pocketbook. I often take Amy to Lüchow's, on East Fourteenth Street, "down where the Wurzbberger flows," and where you can see whole German families sitting in solid and stolid comfort around their tables, making a seidel of beer last the entire evening. They listen, as Amy and I do, too, to the strains of the Viennese waltzes, and the roar and rumble of Manhattan is forgotten; Broadway is a dream street, and romance and sentiment seem to converge in this ancient, vaulted room, and you are lost in the rosy sweetness of the past. It's not New York. It's *Alt Heidelberg*.

And so it is at the Terrace Garden, on East Fifty-eighth Street. There we go on moonlit summer nights, for incomparable lobsters and steins of beer, and the brass band plays a tune by Strauss, and the little threaded lights of blue and red and gold drape themselves above us as we sit at our table on the gravel floor and think of the beautiful blue Danube or the ruined castles on the Rhine.

You catch the sentimentality of the Germans in these places, and the low thunder of the Elevated doesn't hinder your thoughts. Indeed, it comes as a soothing sound, like a far refrain. Just the place to go, after hearing a musical play like *The Balkan Princess*.

We like the Knickerbocker Hotel, on Times Square. Gay parties there all the time, and in the overflowing bar there's that famous King Cole painting by Maxfield Parrish, about which everyone has his little joke. Can't tell it here; but every male in the city has heard it. Along the Rialto, the hotels are always filled with well known actors and actresses. You'll see Donald Brian, of *Merry Widow* fame, or John Drew or Della Fox or Lulu Glaser or Cissie Loftus, who does those clever imitations in vaudeville.

Over at the Astor they opened, a while back, a roof garden, and the lights of the town glow around and beneath you, twinkling, winking like glow worms in those new flashing electric signs they're beginning to put up everywhere. New York's a beautiful hell at night. And one thinks of false friendships, the untrue love, the crushed hopes in such a place. We'll come to use our rooftops more and more, as time wears on, I think. They can be made into veritable gardens; and what if some of the flowers are made of papier-mâché? Aren't half the people just as unreal? How can you tell false from true?

And speaking of eating out of doors, I spoke to Jacques Bustanoby about sidewalk cafes, and several years ago he nervously put out a few tables up at his Beaux Arts Cafe, with a low hedge to, half conceal them. A few brave customers ventured to dine there one summer evening—Amy and I were two of them; and all went well for a while in our Parisian retreat. Then some little hoodlums, guttersnipes, discovered our vague forms behind the arras. Pebbles were soon showered over us, followed by rough, jeering cries, and Amy's organdy dress was spattered with soup, my white shirt was spotted with Hollandaise sauce, and we actually had to dash to cover. Jacques took away the tables after that. New York isn't ready, for all its appropriate climate, for *al fresco* dining. If you call it that, as I did the other day, some dumbbell will think you're alluding to a dancer at the Hippodrome. Just like a chorus girl Charlie Dillingham told me of, who thought manual labor was a Spaniard.



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# MANHATTAN

You have to go to Claremont, just beyond Grant's Tomb, if you want to dine under the stars. The Palisades begin there, and you can take a *fiacre*, or ride on your bicycle, and get there in decent season before dark; but now that the automobiles are coming in in such numbers, you can arrive in a jiffy. The lights along the New Jersey shore wink and gleam and shine, the air is like champagne on a June night, and you'll see the tally-ho people there—Society with a capital S.

It's almost as easy, though, to get to Manhattan Beach down on Long Island when the season begins, listen to the band, and eat along the boardwalk, watching Pain's fireworks—the greatest pyrotechnical display anywhere. They used to have light operas at the seaside theatre there—De Wolf Hopper in *The Beggar Student*, for instance, singing,

"In a moment of rapture,  
A transport of bliss,  
On her lily-white shoulder  
I planted a kiss!"

in his deep, booming voice, the waves playing him a sort of accompaniment. You'd see the pretty girls with their puffed sleeves and frills and chatelaine bags—probably getting all their hints from the latest number of *Vogue*. And the dudes trying to flirt with them, twirling their canes, smiling wickedly above their high choker collars.

This fall I'm going to give a little beef-steak dinner up at Healey's on Sixty-sixth Street and Columbus Avenue, right under the Elevated road. Amy hates to put on a paper cap—it's a sort of tradition, though—and of course she looks stunning in it. I'll ask Avery Hopwood, that coming young dramatist who's having such phenomenal success, the Oliver Herfords, George Nathan, Christie Macdonald, Theodosia Garrison, whose poetry is in every magazine, the Dana Gibsons, Carolyn Wells, Lloyd Osbourne, and Frank Crowninshield. It'll look like a table of contents of the *Smart Set*, and the wit, as well as the wine, will flow. It was Herford who said to me, only the other night, when I was on my way to Brooklyn to play euchre for some local charity, "In the midst of life we are in Brooklyn!" We may all go to Chinatown afterwards in one of those big busses. I hardly know where we'll end up. You're young only once—no, that's not a *bon mot* of Oliver's! If I attributed it to him he'd say I'd severed his jocular vein.

I saw the tired City fall in the arms of the  
Night

Like a beautiful, weary woman, after the  
day's delight.

And the Night with longing sought her,  
and crushed her to his heart.

And I saw the olden ardor waken and  
throb and start.

For the Night was her ancient lover,  
valiant yet cruel and strong,

And he craved a waking woman, on whose  
lips there lived a song.

He gave her wonderful jewels, long  
strings of glimmering pearls

And her eyes that had been tired gleamed  
now like a beautiful girl's.

And he clasped on her throat a necklace  
that flashed and shone like fire,

O proudly rose the city in imperial attire!  
She thrilled with the old-time passion, and  
laughed like a little child,

When tears came brimming to her eyes  
she brushed them back and smiled.

Ah, this is the spirit of woman that burns  
in the City's breast

She will turn with a laugh to her lover,  
forgetting her longed-for rest.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

And I want to give a party where we all used to go so much—down at the old Cafe Boulevard on Second Avenue. They give you a grand dollar table d'hote with wine at eighty cents a bottle, and on Sunday evenings, in particular, everyone is there, and they have to put extra tables out in the hall. I like Little Hungary, too, with its grill downstairs, and the big kegs set in the wall, out of which you can draw your Rhine wine the whole evening, if you wish, at a specified sum. You can't get tight—nobody does that! you just get what Jack London calls "jingled."

Amy likes Jack's, over on Sixth Avenue, where we often drop in after a play when I can afford it, for a cold bottle and a hot bird—a terrible extravagance for me. The check mounts up to about six dollars. You see the college boys there, down from New Haven or Princeton on Saturday nights. They were rowdier once upon a time than they are now. Getting more civilized. Why, after a Thanksgiving football game they used to troop in with chrysanthemums in their buttonholes, matching their tousled heads, and Jack had

to have flying wedges of waiters, or "bouncers," to put some of them out when they became too obstreperous. Same thing would happen at Rogers', too, in the next block, and at Burns'. David Belasco often has supper at one of these places, after he's been rehearsing his company all day. You can see his mane of white hair through the window. I think he likes to have people stare at him.

Oh, one of these days I'll be able, I hope, to go to Sherry's and Delmonico's. I go now only when I'm taken by some rich and lordly friends—can't stand the prices yet. I glance at them, and wonder. But how pleasant both places are, with their soft, thick, red carpets into which your proud feet sink, and the rosy lamps on the tables, and the mirrors, and the hum of the distant music, and the flirtations going on all around you, and each old New Yorker—the genuine article—looking like a well fed Strasbourg goose, or a lean grayhound, according to type.

New York! It's a city we love—and sometimes hate. But mostly we love it, siren town that it is!



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Doris Keane and William Courtenay in "Lights o' London."



Eugene Cowles, Alice Brady, Louise Gunning, Arthur Aldridge in "Pinafore."



DAVIS  
De Wolf Hopper impersonating Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore."



Mrs. Fiske in the title role of "Becky Sharp," a favorite of hers ever since 1899.



DAVIS  
William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," revived for the first time since 1905.



CULVER  
E. H. Sothorn as Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew."

DAVIS  
Julia Marlowe as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew."

# Revivals of the Season



Left to right: Milton Sills, Chrystal Herne, Charles Richman, Florence Roberts, Mrs. Le Moyne, and Effingham Pinto in "Diplomacy."

# The FUTURE of the THEATRE

By HEYWOOD BROWN

At the end of every season it is pertinent not only to take stock of what has been done but to try and see the trend of things theatrical. The best prophet is the man who has most closely observed and analyzed the past and the immediate present. Such a study does not simplify things for the crystal gazer. Broadway likes so many different things that it is not going to be easy to say what America will take to its heart in the years to come.

Perhaps it will be safer to comment on the things which the public does not like. Surely the season has proved one thing beyond dispute—the theatre belongs to the man (or the woman) who has a story to tell and to him alone. The day of the preacher is done. Through suffering and agony this generation has come to the same decision which every generation has reached in its own good time—art and propaganda are two separate things and never the twain shall meet. Barrie will be remembered when Shaw has been gathered to his fathers and forgotten because the little Scot knows that what a man does is a deal more interesting than what a man thinks. Of course it would be rash to say that the problem play has had its day and flown never to return. *Two Women* and *As a Man Thinks* stand in the way of any such theory. And for that matter, so does *Everywoman*. As a matter of fact, I think that Walter Browne's ingenious modernization of the old morality form is probably a signpost pointing out the direction in which our theatre is to travel in the years to come. Unless I am very much mistaken, fantasy is going to rule the American theatre. The playhouse will be literally all that the name implies. Mute Maeterlincks will become articulate, and somewhere in America a baby Barrie is trying to put his toe in his cheek and not quite succeeding. He will in time. Perhaps the leadership of our drama will pass to Edward Knoblauch whose play *The Faun* is so poetically imagined.

Whether for good or ill, the realists have had their inning and scored no runs, no hits, and many errors. Nor can it be justly asserted that the attempt to make our theatre a photograph gallery has failed because of any lack of serious minded spectators. Surely *The Blue Bird* has called forth the highest mental effort upon the part of its audiences. Realism has failed not because it has shocked us, but because it has committed the unforgivable sin. It has bored us. We will follow no more those who wish to show us the mud and the slime rather than the rose which springs from just such soil.

After all, our ways are not the ways of the

world. Our ways are the ways of peace and beauty and the abundant life. If democracy were still to be won there might be more patience with those who wish to use the stage as a stepladder from which to rant of woe and destruction, but we live in an era in which Jonah is still in the belly of the whale and we can afford to eat, drink, and be merry. We can also afford to think. The lofty philosophy of the Belgian sage is timely in a world given perhaps to some slight excess of creature comforts. But we have had our warnings and we have heeded them. Ours is not the perfect state. Nobody would be fool enough to make any such assertion. The poor are still with us. Corrupt politicians are not unknown. Inequalities of wealth exist here and there. But at least the door of opportunity is wide open. The man of determination can always force his way to the top if only he possesses the talisman of character. Why should we not look up into the skies and draw into our imaginings the courses of the stars? Here too is conflict, and, if not hate and love, at least attraction and repulsion. Think not that Chantecler was addle-pated. Perhaps he did not actually charm the sun up from behind the rim of the hills with his morning song, but so it seemed to him. And out of faith, men and barnyard fowl can build themselves fine castles fit for daily occupancy.

It is the function of the theatre to stir the pulses by bringing romance back into our lives. In some small way the very triumphs of our civilization are crippling. We have conquered the elements and made nature our slave instead of a tyrant. The rule of reason has superseded trial by combat, and I trust that no sane man would have it otherwise. And still something of the old savagery and lust for battle is with us yet. We no longer live by the sword and even less do we perish by it. But we have a hankering to see blades flash in the sun and listen to the thrilling notes of bugles. Why shouldn't we have our cake of carnage and eat the bread of peace? The theatre is potentially the modern maker of miracles. It can command the Red Sea obligingly to divide and let the modern man pass dry shod through a sea of troubles. In the face of danger and of anguish we are fortunate enough to be able to say, "It's only a play."

For my own taste the drawing room has been too much with us during the season which has just past. I hope that in the seasons which lie ahead the playwrights will discover other chambers in the house. There are the pantry and the kitchen and the servants'

hall. The cellar can be left to Ibsen and all his gloomy prophets. While art should never know boundaries or be harassed by protective tariffs it seems to me that the season which has just passed constitutes a declaration of theatrical independence. Admitting the skilful touch of Somerset Maugham in *Smith*, I still contend that our native authors are quite capable of achieving the light and well made play. Indeed we may be wise enough to learn that dramatic things can happen even in the humdrum towns. George Cohan's *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* has a quality which belongs to us alone. And why shouldn't we look into our lives? The destiny of America lies within our own borders. The quarrels of Europe are no concern of ours. Their economic problems cannot greatly interest us. Whether the intellectuals like it or not, the fact remains that the average American is more interested when the Giants win a double-header than when a French cabinet falls.

Since, in a somewhat indirect way, the theatre reflects the social and political structure of the day, we would be wise to pin our hopes upon a native drama which is wholly American in origin and point of view. We cannot live by taking in each other's plays or washing. The American play is a play about an individual. Call him Sam Brown or Tom Smith. It does not matter. Certain foreign playwrights have tried to deal with man in the mass. Your character becomes a symbol. This one is Capital and this one is Labor and a third, I suppose, is the Spirit of British Shipbuilding. All of this makes for bad drama. For the purposes of the theatre, conflict must be between very small groups or individuals. You can write a play about Cain and Abel but you cannot dramatize the Battle of Jericho. And this I think is the answer to those who want to write plays about labor and politics and economics. It simply can't be done. These things are interesting enough in the debating forum or in the pages of newspapers. They do not belong on the stage. They are not dramatic.

After all the Creator is a great dramatist, and when he saved the world in the face of the flood he preserved all living species in retail lots. They went into the ark two by two. They were male and they were female. That is the enduring conflict in the theatre. Nothing can change this fundamental fact which will be the animating force of all drama as long as civilization can endure. From the beginning we were created male and female. That is all that any dramatist needs to know. His only concern is to point out which is which.

# "EVERYWOMAN"

## A Condensation of Walter Browne's Modern Morality Play

### CANTICLE I

*The light of early dawn illumines an artistically furnished room in Everywoman's house. Nobody, as handsome as he thinks himself, and a better actor than he is willing to admit, is discovered.*

"Good friends, and I have many such  
Who treat me well and love me much,  
To introduce myself I first make bold.  
I'm Nobody. . . .

I ask your patience for our play,  
Let Nobody your judgment sway,  
For Nobody knows what is just and fair,  
If it offend, mine be the blame;  
And if it please you, just the same  
I promise you that nobody will care."

*In troop Everywoman's three handmaidens, Youth, Beauty, and Modesty, dancing and singing:*

"Born of a sunbeam's purity  
Beauty, Youth, and Modesty,  
Three little winsome maidens we,  
Each of sunshine savors.  
Linked in a chain of roses, see  
Beauty, Youth, and Modesty—  
Wouldn't you like to kiss all three?  
Kisses go by favors. . . ."

*Presently Everywoman awakes and appears, throwing kisses through the door:*  
"Fairwell, sweet dreamland fairies, fare ye well. . . .

For see. I am a woman! and to be  
A woman meaneth flower, star, Queen—  
And more, much more, besides. . . . (Joyfully)  
Ha! There ye are! . . .  
Welcome, sweet companions mine. Most  
lovingly Everywoman greets ye. . . ."

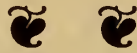
*Happy with her handmaidens, Everywoman flouts Nobody, who answers:*  
"Everywoman, there shall come a time when  
thou,

Deserted by Youth, forsaken by Beauty, and  
with Modesty  
Forgotten, shalt know that Nobody is thy  
friend."

*Later, looking into her mirror Everywoman finds Flattery who tells her that he is the Herald of King Love the First.*  
"Love longs for thee!" he tells her. "Oh,  
Everywoman, therefore go  
Out into the world and seek him. Seek thy  
King. . . ."

*Modesty entreats her to wait for Love at home; but she is about to start on her quest accompanied by Youth and Beauty when Truth, disguised as an old witch, appears:*  
"Listen! Everywoman longs for Love. Love is  
born of Truth.

I have a son. . . ."  
EVERYWOMAN: "A son, thou! Is he a dwarf,  
then? Misshapen! Crippled! The gnarled  
and crazy offspring of a witch? Love is a  
king, godlike in his manly perfection. Be-  
gone! When I have need of thee, I'll come  
to thee. . . . Come, sweet companions. Where-  
fore should we heed the croaking of a witch?  
Flattery is shapely and well formed, what  
then of the King whom he serves?"



EVERYWOMAN, Walter Browne's inspiring  
and beautiful modern morality play, one  
of the noblest theatric ventures of the 1910-  
11 season, has been received with almost  
universal critical acclaim. Seldom since the  
early days of the nineteenth century have  
rhetoric so decorative and cadences so spacious  
fallen from a dramatist's pen. To get in all  
its fulness, the rich flavor and melody of  
the poetry, we suggest that you read this  
condensation of the play aloud.



FLATTERY: "King Love the First awaits  
thee. . . ."

EVERYWOMAN: "Sir Flattery wilt thou lead  
my soul, enraptured,  
Lead me to the place where Love is  
found? . . ."

*(Kneels before Flattery in attitude of prayer. Truth enters at window with King Love dressed in yeoman's attire.)*

TRUTH: "Behold, my son, King Love, see!  
At Flattery's feet she kneels. Thou art too  
late. She is lost. Everywoman  
Who yields to Flattery is lost to thee, true  
Love."

### CANTICLE II

*On the stage of a Metropolitan Theatre are Stuff and Bluff, who with the aid of Puff, the press agent, have made Everywoman a star. They decide to send Modesty away and Youth and Beauty protest that they will go, too.*

STUFF: "Youth and Beauty. Nay, but we  
must have ye, at least, in the chorus. We  
need ye, but not your rebellious friend; so  
perforce, we must rob ye of your companion.  
Dimples, Curves, Shape, all-away with  
Modesty! . . ."

*Everywoman comes in with Wealth, the multi-millionaire, and Witless, the heir to a Dukedom. When they have gone she confesses to her new handmaiden, Conscience, that although famous and admired, she has not yet found Love.*

"Hast seen the actor, Passion? Hast noted  
how

He gazes on thee?" asks Youth. . . .

EVERYWOMAN: "True. Why, then,  
My quest is o'er. Well favored, is he not?  
He bears himself right royally. . . ."

*(Passion enters. He is a conventional actor, of fine physique. He wears a highwayman's mask.)*

YOUTH: "That's true, But 'tis for thee to  
judge. Hast felt

Embarrassment in his presence?"

EVERYWOMAN: "Why, yes. My heart  
Leaps upward at his voice. His lightest touch  
Awakens strange emotions—longings, yearn-  
ings,

Hitherto unknown. Comes Love like  
that? . . ."

PASSION: "Everywoman come forth! Why  
hide

At the approach of Passion?"

EVERYWOMAN (*Timidly*): "Art thou indeed  
King Love? . . ."

*(Passion stoops and kisses Everywoman). . . .*

PASSION: "I am thy King.

Thou art the Queen of Love."

EVERYWOMAN: "Ah! Found at last!

At last the arms of Love encircle me,  
And freely thus doth Everywoman yield  
The tribute of her womanhood.

*(Kisses Passion)*

Ah, 'tis sweet.

To hear the voice of Flattery. To be acclaimed  
A victor in the wars which woman wage.

Sweet are a woman's triumphs! But how sweet,  
How doubly sweet, when she is vanquished!

When

She surrenders to the power, the prowess, the  
invincible force.

The noble strength of Love, the conquerer!  
Love, I am thine!"

MODESTY: "Everywoman, fare thee well!"

PASSION: "Some intruder. Dids't thou not  
hear?"

*(Vision of Modesty disappears)*

EVERYWOMAN: "Tis Modesty.

Modesty again warns me. And as she sighs  
Farewell, there burn on my lips Passion's  
kisses.

Kisses I craved. Ye Gods! I have forgotten  
Modesty! . . .

Away! I doubt thee. Fear thee now. . . .

Show me thy face. Thou'lt not? Thus then  
I tear

Thy mask away *(She tears the mask from  
Passion's face)*

Passion, I know thee, now. . . .

Away! Begone! *(Passion cringes off)*

Thus the stain of Passion's kiss

Shall Everywoman suffer when Modesty hath  
left her. . . ."

### CANTICLE III

*Beauty is sinking fast and Everywoman tells Conscience to tend her. Wealth discovers that Everywoman is still seeking for Love, and believing that Love is dead, he decides to impersonate him and so win Everywoman.*

WEALTH offers her:

"A place in Fifth Avenue; a yacht;

A Newport cottage; a baronial hall

In England; horses, autos, diamonds, gems

To shame an Eastern potentate. From Paris,

Gowns. Pearls from the Orient. A box

Each season at the opera. . . ."

*Everywoman is about to accept him when she discovers that he does not want her without Youth and Beauty:*

"Ah! Now thy mask is off," she cries. "I  
know thee, Wealth.

Thou'rt not a King. Thou hast no throne to  
offer.

Thou'rt but a Sultan vile, who, with rich gifts,  
Wouldst Everywoman, and Youth, and  
Beauty, and all such

As pleased thee for a little while, withal,



Lure into slavery within thine harem. Ha!  
Wretch!

Brute! . . ."

*Disgusted with everything, Everywoman is now ready to return to Truth, the witch, when she finds that Beauty is dead.*

EVERYWOMAN: "Dead! Dead!

Lips cold! My beauty gone! Ah! No!

It cannot be true!"

CONSCIENCE: "Observe thy mirror, where  
Flattery was wont to dwell."

EVERYWOMAN (*Staggers to mirror and gazes in horror as Truth is seen*): "That is not I—  
that hideous face! (*To mirror*)

I know thee! Thou art Truth—beloved by  
Nobody.

Back to thy well, thou witch, and drown  
thyself

In water! (*Hurls bottle at mirror*)

Wine for me. For Everywoman

Wealth is still with her. Wine for wealth . . .

Be-elzebug! Be-elzebug! Be-elzebug! Ha! Ha!  
Ho! Ho!"

#### CANTICLE IV

*It is New Year's Eve on The Gay White Way. Everywoman, shabbily dressed, ill, and emaciated, comes in. She clings to Youth:*

"Oh, Everywoman! whither goest thou?

I fain would be thy shadow, but I feel

My limbs are growing weak, and at my heart

There lies a sickly fear lest Time, the callboy,

Should'st take me from thee. Those there are

who say

That time hath sworn to kill thy Youth! cause

thou,

O Everywoman, in wantonness hath tried,

Ever an anon, to kill Time."

*Everywoman is still seeking for Wealth; and she feels that Youth can no longer help her. Wealth, however, will have none of Everywoman now that she has lost Beauty and Youth, and he goes off with Vice saying:*

"Artful minx!

I ne'er saw thee before. But still, thy cheeks

Are plump and pink. Thine eyes flash tempt-

ing flame.

They form alluring is. Wilt ride with me?"

*Youth is carried by on her bier, with Conscience chanting her requiem, and Everywoman, at last, turns to Truth. . . .*

EVERYWOMAN: "Ha! Truth! 'Tis Truth,  
sweet Truth.

I know thee now. Welcome! Welcome! . . ."

TRUTH: "Wilt walk with Truth?"

EVERYWOMAN: "Aye, that I will,

For evermore . . .

Charity! Charity for Everywoman I ask."

*And Truth leads Everywoman toward the church as the curtain falls.*

#### CANTICLE V

*King Love the First is discovered lounging in a chair before the fireplace of Everywoman's old home. A crown of thorns and roses, intermingled, lies at his feet. He sleeps. Truth leads Everywoman in.*

EVERYWOMAN: "Why, Truth! Hast led me  
home again? . . .

Thou wilt not leave me, Truth? Ah! Don't  
I fear

To be alone?"

TRUTH: "It is not well thou shouldst.

It is but right that unto Everywoman

A mate, by Truth well chosen, should be  
brought."

LOVE: "Who speaketh of Truth? (*holding  
out arms*)

Mother!"

TRUTH: "My son! My dearly beloved son!"

(*Love and Truth embrace tenderly*)

EVERYWOMAN: "Thy son! I did not know."

TRUTH: "No 'tis not given

For Everywoman, until her hair grows gray,

To know that Love is ever born of Truth,

That Truth is mother to Love."

EVERYWOMAN: "So, thou art Love!

Art thou indeed a King? King Love the First?

Where is thy throne?"

LOVE: "Within thy heart, O Everywoman!"

EVERYWOMAN: "Where is thy kingdom?"

LOVE: "In Everywoman's home."

EVERYWOMAN: "Where is thy crown?"

LOVE: "At thy feet."

EVERYWOMAN: "Why this is but a garland  
of briars and roses!"

LOVE: "I fain would place it on thy brow,  
Wilt be my Queen?"

EVERYWOMAN: "I am unworthy! Nay!

Nay! Let me at thy feet remain. Why, Love,  
How strong thou art! Love lifteth Everywo-

man up."

LOVE: "Wilt be . . ."

EVERYWOMAN: "Thy loyal subject. Thou  
shalt be

My king. Oh, Love! How noble thou art!  
And how close thou holdest me!

Not that I mind, for I am thine . . . all thine!"

(*They are about to kiss, when Modesty knocks*)

MODESTY: "Shelter! Shelter, I crave!"

TRUTH: "A benighted traveler knocks . . ."

LOVE: "We would be alone . . ."

*Truth opens the door. Modesty enters, agitated.*

EVERYWOMAN: "Modesty! Thank the gods!  
Thou hast returned home." (*Embraces her*)

MODESTY: "I have escaped. They bound me,

tortured me, sought to slay thy Modesty."

EVERYWOMAN: "Yes! yes! But in my heart I  
knew

Right well thou wouldst return to me when  
Love

True Love, was found."

TRUTH: "Love, my son, with me

'Til morn shalt thou abide. Everywoman at  
the church,

Where, through Charity, sins and follies of  
mankind

Find full forgiveness, Love the First, thy king,

Crown Everywoman his Queen. Come Love!"

EVERYWOMAN (*Kissing Love*): "'Til morn."

LOVE (*Kissing Everywoman*): "'Til dawn."

EVERYWOMAN and LOVE: "God guard thee!"

*Everywoman ascends staircase with Modesty, looking back at Love. Love goes to door with Truth, looking back at Everywoman. As all exeunt, Nobody enters.*

NOBODY: "The play is ended. This is the cue,  
For Nobody to bid adieu.

But first he'll ask you, in the author's name,

Be merciful, be just, be fair

To Everywoman, everywhere.

Her faults are many, Nobody's the blame."

CURTAIN

The great banquet scene in Act Three of "Everywoman." Miss Laura Nelson Hall, in the title role and in the center of the motley crew of parasites, intones: "Come friends, a parting drink!" Wealth, Witless, Self, Greed, and Stuff rally to the toast.



# The Part of Youth

By PATRICIA COLLINGE

*Miss Patricia Collinge tells in her own words the story of the successful morality play which played last season at the Lyric Theatre. Miss Collinge, a newcomer to the theatre, played the part of Youth in the drama.*

*Everywoman* is the most wonderful play I ever saw or imagined, and I am very, very happy to have played in it. It is a very difficult play to describe because it is allegorical. There is a play called *Everyman* and it is like that except it is about a woman. Everyone plays an attribute instead of a person and there is one called Nobody who comes before the curtain and explains what they are doing. It is also in blank verse. There are a great many attributes like Charity and Conscience and Greed and Passion and many other things including Love. *Everywoman*, who is played by Miss Laura Nelson Hall, is just a young girl when the play begins. She has three friends, Youth, Beauty, and Modesty, and a handmaiden, Conscience, although she does not have Conscience until the second act. Miss Aurora Piatt plays Beauty and Miss Juliette Day is Modesty. I am Youth. Miss Wilda Bennett is Conscience.

Well, *Everywoman* tells us that she wants to find Love, and Youth and Beauty are delighted, but Modesty is not; but we laugh at her, and we wonder where Love can be found and then Flattery appears in *Everywoman's* mirror and that is a wonderful effect. First you see *Everywoman's* reflection, and then they do something to the lights and suddenly there is Mr. Frank Lacy who is Flattery and he tells *Everywoman* to seek Love in the theatre, and then we are terribly excited, except Modesty. And then Truth appears and Truth is Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne and she is wonderful. We are supposed to be afraid of her and we really are because she is very impressive and she has very wonderful blue eyes that seem to look right through you. She speaks so beautifully and she is dressed like a Witch and she tells *Everywoman* to wait for Love at home and then she says, "I have a son." And every night when she says that it makes me feel very queer and I almost cry, but I can't because we are supposed to laugh at her and flaunt her, but that is hard to do because her eyes look at us so.

Well, then Nobody comes on and that is Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe and he is dressed in a robe and always has a green light on him and he warns *Everywoman* that if she flaunts Truth the time will come when Nobody will be her friend. It is so difficult to describe but we are supposed to be afraid of Nobody, and yet it really means that we are not afraid of anybody. While Modesty is *not* afraid of Nobody which really means that she is afraid of everybody. Well then the next act is the Theatre and *Everywoman* has become a Star and Wealth is with her. Wealth is Mr. Frederic de Belleville and he is very wonderful and looks just like Wealth even at rehearsal. *Everywoman* has not yet found Love. Then there is a scene where she loses Mod-

esty, who is stolen from her in the Theatre, but Youth and Beauty are still with her. In fact the manager Bluff says he wouldn't have *Everywoman* without them. It is all symbolic, you see. And then *Everywoman* meets Passion and he sings to her on a rock and he almost makes her believe that he is Love but Modesty appears on the rock and warns *Everywoman*, and then *Everywoman* tears the Mask from the face of Passion and bids him begone and that is a wonderful scene; and Miss Laura Nelson Hall is wonderful in it the way she says, "Passion . . . I know thee now. *Thou* art not Love, the King. *Thou'rt* but a Vile Pretender"; and then a long speech and then she says, "Get Thee *Gone*," and Passion covers his face with his cloak and almost *crawls* off. I can't describe it, but it is wonderful.

Then the next act is a supper given for *Everywoman* by Wealth and everything is gold. *Everywoman* enters with Wealth and Lord Witless who is Mr. Hubert Osborne, and Youth comes in with Age and Greed and Envy and many others and there is a Revel, and Beauty is very tired and *Everywoman* puts her in the hands of Conscience, and then there is the most wonderful scene where *Everywoman* stands on the table and sings and we all join in shouting a chorus which is "Be-el-zeebub. Be-el-zeebub," and it is terrible, and then suddenly we stop and *Everywoman* hears the voice of Conscience. And that is very weird. Miss Bennett has a lovely, sweet voice and she sings a queer refrain about "Sing hey, sing ho for my Lady;" and it makes you feel all cold. Then *Everywoman* begs everyone to go home and then when she is alone she finds that Beauty is dead. And that is dreadful. Then Wealth

returns and tries to make *Everywoman* believe that *he* is Love the King but she sends him away like Passion, and turns to her Mirror for comfort at Beauty's death but sees Truth and gives a terrible shriek and hurls a champagne bottle through the Mirror and that is the end of the act.

It is a wonderful scene but very dangerous as Miss Hall is so carried away that she doesn't always aim straight with the bottle and once she nearly killed a stage-hand.

Well, the next scene is New Year's Eve on Broadway and I never saw such a scene. It really looks like a street with crowds of people and Vice all in green like a snake. And then *Everywoman* comes on in rags with no one left but Youth. I try to make *Everywoman* come home and I say that Truth was right and I say, "Her voice was ever sweet," and I always think of Mrs. Le Moyne saying, "I have a son" when I say it. But *Everywoman* says, "No," she is going to find Wealth again, and then Truth passes disguised as a beggar asking for Charity. There is wonderful music for that. Well, *Everywoman* spurns Truth and then I look up and there is Time come to take me away, and this is the scene I love best. Mr. Barry Maxwell plays Time, and he is quite old really, but he makes up to look even older, and he carries a lantern and the stage is very dark and I look up to him and the lantern shines on me, and I beg him to let me stay with *Everywoman* but he just stands there and so I have to go with him. I follow him into the dark wings and sometimes it feels as though I had really died. Then *Everywoman* meets Wealth, and he spurns her for Vice and she cries out and Nobody answers, and then at last *Everywoman* recognizes Truth and when she does Truth becomes beautiful and leads *Everywoman* towards the Church and *Everywoman* goes with her calling out, "Charity, Charity for *Everywoman* I ask." And the snow falls and the organ peals out and the light streams from the church and you just cry and cry and cry. Well, then the play is nearly over except that *Everywoman* returns home and finds Love the King on the hearthrug, and he is the son of Truth, and when she finds him Modesty returns to her. And I am not in that scene because I am dead but I always wait to watch it because it is so beautiful and I cannot bear to leave till it is over.

Well, that is all I can tell about *Everywoman*. I think it is a very wonderful play and that I am very lucky to be in it. It is what I always thought the theatre would be like and I would like to be in it forever. Everyone else in the company loves it too, though I think I love it most. I asked Mrs. Le Moyne if she had ever seen a play quite like it and she said, no, she never had. It will be wonderful to remember in the years to come when I am old, and I have been trying to think what I will remember best, and I always think of a blue scarf that Mrs. Le Moyne used to wear at rehearsals that matched her eyes and the way she said "I have a son," and I think that I will remember that.

Patricia Collinge as Youth in Walter Browne's morality play, "Everywoman."



CULVER



DAVIS

NAT WILLIS

DAVIS

McINTYRE & HEATH

DAVE MARION

DAVIS

## The *FUTURE* of

# VAUDEVILLE

When I was a boy, in the good old days of Tony Pastor's and Koster and Bial's, Vaudeville used to be called by the sturdy American name of Variety. Now they have dressed it up with modern trimmings and have given it a fancy French title, but by any name it still remains America's most characteristic and permanent contribution to the art of entertainment.

It hardly seems like two years since Teddy Roosevelt left the White House and retired to what may technically be called Private Life. Whatever else may be history's judgment of the one and only Roosevelt, it will have to admit that he put on a grand show. His infinite variety, his vigorous staccato quality, his abrupt transitions from humor to

### By NEWMAN LEVY

acrobatics are the essence of good vaudeville. For seven years he gave us the type of entertainment that our national temperament craves; now all is quiet once more along the Potomac, and vaudeville is back again in the hands of the professionals.

I am no prophet, but one thing seems certain, and that is that vaudeville will always be with us if for no other reason than its cheapness. In these difficult times there are few people who care to pay two dollars for an orchestra seat at a musical show. Bellamy, in *Looking Backward*, predicts that the time will come when by merely turning a handle we will be able to bring music, lectures, and other entertainment into our homes. But that is just a pleasing and improbable fantasy of an imaginative author. In this world of reality if we want convenient, in-

expensive entertainment we have to go out and get it, and it is impossible to imagine anything that can be a substitute for vaudeville.

In my youth there was a charm and simplicity about vaudeville that seems to be disappearing. We no longer have with us those fascinating artists, Old Hoss Hoey, the lamented Charlie Case who used to talk about his father, Bonnie Thornton, and those delightful importations from England, Vesta Tilley, Alice Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, and the inimitable Albert Chevalier. I suppose as we grow older the past becomes more glamorous, but it is hard to believe that those who are performing today are quite as grand as those we saw when we were young. George M. Cohan, for instance, has grown in stature as



SETON

ANNETTE  
KELLERMAN



(Left) The FOUR COHANS  
(Right) FRITZI SCHEFF

DAVIS

DAVIS

VALERIE BERGERE

SOPHIE TUCKER

CHICKERING



BERT LESLIE



CECELIA LOFTUS

an actor, author, and manager, but I shall always remember him as he was in his early days with his father, mother, and sister—The Four Cohans in *The Governor's Son*.

Some artists have been lured away from vaudeville, to achieve glittering triumphs on the legitimate stage; Dave Warfield, for example in *The Music Master*. But those of us who remember his early career feel that however great an actor he may become (it is rumored that he intends to play Shylock), he will never thrill us as he did in his old vaudeville and Weber and Fields days.

Many of them leave vaudeville, but they usually come back. One English artist, Mr. Charles Chaplin, who delighted us a year ago in Fred Karno's pantomime, *A Night in a London Music Hall*, is, I hear, permitting himself to be tempted away from the stage to act in motion pictures. I predict that, if he accepts, it will be only temporarily, because it is obvious that an artist of Mr. Chaplin's caliber cannot long be satisfied in a field that offers so little scope for his talents. Besides, vaudeville has now entered the field of big business, and the large salaries that are being paid will, of course, keep any performer of ability away from the less remunerative biograph.

A few years ago we would have been astounded at the salaries paid to vaudeville stars. Gertrude Hoffman, whose aesthetic dancing is creating a sensation this season, gets \$3,000 a week; Julian Eltinge gets \$1,500; and Eva Tanguay is paid \$2,500—more than President Taft receives. However, I doubt whether the President could sing *I Don't Care* in white tights with quite the



IRENE FRANKLIN



ETHEL LEVEY



JULIAN ELTINGE



PRESS ELDRIDGE

(Left) GALLAGHER & SHEAN

(Right) HARRY HOUDINI





BILLBOARD

EDDIE LEONARD

same abandon as Eva. The lure of vaudeville, or at least of vaudeville salaries, is taking many prominent figures from the legitimate stage. Lionel Barrymore and William Farnum are among the most recent of this years recruits. If it keeps up who can tell, perhaps even the Divine Sarah may be tempted into the two-a-day.

Victor Moore, who left the vaudeville stage for George Cohan's *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*, has returned and is appearing this season in a sketch called *The Happiest Night of His Life*. Moore is wise in realizing that vaudeville is his proper *metier*, and that he can never hope to achieve the same success in musical comedy. There have been fewer funnier acts in the whole history of entertainment than Moore and Littlefield in *Change Your Act*.

There is a regrettable tendency toward vulgarity in vaudeville that seems to be increasing. A conspicuous example is the diving act of Miss Annette Kellerman, who appears on the stage in a one-piece bathing suit that would cause her instant arrest were she to appear so clad, or rather unclad, at any bathing beach. Gertrude Hoffman and Ruth St. Denis also perform before mixed audiences in a conspicuous lack of apparel. Producers should remember that vaudeville is essentially a popular form of entertainment, and that young girls frequently attend these performances. I understand that every Monday afternoon The Colonial Theatre is crowded with young people of both sexes who are supposedly at school studying Algebra, Latin, and French, and who have slipped away from Ethical Culture, Horace Mann, and Barnard



VESTA VICTORIA



JOE JACKSON



SETON WILLIE AND EUGENE HOWARD



VESTA TILLEY



FRANK TINNEY  
(Left) JAMES J. CORBETT  
AND BILLY BARRY  
(Right) PAT ROONEY  
AND MARION BENT





The third figure from the left is the well-beloved Gus Edwards, vaudeville favorite with vaudeville patrons. The youngsters in this happy

Eva Tanguay in the flesh, at left, and as Gertrude Hoffman imitates her, at right.

DAVIS

DAVIS

Schools to see these distressing performances.

The titles of some of the songs that these young folks are compelled to hear also illustrate this growth of indecency. If fathers and mothers realized that their sixteen-year-old daughters, instead of imbibing the chaste moral lessons of Caesar's Gallic Wars, are being polluted every Monday afternoon by such suggestive songs as *When I Woke Up This Morning*, *She was Gone* and *I Love My Wife, But Oh, You Kid* they would be shocked into immediate action.

It may be a digression, but it is my belief that the unwomanly antics of the suffragettes have much to do with this growing laxity. Some wit recently proposed the toast "To the Ladies! Once our superiors, now our equals." So long as women were content to remain in the sphere for which nature obviously in-

tended them, the stage, which after all is but a reflection of current manners, continued to be clean and wholesome. At Hammerstein's Roof, this summer, they have a Suffragette Farm where twenty comely farmerettes clad in overalls circulate about the place, sing songs, and converse with the spectators. This performance, however pleasant it might be at a stag party, is giving undue publicity and encouragement to harridans who call themselves Feminists, but who might be described with greater accuracy as Un-Feminists.

A reaction, however, is beginning to set in. In Chicago the authorities have banned the performance of those recent innovations, *The Grizzly Bear* and *the Texas Tommy*, two dances which, happily, I have never seen. It would be well if our local officials would pay similar attention to the dance Blossom Seeley

recently introduced, called, I believe, the Turkey Trot. To illustrate this pernicious influence, I recently heard a young niece of mine—she is barely seventeen—singing, "Everybody's Doing It, Doing What? Turkey Trot!"

There is enough talent, I am sure, to enable the producers to put on good shows and still keep them clean. Beaumont's Ponies, that phenomenal dog, *The Great Spot*, and *Consul*, the almost human monkey, can be witnessed with entertainment and profit by spectators of any age and any sex. Bud Fisher, Bert Levy, and Rouble Simms, those inimitable cartoonists, have acts that are beyond reproach. The great Houdini is always a treat, and Gus Edwards' *Schoolboys* and *Schoolgirls* can be counted on for clean, pleasant entertainment.

A brief mention of some of the acts that have appeared this season will explain the reason for vaudeville's enduring popularity.



SAM BARTON

(Left) JAMES THORNTON

(Right) BONNIE THORNTON



HARRY THORNE, MRS. THORNE

COLLINS & HART



producer of "Gus Edwards' Song Revue," always a great group are very talented, being able to sing as well as dance.



Two of vaudeville's favorite toasts: Miss Emma Carus and Miss Blossom Seeley.

The inimitable Gallagher and Sean; Nat Wills, the Happy Tramp; the golden-voiced Eugene Howard and his brother Willie; the incomparable Frank Tinney; Walter C. Kelly, the Virginia Judge; Sam Bernard; Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes; Carter De Haven; Joe Cook; Audrey Maple; Emma Carus—no wonder the vaudeville theatres are crowded.

It has recently become the custom to close vaudeville programs with a motion picture. I have no fault to find with this. I am one of those who believe that motion pictures are in their infancy, and that they have a great future. American inventiveness will undoubtedly eliminate some of the technical defects that are now rather annoying—particularly the flicker that is so hard upon the eyes. Motion pictures will then constitute a permanent record of the stage that will be more satisfactory than still photographs. It will be possible for audiences to see not only how the

stars of the past looked, but how they acted.

But as a form of entertainment it has, of course, obvious limitations. Its two dimensional quality, as well as its necessary insistence upon pantomime, will prevent it from ever achieving a great popular vogue. After all a performer has to be heard as well as seen, and if he is to be at all effective he has to have an audience. Ask any comedian whether he could hope to be as funny with only a camera before him in place of a laughing, applauding crowd of spectators!

I heard Lillian Russell a few weeks ago at Proctor's. She sang *My Evening Star*, and at once ten years rolled away and I was back in the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. The enormous popularity of Weber and Fields was due to the fact that they were able to gather the greatest stars of their day into one

show, but the great economic changes in the show business have made that sort of entertainment a thing of the past. Florenz Ziegfeld is attempting to do something of the sort in his *Follies*, and thus far has met with considerable success. But it is doubtful whether or not he can keep it up, because the growth of big vaudeville circuits, guaranteeing its performers a run of a year or more, and the steady increase in vaudeville salaries, offer competition no individual producer can meet.

The *Ziegfeld Follies* type of show has had its day; vaudeville is in the ascendant. I predict that, if producers are wise enough to cut out all suggestiveness and stick to good, clean entertainment, the time will shortly come when the vaudeville theatre will be a permanent fixture in every town and hamlet in the United States.



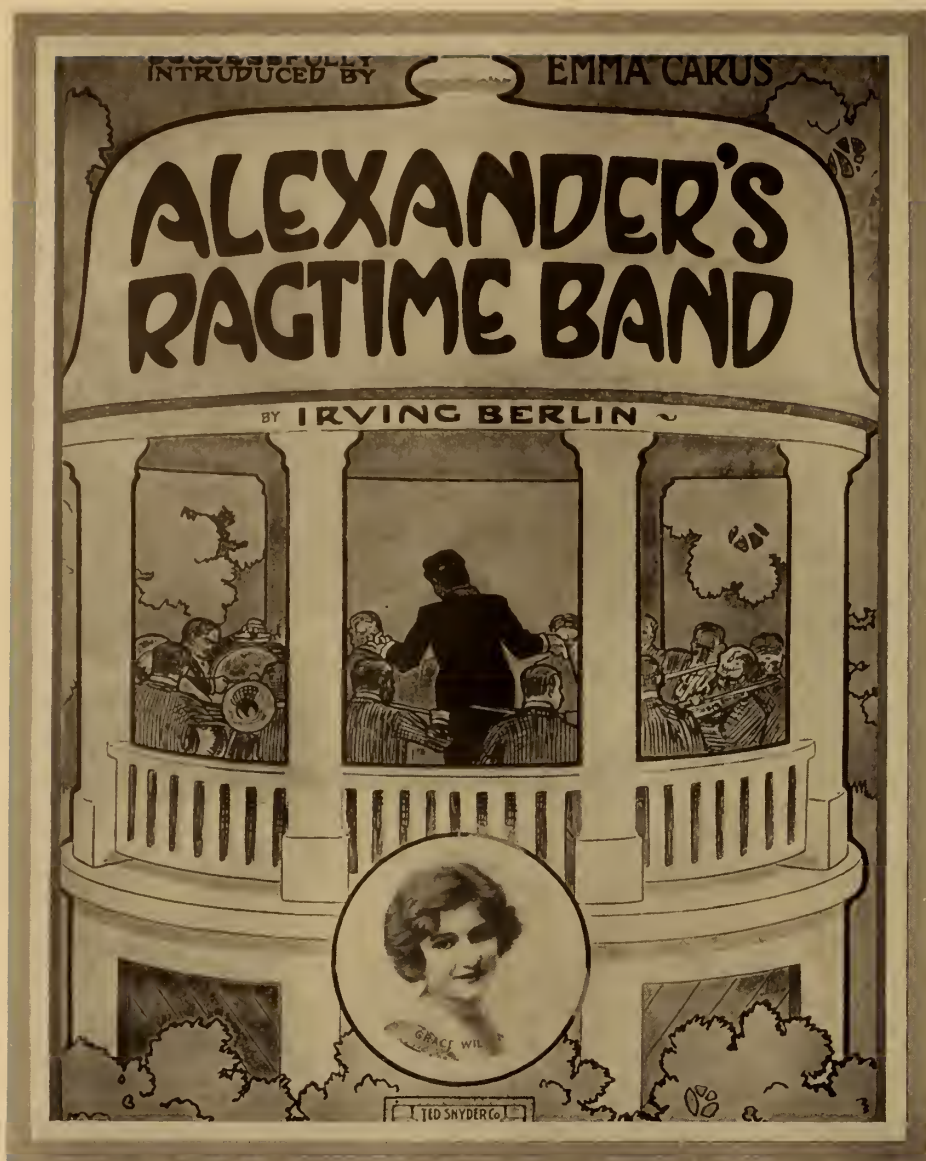
VALESKA SURATT



BELLE BAKER  
(Left) ALICE LLOYD



LILLIAN RUSSELL



# The Composer of "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

by IRVING BERLIN  
as told to Russel Crouse

"Come on and hear, come on and hear—"

The invitation is unnecessary. You just can't help hearing *Alexander's Ragtime Band* these days. Pianos in every home blare it forth and pianolas echo it. Barrel organs pick it up at the front door and carry it down the street. Messenger boys whistle it. Scrubwomen hum it and swish their brushes through soapy water to its peculiar beat.

Even staid society has taken it up. Swaying shoulders and snapping fingers aren't out of place in the far from dignified atmosphere of the cabaret when the bird is hot and the bottle is cold, but when they reach Riverside Drive and demure debutantes "want to hear the Swance River played in ragtime" it is something to think about.

Is the world going ragtime crazy? Reformers will tell you that the pathway to Hades is already crowded with swaying figures. The swaying figures will tell you they're going the other way. Time will tell.

But where did it come from—this song that has America "ragging?"

The answer to that question is the story of the Horatio Alger of Tin Pan Alley—Irving Berlin. Not many years ago he was selling papers in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge in true Horatio Alger fashion. Three years ago he was a singing waiter in Chinatown, glad to gather up the coins that tipsy revelers threw in the sawdust at his feet. Today he is sitting on top of a singing world—a singing world that is singing his song.

Tomorrow? Well tomorrow will have to tell its own story. At the moment "ragtime" reigns supreme. But don't forget that the bicycle which, ten years ago, was your companion everywhere is now rusting in the coal shed.

Irving Berlin isn't so easy to find, even in a world which is singing his song and his praises. Tin Pan Alley is easy to find. All you have to do is cock an ear on Broadway and wend your way to the center of jangling noise.

On West Thirty-eighth Street, next door to a famous cabaret, is the Ted Snyder Music Company, which published *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and suddenly found itself swamped with orders. As you make your way up three flights of stairs the noise grows louder, and opening a door, you find yourself in bedlam.

A young lady who is mostly blond hair and chewing gum, both of which came from the corner drug store, and who calls everybody "dearie," greets you.

"Mr. Boilin," she repeats. "Sure he woiks here. But he ain't in yet. Gotta come back later."

Twelve o'clock noon and Horatio Alger isn't at his office yet! You find out later that it isn't unusual. This young man who had turned the world topsy-turvy lives in a topsy-turvy world of his own. He rises at two o'clock, goes to work at three, and sometimes doesn't stop until five o'clock in the morning.

At three o'clock we climbed the dingy steps again, this time adding a fourth flight and arriving in front of a door, the glass panel of which bore the name "Irving Berlin" in gilt letters so new they jumped out to meet you. We paused in front of the door to catch our breath. Four flights aren't easy for one who has trained on Sweet Caporals. Ask dad, he knows! From within came the faint tinkling sounds of a piano. We listened. Perhaps we were hearing the song that would succeed *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Suddenly the music, if it could be called that, stopped. We knocked.

"Come in," said a high, thin voice.

A young man as thin as the voice swung round on a piano stool at the sound of the opening door and looked up.

"I beg your pardon," we said. "When will Mr. Berlin be in?"

"I'm Mr. Berlin," he said, almost apologizing for making so bold as to call himself "mister."

For a moment, we thought it must be an office boy's idea of a joke. Irving Berlin is twenty-three, but looks eighteen. His slight figure and his nervous gestures are boyish in the extreme. His black curly hair mounts up into a pompadour. Only his eyes are grown up—they are black and burning and stare at you from a face that has become sallow under the midnight oil instead of ruddy under the noon-day sun.

"Don't let me interrupt," we said, "especially if you're writing another song hit."

He smiled and got up from the battered piano.

"I write four or five songs a day, but it takes a long time to tell whether they're going to be song hits."

"You mean you didn't know the minute you wrote *Alexander's Ragtime Band* that everybody would be singing it?"

This time he laughed.



"It was a long time before I could even get anybody to listen to *Alexander's Ragtime Band* seriously," he said.

"How did you happen to write it?"

"Oh, I don't know. There were a lot of instrumental pieces being written—you know like *Maple Leaf Rag* and *Wild Cherry Rag* and I decided to try my hand at it. I got to writing and couldn't stop—so when I finished I had thirty-two bars in the chorus instead of sixteen. Nobody had ever heard of that before. Neither had I for that matter—but it seemed to fit.

"I played it for Mr. Winslow—that's Max Winslow, our professional manager—and he just put it on the shelf and it stayed there for about a year getting dusty. Then one day they asked me to write some words for *Wild Cherry Rag* and I did. I got to thinking maybe I could write words to my instrumental piece, too. I got it and started."

"Where did Alexander come from? Was he a real person with a real ragtime band?"

"No—he came out of another song of mine called *Alexander and His Clarinet*."

"I never heard that one."

"Very few people did. It didn't go. But I liked the name Alexander because it had a musical sound. And there was a lot of talk about ragtime, so I gave him a ragtime band. When I finished the song I took it to Mr. Winslow again. He said nobody could sing it—it had a range of an octave and a half and that wasn't easy. So it went back to the shelf again."

"Why isn't it still there?"

"Well, a few months ago I got elected to the Friars," he said, with a trace of pride. "They were having a Frolic and asked me to sing something. I thought I'd like to sing them something new. So I got down *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and sang it. They liked it. Now everybody seems to like it."

"How did you happen to start writing songs in the first place?"

"I don't know—I always liked music. My father was a rabbi and I've heard music all my life. I guess I wrote my first song out of jealousy instead of inspiration."

"Genius—and the broken heart?"

He laughed.

"It wasn't that kind of jealousy. When I was a singing waiter at Nigger Mike's a fellow named Nick played the piano for me. We were pretty good, too. But around the corner at Callahan's there was a singer named Jerry and a piano player named Al Piantidosi, and they wrote a song called *My Mariucci Take a Steamboat*. Well, Nick and I thought if they could write a song we could, too. So we did. It was *Marie From Sunny Italy*.

"Then I moved up to Fourteenth Street—to Jimmy Kelly's. A lot of people from vaudeville used to drop in there and I got to know them. They were always looking for parodies of the song hits and I used to write them for them. I used to write poetry, too. When Johnny Hayes beat Dorando in the Marathon a year or two ago, one of the Italian barbers next door lost a lot of money and complained a good deal about it. I wrote a poem about it.

"One night Mr. Waterson—that's Mr. Henry Waterson who's one of the big men of this firm—heard it. He said if I could get some music to go with it it might be a good



character song. I wasn't going to let that get away from me so I hummed him a tune. He called an arranger and he took it down and the first thing I knew it was published.

"I've had several since then—*Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon* and *That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune* and did you see *Up and Down Broadway* at the Casino? I sang two of my songs in that—*My Sweet Italian Love* and *Oh, That Beautiful Rag*."

The door opened to admit a head. "Mr. Winslow wants to know whether you've got that lyric yet?" asked the head.

"Tell him I'll have it in an hour," said Mr. Berlin. He looked a little nervous.

"Is that the new song?" we asked.

"Yes," he said.

"What's it like?"

"Would you like to hear it? I just finished it this afternoon."

The composer went back to the piano, sat down and hunched over it.

"Remember I'm not really a piano player," he warned. He reached under the piano and turned a crank.

"Wait a minute," we said, "this isn't a pianola record already?"

"No," he laughed. "I'm just fixing up the key. You see I can only play the piano in one key—F sharp. I had an idea that if I couldn't change keys maybe the piano could. I had it made—all I do is switch this lever and the keyboard moves. I go right on playing just as though it was F sharp, but it isn't.

I can use it in any key I want to make it."

He ran fingers that are admittedly none too accomplished over the black keys. Then he bent over again and found the melody. The thin voice came again, this time in song:

Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it!  
Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it!  
See that ragtime couple over there,  
Watch them throw their shoulders in the air,  
Snap their fingers, honey, I declare,  
It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear. There!

By this time his own shoulders were moving to the strange rhythm as he went on to finish the chorus.

"It's in ragtime, too," we said.

He looked up frightened.

"Yes," he said, "don't you like it?"

"Are you sure this ragtime craze will last long enough for it?"

"No, I'm not sure. But while it's going on I'm going to get as much out of it as I can."

He already has made thousands out of it. He's thinking of buying a touring car. But as we left him we couldn't help thinking of that bicycle in the coal shed. Has ragtime come to stay? Time will tell. At the moment time is telling Mr. Berlin a wonderful story. *Alexander's Ragtime Band* is the rage. We're all singing it. Maybe Mr. Berlin is right in his new song. Certainly at the moment "everybody's doin' it!"

# The Theatre as It Seems to Me

An Interview With SAM H. HARRIS

Sam H. Harris, partner of that ebullient and many-sided genius, George M. Cohan, in the most successful of the younger producing firms, sat in his offices in the newly erected Fitzgerald Building at Broadway and Forty-third Street the other day and wondered why anyone bothered to interview him about the theatre. Shy, reticent, and self-effacing in his modesty, he expressed the feeling that the proper person to talk for the firm was Mr. Cohan.

"I'm still taking lessons," he remarked. "George is the one who knows all the answers. He's been in the theatre since childhood. I only started a few years ago."

The interviewer ventured the suggestion that perhaps Mr. Harris might like to talk about the contrast between his previous experience as a manager of fighters (he was the one who nursed the redoubtable Terry McGovern into fame) and his present activity as a theatrical producer.

"How about the contrast between fighters and actors?" he asked. "Did you find as much temperament in the ring as in the theatre?"

Mr. Harris' dark eyes twinkled, and he reached into the capacious humidor on his desk for a fresh cigar.

"It's funny—your bringing that up," he remarked. "I remember a few years back when I decided to go in with George on *Little Johnny Jones* I met Bill Brady on the street. 'Bill,' I said, 'I'm going to follow your lead. I'm going to quit the fight game for the theatre.' 'Quit the fight game?' he answered. 'Say, fellow, you aren't quitting it—you're just getting into it deeper than ever.' Well, I guess Bill was right. You meet more temperament in a week in the theatre than you do in a lifetime with the fighters. I'm developing a system, though, that I think is going to work out all right in the years to

George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris.



By John Peter Toohey

come, if I keep on producing plays and dealing with actors.

"The idea is to meet 'em half way. Don't blow up and hit the ceiling and turn a couple of back somersaults when some star hands you an outrageous demand or refuses to go along with you on some sensible proposition. Take the matter under advisement, as the lawyers say. Let 'em cool down. Don't try to treat them as you would a business man on a straight business proposition. They aren't business people. They've got something other people haven't got, and you've got to remember that. If they weren't emotional and high-strung and temperamental they wouldn't be successful actors—they wouldn't get something across the footlights that gets into the hearts of the people out in front and gives 'em that lump in the throat. You can't treat Dave Warfield the same way you'd treat a real-estate promoter or a stock-broker.

"We had a girl with us a season or two ago—Laurette Taylor. She's just about the most temperamental person you'd be able to meet in a day's—no, I'll make it a week—in a week's walk. She's Irish and contrary and full of the devil, but she's going to be one of the greatest actresses of her time. Watch her. The point is that you can't treat her like you would an ordinary person. You've got to kid her along, put up with her little whims and notions. Most of these things that actors say they must have or that they won't do sound terribly important at first, but when you come to think about them they aren't really important at all.

"Say—you've got me going. I was just thinking about fighters. They aren't temperamental in the same way that actors are. You take Terry McGovern. I remember a little while ago some of the sports writers had him up in Saratoga for the races as their guest. They drifted around to a gambling house one night and Terry borrowed a dollar from one of the boys. He began playing the wheel and he ran that dollar up to something like four thousand in a couple of hours. It was just like something you'd read about in a short story in a magazine. His friends tried to get him to cash in, but he refused. They argued and argued with him, but he wouldn't go along. Got a little nasty. Said he was going to run his stack up to ten thousand or more.

"The boys gave up and went back to their hotel. One of them felt a little conscience stricken. Thought they should have used force and made Terry quit. He was sitting on the porch smoking a cigar when he heard the little fighter humming as he walked by on his way home.

"'Hey, Terry,' he yelled. 'How'd you make out?'

"'All right—I lose a buck.'

"That's all he said. He went on his way singing. I don't know of any actor who would

be equally carefree and philosophical under circumstances like that. They're not made that way. It's probably a good job they aren't."

Mr. Harris is, at the moment, having the time of his life with his newest toy—the George M. Cohan Theatre in the same building as his office. Mr. Cohan's *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* is playing there to capacity business and Mr. Harris feels the future of the theatre lies north of Forty-second Street.

"In the next two or three years all the theatres below Thirty-fourth Street will either be torn down or rented out as cheap picture houses," he said. "The time is coming when all the first-class houses will be on Forty-second Street or north of it. And a good many of them will be owned and operated by the producers, too. This *Wallingford* engagement has proved to me that the great thing is to have your own theatre. I'm sold on the idea a thousand per cent. You can make your own terms and plan to get in when you want to get in and you're not dependent on any booking office. Hello, here's George. See if he doesn't agree with me."

Young Mr. Cohan, a straw hat set rakishly on his head and a slim cane tucked under his arm, had just entered.

"I was just talking about running our own theatre," remarked Mr. Harris. "I said we liked the idea."

"Surest thing you know," responded Mr. Cohan. "We'll have another one in a year or two. We'll call that one the Sam H. Harris Theatre. Say, I got a title this morning for the new show. How do you like *The Little Millionaire*?"

"Swell," returned Mr. Harris, "but I wish you'd write the second act. I think we ought to go into rehearsal with the complete show."

"Listen, kid," replied Mr. Cohan. "There isn't going to be any second act until we start rehearsing the first. It's a new system I've worked out. We might have to change the first act and that would mean changing the second and—well, there isn't going to be any second act until we see."

Mr. Harris shook his head and smiled quizzically.

"There's that temperament thing," he remarked to the interviewer, "but you don't see me arguing."

"Wise little guy, this Harris fellow," commented Mr. Cohan as he prepared to leave. "Never rubs anybody the wrong way, but if you think you can put anything important over on him you're a sucker. How about dinner at Churchill's tonight, Sam? I've got a new song writer I want you to meet. Young fellow named Berlin. Pulls tunes out of a hat and writes his own words. They're lulus. Seven o'clock and we'll take in one of the roofs afterwards."

The door slammed and Mr. Harris was quiet for a moment.

"That fellow has got more up his sleeve than he realizes," he remarked slowly. "You're going to keep on hearing about him for a long time."



**Ernest Truex**  
Despite the fact that he is only twenty-one years old, Ernest Truex has had two notable parts this season — Dennis in "Dr. De Luxe" and Abijah Flagg in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Mr. Truex has been on the stage since he was five years old.



**Fred and Adele Astaire**  
These talented and electrical prodigies have been on and off the vaudeville stage since 1907. Fred is eleven and Adele is not yet thirteen.

**Vivian Tobin**  
Miss Tobin is just seven years old, but she has already made a very successful debut indeed as Barbara Pennymint in a children's performance of "Pomander Walk." Little Miss Tobin really gave a wonderfully mature performance for one so very young.



**FUTURES  
THAT LOOM LARGE**

**William Collier, Jr.**  
Young Willie, known backstage as Buster, is, at the age of seven, the veteran of his father's "I'll Be Hanged If I Do" and a revival of "The Dictator."

**Vernon Castle**  
This coming comedian is scoring a great personal hit in his part in "The Hen-Pecks." He has been previously seen in "The Girl Behind the Counter."

**Vivian Martin**  
Miss Martin toured as a child with Andrew Mack, and in a road company of "Peter Pan." She will appear in "The Only Son."

**Peggy Wood**  
Miss Wood made her debut in "Naughty Marietta." So charming was she, she has won a leading role in "The Three Romeos."



**Cora Witherspoon**  
This twenty-one-year-old girl made her New York debut last season as Edith Gordon in "The Concert."

**Ina Claire**  
New York "discovered" this clever mimic and comedienne two years ago. She will appear soon in "The Quaker Girl."

**Helen Hayes**  
This demure miss is shown as she appeared in "Old Dutch." She will appear again this fall in "The Never Homes."



DAVIS



Ruth Chatterton

DAVIS



Marguerite Clark

DAVIS



Blanche Ring

CULVER



Flora Zabelle

CULVER



Margaret Anglin

DAVIS



Edmund Breese

CULVER



David Warfield

DAVIS



Helen Ware

CULVER



Francis Wilson

CULVER



# PROMISED

After the almost unparalleled brilliance of last season it was to be expected that the summer managerial announcements would come as something of an anticlimax. But such is not the case. Almost never have there been so many or such substantial plans afoot at this time of year. Although there are bound, of course, to be failures, the season already seems more than secure, with interesting novelties, excellent new plays, and important revivals. After the lessons the producers learned last season, when New York refused to swallow a clumsy or stereotyped play by a foreign author simply because it had been a success in London or Paris, the predominance of activity seems to be with our own dramatists—except, of course, in the musical-comedy field. Since the *Merry Widow* days, Vienna has been the motif for a lion's share of the musicals.

The challenge for native plays of superior merit has been answered by every American dramatist of promise. All of our gleaming galaxy of stars stand ready to give them life in the theatre. But before we go on to the fall promises let us look for a moment at the successes of last year which will be on the boards for some months yet.

Maude Adams will tour in *Chantecler*. The natural demand for this play outside of New York makes any other arrangement impossible at present. Charles Frohman, however, announces a series of matinees in Manhattan which he calls *Maude Adams' Afternoons with J. M. Barrie*.

*The Blue Bird, Everywoman, Nobody's Widow, The Concert, As a Man Thinks, The Boss, The Deep Purple, Pomander Walk, and Madame Sherry* will also be on the road with their original stars and casts. Sam Bernard continues in *He Came from Milwaukee*, and Lawrence D'Orsay returns to his quaint characterization in *The Earl of Pawtucket*. Robert Mantell will be out with his Shakespearean repertory until January, when he plans to produce Justin Huntley McCarthy's *Charlemagne the Conqueror*.

And now let us look at some of the things which loom over the immediate dramatic

horizon. As this issue of *STAGE* comes to your hand Rose Stahl is opening at the Harris Theatre in *Maggie Pepper*, the play in which she has been touring successfully since last March. The news is that, in this story of a little salesgirl who through sheer grit and innate fineness rises to be the wife of the young millionaire owner of the department store, Miss Stahl does a perfect piece of acting. Here again are the delicious charm and humor, the courage and sweetness, the plain womanliness that played so large a part in the nationwide popularity of Patricia of *The Chorus Lady*, the role Miss Stahl has played for the last seven years.

On September fourth, as accurately on schedule as the coming of Labor Day and the red and gold leaves of autumn, the first gentleman of the American theatre, John Drew, will open his season. His play this year is *A Single Man* by Herbert Henry Davis, who wrote, you remember, *The Mollusc* and *Cousin Kate*. *A Single Man* is the story of Robin Worthington, bachelor of forty-three, who suddenly decides to marry for love. Carroll McComas plays a pretty little empty-headed flirt, whom he decides is not too young for him, although he may be too old for her. Thais Lawton is an intellectual siren with matrimonial leanings. Mary Boland is a demure and lovely stenographer to whom he has been dictating for years, without noticing her. You may guess for yourself which of the three gets him in the end. The rumor is that this play gives Mr. Drew more opportunity than usual for love making; and that many a well bred thrill lies in store for New York's fair matinee-goers.

In that same week are due also a sumptuous new musical spectacle produced by the Shuberts at the Hippodrome, called *Around the World*; *Miss Jack*, a dark-horse musical of no pretensions; and George Bronson Howard's *Snobs*, with Frank McIntyre and Willette Kershaw. Daniel Frohman's first fall production is due on the fifth. *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, a little comedy about two couples who live next door to each other, with Arthur Byron and Pamela Gaythorne.

Fritz Scheff  
CULVERMary Nash  
CULVERHattie Williams  
DAVISWilton Lackaye  
SETON

# and HOPED FOR

Otis Skinner  
CULVER

And with eight productions scheduled for the week of the ninth, the season may be said to be getting into full swing.

Of these *The Fascinating Widow* and *Passers-by* come heralded with the most promising tidings. In the former, Julian Eltinge is up to his old tricks of impersonating a handsome widow, and in that disguise ensnares the affections of his rival in love. Charles Frohman is presenting the C. Haddon Chambers play, which is said to be an original and forceful handling of an old dramatic theme—that one in which a bored millionaire (this time in London) opens his doors to the first chance passer-by. Richard Bennett, last seen on Broadway in *The Deep Purple*, plays Peter Waverton, the millionaire; and in the cast are Louise Rutter, Ernest Lawford, and Rosalie Toller. The rest of the week is dedicated to Cecil De Mille's first fall production, a comedy by Lee Wilson Dodd about the current automobile mania called *Speed*; *A Man of Honor* with Edmund Breese; *When Sweet Sixteen*, a musical; *The Rack*, a play of the social inquisition which William Brady is producing at the Playhouse with Katharine Grey, Milton Sills, Conway Tearle; Harrison Rhoades' *Modern Marriage*; and a return engagement of *The Blue Bird*.

And that brings us up to what is almost sure to be one of the high ventures of the season; a production which already has an interesting history. It all began with a talk between George Arliss and George Tyler over in England a couple of years ago. Mr. Arliss was complaining that he could not find a suitable vehicle, and Mr. Tyler suggested that a play written about the great statesman, Disraeli, might be just the thing. So they called in Louis Napoleon Parker and the piece took shape as a dramatization of the historic incident of the purchase of the Suez Canal. It opened in Montreal last January with Mr. Arliss in the title role and a notable supporting cast in which were Ian Maclaren, Elsie Leslie, Margaret Dale. The play, however, lacked that spark needed to capture the imaginations of its audiences. Mr. Parker, Mr. Tyler, and Hugh Ford, who staged it, were

about to give the whole thing up, when Mr. Parker decided to have one more try at it. He merely re-wrote one of the curtain lines and *Disraeli* immediately became, instead of a meritorious failure, a tremendous hit. We will not spoil your enjoyment of the dramatic climax of the play by giving it away; but scouts returning from Chicago assure us that New York is sure of a genuine treat when this thrilling recreation of history gets to town.

And at this point, where definite production dates begin to grow a bit vague and confused, it may be well to leave off week-to-week plans and take a peep at the crowded schedules of the individual producers. Charles Frohman has A. E. W. Mason's *Witness for the Defense* for Ethel Barrymore and *The Runaway* for Billie Burke. The latter is an adaptation of a French comedy called *La Gamine* and it is said to be the best starring vehicle Miss Burke has yet had—with a mad-cap, charming, and innocently provocative heroine named Colette; a part admirably suited to Miss Burke's vivacious beauty and charm. Mr. Frohman has also bought *The Butterfly on the Wheel*, now playing the London Globe, for Marie Doro; and a new comedy for Hattie Williams. He has Pinero's latest, *Preserving Mr. Panmure* for Gertrude Elliott; a play called *Sex* by Porter Emerson Browne; a new Augustus Thomas comedy; scripts from the pens of William Gillette, Winchell Smith, Martha Morton, Hall Caine, and Henri Bernstein. On his shelves, too, are C. Haddon Chamber's *Passers-by*, which is still running at Wyndham's in London; and a sophisticated, brilliant, drawing-room comedy (another adaptation from the French), *The Marionettes*, for that exotic and gifted Russian actress, Alla Nazimova. Deserting for the moment the morbid introspections of Ibsen, Mme. Nazimova will play an awkward French girl, fresh from the convent, who makes a *mariage de convenance* with a man of the world who does not love her, and then wins his passionate adoration by becoming the most fascinating, courted, and talked-about woman in all of Paris.

Ina Claire  
SETONViola Allen  
CULVERJames K. Hackett  
CULVERMarie Doro  
DAVIS



**Julia Sanderson**  
CULVER

**Kyrle Bellew**  
DAVIS

**Mary Miles Minter**  
DAVIS

**De Wolf Hopper**  
CULVER

**Mary Mannering**  
DAVIS

For early fall production Mr. Frohman has scheduled a charming new operetta of the Viennese School, *The Siren*, by Leo Stein and A. M. Willner, the music for which was written by Leo Fall, who will be remembered as the alumnus of *The Dollar Princess* and *The Girl in the Train*. He has garnered Donald Brian of *Merry Widow* fame and Julia Sanderson for the Waltz Caprice effects and Frank Moulan and Will West to act as comic foil. It should add up to a delightful evening. For the first of the year, Mr. Frohman promises lovely Ethel Barrymore in a new play by J. M. Barrie, *A Slice of Life*, supported by her dashing young brother John. It will be preceded by a revival of *Cousin Kate*, with Miss Barrymore in the felicitous title role and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen as Mrs. Spencer.

The fall program of Liebler and Company, of which George Tyler is the active member, is short but impressive. In addition to *Disraeli* they are engaged in preparing one of the greatest theatre spectacles of all time. This is *The Garden of Allah*, made from Robert Hichens' world-famous story of the Trappist monk who married an English girl; and then finally repented of his broken vows and went back to the monastery, leaving her with a son and the deathless memory of a great love. The history of this production goes back to 1905 when Mme. Navarro (that beautiful and gifted lady of the theatre, Mary Ander-

son) arranged a meeting between George Tyler and Robert Hichens. Tyler promised a lavish production; and Hichens promised an adaptation of the novel, if Mme. Navarro would help him. This she consented to do on condition that she be allowed to remain anonymous. Early in 1908 the first draft was sent to New York. And that next summer Tyler, Hichens, Hugh Ford, director, and Edward Morange, the scenic artist, spent the summer in the heart of the Sahara Desert. They returned with real Arabs, costumes, and many properties for creating the illusion of the East. Mme. Navarro and Mr. Hichens are coming over to help stage the play. Mary Mannering is coming out of retirement to play Domini Enfiliden. Lewis Waller, famous London leading man, will be Boris Androvsky, erring Trappist monk. There will be a realistic sand storm; a gorgeous garden scene, set against the night sky over the desert; imported Algerian dancers; an oasis which is an authentic copy of Beni-Mora (Biskra) and which breathes the very spirit of Algeria. *The Garden of Allah* will be presented at the Century Theatre, and New York will undoubtedly once more be placed tremendously in Liebler and Company's debt.

Another treat which this firm, noted for its novelties, has in store for us is the first New York appearance of the famous Irish Players of the Abbey Theatre of Dublin. The story of this great institution, founded by the Fays

and developed by Lady Gregory and William Butler Yeats, is too familiar to need repeating here. In the repertory, of course, will be several of the plays of that strange and dour genius, John M. Synge, who, but for Mr. Yeats and the Abbey, might have died a starving journalist scribbling in a Dublin slum. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* will be in the repertory, of course. And in this connection it is interesting to remember that when that play was first produced in Dublin, the hot-headed Irish audience, considering the hero an insult to Irish manhood, took to caterwauls, rioting, and vegetable throwing. This must sound like a colorful exaggeration to the sophisticated playgoers of our great city, but—unbelievable as it is—it happens to be true.

Liebler and Company will also present Margaret Anglin in a repertory of several important plays; among them A. E. W. Mason's new comedy, *Green Stockings*. This is about a handsome bachelor girl who, tired of being jibed about her spinsterhood, invents an absent fiancé just for fun; and then is a bit nonplussed to have him materialize as H. Reeves Smith.

The Shuberts present a meager little list of a dozen or fifteen dramas, and at least two dozen musicals. Of course, all of these will not reach the boards this season; but it is safe to say that a good many of them will. The most intriguing ones on the play schedule



**Clara Lipman**  
CULVER

**Molly Pearson**  
CULVER

**Elsie Ferguson**  
DAVIS

**Eva Davenport**  
DAVIS

**Guy Bates Post**  
CULVER



**Ernest Lawford**  
CULVER

**Adele Rowland**  
DAVIS

**Dustin Farnum**  
CULVER

**Robert Edeson**  
DAVIS

**Tom Meighan**  
CULVER



Grace George  
CULVER



George Arliss  
SETON



Margaret Sylva  
DAVIS



Frank Craven  
CULVER



Gertrude Elliott  
CULVER

are George Bernard Shaw's *Fanny's First Play*; *Balthazar*, by the author of *Zaza*; *Fine Feathers* by Eugene Walter; a new comedy called *Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin*; an Edward Sheldon script titled *Romance*, said to be ambitious in theme—it is the charming love story of a clergyman and an opera singer in the 'fifties; Max Reinhardt's colossal production of *Oedipus Rex* and his pantomime *Sumurun* for the Casino Theater; and *Buntzy Pulls the Strings*. This comedy by Graham Moffat has had a remarkable success in the Haymarket in London. It is a quaint little tale about a delightful but managing daughter, Buntzy Biggar (played here by Molly Pearson, the original slavey, in this country, in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*), who straightens out the affairs of her father, her betrothed, and the entire village of Lintiehaugh, where they all live. If the reports from London may be believed, this will be one of the most delightful productions of the fall season. Another script for which the Messrs. Shubert have great hopes is George Broadhurst's *Bought and Paid For* in which Charles Richman will be starred. This is said to be a tense domestic drama in which a millionaire marries his stenographer, and during the big scene of the play smashes her bedroom door in a drunken and lustful fury. Pretty strong fare, even for our emancipated current Broadway. But as the two are married, it can probably be brought within the

bounds of good, if not impeccable, taste.

At the head of the Shuberts' list of musicals stands *The Kiss Waltz*, which they prophesy will be a second *Merry Widow*. It is a colorful romantic concoction from Vienna, in which the velvety-voiced Flora Zabelle will sing, and dance a sensuous, dreamy waltz number with that latter-day matinee idol, Robert Warwick. Adele Rowland and Eva Davenport will also be in the cast, and the production will, of course, be lavishly set. The brothers Shubert have also another surprise in store. They have at last succeeded in persuading the lovely and glamorous Gaby Deslys to leave the Boulevards of Paris and come to New York to enhance the stage of Broadway's Winter Garden. It is rumored that Mlle. Deslys will, in addition to a fabulous wardrobe, bring with her her famous pearls but not, we feel sure, their alleged royal donor.

Harrison Grey Fiske has a play on his agenda which has an interesting history. It is *Kismet*, by Edward Knoblauch. Mr. Knoblauch offered his play in vain to all the prominent American managers; and finally, in despair, took it to London where Oscar Asche has produced it with phenomenal success. Mr. Fiske and Klaw and Erlanger now hold the American rights and will soon begin work on a lavish production which will open at either the Knickerbocker or the New Amsterdam. Mr. Fiske also has a couple of new

scripts under consideration for his wife: *The New Marriage* by Langdon Mitchell; and the *War of Souls* by Paul Hyacinthe, son of the well known French preacher.

David Belasco will, as always, be exceedingly busy this fall. He has William deMille's *The Woman*, which has been on the road this summer, scheduled for mid-September presentation. He has also a new play (still a deep secret) for Frances Starr; one for Nance O'Neill, and a script called *The Governor's Lady* by the gifted playwright, Alice Bradley. His chief concern for the season, however, is his own sensationally experimental drama, *The Return of Peter Grimm*; which opened in Boston last January with David Warfield starred. In the cast also are Thomas Meighan, Janet Dunbar, Joseph Brennan, and that clever child actor, Percy Helton. Although the play has been well received in the sticks it sounds like a doubtful theme for a hyper-critical, sophisticated New York audience. Of course, we have listened with respect for three hundred years to the ghost of Hamlet's father, but he is not the hero of the play. In *The Return of Peter Grimm*, as you may have heard, Mr. Warfield plays an old Dutchman who dies at the end of the first act; and then returns in the spirit to finish his work on earth. However, knowing Mr. Belasco's astuteness as a showman, we would not wager too much on his inability to present the idea of a substantial phantom



Gaby Deslys  
SETON



George M. Cohan  
CULVER



Nance O'Neill  
CULVER



Henrietta Crosman  
DAVIS



Lew Fields  
DAVIS



Robt. Warwick  
CULVER



Frances Starr  
DAVIS



William Farnum  
CULVER



Raymond Hitchcock  
CULVER



Milton Sills  
DAVIS



William Faversham

CULVER



Kitty Gordon

DAVIS



Frank McIntyre

DAVIS



Lillian Russell

SETON



Donald Brian

DAVIS

dressed in an old-fashioned frock coat, and with the beloved face of the Music Master to smile down upon us once more.

William Brady continues with his experiment in repertory at the Playhouse; two items of which will be Grace George in *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Earth*, a new play by James B. Fagan. He also has Marguerite Clark under contract, and an Owen Davis script for her called *When All the World Was Young*.

Henry B. Harris has several exciting things to discuss. Before long he plans to call *Dolly Madison* and Elsie Ferguson in from the road and establish them in a New York theatre. He will also present Edgar Selwyn in Selwyn's own play, *The Arab*. But he is really most concerned about *The Quaker Girl*, a musical which has been having a triumphant run at the Adelphi in London, with Gertie Millar charming all England by the quaint way she sings the haunting, Quakerish, song hit of the show, *Thee Loves Me*. The New York cast is still not decided upon; but Lucy Weston is mentioned for the lead. Mr. Harris is also thinking of signing up that pretty and demure newcomer, Ina Claire, who made such a hit in vaudeville a little while back with her impersonation of Harry Lauder. Also for Mr. Harris, Marion Fairfax is writing a play to be titled *The Talker*, and in which he plans to feature Pauline Lord, a comparative newcomer, and Tully Marshall.

Wilton Lackaye will be in *The Stranger*; Kyrle Bellew and James K. Hackett have new plays. Mr. Hackett's is *The Grain of Dust* and is founded on David Graham Phillip's novel. William Faversham is reading another Edward Sheldon script. Robert Edson opens early in Gelett Burgess' *Cave Man*. Viola Allen has commissioned Louis N. Parker, of *Pomander Walk* and *Disraeli* fame, to write her a new play, the tentative title of which is *The Lady of Coventry*. Helen Ware has George Broadhurst's *The Price*. Francis Wilson will be appearing in *The Magic Ring*; Clara Lipman has written her own vehicle, *It Depends on the Woman*; Blanche Walsh

has something new. John Barrymore will appear in a new farce by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea, entitled *Uncle Sam*. Edward J. Bowes has procured *Kindling* for his new leading lady, Margaret Illington; Klaw and Erlanger plan to revive *Ben Hur* for Richard Buhler; and John Golden is busy with the music for *Over the River*, a musical farce which Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld plan to produce with Eddie Foy, who, it is said, has shelved his Shakespearean ambitions for the time being.

That bustling firm of Cohan and Harris are busy with *The Little Millionaire*, said to be a real Cohan show, with Cohan dialogue, Cohan dancing, Cohan settings, and Cohan celerity. All the Cohans will be in it, too. Later on the firm will do *Officer 666*, a farce by Augustin MacHugh, about a millionaire globe trotter who returns home to find a burglar has taken his name and is living in his apartment. For Raymond Hitchcock and Sophye Barnard they have procured a musical comedy about American visitors to the land of the Czars, called *The Red Widow*, by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. They also expect to produce *The Only Son* by Winchell Smith, a problem play about an unfaithful wife with Claude Gillingwater as husband and Olive Wyndham as the son's (Wallace Eddinger) fiancée. Lillian Russell is trying to make up her mind between *The Opera Ball* and *Her Majesty Mimi*. Lew Fields is cooking up some hilarious nonsense called *The Wife Hunters*. De Wolf Hopper has a Gilbert & Sullivan Festival in mind. Kitty Gordon's fall vehicle is fittingly called *The Enchantress*. Blanche Ring is eager about a new musical named *The Wall Street Girl*.

And still we have only skirted the edges of the musical season to come. Henry W. Savage is most concerned about an elaborate production of *The Girl of the Golden West* in English. But he also has *Little Boy Blue*, with a plot which focuses around the famous Gainsborough portrait, and which is also scheduled to be another *Merry Widow* (and

who should know better than Mr. Savage?). A few of the others he has in mind are *The Million*, for Irene Fenwick, *Somewhere Else*, a musical by Avery Hopwood, *The Grape Girl*, *The Prince's Child*, *Baron-Good-for-Nothing*, *The Summer's Folly*, and *Weeping Josephine*. For August production Wilbur Nesbit and Otto Hauerbach have concocted a book for a Karl Hoschna musical, *The Girl of My Dreams*, in which Leila McIntyre and John Hyams will induct choruses of Bachelor Boys and Quaker Girls in a tuneful variety of song and ballet.

August, too, promises Catherine Chisholm Cushing's *The Real Thing*, a graceful little comedy, in which Henrietta Crosman as the widowed sister teaches the neglected wife, Minnie Dupree, a thing or two about the ways of men. William Collier and James Montgomery have written a new play *Take My Advice*. It will be a vehicle for the Colliers—William Collier, William Collier, Junior, Helena Collier Garrick, and Thomas Garrick will all be in the cast, and Lew Fields will produce it. Dreyfus-Fellner Company are rehearsing a musical, *The Three Romeos*, in which William Danforth and a newcomer by the name of Peggy Wood, will appear.

A. H. Woods has half a dozen musicals ready for production. The most immediate of these are Marguerite Sylva of the golden voice, in Franz Lehar's *Gypsy Love*; and Fritzi Scheff in *The Duchess*, for which Victor Herbert has written the music. Mr. Woods is also presenting early in the fall that poignant play of Civil War days, *The Littlest Rebel*, which has been touching Chicago's theatregoers these last months. In this are the Farnums, William and Dustin, and that remarkable child actress, Mary Miles Minter.

In remoter prospect, Oliver Morosco promises Guy Bates Post in Richard Walton Tully's *The Bird of Paradise*.

This is not, by any means, all of the autumn and winter production story; but it is more than enough, we are sure, to convince you that, if you love the theatre, you are about to experience a delightful and profitable year.



Emily Stevens

DAVIS



Arthur Byron

CULVER



Rose Stahl

DAVIS



Alice Brady

DAVIS



Douglas Fairbanks

CULVER





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**IMOGENE COCA**—the impish, the inimitable. Slightly daffy though she seems in her "New Faces" polo-coat phase, she's remarkably sensible about her complexion care. It's that tried and true means to beautiful skin—Lux Toilet Soap.



**MARION PIERCE**—one of the "New Faces" you're delighted to see in that gay and refreshing revue. Humor, charm, good looks, a gorgeous Lux Toilet Soap complexion—she has them all.

WE quote only one contributor to this guide-book to gorgeous complexions. "Use cosmetics all you like," says Luella Gear, "but remember to remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

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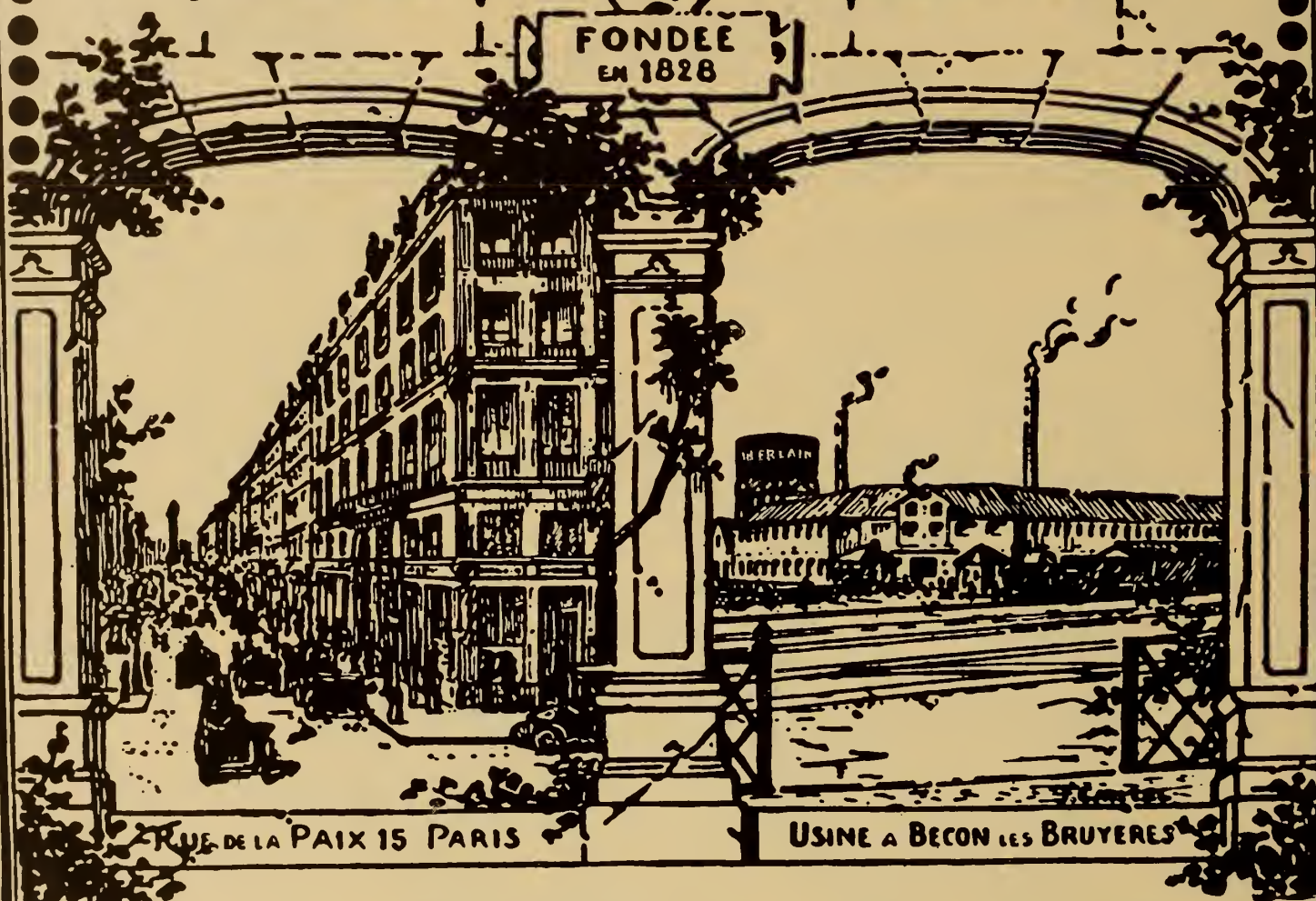
Use this fine soap *regularly*, before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

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# LUX TOILET SOAP

# GUERLAIN

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# FASHIONS

By MARIE L. HARRISON

Editor-in-Chief, "Vogue," 1911



A striking illustration of the present-day craze for combining fur, lace, and taffeta in gown and matching muff. A richly plumed hat completes this chic costume.

What a wonderful time for Madame and Mademoiselle! Monsieur will be enchanted by the variety of adornment which the so thoughtful artisans of La Belle France have fashioned to bedeck his lady!

Long, tight skirts; elaborate, brocaded wraps; enormous hats will fascinate him. High-buttoned boots, embroidered stockings, motor and aviation costumes have been specially designed for this year's wardrobe, and all kinds of elaborations enhance the delight of feminine clothes. Cords, fringes, flounces, furbelows all come into the picture.

We have a wealth of new ideas to choose from, the beaded silks, the embroidered *batistes*, French mull, and broadcloth lend themselves

to the *chic* costumes of today. We even thrill when we see the linings of the coats, more noticeable than the coats themselves. As for the mourning dresses—what a vision the pretty widows will be in their long crepe veils and clinging frocks, voluminous wraps, fur bordered, with big matching muffs, in which are carried black-bordered handkerchiefs and gun-metal hand bags.

Newport is the place to catch the first waft of the smart fashions. The observed of all observers was Miss — in her *chic* tennis dress, a bodice of *batiste* with a diaphanous skirt of plaited *voile*, worn over silk bloomers and no petticoats, this giving her absolute freedom of movement as she sped about the courts. The girls envied her the complete emancipation. Copies of this sports dress will surely be seen on the courts of Forest Hills.

The smart feminine world is excited at this time of year, as the French dressmakers launch their first showings of the mode to come. Martial et Armand showed some effective wraps of brocade; one noticeable model was of velvet, in dolman style, almost sleeveless and quite long, the shawl collar of satin matching the velvet; another is of a beautiful quality of chinchilla, voluminous in cut but light in weight, worn over a blue satin gown, with a draped skirt and a long square train; the only ornaments, strings of pearls.

The day-time coats of Bechoff David are of zibeline, *velour de laine*, velveteen, and rough wools, as well as broadcloth; the models, quite varied, including a very long coat, cut with raglan sleeves, as well as the three-quarter length part of an ensemble, with the gown of the same material.

Jenny showed some afternoon suits that, judging from the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of the audience, created a sensation. The most popular one was of dark purple broadcloth, a long straight skirt finished with two flat flounces, a narrow panel in front, adorned with small velvet bows, from just above the flounces to the waist. The coat cutaway, with revers and collar of matching velvet, a high-necked *batiste* blouse, finished in front with a plaited *jabot*.

Many were the blouses shown, in *batiste*, silk, crepe, and *mousseline*, a number of them finished with intricate tucks, rows of tiny buttons, insets of lace, and oddly shaped collars. The hats on the models were elaborate, large turbans of fur or velvet, quite high, or large, low picture hats covered with plumes and egrets.

The smart restaurants are crowded with men and women in evening

dress who have come into town for first nights, not only to see the plays but go to the Colonial where the best vaudeville is given, and which attracts the *jeunesse dorée* whose sartorial effects everyone turns to for the salient features of the mode. A smart model worn by a debutante of 1911 showed many of the new lines that will later become the thing. The skirt was of white satin intricately cut to swathe the figure, quite tight at the knees, and with a short train; the bodice was of two materials—the lower part of pale yellow chiffon with two points in front and a small square at the back, showing below the rhinestone belt; the upper bodice of white chiffon, tucked, forming a round *decolletage*, edged with rhinestones. The short sleeves were of the yellow chiffon. Her *coiffure* was very simple, hair softly waved and drawn to the top of the head without ornaments. The costume was finished with white satin slippers, rhinestone buckles, and French heels.

Hats are difficult; in their selection much time should be taken, as a hat makes an impression at first sight, whereas it takes some time for the soul to register; therefore, it goes without saying that the hat must be becoming and the last word in fashion. With tailored gowns of *velour de laine*, broadcloth, and other similar materials, shown at the first Paris openings, large turbans, that fitted down on the head, were worn, with velvet brims trimmed with feather banding and upturned bows of ribbon or taffeta; also turbans of fur, with a tall egret held in place by an ornament, placed directly in front. With the elaborate afternoon gowns the hats are even larger—great disks of velvet trimmed with ostrich plumes and coming down over the hair at the side, or covering the crown. Paradise feathers on some effective shapes follow the line of the hat. The brims are often irregular and filled in with two-toned ostrich feathers, egrets, and other fantasies. These hats are worn low, pushing the hair over the ears in a becoming manner.

Women are beginning to try their wings. Miss Harriet Quinby recently received the first pilot's license accorded a woman. Her costume was like that worn by men pilots, with helmet and goggles. Quite a crowd watched the event. Present were many feminists, who think the sky is the limit and anything a man can do, they can. Among the notables were some very well dressed women, in tailored frocks of *covert* cloth, *ratiné*, and serge. The skirts were long, about four inches from the ground, either box-plaited all around or plain back and front with

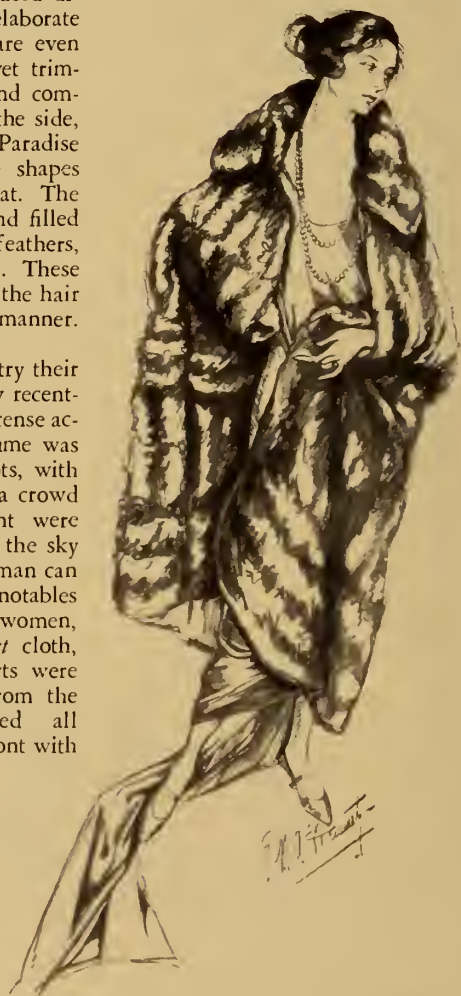
side plaits. The coats often are cut away, very much like a man's, but with fancy pockets, revers, and collars. With these suits were worn plain shirts with high collars, in *batiste*, linen, or silk. The more elaborate *tailleurs* were of broadcloth, black *faillie*, or *velour de laine*, rather dressy and often with long coats, effectively trimmed with intricate braiding in *soutache*. A Callot model was in broadcloth with a long skirt, silk bodice to match, and a fancy three-quarter coat with collars and cuffs of silk, braided with fine gold thread, also intricately machine-stitched across the front, which was held together with three large buttons—the coat cut away to show part of the skirt. The hat was a turban with rather a broad brim, trimmed on the left side with gulls' wings.

The afternoon gowns are too adorable, adorned as they are with all manner of trimmings, to say nothing of the corsage bouquets, of scented, artificial flowers, and the *cache col*, of fine *batiste*, lace-trimmed, which, worn under the coat, keeps the gown collar immaculate.

The pre-season debutante teas are events of sartorial beauty, and what the mother wears is equally as important as the gown of the daughter.

When the lovely and popular Miss — was introduced at Newport, many were the outstanding costumes worn. The mother's plum colored chiffon created a sensation. The long skirt was edged with fur

(Continued on Page 94)



This handsome wrap which enfolds the figure so luxuriously is fashioned of wide bands of mole used both vertically and horizontally in the newest mode.

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## FASHIONS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92)

and over it a matching brocade tunic, cut back in front to expose the skirt. The V neck and long sleeves were finished with *duchesse* lace. Her picture hat was of plum shade—for trimming, one very tall plume. (Hats are often worn when receiving in your own home, as a becoming hat often adds style to the costume.) The debutante wore a very simple gown of white *charmuse*, entirely accordion-plaited, the pointed *decolletage*, and elbow sleeves were finished with soft folds of white chiffon. One of the guests wore a brocaded chiffon velvet with an underdress of satin most intricately fashioned with side panniers and a short swallow-tailed train, her hat an enormous black velvet trimmed with white ostrich feathers. Her necklace and earrings were of seed pearls, made in a left and right design that partly covered the lobes of the ears, from which hung the long earrings.

The wraps worn over these gowns were charming—one of a lovely shade of soft red *peau de cygne* was very *recherché*, cut three-quarter length with collar and cuffs of fox. Another was very simple, of light-weight cloth, the new effect gained by a wide stole of satin worn across the front, crossed at the back and brought to the front again, where it was fastened, just below the waist line, with a large loop and button.

A Drecoll model of *charmuse* with gracefully draped lines gave style to the slender figure of the wearer.

Nothing is more alluring than a pretty woman in the soft clinging folds of a tea gown. One recently worn was of challis in a pale shade of blue, embroidered with tiny pink rosebuds, the combination of pink and blue very dainty. Fine lace edged the V neck and angel sleeves. Another, a ravishing shade of pink, fashioned in a princess slip, was covered with a trailing gown of sheer cream lace—*chic* beyond words to describe; the third was of soft iridescent taffeta made all in one with a rather full skirt effect, the low neck and elbow sleeves finished with knife-plaited, white net.

The etiquette of mourning is strict and, to be correctly dressed, nothing must be worn that does not conform to the rigid rules laid down by the specialists. Only dull finished materials of the best quality should be considered. Cheap fabrics in black are impossible. The gowns are simply made trimmed with bands of crepe, tucks, or cording. For the first six months no white is worn, except, perhaps, a line of *batiste* or chiffon edging the collar and cuffs. The coats are also of dull material, furs if worn, perfectly black. A widow wears a small *toque*, covered with a crepe veil, reaching to the waist or longer, worn over the face for the first months. Accessories are all black; the handkerchiefs, black bordered. For a husband or parent deep mourning is correct for a year;



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Southern Pacific

for the following six months, white is combined with black and crepe is no longer used in veils or trimming. For a daughter or son, sister or brother, the same dress applies. For less close relationships the degree of mourning is optional. Very deep mourning is not often worn. When veils are discarded the hats are made of felt or silk, trimmed with crepe or dull *gros-grain* ribbon and black wings; ostrich feathers and velvet should never be worn. Furs should be Persian lamb, lynx, and broadtail. If jewelry is used it should be dull black, of jet, onyx, or enamel. In deep mourning rings are omitted and even pearls are not considered good style by those most correctly dressed. Gloves are of suede, short *mousquetaire* the most becoming to the hand; walking boots are of dull black leather, as are the other shoes; the slippers are of suede with dull ribbon bows or jet buckles. Stockings are black silk.

Some women have an aversion to black, and they may wear pure white crepe, *charmeuse*, *cachemire de soie*, and similar materials trimmed with white crepe. The shoes, gloves, and other accessories must match the gowns worn and not show a shade of cream. Suits of white Bedford cord are smart. Remember that white mourning is more conspicuous and not so well worn in winter.

No wardrobe is complete without the latest creations of the French

*couturiers* who specialize in modern underwear. A new model is a combination of chemise and drawers, in *batiste*, embroidered with eyelets, at the neck and knees, through which narrow ribbon is run. This garment fits so perfectly that not a fold is visible when worn under the sheerest gowns. Night dresses to match are shown, with elbow sleeves and V necks finished with eyelet embroidery, fine lace, and big bows of satin ribbon. Every woman who thinks about the perfection of her intimate garments must include well fitting *brassieres*, impeccable corsets, as well as bed jackets, boudoir caps, negligees, and petticoats. How well one looks in her gowns depends, to a great extent, upon how well the underthings are made and fitted.

Neckfixings are an important factor in the modes and many are the varieties. Shadow and *maline* lace, combined in a deep *jabot*, finished at the neck line with narrow black velvet ribbon, is a pretty style. Both white and beige are used; the latter combines well with different colored blouses and gives a smart touch to a white silk waist. *Batiste*, lace, mull, and net fashion these trifles so necessary an addition to tailored gowns. Large feather fans, various hair ornaments of paradise feathers, jeweled bands, egrets, and other fantasies are *chic* accessories for evening gowns. To which may be added gold-meshed and beaded bags.



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ALL SIZES, FLY OR BAIT

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**ABERCROMBIE & FITCH COMPANY**

EZRA H. FITCH, President

57 READE STREET

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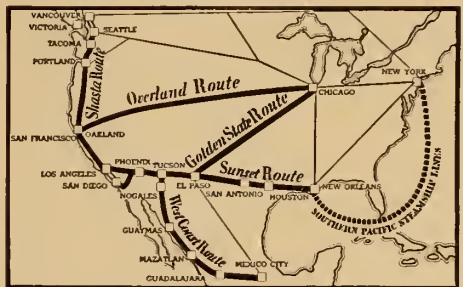
THE ADS across the way were published during 1911. That was the year the ballad "Casey Jones" was popular. You remember it. Heroic Casey, an engineer on another line, went to the Promised Land wishing he could ride on the Southern Pacific before he died.

Yes, we were darned famous then. And during the intervening years we've progressed even further. The 1936 picture looms up mighty impressive:

**Streamliner City of San Francisco.** In 1911, we were pretty proud of our 68-hour schedule from Chicago to San Francisco. Now the new streamliner *City of San Francisco* makes it in just over 39 hours.

**All our trains (11 of them) to California are air-conditioned.** This won't mean much unless you traveled out West *before* they were air-conditioned. There's no dust now. No noise. The air is cool and pure. You could wear tails all the way and be reasonably comfortable.

**Go one way, return another.** This tight little phrase was born several years after 1911 when we found we had Four Scenic Routes between East and West: *Overland Route*, *Sunset Route*, *Golden State Route*, and *Shasta Route*. (See map.) You can go to California on one of them and return on a different one for no more rail fare (from most points) than an ordinary round trip would cost.



For information about a trip to California, write O.P. Bartlett, Dept. SW-8, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

## Southern Pacific

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*The berries that go into the Heinz Fruit Preserves and Jellies are inspected so that not one imperfect berry is used.*

*Every tomato is examined and none is passed that is not sound, ripe and whole.*

*The beans used for Heinz Baked Beans are picked over by keen-eyed girls and every specked or shrivelled bean is discarded.*

This inspection is made by girls who wear neat, white caps and clean uniforms.

Their hands are under the care of manicurists employed especially for that purpose.

These are examples of the exacting care and attention to every small detail that, combined with cleanliness in preparation, have given Heinz 57 Varieties their world-wide fame.

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## HEINZ Baked Beans (Baked in Ovens)

All Heinz Baked Beans are *actually baked*, in dry, slow ovens—baked for hours as baked beans should be. Most so-called baked beans are only steamed or parboiled. The Heinz way takes longer, but the beans come from their bright, shiny tins just like baked beans from a New England bean-pot—golden brown, mealy and mellow, tempting in flavor, and containing far more food value than



the soggy kind.

The superior Heinz quality in Baked Beans has resulted in a larger sale for Heinz Baked Beans than for any other brand of baked beans in the world.

The U. S. Gov't. no longer permits steamed or boiled beans to be labeled "baked." If you want *genuine baked beans* you should buy none that do not have "baked" on the label.

Heinz Baked Beans include:

- Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce (With Pork)*
- Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce (No Pork)*
- Baked Pork and Beans (Boston Style)*
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**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY**

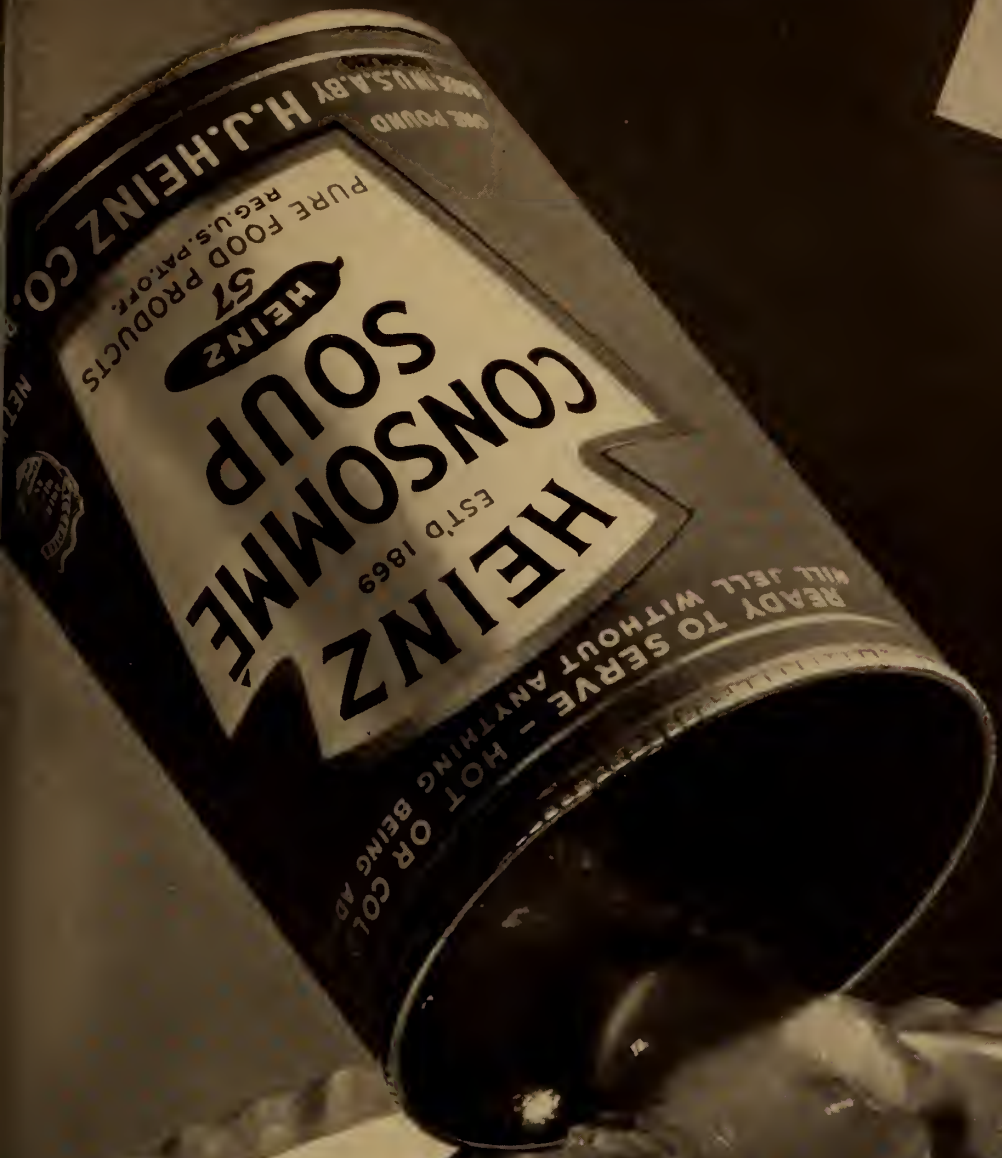
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**WITHOUT  
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# A FASHION FORECAST for AUTUMN

By EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE

Managing Editor, "Vogue," 1911

The first fashion word for the autumn of 1911 has been spoken. All the great houses of Paris—Poiret, Doucet, Drecoll, Redfern, Martial et Armand, Beer, Brandt—have revealed their secrets. Warm though the weather may be, it is time for us to take our minds from our fetching *lingerie* dresses with their lace and embroidery, their pale silk slips and ribbon sashes; to forget our jaunty sailor-collared racquet dresses and flower-trimmed, lace-ruffled hats.

As though to bridge the gap between summer and winter, Paris has given us a wealth of motor costumes. And how important they are, in these days when motoring has become such a vogue that it is an actual fact that women of the fashionable world drive their own electric broughams over the smooth Long Island courses and Tuxedo Park driveways! For them, Paris is making steamer rugs into long barrel-shaped coats, with deep collars in back, edged with wide fringe. Motor bonnets as deep as a sun-bonnet tie with wide streamers under the chin, and there are new enveloping moist-proof veils to give the wearer a delightful sense of security. One all-cover sports coat of modish distinction is made of reversible green and mauve satin, handsomely trimmed with corded silk and velvet. So strong is the interest in sport that there is, astoundingly, one woman aviator (though only one), Miss Harriet Quinby, who has been given a license and flown her own plane at the Garden City Meet.

To return to fashion—suits are another first autumn need, so let me describe one of elegant refinement. It is made of a striped *ratiné*, with a triangular panel banded with braid at one side of the long straight skirt. Between deep, braided revers coming full to the hips is a *lingerie* blouse with a high-boned and embroidered collar and a wide lace jabot dotted with tiny black satin bows. A stove-pipe hat of *taupe* felt with a wide velvet band and buckle, smart high-buttoned shoes, and a beaded bag on a twisted gold chain complete this *tailleur*.

A second stylish suit is made of deep blue satin with heavy *écru* lace revers. The hat shown with it has a wealth of *marabou* on its bowl-shaped brim. And let me warn you here that your hats must have good, deep crowns, coming well down over your ears, if you are to feel in the mode this autumn. Either of these suits would be perfect costumes to wear for lunch at the new hotel on Madison Avenue—the Ritz-Carlton, that daring experiment in hotel life that New York is watching with interest. The Ritz

Company conducts a chain of hotels in Europe and they have imported the same soft lights, rich Eastern rugs, and leisurely ways. On entering, one can scarcely believe this is New York!

Formal clothes will have great importance in the coming season, which promises to be a gay one. The recently announced engagement of Miss Madeline Force to Mr. John Jacob Astor has already brought about plans for many festivities, as has that of Miss Dorothy Whitney to Mr. Willard Straight. The *début* of Miss Alice Drexel will be another important reason for charming *toilettes*, and also that of Miss Helen Taft, in the White

House, in Washington. The investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle will mean gaiety in London for smart American travelers. Also, several coming plays forecast an unusually successful theatre season. One called *Bought and Paid For* is rumored to be very daring; *The Garden of Allah* is said to have remarkable sets; and a musical comedy called *The Quaker Girl* will have a promising young actress named Ina Claire playing the lead. Then, there will be the October wedding of Miss Edith Brevoort Kane to Mr. George Baker, Junior, with a flock of parties in its wake, which will probably create as much excitement as the important wedding of Miss Vivian

Gould to Lord Decies last spring.

For all these functions, afternoon and evening *toilettes* must be fetching and elegant, and Paris has not disappointed us. Typical are four afternoon costumes. First, a black satin dress with a wisp of a train under an overdress of heavy embroidered white net, worn with a huge shirred velvet hat topped by a towering egret. Second, a mauve *moiré* dress with a twelve-inch cuff at the hem-line, buttoned back to the skirt. This dress has an eyelet-embroidered top cut like a Japanese kimono. The third costume is a royal-blue satin dress with a deep velvet sailor collar and a panel of wide velvet ribbons falling in back from neck-line to hem. The skirt with a short train is looped up in front below the knees and edged with fringe, on a pleated under-skirt.

And finally, for formal receptions, a tiered costume alternating bands of fur, lace, and velvet—from the fur band that forms a tight collar at the neck to the band of velvet just clearing the ground. You will find this at J. M. Gidding's new store, and models similar to the other at Hennessey's, Hollander's, and Kurzman's.

Evening clothes have never been more tasteful. There is a modish wrap at one house—the lower part of white brocade, the top of heavy lace over satin veiled with chiffon and trimmed with bands of mink. Its voluminous folds might well cover a costume designed to wear at Mrs. Mackay's tableau benefit for that much-discussed fad, Woman Suffrage. One engaging dress is of chiffon embroidered with bugles, over white silk well dotted with appliqued *passementerie* roses. Boué Sœurs has this, and it would make an adorable costume to wear to *Aida* in which the popular tenor, Enrico Caruso, fully recovered from his attack of grippe, will sing.

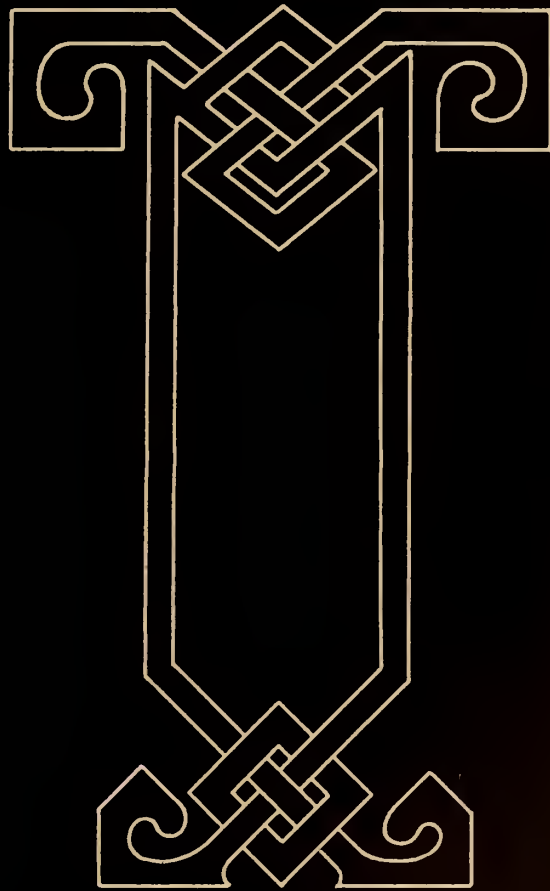
But smart though these costumes may be, it is the little things that make a woman look really well dressed. So think of these details when you plan your autumn wardrobe: Charlotte Corday hats, deep crowned and enveloping; embroidered stockings, openwork in front; Empire waistlines (but a little lower than they have been, with a hint that we may actually return to nearly normal waistlines in another season); long stoles of black *marabou* dotted with tufts of white ostrich; *malines* around your pompadour by night, with a huge bow at one side; tapestry sets of hat, muff, and bag, in beige, green, and gold, trimmed with brown skunk and bouquets of pink satin roses. These are the details that will make you a well dressed woman of 1911.



Paris models of street suits show a new length in coats. The novel use of braid on skirt and jacket distinguishes the model at the left, while the pleated frill and vertically striped panel of the suit at the right are distinctly new.



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**FIFTH AVENUE—at Thirty-fifth Street—NEW YORK**

In the mad scramble of the city's streets in the French capital today, one cannot but be impressed by the fact that the women on dress parade are of two types—those who dress in exaggerated styles and those who refuse to accept freakish extremes. One may, however, always be sure that the former are not quite the "best people," in the right sense of the word.

We hasten to tell you that the mode has changed but little. Skirts remain scant, except for evening when they show delightful, frilled ruffles, gathered waist bands, and garlands of flowers. Many are draped, but not in the hideous fashion of our grandmothers' day. To look well the new skirt must be positioned correctly: cut and hung in lines true with the grain of the material. Bias cutting is creeping into the mode, but great caution should be used in adopting it.

The proper skirt length is just showing the tip of the shoe, though the new shorter ones which almost reveal trim ankles are agreeably adapted to the longer stride of the "new woman."

Fabrics are inconceivably light, though suitable for cold weather clothes. Serges are heavy and soft, some in plaids which are almost gaudy, we regret to note. Evening fabrics were never before so wondrously wrought. Taffeta and satin are on the pinnacle of fashion! Wool-back satin will hold its own and shaded satins are rich and exquisite—some shaded in their entire width, some in wide stripes.

Very heavy plushes in seal, caracul, and astrakhan are much used for coats, often trimmed with lace. White plush for evening will be very stylish.

Colors are evoking a storm! Brick and terra cotta will be good, but for house and street wear soft, neutral tints will prevail, gaiety being confined to trimmings and linings. Strong Oriental colorings are seen for evening, wrought into Japanese, Egyptian, and Chinese designs.

Paul Poiret is a dangerous rebel! He is color mad! He combines blue and purple, even red and purple, achieving violent, noisy results. His colors are hideous, barbaric! In the opinion of Mr. Worth and of your Paris correspondent they are only fit for savages. As Mr. Worth says, are we then to ride on camels and ostriches as the next step?

But these daring colorings seem to be on the point of invading undergarments and even—corsets. We have already heard that *certain women* have adopted corsets of brilliant colors, such as emerald green, Bishop's purple, tangerine, and flame. They claim that in the new corset models, made with the discreet whole back, lacing down the front, these gayly colored garments trimmed with rich lace and veiled by foamy yards of *mousseline de soie*, used as figure drapery, suggest a molded undercorsage. We question whether American ladies will agree with them, and need we be concerned with the "others?"



Our new and keen interest in aviation, originating with Bleriot's channel flight of two years ago, is exerting an important influence on our present-day fashions—one which our artist has whimsically, but truthfully, here portrayed.

## Paris Fashion Letter

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

One-time Fashion Editor, "Harper's Bazaar"

While on the subject of corsets, the new ones are the "longest ever," reaching almost to the knee. But they admirably sustain the muscles against weariness and have great refinement of outline. A new bust form we were privileged to glimpse in secret gives a full, shapely bust. It is a series of shirred ruffles down to the waist. It cannot be detected by sight or touch, and is light, sanitary, and refined. It develops as nature intended.

Black and white are seen in really queer combinations for the woman who prefers to be peculiar. We saw one striking dress of soft, shining white satin with a single breadth of black velvet forming a small train and mounting to the shoulder blades. The front of the corsage was a mass of lace, satin, and chiffon, held by one great black rose. Another black rose held the cluster fullness of the skirt at the knee. For the older woman black and white is appropriate, while her eyes would be dimmed by the wearing of glaring colors, her complexion thickened by association with inharmonies. Do not forget that her lined face is indicative of wider experience, contrasting favorably with youth's uncertainty and immaturity, and she may well become a "moon lady" when garbed in black and white.

More extra hair will be needed this winter and triple switches and extra puffs must be added to fill in the hollows under wide, sweeping brims. Any good mail-order house will be happy to send extra hair on approval if you live in smaller towns, and will gladly allow you to return

it if found unsuitable in anxious moments spent before the mirror.

Oh dear! The hats! Instead of the cozy little ones we used to pull down snugly, the new ones are worn up high, with bands and barettes. But at least pretty faces and hair are no longer hidden, as of yore. Willow plumes are passing out of favor and natural ostrich feathers are dyed in harmonious blends in complementing colors. Plumes are always fashionable and may be used winter and summer. The plumed hat worn with the tailored suit continues to arouse storms of protest, but even the severest critic must admit that the charm of a plumed hat lifts the masculine tailored suit to the higher plane of femininity.

We saw a small *toque*, not more than fourteen inches across, with a crown covered with a Venetian lace stretched over white satin. Bronze velvet was draped round the crown and the whole was redolent of an old fashioned garden with its cluster of huge pale-tinted roses gracing the side front. Flower *toques* are seen covered with giant silk roses in daring iris purple with pink centers—the crowns a mass of swirled tulle. The roses are sometimes replaced by snowballs or hydrangeas which add four to eight inches to the usual twelve inches of the small *toque*. Brims are wider than last year, in sweeping lines.

For the matinee, Milady will wear turbans of tulle, often in black bound with strips of diamond and pearl embroidery and surmounted by high egrets or great bunches of

feathers. They come down to the eyes and cover the hair, alas! but they are more merciful to the one who sits behind than the wide brimmed hat, and we welcome them. The flower pot shape is fetching.

For the aging woman of fifty-five with but little hair a small, closely fitting bonnet is singularly dignified. We saw one trimmed with black lace wired into flaring wings, bound with satin and sewed with sequins. A huge gardenia held this in place on the bonnet proper, which was of black velvet, faced with a scintillating garniture of spangles and jet, in richly elegant effect.

A graceful motoring bonnet was seen in pale violet *mousseline de soie*, with a four inch purple border. Two points of the veil hung to the heels in the back and two to the waist in front, each tipped with purple silk tassels. Slip the arms through the front folds, and off you go!

Quite in place here is a beauty hint we picked up in the gay French capital. Let us whisper it to you. It is a new face wax which quiets the nerves, and if worn while motoring prevents the straining of the facial muscles habitual to addicts of this sport. Being of flesh color it is not observable under chiffon veiling even to the slyest Peeping Tom beside you.

Dame Fashion decrees Oriental hair bands of tulle and beads for evening wear. Milky pearls sewn on pale blue tulle in fancy designs, with pearl tassels just behind little ears, are enchanting when worn across shining, well washed hair.

The tailored suit should have the least possible garniture. A tiny cluster of moss rosebuds may be worn in the lapel as a concession to the woman's touch. Collars should not be fanciful, though long, pointed-back collars with revers give the coats a charmingly womanly appearance, so much more feminine than the mannish, notched collar. A soft, lacy *guimpe* or a fetching Brussels net waist are Dame Fashion's favorites with this garment.

Button boots with cloth tops are correct and stockings are in black or tan, with white, pink, or sky for evening.

The richness of fur-edged stoles, the middle strip filled in with corded silk or chiffon in pastel shades, edged with a three-inch ruffle, when twisted about the neck and crossed softly over the bosom, can only be imagined.

And now for the exciting little touches every woman loves! It is quite the thing to have your hand-bag match your motoring coat and bonnet. They are often in large envelope shapes of fancy tapestry or brocade, with straps that sling the bag from the shoulders almost to the heels.

Afternoon gowns are adorned with exotic splendors of gardenias or orchids made of satin and velvet, while evening gowns are wreathed and festooned with gauze roses or audacious satin berries.

Next month we shall tell you of the "good time" dresses and rest robes for Milady's boudoir we saw in naughty, frivolous *Parée!*



THE most modern of New York's newest stores is now completed — Fifth Avenue at 38th Street.

The new establishment is impressively spacious and offers every service, comfort and convenience that modern store-keeping and modern store building can devise.

Many new departments have been added. Our magnificent assemblage includes the most complete collections of Women's & Misses' suits, costumes, wraps, furs, waists, millinery, underwear, corsets, handkerchiefs, neckwear and novelties. Complete assortments of children's apparel and infants' layettes.

The styles have been created by the leading European dress-artists and the best talent among the American makers.

The moderate prices which have made this house's popularity in the past will be maintained in the future.

A cordial invitation is extended to everyone to inspect the new store.

*Bonwit, Teller & Co.*

FIFTH AVENUE at 38th STREET  
NEW YORK



# Pierre Transformation Idéal

The above figure shows our Outside Transformation. It is not this way simply on paper—it actually looks this way in reality. Hundreds of ladies need transformations. Many who have tried them have failed at satisfaction because of poor workmanship.

We guarantee our transformations. We use only *good* hair in their manufacture. They are easy to adjust and they are so natural in their appearance that they defy detection.

Ladies desiring a reliable establishment for good hair and artistic work need not buy in Paris or London.

*We guarantee satisfaction.*

18 West 33d St., New York

# SHOPPING for Society's Smart Set and Stageland's Stars

By MARION C. TAYLOR

Shopping Editor, "The Smart Set," 1911

I have heard of all sorts of wonderful conveniences offered by department stores, and all sorts of wonderful things sold by them. But it did surprise me a little the other day when told I might soon buy a Curtiss-type aeroplane just as easily as two spools of silk. Now I don't suppose for a moment that there is going to be any great rush in that department, or any bargain sales in aeroplanes just yet. It is a little too early to expect that. But the fact that a department store is inviting its patrons to buy an aeroplane is a practical example of up-to-next-week business methods in vogue today.

More interesting to most people, except as a scientific marvel, is the everyday problem of a perfect manicure. Few people are fortunate enough never to have had the cuticle of their nails cut. Most of us, I think,

realize that this is necessary to a perfect nail. But, unfortunately, the practise of cutting the cuticle, if once begun, is practically impossible to stop, and a hard and rough skin results. Now, however, there is a quick remedy that is almost magical, it produces the desired results so quickly. It is a liquid; and if applied faithfully, it will dry up the dead skin so completely that there is no further need for scissors. It is going to be a success, for there has long been a demand for such a thing.

I cannot say I have noticed any distinct innovations in bathing suits this season, unless it be the growing tendency toward brighter colors, and the gradual doing away of the old bloomers and the substitution of tights. The tights to the knee, to wear instead of bloomers, are \$1.95

## George Arliss in "Disraeli"

The curtain will rise; and accents fall  
Upon mine ear with wonder and delight,  
My heart will glow with visions, all bedight  
With honest drama which will me enthral.  
I know the Master's cloak that George will wear  
Will stand him in good stead, else I mistake  
The noble height of words that he hath spake.

No surer thespian is found elsewhere.  
The pageant, wov'n from an Empire's might,  
Must truly be a pride and joy to her.  
Who else but Arliss weaves the silver spell  
Of pomp and circumstance? You must concur.  
It is not oft that we, his listeners, may dwell  
Within the sacred walls of His Majesty's delight.

—PENELOPE DE VAUGHAN

in cotton or lisle. The combinations in Italian silk, which many people who wear corsets in bathing prefer, are \$5.75.

Brilliant colors, certainly a craze of this season, are reflected in the new hosiery. A beautiful shade of apple-green silk shows a wide white clocking (three or four lines of embroidery). For house wear with a white costume, there are flesh-color stockings with the same clocks of apple green. Black stockings are beautiful with clocks of purple, bright blue, or red—for red slippers are going to be as popular as

ever during the remainder of the summer season. A self-tone embroidered silk, with lisle tops and soles comes in black, white, tan, pink, and sky-blue at ninety-five cents a pair.

Suits are always interesting. Mme. Paquin shows one in linen of a beautiful warm fuchsia shade, a new color this season, and a favorite of hers. The skirt is carried up into one of the new high girdles pointed at the left side under the bust, and has a band of wool-embroidered flowers looking like old-fashioned sampler work. The



colors are, to say the least, a little startling, as there is a distinct cerise, a magenta, a purple, a blue green, and a white. But the effect is both smart and unusual, and the stiff, flat roses are quite prim. The coat which accompanies this is a short-waisted Eton, with a narrow patent leather belt fastening it a little below the bust. A very fine plain hemstitched *mousseline* collar and cuffs, and smart *mousseline* blouse piped with red and trimmed with tiny red buttons give the needed finish. I shall be glad to give the name of the shop where this and other interesting Paris suits can be bought.

What about the *jupe-culotte*? It has been the most talked of feminine fancy of the year. Poiret's version, which is frankly trousers of the Turkish variety, is too sensational ever to be worn by refined people. The other kind—that more nearly resemble a divided skirt and usually have a panel which hides their distinguishing feature—are shown by Doucet, Worth, and others among the more conservative houses abroad. To me they seem ugly. It is said in praise of them that they are so comfortable, so much more sensible than the tight skirts of the present fashion. But what of it?

### 'Tis Said Around the Town

John Drew does not "act." He merely "behaves."

Mrs. Fiske represents "the triumph of mind over matter."

Billie Burke suffers from "cute indigestion."

Amelia Bingham loves to act and act and act.

Ruth St. Denis learned "dancing" from a boa-constrictor.

Eva Tanguay was born during a

cyclone, and baptized in a geyser.

Margaret Anglin's audiences are known by their red eyes.

Frankie Bailey always receives "two rounds of applause"—one for each leg.

Maude Adams is so sweet she does not need any sugar in her tea or coffee.

De Wolf Hopper buys his wedding rings at wholesale prices.

—HAROLD SETON

Whenever did women take to a fashion because it was comfortable?

Mme. Paquin, whose authority in the world of fashion is unquestioned today, absolutely refuses to have anything to do with the *jupe-culotte*, and I feel certain it will go the way of its predecessor, the sheath skirt, which was never accepted in its original form. However, many of the new afternoon and evening gowns are cut open, at the side of the skirt, to display lace flounces or possibly embroidered chiffon, sheer enough to show the ankle through the transparency.

Late summer and autumn are ideal for motoring, and if you have the motor fever you will either indulge in a new car, or have the old one done over. Then you may plan jaunts into the country to admire the autumn leaves, and enjoy the freshness of the first early frosts. Since there are but few attractive places to eat outside the large cities, some very well arranged motor baskets are being shown. The most popular ones are made to fasten on the running board of the car, which is a great saving of space. A very complete basket has a tea kettle, and is a combination dinner and tea basket, having good sized plates and platters, three food boxes, water (?) bottle, and many good accessories.

It is only in late years that Americans have learned the delightful qualities of bath salts, and even now many people look upon them as an extravagant luxury. Yet the same people take long trips to European spas, when oftentimes the use

of good medicinal bath salts would be far cheaper as well as equally efficacious. There has been recently offered a bath salt, made in this country, which has been so successful that its popularity is remarkable. There is sufficient oil in its make-up to prevent the usual dryness of the skin after one's bath. Men will prefer a still stronger crystal, not delicately scented, but redolent of the balsams and pines of the mountains. The more delicate salts sell for one dollar per twenty-four-ounce jar, and the latter for two dollars per tin containing seven muslin bags.

At this season when most people are interested in popular music, the makers of records have issued some very catchy selections. From *The Pink Lady* we have that sensational waltz, *Beautiful Lady*, and *By the Saskatchewan*. The very popular *Let Me Stay in Dixie Land* from *The Slim Princess* is given as a duet. For opera lovers, Alma Gluck, the very charming newcomer to the Metropolitan, sings *My Laddie*, the Troubetzkoy-Thayer Scotch air, and *Tu*, a Spanish-American habanera.

Helen Pink is said to be the favorite color of the daughter of the White House. An Avenue shop holds a display of notepaper in this delicate shade, striped in the popular new fashion of which I spoke last month.

Miss Taylor will supply on request the names and addresses of the shops where these very interesting novelties may be purchased.



"Women of America know that the iron rule of all my work has been—and will always be—Quality."

Pierre

### MODERN TRANSFORMATIONS

IN 1936 VOGUE writes: "Monsieur Pierre gives you the benefit of thirty-two years' experience in making transformations; and if he can't rid you of inhibitions about your hair, nobody can. His transformations are made only of live hair, naturally wavy and in its own natural colors. They are so perfectly made that not even your own family can spot the difference—they'll only wonder why your hair looks so much better. If your hair is so thin or fine that it's unmanageable, or has the tendency to recede from your forehead, or is temporarily falling out after a recent illness, you couldn't do better than to entrust it to Pierre—a Pierre transformation solves these problems like a dream."—Always advanced in styles, of finest quality, they are moderately priced. Write for Booklet.



### FACIAL PREPARATIONS

VOGUE also writes in 1936 about my preparations, which I created years ago: "They are the wherewithal to do your face from start to finish—cleansing, stimulating, toning, and make-up. Pierre has used all of these preparations for many years. They are the things his clients can't live without." • • • It is their exceptional quality—the keynote of all my work—that makes my preparations so invaluable to my clients. Every one of my 32 products is made from the finest ingredients, without regard for cost or time involved. And yet they are very reasonably priced. • • • My Cleansing Cream—for instance—is entirely free from wax filling—going twice as far as ordinary creams. I do not call it a deep pore cleanser, but use will prove it to be such. My Face Poudre is put through a special heating process which leaves it totally devoid of moisture and fluffiness. • • • Another instance of the outstanding quality of all my work is the well-known fact that during the World War American women, unable to procure their favorite products from abroad, were very happy to find mine to be thoroughly European in concept and manufacture—and they used them faithfully ever since. On sale at leading stores or at my salon.



39 West 57th St.  
New York

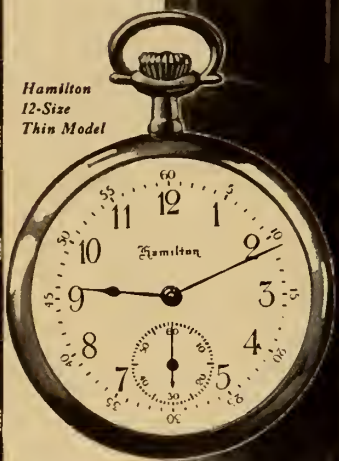
Telephone PLaza 3-1362

Limited Train Conductors  
Must Have Accurate Time.

Conductor J. L. Servis, of the "Golden State Limited" train on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, whose picture is shown here, wrote us the letter printed below about his Hamilton Timekeeper.

The  
**Hamilton**  
The Railroad  
Timekeeper of America **Watch**

Hamilton  
12-Size  
Thin Model



Over one-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, 1911.  
"About one year ago I purchased a 992 Hamilton Timekeeper. It was taken from the shipping case, set, and given to me. It kept PERFECT time from the start, not even requiring the slightest regulation (which I consider remarkable). It is still keeping PERFECT time and I could not be induced to part with this movement for any reasonable consideration. It is by far the best watch I ever carried in my 23 years' service as Conductor."  
J. L. SERVIS,  
Conductor.

The beautiful 12-size Hamilton, shown here, which has proved marvelously and continuously accurate, is the finest and thinnest 19 or 23 jewel 12-size watch made in America. Prices of complete Hamilton Watches in case and box vary, according to movement, size and jewelery, from \$38.50 to \$125.00. Ask your jeweler what he knows about the Hamilton.

Jewelers can supply a Hamilton Movement for your present watch case if you desire.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

It contains facts about watchmaking and timekeeping that many people who buy watches do not know, but ought to. We gladly send it to those interested in the purchase of a reliable watch.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY  
Dept. C, Lancaster, Pa.

# GAMBLING, SMOKING, and SWEARING

*Observations on our present day mores*

By CAROLINE DUER

World-Renowned Authority on Etiquette

Sensational newspapers, when they have nothing sensational to report, are very apt to take a fling at the weaknesses and wickednesses of strange beings known to them as "society women" who, according to hearsay, spend their time gambling, smoking, and swearing.

To us society means our friends, and the friends of our friends. Let us assume that to the newspapers it means those persons who entertain, or are entertained, most profusely during a New York season and proceed to inquire into the accusations against the feminine portion of it.

It would be absurd to deny that when the craze for bridge whist first passed over the community, those who were most interested in the game thought and talked about it a great deal. But any game which becomes what, for want of a better word, may be called "fashionable," inevitably excites discussion. The chief objections urged against bridge whist seemed to be that it confined

its devotees to the house and involved the losing or the winning of money. Granted that certain afternoons and evenings are given up to the game, and certain sums change hands, why should it be a more heinous offense for women to play at cards than for men? If it is no disgrace for a young man to play a good game of poker, why should it be a crying shame for a young woman to be an adept at bridge whist? The only danger lies in excess.

Furthermore, recreation which trains the mind and memory is not to be unduly sneered at. Many women play frequently, but for moderate stakes; many play only occasionally, and for no stakes at all; some play constantly and for high stakes, but they make no secret of it and nobody is under any obligation to join them unless so disposed.

Smoking and swearing seem to be the next charges on the list. There is no old-fashioned horror about the first in these days, but a great many

## Black Opals

*As described  
by the artist  
Du Blé*

"When Nature had finished painting the flowers, coloring the rainbow and dyeing the plumage of the birds, she swept the colors from her palette and moulded them into Black Opals."

This may be a little fanciful, but it is no exaggeration of the beauty and marvel of these gems. Some stones are as soft in tone as the iris on the neck of a dove, others as riotous in color as a Dutch garden in spring.

## Marcus & Co.

Jewelers and Goldsmiths

5th Avenue and 45th Street, New York

American men have a feeling against seeing their wives and sisters smoke in public. A few girls make a fad of it, and indulge, quite regularly, in a puff or two after lunch and dinner, but with not one woman in a hundred does it become a fixed habit! There are some houses in New York where cigarettes are handed to the women, after meals, as cigars are to the men, but they are rarely taken. It is the exception, not the rule, though it is safe to say that fewer and fewer hostesses would be shocked by it.

The swearing accusation is difficult to controvert only because it is impossible to imagine that anybody honestly believes it. If well bred women use bad language they must do it privately. They might, indeed, find a precedent in Harry Hotspur's invocation to Lady Percy: "Not yours in good sooth! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! 'In good sooth,' and 'As true as I live!' Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, a good mouth-filling oath and leave 'in sooth' to Sunday citizens." But in these more polished days, the newspapers to the contrary, oaths seem to have been left for the use of "Sunday citizens," and ladies in general do not garnish their conversation with curses and maledictions.

I will not go so far as to affirm that such words as "the deuce," "the devil," and even "damn," have never passed the lips of any woman

who moves in decent society. The charge that it is "fashionable," or "smart," to use the violent expressions quoted in the newspapers is too ridiculous to be worth the trouble of contradicting.

According to one article, a woman is reported as saying to her hostess that "it was so damned cold" she would not have left her own house to go to any other than the one she was then in. While not in the least denying the accuracy of the reporter's statements in regard to the particular dinner party he mentions (where, later, the same word "rattled round the table two or three times," and coffee, "hot as hell," was served to one unfortunate lady), one may venture to protest against the introduction of free-tongued females as types of the "society woman."

In every city as large as New York there come together certain circles of people who see more of each other than of any other circle of people, though they may all be revolving in the same general direction. In each of the circles, from the highest to the lowest, there will always be some persons to whose manners and morals exception may be taken; but to consider all women in society profane because one woman says "damn," or all women gamblers because one boasts of her winnings, is as absurd as to say that all men are greedy for fruit because Adam ate a forbidden apple.

# They scheduled the EARTHQUAKE for 10:39



Keeping an eye on split seconds during an actual "March of Time" broadcast



(Top to Bottom)

**FAIRMONT.** 17 jewels, 14K gold filled, either white or natural yellow. With silk cord (shown), \$47.50. With attractive gold filled chain bracelet, \$50.

**GAIL.** A Hamilton for modest purses. 17 jewels, 10K gold filled, white or natural yellow. With silk ribbon (shown), \$37.50. With gold filled bracelet, \$40.

**NORFOLK.** 17 jewels, 10K gold filled, natural yellow only. Your jeweler will show you this new strap model with smart four-figure dial, \$40.

**SECKRON.** Split-second precision! 17 jewels, 14K gold filled, natural yellow only. With double-duty black enamel dial (shown) or silver dial, \$55.

Other Hamiltons range from \$37.50 to \$1500.

## WHY EVERY SECOND IS NUMBERED WHEN "TIME MARCHES ON"

"THE March of Time" is on the air! First, a thrilling scene from a collision at sea—four minutes and ten seconds for this. Now a dramatic debate in the English House of Commons—three minutes, fifty seconds. Every second is vital—for at 10:39 the report of a Far Eastern earthquake is scheduled!

Time is the very essence of "The March of Time"—of every radio program. In fact, wherever in today's world accurate time is important, there you will find a Hamilton. The radio director in the control room, the pilot guiding the giant transport plane, the engineer of the streamlined express—all of them keep one eye on their trustworthy Hamiltons.

Remember that every Hamilton is cased in the highest quality platinum, solid gold or gold filled; that every Hamilton contains 17 or more fine jewels. How about that watch you're wearing today? Is it dependably accurate—a smart accessory? If not, see the Hamiltons your jeweler is displaying, or write for our illustrated folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 832 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

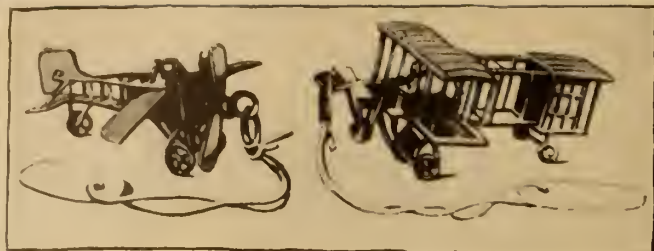
**BÉNÉDICTINE**

The world's choicest liqueur. Esteemed by the discriminating hostess as an ideal complement to the well-served dinner.

AT ALL CLUBS, LEADING HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS, AND WINE MERCHANTS

Reproduced from an advertisement published in 1911

**HAMILTON**  
the Watch of Railroad Accuracy



AEROPLANE CHARMS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF JEWELRY IN AEROPLANE DESIGNS. CHARMS, SCARF-PINS, BROOCHES.

Prize Cups  
Wedding Presents

UDALL AND BALLOU

Jewelers and Silversmiths

BELLEVUE AVENUE NEWPORT, R. I. 574 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



COURTESY OF VOGUE

# FASHION'S DECREE for MEN

from Savile Row and Fifth Avenue

By HARFORD POWEL

Sometime Editor, "Harper's Bazaar"

"We men are being painted gayer birds than we shall strut!"

It was a Major in the Coldstream who made this remark to me over a tumbler of shandygaff on Delmonico's roof—one of the coolest spots in town. The Major's eye had been caught by the display in a tailor's window of materials for lounge suits which unhappily included brick reds, smoke blues, and something nearer purple than good taste allows. Ever since the Regency in England, certain tailors have tried

to tempt us into brighter plumage. 'Tis true that on dress parade the Guardees are gaudy birds, but only a boulder has recourse to gaudiness in mufti.

The restrained distinction of dark grays and blues is conventional, and the conventions were established for our comfort. No man who "belongs" will ever become a walking advertisement for fabrics that scream, or for such eccentricities as padded shoulders, peg-top trousers, queerly placed buttons, and so forth. A



PARFUMS  
DE LUXE

"Chaminade" 10/- 17/6 & 32/6.

"Mystérieuse" 17/6 & 32/6.

"Sérénade" 10/- & 19/6

or direct from  
MORNAY FRÈRES LTD  
201 REGENT ST.,  
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Of all Dealers  
in High Class  
Perfumery



56  
White silk with white butterflies and hand-embroidered. The butterflies do not come as low down on the ankle as shown in cut. Price, \$5.50 a pair.



57  
Black, white, or any shade of silk, with self or any colored embroidery, \$1.50 a pair. Same in gauze lisle, \$2.00 a pair.

*Peck & Peck*  
SEND NEW YORK DRAFT OR MONEY ORDER. ADD THREE CENTS PER PAIR FOR POSTAGE. PLEASE SEND SIZE.

THE ONLY STORE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD  
HOSIERY EXCLUSIVELY  
VERY SPECIAL PRICES  
IN SUMMER HOSIERY  
TO REDUCE STOCK

A special lot of tans also browns and navy we are closing at 50c. a pair, value \$1.00 a pair.

Cobweb lisle thread in black, white, tans and navy blue at 48c. a pair. These we sold at 75c. a pair.

Men's half-hose very thin silk-finished lisle, 35c. a pair, or 3 pairs for \$1.00, in black, tans, grays and navy.

We will send you assorted dozen lots only, at \$3.50 a dozen, men's 1/2 hose. All good colors and good goods which were 69c. a pair or \$8.00 a doz.

Men's women's and children's plain black and tans at \$1.50 for 1/2 dozen, these were 50c. a pair.

A special lot of child's socks, clocked tans, light blue, light pink, morico, black, also white, 3tc. a pair or \$1.75 1/2 doz., value 50c. a pair.



230 Fifth Ave. New York

MAKERS AND VENDERS OF HOSIERY EXCLUSIVELY

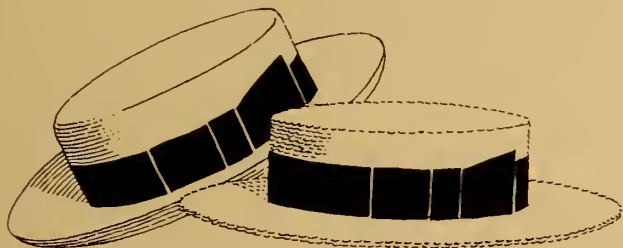
All orders receive instant attention

glance at the men coming out of White's or Boodle's in London, or the Reading Room in Newport, or any other good club, indicates the abiding permanence of the soft-ribbed lapel, the sloping and unpadded shoulder, and the unstiffened sack coat.

When one attains the distinction of the late Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") he may possibly flout the conventions by wearing white clothes both in daytime and in the evening, but unless my readers wish to be confounded with the "White Wings" who are said never to grow weary in cleaning our streets, they will refrain from following this example. One may appear in town in a boater straw hat, or even a Panama, on these blistering mornings; but as soon as the frock coat or cutaway ("morning coat") is donned, one must wear a tall hat—never, with formal dress,

a bowler. A man's hands keep cleaner if he does not make the heat an excuse for discarding his gloves.

My readers have an embarrassing habit of asking me for facts about men's fashions rather than generalities. It is a shock to many a "country cousin" to learn that *there are no fashions in masculine attire*, in the sense that there are new fashions, each spring and autumn, in women's apparel. I cannot truthfully prophesy, for instance, that next October, when the "Four Hundred" return from Lenox, et cetera, to New York City, men's sack coats will be cut on the bias, and will reach below the knees. Neither can I predict that scarlet waistcoats will be worn with evening dress, or that it will be "*chic*"—as the French dressmakers say—to part one's hair on the side. We men will continue, no doubt forever, to wear dark serges, chevots, and unfinished worsteds in



A straight-brim hat of English sennit straw and a mackinaw straw with curling brim.

## PECK & PECK & PECK & P



PECK & PECK

*to-day*

In 1911 there was only one name for smart hosiery—and that was Peck & Peck. (If you'll take a look at the opposite page you'll see 1911's quaint idea of leg and stocking chic!)

In 1936 the name Peck & Peck spells hosiery fame as distinctly as ever—but today it also means tops in smart and exclusive sports and tailored clothes, as well.

In 1911 the world trekked to Peck & Peck's three Fifth Avenue shops, today you'll also find one of Peck & Peck's 24 shops at practically every fashionable spot from Newport to Palm Beach, from New York to points west!

PECK & PECK • FIFTH AVENUE

CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • BOSTON • DETROIT • ST. LOUIS  
MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • WHITE PLAINS • PROVIDENCE

& PECK & PECK & PECK

# Udall and Ballou

present modern airplane charms  
and brooches



Today an air-cooled establishment houses our collection of jewelry, original in conception, new in design, modern in spirit . . . wrought in the Udall and Ballou tradition of fine workmanship and honest value, unchanged and unchallenged for almost fifty years.

Udall and Ballou

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY  
NEWPORT JEWELERS 1888-1936 PALM BEACH

"The Grandest Soap\*"



\*Kind words overheard at the counter of a very Fifth Avenue Store. We thank the anonymous donor of this grand tribute . . . and exhort you, too, to learn how much more there is to a bath when Morny soap is in it! Mammoth bath tablet, 50¢

MADE IN ENGLAND

# C. G. Gunther's Sons

Established 1820.

## Furs



IMPERIAL

CROWN.

RUSSIAN SABLE  
and  
SILVER FOX SKINS

These skins were selected from the choicest collections of the markets of the World, and cannot be compared with in darkness of color or luxuriousness of fur.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

391 Fifth Avenue.

Telephone 7260 Madison.



## TECLA

PARIS  
10 Rue de la Paix

NEW YORK  
398 Fifth Avenue

LONDON  
7 Old Bond Street

No other Branches or Agents

town; we will prefer our trousers to be finished without "pistol pockets" or cuffs; we will continue to demonstrate the neatness of high, white, heavily starched collars with narrow openings in front; and we will leave tweeds and homespuns to the grouse-moors where they belong.

When in doubt, dear country cousin, continue to patronize Poole, Hoare, Lock, et cetera, in London, and Bell, Brooks Brothers, Budd, Knox, Slater, and just a few others in New York whose labels you see in the attire of your well dressed kinsmen in town. I am assuming, naturally, that you require your sack suits, formal clothes, overcoats, hats, shirts, boots, and gloves to be custom made from your measurements. "But," you may say, "I cannot conveniently come to London or New York for fittings. Are not the clothiers of Baltimore, Boston, or Chicago to be trusted?"

Now I cannot answer such a question from experience, but I believe the answer is in a cautious affirmative, provided you know exactly what you want. Here STAGE is of the highest importance to you. It is perhaps the only magazine which does not have to pose some wretched "artist's model" in the newest importation from Savile Row. Merely turn to one of STAGE's frequent photographs of Mr. John Drew (there

is one, for instance, on page 54 of this number) and bid your provincial tailor copy *exactly* what he sees. If the fellow refuses to "play the sedulous ape" in reproducing the precise lines of Mr. Drew's lounge suit—or of Mr. John Mason's equally excellent dress suit, shown on page 49—then by all means I advise you to buy "ready-made" things, and turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the country or small-town tailor, with his fearful "style sheet" hanging on the wall.

Mr. Drew is, indeed, the only style sheet a well dressed man requires. The photograph on page 54 shows him in a moment of extreme emotional stress, having just swept the cap off a parlormaid whom he suspects (and rightly) of having beautiful hair. But you will note that even in this strenuous moment, his collar shows clearly at the back of his neck, and his cuffs are displayed evenly at his wrists. These are trifles, according to some men. But they are the "tremendous trifles" of all good tailoring. The man who achieves such distinction—who is a snapper-up of *all* such trifles—is always well dressed, well pressed, and if he so desires it, well caressed.

Which is, I take it, the moral of every good romantic play.

### Answers to Correspondents

B. J. L., Wichita Falls.—The cor-



One of the favorite models for Spring wear is the new style "Cammeyer" Three Eyelet Christy Tie, with straight tip.

They are made in Tan Russia Calf, Patent Leather, Black Gun Metal Calf and White Canvas.

## "CAMMEYER"

STYLE BOOK OF SHOES

Among all the things that make for taste in dress there is nothing so important as the selection of correct Footwear. Let your interest in being well dressed take you

further than mere reading.

Select your Footwear from the "Cammeyer" Style Book of Shoes, which will be sent free upon request, and you will be certain of the highest type of style and quality in fullest measure.

## "CAMMEYER"

Sixth Ave. & 20th St., New York  
AMERICA'S LARGEST SHOE STORE

## BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY



is all *merit* perfectly blended and thoroughly aged.

Quality and purity combine to make BLACK & WHITE Scotch Whisky the standard of excellence.

Hotels, restaurants and cafes are anxious to serve it because they know it insures your satisfaction and continued patronage.



Reproduced from advertisements published in 1911

rect costume for the groom at an afternoon wedding has been described many times on these pages. Please consult the files of *STAGE* at your local Y. M. C. A. or Grange.

T. T. Brockton.—See answer to B. J. L. above.

W. R. S., New York.—A King of England has undoubted influence on fashion, yet we doubt if the fad of having one's trousers pressed at the

sides, instead of up and down the front, will become omnipresent in America.

G. J. R., Providence.—Inquiry at one of New York's smartest steam laundries indicates that pajamas are now preferred to nightshirts in the ratio of 3½ to 1. We should advise you, however, to give vent to your personal preferences in this not very important matter.



A smart shirt for informal evening dress, with small tucks in front.



WE SALUTE YOU . . .

*Legionette*  
of 1936

We salute the daring, romantic individuality your name implies. And, we salute your suave suede of black, brown, green, dark grey or egg plant. High or low heels. **\$875**

Mail Orders Filled

**Cammeyer**  
Established 1863  
427 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

The September Issue of *Stage* will be the  
**GREAT EXPECTATIONS NUMBER**

THE season to come promises to surpass the season past. The glad tidings of things to come in the forthcoming season will have taken shape in time to present a rich foretaste of it to you in the September issue.

In theatre, there are to come: Katharine Cornell in Maxwell Anderson's *Wingless Victory*, Peter Lorre in *Napoleon the First*, Katharine Hepburn in *Jane Eyre*, and a host of other fine products already set.

Among the musicals, there will be: Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr

in *Tickets for Two*, Ethel Merman in *Wait for Baby*, and *White Horse Inn*, with Kitty Carlisle.

Among the motion pictures: Elisabeth Bergner is coming in *As You Like It*; and there will be *Nine Days the Queen*, *Mary of Scotland*, *The Plough and the Stars*, *Parnell* and many others.

The full story of these, and all of the rest of the forthcoming productions in the world of stage, screen, and music, will be found in text and pictures in the September issue of *STAGE*.

# 25 YEARS AGO

we ran the advertisement reproduced on the opposite page.

**TODAY** we are continuing our 116 year march of progress and are proud to announce our

## AUGUST SALE OF FURS STARTING MONDAY, JULY 27

The first showing of the season's new models at worth while reductions makes this an event you cannot afford to miss.

# GUNTHER

666 FIFTH AVENUE · NEAR 53RD ST.  
NEW YORK

If a woman could have but a single jewel, her wisest choice would be a necklace of pearls...

*Técla*  
CULTURE PEARLS  
"The World's Finest"  
608 FIFTH AVE. AT 49th ST.  
NEW YORK



Reproduction of *Técla* magazine advertisement, 1936

Since *Técla*'s first advertisement was published, more than 25 years ago, the *Técla* tradition has never changed. The name has always been a synonym for the "finest of its kind". . . . .

*Técla*

# An Interview with D. W. GRIFFITH of Biograph

By LEONARD HALL

We made our way to the "studio" of the American Biograph Company, whose films have become noted for their good taste and dramatic mirroring of life, at 11 East Fourteenth Street. The rooms of this old "brownstone front" were filled with bits of scenery, cameras, and actors whose names we wish we were permitted to tell you. In the midst of the hurly-burly we talked with the chief director, Mr. David Wark Griffith, a slender Kentuckian with the eyes of a dreamer and the firm jaw of a man of action, who can make those dreams realities. We were not surprised to find Mr. Griffith a fanatical believer in the great future of the "screen play," as he likes to call it.

"I am delighted that STAGE is recognizing the growing importance of the motion picture as a new art, for such it is, despite the scoffers," said Mr. Griffith. "True, it is in its infancy, but it has made tremendous strides in the past few years, and its progress is only beginning. This spring Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the distinguished critic, said that the motion picture is a more serviceable story-telling medium than the stage play, owing to its greater freedom in space and time."

"What outstanding developments do you anticipate in motion pictures in the future, Mr. Griffith?"

"Our greatest need at present is better stories," said the director. "So far we have been content to film the most elemental fragments of human experience and conflict. Now I feel that the camera is ready to paint larger canvases. There is no reason why the motion picture should not tell a really great story in four, five, or even more reels. With improved technical apparatus and the steady development of our artistic resources, I expect to see screen plays that run an hour or two. As you know, we have recently filmed *Enoch Arden* in two parts, and the Vitagraph Company has made *A Tale of Two Cities* in three."

"You have recently brought your company back from a winter in southern California, Mr. Griffith. Will you tell our readers something concerning the suitability of that

As our readers well know, this magazine is dedicated to the development of the theatre, music, and the other high entertainment arts. But it is becoming increasingly evident to thoughtful observers of the scene theatrical that the frequently derided motion picture is destined to fill an increasingly important place in the world of popular entertainment. So much so, in fact, that the makers of this magazine have decided to explore further into the facts and the future of this young but promising industry. Will it become an art? Who knows?

We have sent our Mr. Leonard Hall to interview Mr. David Wark Griffith, one of the more ambitious of the younger men in the industry; and are happy to be privileged to present to you this vision of the motion picture's future.—ED.



David Wark Griffith and his cameraman, Billy Bitzer.

country for motion picture purposes?"

"I found the vicinity of Los Angeles quite ideal," said Mr. Griffith. "The climate is equable, there is a great deal of sunshine, and scenic backgrounds of every descrip-

tion are within easy reach. You may remember some quite charming little fisher-folk tales, such as *The Mender of Nets*, which we filmed on the shore of the Pacific. Five other companies, as you no doubt

know, shared our pleasant experiences in California last winter. I am seriously considering establishing a permanent company there, largely to make outdoor pictures."

"What do you think is the chief difference between acting for the stage and for the motion picture, Mr. Griffith?"

"Experience has taught me that we are forced to develop a new technique of acting before the camera. The people who come to me from the theatre use the quick, broad gestures and movements which they have employed on the stage, but which appear annoyingly forced and unnatural on the screen. I am trying to develop realism in pictures by teaching the value of deliberation and repose."

We were naturally very curious to know why Mr. Griffith does not permit the names of his Biograph players to be known to the public.

"I strive to submerge the actor's personality in the drama he is playing. Of course, many of my players have been lured away by other companies, notably little Miss Pickford, a very young actress of great ability and charm. But those who come to me must be content to forego this personal mention for the good of the venture. It is a matter of *esprit de corps*. And of course"—here the director's eyes twinkled—"if my actors saw their names and faces in print constantly, they might demand a great deal more money!"

We left the busy hive on Fourteenth Street convinced that we had met a strong creative personality. A dreamer? Undoubtedly. A visionary? Perhaps. Certainly Mr. Griffith may be called a practical prophet, who is facing and solving the problems of a new artistic medium as they arise.

The motion picture is, as Mr. Griffith points out, in its infancy. Yet one by one the skeptics are being convinced of its possibilities as a method of telling stories which is unhampered by the cramping limitations of the dramatic stage. Who can tell to what heights it may rise, under the leadership of such men as Mr. Griffith, in the next few years?

## Correspondence

Sir: We of the real west are greatly distressed by the antics of these New Jersey youths who pretend to be cowboys in western pictures made back east. They mount their steeds from the wrong side, their horses often have bobbed tails, and their saddle equipment is far better suited to an eastern bridle path than to riding the range. We even see down-east rail fences! Can we not have western pictures made in the real west?

Tucson, Arizona. G. F. HESS

Sylvia M., Erie, Pa.—The number of questions you submit indicates that you are indeed an ardent follower of the screen. That was Henry Walthall in *The Command from Galilee*. The young lady in Kalem's *The Bolted Door* is Alice Joyce. The girl to whom you refer in Pathe's *The Unseen Complication* is Pearl White. She plays the role of the professor's daughter. Mabel Normand was Betty in *Betty Becomes a Maid*, Vitagraph. Surely if you were the constant reader you

profess to be you would know that Biograph does not make public the names of its players!

Margaret G., Scranton, Pa.—We cannot tell you whether or not Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are really in love. We do not desire to pry into the activities of our player friends away from the studio. We believe that the public receptions for Maurice Costello and Florence Turner are still being held. Address the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., for details.

Sir: I have written several scenarios for motion pictures. What do motion pictures companies pay for these?

G. B. S.  
Cohoes, N. Y.

Ans.—We are told that prices for submitted scenarios range from five dollars to one hundred dollars. We should not advise you, as a beginner, to expect more than ten dollars apiece for your efforts—if, indeed, you are able to sell them.





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**Revillon Frères**  
FOUNDED 1723

*The largest and oldest fur house in the world*

We have just published a set of four interesting little books about furs. We call it the *Revillon Library*. It is sent without charge on application.

19 West 34th Street, New York  
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## *Emerald Lake*

ONE of the most exquisite gems of scenery on the American Continent. Situated near Field in the Canadian Rockies. Its waters are of an emerald hue, and the ever changing lights and shadows produced by the reflections from the surrounding mountains create rare and vivid pictures.

To see this marvellous lake is to view Nature's loveliest handiwork. A Chalet is located at the Lake and from here can easily be reached the celebrated Yoho Valley.

Write for copy of  
"THE CHALLENGE OF THE MOUNTAINS"

EMERALD LAKE  
CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Reached by the  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**  
ROBERT KERR, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER, MONTREAL

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE KING

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IF you've tried and failed to enjoy a PHILIP MORRIS the answer is simple. You've never smoked the size that suits your taste. Different size in cigarettes produce a different taste. If you want Turkish tobacco, and nothing else, perfectly blended in a sunlit, sanitary, Government inspected factory, get the size PHILIP MORRIS that suits your taste and stick to it.

If your dealer does not stock your particular size, send us his name and address and remittance for desired samples.

*"The Little Brown Box"*

PHILIP MORRIS & COMPANY, Ltd.  
422 West Broadway New York  
487 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal



Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Lionel Barrymore in "The New York Hat," now in the process of production.

## The Future of Pictures

Chats with three motion-picture players and a description of their adventures in the unreal life of the moving fotos.

By PAULINE GALE

# Drink Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice



*James Dole*

At Druggists  
Grocers  
Soda Fountains

*Write for Booklet*

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS CO. LTD.  
112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

It was not many days ago that Miss Mary Pickford, better known as "Little Mary," as she is dubbed in the subtitles, remarked to her closest friend, Miss Linda Arvidson:

"If I remain in the movies I know I will just be ruined for the stage—the acting is so different—and I never use my voice. Do you think it will hurt me if I stay in pictures any longer?"

The question is a good example of the worries of clever stage people at this time, who are lured by the big salaries paid by the picture companies—sometimes as much as fifty dollars a week—yet are afraid of losing their popularity and becoming obscure so that their footlight admirers may forget them completely.

We turned to Miss Mary Fuller of the Edison Stock Company for her opinion on this vital question.

It was at Decatur Avenue and Oliver Street, in the Bronx, where the Edison Company is located, that we found Miss Fuller, who was resting after a hard day's work before the camera. She had just stepped from a thirty-horsepower automobile, in which she had been speeding before the camera at the dizzying rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and was dressed smartly in a linen duster, sports hat with green veil, and fringed cowboy gloves. Her

face was made up as carefully as though she were acting on the stage, with white powder and her cheeks heavily rouged. Lampblack and grease pencil outlined her dark eyes, which were tired from looking into the bright sunlight.

"Of course every actress prefers the theatre to film playing, because she has a better chance to make a name for herself," said Miss Fuller. "Nevertheless, there is something fascinating about working before the cameras, and many prominent stage actors work in motion pictures during slack season, under another name, for the money; but it is not really good for the career of a promising name to do so.

"My work in pictures has not been continuous," added Miss Fuller, confidentially, "for I often return for an engagement at the theatre to keep my name before the public. As to the future of pictures? I believe there is quite a lot ahead for the little field of the motion-picture player, though not so much dramatically. More for educational purposes. For instance, I firmly believe that every actress who wishes to improve her stage technique will own a moving-foto apparatus so that she can perfect her gestures and study her stage presence critically through the camera's eye."

We agreed with Miss Fuller's statement heartily, and asked about her work in various pictures which have been showing in the Nickelodeons during the past few months in New York and in the West as well. These are her most recent successes: *The Silent Tongue*, *Madeleine's Rebellion*, *Five Seconds from Death*, *An Island Comedy*, *The International Heartbreaker*, *The Love of Chrysanthemum*, *The Sepoy's Wife*, *Electra*, and *The Girl and the Motorboat*. All of these pictures were complete two-reel affairs, and were elaborately staged with complete set-ups.

Speaking of staging, Miss Fuller said:

"In order to get the proper setting for our Wild West pictures, which are very popular, we have to travel over to the Palisades region, where the rough, high cliffs and the wooded country provide splendid backgrounds for a 'Western' atmosphere. A great many cowboy pictures are taken there."

We then asked Miss Fuller if it were not true that many different companies, such as Biograph, Kalem, and Vitagraph, did not use the same scenery for their backgrounds.

"Oh, yes," smiled Miss Fuller. "Sometimes not less than five companies, each in a different auto, can be found, drawn up at a certain spot near Fort Lee, on the Palisades, each awaiting its turn for the set-up. There is a New Jersey man, who owns a stagecoach of the Western type, who makes a lot of money renting that coach over and over again to be chased by wild Indians through the Fort Lee woods. He even takes part in the show, some-

times, for nothing, because of the high rent paid for the wagon."

Another question interested us. The acting itself seemed so very odd, before a camera, for none of the words used by the actors were ever heard by the audience. We asked Miss Fuller about this and she had a ready answer:

"The hardest thing for beginners to overcome in the motion-picture business is self-consciousness. There is a rigidity which shows up remarkably in the photographic reproduction.

"I remember one case, when Miss Anne Schafer, an actress of the Edison Company, had to jump out of the second-story window of a burning house—an act that has been my job many times.

"In her first attempt she came down naturally and springily, but a second time she stiffened up, through camera-fright, so that her whole frame was tense, and when she struck the ground both her legs were broken."

We could easily see what Miss Fuller meant by not becoming conscious of the camera.

"How do I feel when I am racing about the country dressed as a cow-girl, or a nurse, or an Egyptian slave?" repeated Miss Fuller to our question. "Just about the same as I do when I am on Broadway acting in a stage play," she replied. "That is to say, I feel as though I were perfectly ridiculous!"

We understood perfectly. There is too much rude jostling of these hard-working people by the jeering onlookers when a picture company gets ready to photograph a set-up. Even though the moving pictures are a type of show that caters to the



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A CIGARETTE CREATED BY PHILIP MORRIS



DAVIS

Broncho Billy Anderson in "Broncho Billy's Adventure."

THEY WON'T BURY ME  
ON THE LONE PRAIRIE!

NORMAN MELEOD

I'M STOCKED WITH DOLE  
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

FALL



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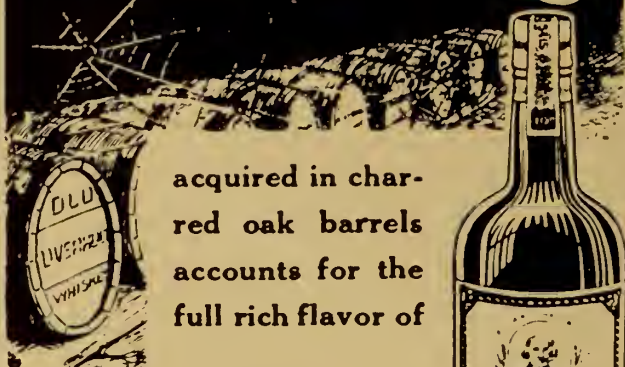
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They are worn by Men and Women who are extremely particular in all matters of Dress.

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acquired in char-  
red oak barrels  
accounts for the  
full rich flavor of

Old  
Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Bottled in bond—pure—smooth—  
with rich color and aromatic bo-  
quet—light body. **OVERHOLT**  
is well worth asking for—by name

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



AFTERNOON TEA ON DECK.

## Dean's Bon Voyage Box

A gift that reflects thoughtfulness for the voyager is Dean's Bon Voyage Box filled with Dean's Celebrated Cakes. Dainty, crisp and appetizing, they double the delights of afternoon tea on board ship. A handsome metal box, with lock and handle, useful when emptied, keeps contents fresh.

Out-of-town patrons, who will make themselves known by satisfactory references may send mail or telegraph orders, which will be charged to their accounts. (We require about two weeks to investigate references.)

Prices: \$6, \$7, \$12, \$15 and \$20.

Illustrated Price List sent promptly on request.

628 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Established 72 years

Reproduced from advertisements published in 1911



The OLD GRAND-DAD is a Sour Mash Whiskey such as our forefathers drank. It is made out among the hills of central Kentucky, and it is distilled from the finest grain and the purest limestone spring water. It would be impossible to produce a finer Kentucky Sour Mash than the OLD GRAND-DAD.



Funny John Bunny in "The Cheater."

rougher element, it is deplorable that the actors should be submitted to such rudeness as is displayed by the crowd that follows them. The fact that nearly all of the pictures must be taken outdoors in the sunlight affords little privacy to the leading players, and the pranks played upon them are often insufferable.

Miss Fuller mentioned an acquaintance of hers who is already well known to the motion-picture audiences—Miss Mary Pickford, who has recently made *The New York Hat*, at the Biograph Studio. The picture was manufactured by D. W. Griffith.

Miss Pickford, Miss Fuller, and Miss Florence Lawrence, who is known as "The Biograph Girl," all do occasional work in the Kinetoscopes, those amusing peep-shows which flicker for one minute when a penny is put in the slot.

So popular have these peep-shows become that an enterprising man in Los Angeles, California, named T. L. Talley, has opened a new and improved Phonograph and Picture Parlor where all the newest devices for music and pictures are installed. The Westerners like the moving picture very much, and are enthusiastic audiences if the reel meets with their approval.

There is some controversy still continuing at this time about the propriety of ladies entering a darkened projection theatre and sitting next to a total stranger in order to view a motion-picture show.

Many timid patrons, not liking the public hall, even now, continue to see their moving pictures through the eyeholes of the peep-show in a picture parlor, for the sake of privacy. It is quite probable that these peep-show halls will continue for many years to be the place for gentility to witness a picture without rubbing elbows with strange people.

There is some talk of fitting phonograph records to photographic

scenes that move, so that the result would be a complete show, but so far the attempts to do this are laughable, and the piano music of today that accompanies the motion-picture is often applauded for a well rendered selection and its appropriate accompaniment to a scene.

Mr. Thomas Edison declares that within *one year* his own perfected device for sound apparatus to accompany a motion picture will be in actual use, and that this method will revolutionize the business.

It is the belief of Mr. Dougherty of the Biograph Company that:

"Some day pictures will be seen on Broadway just like plays, and they will be accorded the same dignified attention that John Drew receives."

Other members of the Biograph Company are laughing at this idea, and agree that:

"Pictures will always be a mountebank amusement, without the support of either the Arts or the Drama."

So there is the controversy, though not a serious one. It is true that at present the motion picture attracts a cheap element of patron, and for this reason the highly regarded artists of the stage have consistently refused to have anything to do with this new form of business. There is no stability behind the life of the picture-player. No tradition. No glamor. It is pitiable, but true, that the picture player has not as much history behind his business as the circus performer. Perhaps that is why clear-thinking people predict a short life for this new method of entertainment.

Our third picture player of note who wrote to us from California, added considerably to the knowledge we had gleaned about picture plays and picture players. He is Victor Potel, much better known as Slippery Slim, who is at present in the town of Niles, California, making some



Henry B. Walthall

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\$3 to \$40  
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BOAT OR TRAIN

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have gladdened the hearts of travelers for almost a century. By 1911 Dean's had become famous throughout the world. In America today Dean's gifts have reached the height of popularity. They offer years of experience in meeting the whims and fancies of travelers everywhere. Write for booklet describing a wide selection of BON VOYAGE boxes and BASKETS.

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Newest Styles for every function—dancing, morning and evening wear, tennis, golf, yachting, hunting— at prices from six dollars and a half.



The J. & J. Slater custom made department especially appeals to those who insist upon a "made to measure" shoe.

New illustrated price list, "A Package of Shoes," with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway J. & J. Slater at 25th St.

For 50 years New York's most fashionable bootmakers



CULVER  
Alice Joyce, of the Kalem Stock Co.

of his many comedy pictures which are so well liked by the picture-show audiences.

The adventures of Slippery Slim is the first series of pictures to be made, each a separate story dealing with the same main characters, who resemble Mutt and Jeff in appearance. The Hank and Lank series were made by the same duo—Victor Potel and Henry Todd, who are, respectively, the Long and Short of it. Most of the pictures made in

California are either Western dramas or comedies, but features a thousand feet in length, as to film, are often made. *The Bad Man's Last Deed*, *Trailed to the Hills*, *The Unknown Claim*, and *The Desperado*, are all long pictures of this type, featuring the leading players of the Essanay Company.

Mr. Potel writes us that instead of confining the activities of their camera to a limited field, the Company roams up and down the California country, taking pictures wherever they decide to stop, much like a traveling stage troupe. Niles, California, San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Rafael are the favorite places for picture making, and the company has its own train, with a car equipped to take care of the developing, cutting, and arranging of the film after it has been taken.

Elaborate scenes are taken by the aid of an indoor set-up, which is a large room, like a stage, made of boards, and with a canvas roll-top to screen the brilliant sunlight for the purpose of better photography.

The home office of the Essanay Company is in Chicago, and the Western Company, whose leading comedy player is Victor Potel, includes G. Maxwell Anderson (Bronco Billy), Edna Fisher, Margaret Joslin, and Vedah Bertram.

Though these Western players are doing remarkably well in spite of

## GRANDE CHARTREUSE

Unique monastery at Dauphine. Unique liqueur of the world authentically manufactured by the Chartreux fathers.



## THE INDEX

to Volume Thirteen, covering copies of STAGE from October 1935 to September 1936, will be available on September first.

As in previous years, this index provides a handy key to the important happenings in the world of AFTER-DARK entertainment which STAGE has brought to its readers each month during the past year.

For the convenience of those who desire to preserve their copies in bound form, the index is printed as a four page supplement, uniform with the September issue.

Requests for the index should be addressed to the Circulation Manager, and should be accompanied by ten cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing.

## STAGE

50 East 42nd St. New York, N. Y.

handicaps of "roughing it," it is believed that the moving pictures will continue to be made most successfully in New York and Paris, where the newest devices of civilization are at hand, and the stage actors and actresses are nearby as material to draw from, if they can be persuaded to go into the business of making motion pictures.

An interesting note comes from Mr. Potel in California, where he states:

"The doom of the present-day black-and-white motion picture is being predicted since the opening, at the beginning of this year, of the Kinemacolor Theatre in Los Angeles, which shows pictures of flowers, birds, and landscapes in natural colors. This theatre is located at Broadway near Eighth Street, and is causing a furor in the West."

The Kinemacolor Theatre is the first one to carry a program consisting entirely of colored pictures, and it is believed that before long the present-day picture will be outmoded, and nothing but colored pictures shown throughout Europe and America.

The New York Theatre Roof, at this time, is showing some colored pictures, and their reception is highly favorable, although the scenes are difficult to distinguish at times.

It will be amazing when first we see a full-length, two-reel picture all



CULVER

Mary Fuller, a popular heroine.

in color. Word is about that this will soon be the case.

As the situation now stands, however, whether the motion pictures are colored or plain, they will have a difficult time vying with the dignity and fine dramatic excellence of the stage and vaudeville of today, and actors and actresses alike, who value their standing in the world of art, will shun this new medium of expression—if it can thus be named—and cling to their standards of the theatre, which will never change.

## Slater Sports

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IN STYLE... IN COMFORT  
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On the links . . . at racing paddocks . . . polo fields . . . or on country lanes . . . these famous Slater sport shoes represent the aristocracy of quality boot-making . . . achieved through seventy-seven years invaluable experience. In six styles, created in bucko with comfort-soft calf linings. All models \$10.75.

Write for descriptive circular.

### J & J SLATER

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## [[please turn to the year 1936]]

Midnight! Masks off! The masquerade is over. Now you—and we, alas!—are back in the dog days of 1936. While you are enjoying your vacation—at Salzburg, Scandinavia, Bar Harbor, or the Hamptons—the arbiters of our after-dark entertainment are preparing (we hope) gallant offerings for the season to come. In the meantime here is the show shop of today as it spreads before us.

# THE SHOW IS ON!

## Battle Hymn

By Michael Blankfort and Michael Gold. Produced by the Experimental Theatre division of the Federal Theatre Project. With Grover Burgess, Lida MacMillan, William Triest. Staged by Vincent Sherman. DALY'S, 63rd Street, east of B'way. Opened May 22.

A play about the John Brown of Harper's Ferry. Excellently acted, but too full of detail and too deficient in—of all things—excitement.

## Boy Meets Girl

By Bella and Samuel Spewack. Produced by George Abbott. With Allyn Joslyn, Millard Mitchell, Joyce Arling, James MacColl. Staged by Mr. Abbott. Evenings at 8:50; matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:50. COURT, 48th St., east of B'way. Opened November 27.

A four-jigger picture of Hollywood and two jack-in-the-box playwrights who keep things humming. They are aided and abetted by some of Broadway's most hilarious lines. All the more fun because people from Hollywood say it's not nearly as farcical as we New Yorkers seem to think.

## Class of '29

By Orrie Lashin and Milo Hastings. Produced by the Popular Price unit of the Federal Theatre Project. With Harry Irvine, Ben Starkie, Jan Ullrich, Allen Nourse, Robert Bruce. Staged by Lucius Moore Cook. MANHATTAN, B'way at 53rd St. Evenings at 8:40; no matinees. Opened May 15.

The depression "class" meets its dramatic problems rather better than it met unemployment. A melancholy theme sincerely written and played.

## Dead End

By Sidney Kingsley. Produced by Norman Bel Geddes. With Theodore Newton, Elspeth Eric, Billy Halop. Staged by Mr. Kingsley. Evenings at 8:40; matinees Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. BELASCO, 44th St., east of B'way. Opened Oct. 28.

An extraordinarily gripping play about a dead-end street that fringes on capitalism. Childhood's progress from the gutter to reform school to gangsterdom has been given expert delineation, and there are phenomenal performances by a group of youngsters.

## Lights O' London

By George R. Sims. Revised and staged by Earle Mitchell. With Edwin Redding, Emmet Shackelford, Dorothy DeBecker, William Green. Produced by the Federal Theatre. Evenings only. PALM GARDEN, 306 West 52nd St. Opened June 23.

A revival of the old melodrama, done in straight-face style with real trimmings on the woodwork, red coats on the ushers,

and beer all around. An excellent diversion for summer nights.

## Mulatto

By Langston Hughes. Produced by Martin Jones. With Philip Truex, Stuart Beebe. Staged by Mr. Jones. Evenings at 8:40; matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. AMBASSADOR, 49th St., west of B'way. Opened Oct. 24.

A serious attempt by the author to dramatize the problems of an old Colonel's unauthorized black brood, treated with undue sensationalism in production. The question of miscegenation is left right where it has always been.

## Murder in the Old Red Barn

A revival of the 1840 melodrama, presented by Harry Bannister, John Krimsky, and Lucius Beebe. With Marianne Cowan, Richard Rauber, and Robert Vivian. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings at 9, Atlantic Beach Monday through Thursday evenings. THE AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 141 East 55th St. Opened February 2.

Hilarious ten-twenty-three stuff that permits audiences to hoot and hiss to their heart's content every night. A revival of the "let yourself go" movement.

## Pre-Honeymoon

By Anne Nichols and Alfred Von Ronkle. Produced by Miss Nichols. With Jessie Royce Landis, Sylvia Field, Louis Jean Heydt, Clyde Fillmore, Marjorie Peterson. Staged by the authors. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:45; evenings at 8:45. LYCEUM, 45th St., east of B'way. Opened April 30th.

No Abraham's Celtic Rosabella.

## Three Men on a Horse

By John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. Produced by Alex Yokel. With William Lynn, Shirley Booth, Sam Levene, Teddy Hart. Staged by Mr. Abbott. Evenings at 8:45; matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:45. PLAYHOUSE, 48th St., east of B'way. Opened Jan. 20, 1935.

Straight, place, and show in an eighty furlong Derby.

## Tobacco Road

By Jack Kirkland, from the novel by Erskine Caldwell. Produced by S. H. Grisman. With James Barton, Margaret Wycherly, Sam Byrd. Staged by Anthony Brown. Evenings at 8:45; matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:45. FORREST, 49th St., west of B'way. Opened Dec. 4, 1933.

This hardy perennial is going to run into its own revival.

## Turpentine

By J. A. Smith and Peter Morell. Produced by the Negro Theatre Unit of the Federal Theatre Project. With J. A. Smith, Alberta Perkins, and

Alonzo Bosan. Staged by Emjo Basshe. Evenings only. LAFAYETTE THEATRE, 131st St. and 7th Ave. Opened June 26.

A labor strike in the turpentine camps of Florida sets the action. As a play it is too talky; as a production it is overpopulated. Its good moments come only when these talented Negro actors are made to feel at home. The church meetin' at the very end is worth waiting for.

## MUSICALS

### New Faces of 1936

Sketches mostly by Mindret Lord and Everett Marcy. Music mostly by Alexander Fogarty and Irving Graham. Produced by Leonard Sillman. With Imogene Coca, Jack Smart, Billie Haywood, Marion Martin, Tom Rutherford. Staged by Ned McGurn and Anton Bundsmann. Evenings at 8:40; matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. VANDERBILT, 48th St., east of B'way. Opened May 19.

Some of the faces were seen two years ago, but they're still able to communicate a lot of fun and frolic across the footlights.

### On Your Toes

By Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, George Abbott. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. With Ray Bolger, Tamara Geva, Luella Gear, Monty Woolley. Staged by Worthington Miner and George Balanchine. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; evenings at 8:30. IMPERIAL, 45th St., west of B'way. Opened April 11.

Ballet brilliantly disposed of by Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva in a fast-moving satire on the more serious renditions of the art. Music, lyrics, setting, choreography, all good.

## TOO LATE FOR REVIEW

### The Nine O'Clock Revue

The third edition of the intimate revue. The cast includes Allen Kearns, Ruth Garland, Neville Westman, George Lamarr, and Barry Oliver. The staging is by Mabel Rowland. (HECKSHER, 1 East 104 St. Scheduled to open July 7.)

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# PICTURES NOW SHOWING

## The Bride Walks Out

Screenplay by P. J. Wolfson and Philip G. Epstein from an original story by Howard Emmett Rogers. The cast includes Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond, Robert Young, Ned Sparks, Helen Broderick. An Edward Small Production, directed by Leigh Jason for R. K. O.

Cheers, the few we can muster for such an occasion, go unreservedly to those valiant players whose names will not appear on the marquee, but whose inherent bouyancy gives *The Bride Walks Out* moments of true comedy. Miss Hel-

the Federal Theatre. It was written by the Austrian, Paul Vulpius, and concerns an unemployed young man who walks into a bank, commandeers an empty desk, and proceeds to make a great success of things. The staging is by Lucius Moore Cook. (MANHATTAN. Scheduled to open July 14.)

## Injunction Granted

The first full length production of the Living Newspaper unit of the Federal Theatre Project. The play is "a detailed and exact portrayal of the history of American labor in the courts, from the early seventeenth century to the present." The writing was supervised by Arthur Arent, and the staging by Joe Losey. Morris Watson is the producing director. (BILTMORE THEATRE. Opened July 15.)

## PROMISED and HOPED FOR The Ziegfeld Follies

A return of the same edition that closed earlier in the season because of Fannie Brice's illness. Miss Brice, Eve Arden, the Preisser Sisters, and Stan Kavanagh will be back. The newcomers include Bobby Clark, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Cass Dailey. (WINTER GARDEN. Scheduled for the end of August.)

## D'Oyly Carte Opera Company

The greatest of the Gilbert and Sullivan troupes is coming back for eight weeks. Some of the old favorites back in the line-up are: Martyn Green, Darrell Fancourt, Derek Oldham, Sydney Granville, and Leslie Rands. They play, of course, the complete repertory. (MARTIN BECK. Scheduled to open August 20.)

## COME AND GONE

### Macbeth

A ten-day revival of the Negro Theatre's production. The sets, the costumes, and the voodoo chants made it all unforgettable. (Opened July 6. Closed July 16.)

### The Kick Back

A murder, a psychology professor, a stammering pupil, a meddlesome fellow-teacher, all involved in a wordy campus plot. Game called on account of Cain's. (Opened June 22. Closed July 4.)

en Broderick, and the Messrs. Robert Young and Ned Sparks set about, with welcome high jinks, to interrupt the marital setup as established by Mr. Raymond and Miss Stanwyck. If they didn't, *everybody* would walk out.

### Early to Bed

Screen comedy by Arthur Kober from an original story by Lucien Littlefield and Chandler Sprague. The cast includes Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, George Barbier, Gail Patrick, Lucien Littlefield. Directed by Norman McLeod for Paramount Pictures.



The unbeatable team work of the Ruggles-Boland combination makes *Early to Bed* a rather frolicsome piece about a glass-eye salesman who can't marry because he walks in his sleep. Somnambulism involves them in calisthenics, robbery, murder, mystery, mayhem, and moments of sure-fire merriment.

### I Stand Condemned

Screen drama adapted by Eric Siepmann from an unpublished novel, *Moscow Nights*, by Pierre Benoit. The cast includes Harry Baur, Penelope Dudley-Ward, Laurence Olivier, Robert Cochrane, Morton Selten, Athene Seyler. Directed by Anthony Asquith for London Films.

The most glamorous by-products of War are pictured conscientiously in this London Film Production—profiteering, espionage, court martial, and sundry scenes of social gaiety. Behind-the-front Russia offers a wide canvas for such a story, but *I Stand Condemned* is content to concentrate its activities in the hospitals, the ball rooms, the military courts of Moscow. In Moscow the forces of militarism and economics meet on their most violent terms. Harry Baur, seen here recently in the French version of *Crime and Punishment*, personifies the peasantry elevated to new power by the high price of wheat. Laurence Olivier, last seen on Broadway in Mordaunt Shairp's *The Green Bay Tree*, epitomizes militarism gone heroic. Both of them are in love with a young nurse whose family is forcing her to marry the wealthy peasant. *I Stand Condemned* commences vigorously on this note of double opposition, but soon gives its romantic interludes too copious attention to maintain the integrity of the background. From that moment on, the film becomes portraiture; first, of Baur whose portrayal is hypnotic in its conviction of frenzied jealousy and self-pity; and second, of Olivier, who is tender, humorous, violent, all within a minute flat. *I Stand Condemned* has been lauded as a vehicle for the acting prowess of Harry Baur, but it is Olivier who really gives the outstanding performance, his graceful wit and agile behavior coinciding regularly with the best moments of the film. These two actors present interesting extremes of histrionic technique—and the picture is an excellent grandstand for the event.

### M'liss

Screenplay by Dorothy Yost from the novel by Bret Harte. The cast includes Anne Shirley, John Beal, Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Moroni Olsen, Frank M. Thomas. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. for RKO.

The brisk early days of California have taken on a pastel hue in the change from novel to scenario to screen. No longer is Smith's Pocket the roaring locale of tender love. No longer is M'liss the fiery offspring of the town's drunkard. Smith's Pocket is stock set Number 14 on a studio lot—saloon at this corner, moonlit ridge at that. M'liss is a well washed daughter of the lot, hair coiffed in the latest fashion, eyebrows neatly plucked, eyes open wide in the engaging manner of local ingenues. Saloon scenes take up some two fifths of the total footage, violating the Bret Harte tradition in each foot. In this melange of misappropriation, M'liss meets her young school teacher, falls in love with him, and marries him. The picture could have been titled *Anne of Green Gables*, *Life on the Old Claim*, or *Boy Meets Girl*.

### San Francisco

Screen drama by Anita Loos from a story by Robert Hopkins. The cast in-

cludes Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy, Jessie Ralph, Jack Holt, Ted Healy. Photography by Oliver T. Marsh, music and lyrics by Gus Kahn, Bronislau Kaper, Walter Jurmann, Nacio Brown, and Arthur Freed. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Barbary Coast becomes more iniquitous, and is cleaned up a little more violently, with each succeeding photographic treatment. The film, *Barbary Coast*, was satisfied with a hanging; *Frisco Kid* required the purging effect of fire. The zenith in the picturization of vice and retribution is reached in the current Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, *San Francisco*. For one hundred and ten minutes *San Francisco* is a picture of luxurious vice and stodgy grandeur. The Coast is epitomized by the Paradise, lowest of dives; the aristocratic element of the old city exemplified by the Tivoli, most elegant of opera houses. Between these two landmarks is pictured a story of a notorious Coast character (Clark Gable), a choir singer (Jeanette MacDonald), a priest (Spencer Tracy), and a Nob Hill aristocrat (Jack Holt). All are involved in the nefarious doings of the Paradise, but most of the picture's concern is focussed on Blackie Norton, played by Gable, whose unregenerate soul is the despair of the entire quarter. For a full hour and fifty minutes Norton maintains his stolid wickedness, right into the face of the most spectacular *deus ex machina* ever employed by the camera. All preceding behavior is disqualified in a cinematic heyday of sound effect and *papier-maché* devastation. The Tivoli falls with the Paradise in the spectacle of San Francisco's great leveling of 1906. Buildings crack and fall, streets gape open, live wires set fire to whole blocks—all accompanied by unbelievable noise and lurid photography. Those five minutes of geological upheaval completely overpower the personalities in the film. Acting, story, music—all are subdued by Spectacle. The footage devoted to establishing Barbary Coast as a community deserving of this violent purging is rather ample, to be sure, but the entire film mounts its melodramatic incline magnificently, pausing only to dedicate five terrific moments to California's most sensational catastrophe.

### Seven Sinners

Screen drama by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and L. Du Garde Peach from a story by Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale. The cast includes Edmund Lowe, Constance Cummings, Thomy Bourdelle, Henry Oscar, Felix Aylmer. Directed by Albert de Courville, for Gaumont British.

The phrase "British spy thriller" is becoming redundant. Like Director Alfred Hitchcock, Director Albert de Courville has chosen unique subject matter for his drama of espionage—the wrecking of super-express trains. Like Hitchcock, de Courville injects a predominant note of humor in his film; and like Hitchcock, he attains his effects by special photographic tricks, deftly juxtaposing horror and humor, tragedy and amusement. The story of *Seven Sinners* weaves ingeniously from Monte Carlo to Paris to London, where the criminal is finally identified and shot down in a newsreel theatre as the pictures of his latest crime are being shown. Each of the sequences has some such fantastic but engrossing setting, and are held together by the swift pace of good melodramatic scenario writing. Both Constance Cummings and Edmund Lowe are likable and lively, and add an American gusto to an otherwise all-English production. *Seven Sinners* has got away to a quick start in the new cinema season.



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# Radio Highlights

for the Month of August

A: Columbia—WABC

J: NBC—WJZ

O: Mutual—WOR

E: NBC—WEAF

M: Intercity—WMCA

### SUNDAYS

12:30, Radio City Music Hall, Erno Rapee Conducts (J); 2:00, The Magic Key, Frank Black Conducts, guest stars (J); 3:00, Chautauqua Symphony, Georges Barrere Conducts (J); 3:00, Cathedral of the Underworld (M); 3:00, Columbia Symphony Hour, Howard Barlow (A); 5:30, Jack Shilkret's orchestra, Ramona and The Three Jesters, in *Tea-Time Tunes* (A); 6:00, Benny Rubin's Amateurs (O); 7:00, Jello program, Don Voorhees' orchestra, Ryan and Noblette (J); 7:30, Frank Crumit, Julia Sander-son, Hal Kemp's orchestra (A); 8:00, Major Bowes (E); 8:00, The Art of Song (O); 8:00, Lud Gluskin's orchestra (A); 8:30, Goldman Band Concerts (J); 8:30, Philadelphia Summer Concert Orchestra, Joseph Pasternack Conducting from Fairmount Park (A); 9:00, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, famous acts of the American theatre (E); 9:00, Cornelia Otis Skinner (J); 9:15, Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties (J); 9:30, American Album of Familiar Music, Frank Munn, Gustav Haensch's orchestra (E); 10:30, Community Sing, nationwide song fest (A); 12:30, Guy Lombardo (O).

### MONDAYS

7:15, The Charioteers, Ted Hus- ing (A); 8:30, Voice of Firestone, Margaret Speaks (E); 8:30, Abe Lyman, Bernice Clair (J); 8:30, Pick and Pat, Benny Kreuger's orchestra, Landt trio and White (A); 9:00, A. & P. Gypsies (E); 9:00, Lux Radio Theatre, with famous stars of the theatre (A); 9:00, Greater Sinclair Minstrels (J); 9:30, Eddy Brown (O); 9:30, Richard Himber's orchestra (E); 10:00, Wayne King (A); 10:00, Contented program, Morgan L. Eastman Conducts (E); 10:30, March of Time (A); 11:15, Guy Lombardo (O); 11:30, Crosley Follies (O).

### TUESDAYS

7:00, Easy Aces (J); 7:00, Ray Block's orchestra, Jerry Cooper (A); 7:30, Kate Smith's band (A); 8:00, Leo Reisman's orchestra, Phil Duey, Eton Boys (E); 8:00, Wallenstein Sinfonietta (O); 8:00, Hammer-stein Music Hall (A); 8:30, Edgar Guest (J); 8:30, Russ Morgan, Ken Murray, Phil Regan (A); 8:30, Guy Lombardo (O); 9:00, Ben Bernie (J); 9:00, Vox Pop (E); 9:00, Fred Waring (A); 9:30, Ed Wynn, Lennie Hayton's orchestra (E); 9:30, Camel Caravan, Rupert

Hughes, Benny Goodman's orches- tra, Nat Shilkret's orchestra (A).

### WEDNESDAYS

4:00, Racing at Saratoga (O); 8:00, Cavalcade of America, Harold Levey's orchestra (A); 8:00, One Man's Family (E); 8:00, Willie and Eugene Howard (J); 8:30, Burns and Allen, Eddy Duchin's or- chestra, Milton Watson (A); 8:30, Wayne King (E); 8:30, Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe, Gustav Haen- schen's orchestra (J); 8:30, Music Box (O); 9:00, Stoopnagle and Budd (E); 9:00, Andre Kostelan- etz, Kay Thompson, Ray Heather- ton, the Rhythm Singers (A); 9:30, Your Song Jubilee, Jack Arthur (A); 10:00, Symphonic Strings (O); 10:00, Carl Hoff, Your Hit Parade (E); 10:00, Gang Busters, Phillips Lord (A).

### THURSDAYS

7:00, Frank Parker, Bob Hope, Red Nichols' orchestra, *The Atlan- tic Family on Tour* (A); 7:30, Benny Fields (A); 8:00, Lewisohn Stadium broadcast (O); 8:00, Port- land Symphony orchestra, Basil Cameron Conducts (A); 8:00, Rudy Vallee (E); 9:00, Tomor- row's Headliners, variety program (A); 9:00, Maxwell House Show Boat, Lanny Ross (E); 10:00, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, Bob Burns (E).

### FRIDAYS

8:00, Cities Service Concert, Jes- sica Dragonette (E); 8:00, Flying Red Horse Tavern, Walter Woolf King, Joan Marsh, Lenny Hayton's orchestra, The Four Red Horsemen (A); 8:30, Frank Fay (J); 8:30, Carmela Ponselle, Oscar Shaw, Vic- tor Arden's orchestra (A); 9:00, Hollywood Hotel, Dick Powell, Frances Langford, Raymond Paige's orchestra (A); 9:00, Fred Waring (J); 9:15, Cesare Sodero Conducts (O); 9:30, Clara, Lu, 'n Em (J); 10:00, Andre Kostelanetz (A); 10:00, Marion Talley, Josef Koest- ner's orchestra (E); 10:30, Enric Madriguera orchestra (O).

### SATURDAYS

7:30, Sherlock Holmes (O); 8:00, Swing Session, Bunny Berrig- an and his orchestra, guest stars (A); 8:30, Stadium Symphony (O); 9:30, Shell Chateau, Smith Ballew, Victor Young's orchestra (E); 10:00, Freddie Rich, Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes (A); 1:30 A. M., Guy Lombardo (O).

# Dining and Dancing

'round the town

The opening of the new Promenade and Casino on the Park up at the Essex House last month brought another very handsome *al fresco* dining and dining spot into bloom on Fifty-ninth Street. Facing the Park, and screened by green hedges, are a number of small tables making a delightful sidewalk cafe for your aperitif or demi-tasse. The main room, on a higher level, is also open to the street. Here you may dine and dance to Nat Brandwynne's fine orchestra. It's an altogether pleasant place to spend the dog-days.

Below is a list of roof-gardens, out-door restaurants and other dining and dancing places—many of them aircooled. Most are also open Saturdays and Sundays, but we suggest you make sure before you start out. Quite a few are likely to shut shop over the weekend during August. New York gets more informal every summer, so if you're not in the mood to dress you won't find it necessary, though in the places marked \* you'll probably find some summer concession to the conventions.

## Ambassador

Ramon Ramos' orchestra plays in the delightful air-cooled gardens here from cocktail time till closing, and there is also entertaining music during luncheon. Dinner is \$2.00 to \$2.50; and supper is a la carte, with no couvert. Park Ave. at 51st St.

## Armando's

The outdoor rooms of this popular little place are open from luncheon on. After 10 P. M. there is gay entertainment in the downstairs dining room by the Sing-Sing quartette. Luncheon is 75c, dinner is \$1.50—and there's never a couvert. 54 East 55th St.

## Arrowhead Inn

A favorite place for outdoor dining and dancing. It has everything you can think of as desirable on a summer night: big trees, flowers, and fountains. And the food and the dance music (Irving Conn's orchestra) are just right. Dinner is \$2.00. Riverdale Ave. and 246th St.

## Hotel Astor

This year the Roof has been entirely redecorated and presents a handsome scene. In addition to the large covered dining room where Hal Kemp's orchestra holds forth, there are all sorts of outdoor nooks for cocktails and liqueurs. Dinner is \$2.00 and up, and there's a supper couvert of 75 cents on weekdays; \$1.00 on Saturdays and holidays. Times Square.

## Bali

Theodor Szarvas' and Jim Moriarty's new place which is most original in its decorations. The food is outstanding and two good orchestras play throughout the evening. Luncheon (\$1.00), cocktails, dinner (\$2.00), and supper are served in these air-cooled rooms where you'll see some exceptional murals by Franklin Hughes. No couvert. 161 East 54th St.

## Beachcomber Bar

The Lucius Beebe-Krimsky-Banister smart madhouse where there is outlandish fun (in a conditioned atmosphere) before and after *Murder in the Old Red Barn*, playing upstairs. Seats at tables for *Murder*, \$1.65 to \$2.20. 141 East 55th St. During August, from Friday through Sunday, the establishment and show hold forth on Long Island in a red barn between the Atlantic Beach and Merry-Go-Round clubs.

## Belle Meuniere

Pierre and Irene, formerly of the Marguery, who run this perfect little restaurant have just installed an air-conditioning plant making their place as comfortable as any you'll find. In addition, the rooms have been entirely redecorated in summer dress that is cool and pleasing to the eye. An outstanding cuisine, a fine cellar, and knowing service make this a spot you shouldn't forget. Open for luncheon, cocktails, and dinner.\* 12 East 52nd St.

## Biltmore

One of the best of the New York roofs where, no matter what the weather, there always seem to be cool breezes. Russ Morgan's orchestra plays here and there is entertainment by Lewis Julian (his satires are very clever) and by Linda Lee, whose singing is delightful.\* Madison Ave. and 43rd St.

## Hotel Bossert

Nobody should miss the superb view of New York's sky line and harbor to be had here from the Marine Roof. It would be hard to equal it. It's only a short trip across the bridge to the Bossert, and it's an ideal place to go for dinner around eight o'clock when the skyscrapers and bridges of lower Manhattan begin to fall into impressive silhouettes. Jack Albin's orchestra plays for the dance and there are songs by Dorothy Howe and other entertainment by various artists nightly. Hicks and Montague Sts., Brooklyn.



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## Hotel Brevoort

Noted for many years for its excellent cuisine, this place was one of the first in the Village to offer sidewalk drinking and dining. In spite of the fact that a number of other places followed suit, the Brevoort remains, at least for us, the best of them all. Fifth Ave. at Eighth St.

## Caviar

Good food and rare wines preceded by the best caviar you'll find anywhere. Dinner is \$2.25, and you won't mind the lack of dancing and music. 128 West 52 Street.

## Chatham Walk

Crowded and amusing, this is one of the gayest of the flowered and canopied restaurants either for luncheon, cocktails, or for dinner. Vanderbilt Ave. at 48th St.

## Coq Rouge

The Joe Moss orchestra and Clarence Tisdale's colored trio continue to be the entertainment features of this delightful air-conditioned establishment—open from luncheon till closing. 65 East 56th St.

## El Chico

Three colorful shows, with real Spanish artists, are presented nightly in this very Spanish place. The food and wines are equally exotic, but if you must have American dishes you can get them here too. Dinner is from \$1.50 and after 9 P. M. there's a cover charge of \$1.00 on Saturdays. Torre's orchestra plays for the dance. A new cooling system assures comfort, no matter what the weather outside. 80 Grove St.

## Essex House

The Promenade and the Casino on the Park—two new features of this hotel, are welcome additions to the list of New York's smart outdoor dining and dancing places. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra (formerly of the Stork Club) plays here nightly for dinner and supper dancing and there is gay entertainment by Maxine Tappen and the three Musical Rogues. These cool new rooms, facing Central Park, are open for luncheon, cocktails, dinner (\$1.75 and up), and supper, a la carte. 160 Central Park South.

## French Casino

Just about the best girl show in town. There are two shows nightly, at 7:45 and 12:00, with dance music playing during the intermission and later. Dinner begins at \$2.50, and there's a minimum charge of \$2.50 after 10:30 P. M. 7th Ave. at 50th Street.

## Fifth Avenue Hotel

One of those delightful sidewalk restaurants where it is fun to sit these days. Dinner is \$1.75 and \$1.25 and there is music in the Amen Corner, audible to diners on

the terrace. Fifth Ave. at Ninth St.

## Hotel Gotham

The air-conditioned Alpine Grill, which specializes in a cold buffet, is a most agreeable place these days. Luncheon is from \$1.10 and dinner from \$1.50. There's a cocktail lounge upstairs. Fifth Ave. at 55th St.

## Hollywood

A very gay, noisy show in the best Broadway manner with little left to the imagination. After 10 P. M. there's a minimum charge of \$1.50; \$2.00 on Saturdays. 1600 Broadway.

## Jimmy Kelly's

Jimmy boasts the best cooling system in town—and it's easy to believe. The show and the dance music, however, have temperature. The minimum charge is \$2.00. 181 Sullivan St.

## Kungsholm

The outdoor garden here has been decorated and landscaped with great taste. You may lunch here (or in the indoor restaurant), have cocktails, and enjoy a remarkable dinner (\$1.50). 142 East 55th St.

## La Crémaillère

Up fourteen floors, with the main dining room overlooking Central Park and the smaller outdoor cocktail terrace fronting the midtown sky-line, this is one of the places you'll turn to on a hot day. Luncheon and dinner (\$2.00) are served, and it's the best of French cooking. 30 West 59th St.

## Larue

Eddie Davis' orchestra plays here in the air-conditioned Fantasy Room for dinner and supper dancing and it's one of the nicest places you can visit. Open from luncheon until closing, with astonishingly good food. No couvert. 480 Park Ave.

## Cafe Louis XIV

This new place has won high standing among the city's spots that emphasize good cuisine. The establishment is under the direction of René Durand and is open for luncheon, cocktails, and dinner, when there is string music, but no dancing.\* 15 West 49th St.

## The Marguery

Luncheon, cocktails, and dinner are served *à fresco* here in the outdoor *pavillon*. There's no better place in town to make you forget the heat of summer.\* Entrance, 270 Park Ave.

## Mascotte

A small place, but everything about it is in excellent taste—and the service is as smooth and correct as you'll find anywhere. A very fine cellar is one of the resources of the

establishment. The house also offers a long and varied list of warm weather dishes. Open for luncheon, cocktails, and dinner.\* 19 East 60th St.

#### Restaurant Mayan

This is one of the best of the moderately priced restaurants around Rockefeller Center—and certainly one of the handsomest. Open for luncheon, cocktails, and dinner. 16 West 51st St.

#### Netherland Cafe-Bar

They've rigged up the section of the balcony here which faces the Park into what might be called an air-conditioned *terrasse*. No dust or flies can touch you. It's really very charming, for luncheon, cocktails, or dinner. Fifth Ave. at 59th St.

#### Paradise

Girls, girls, girls, doing all sorts of things in and out of clothes. There are also jugglers, tap dancers, and orchestras. Dinner is from \$1.50, and there's a minimum of \$2.00 (\$3.00 on Saturdays) after 10 P. M. 1619 Broadway.

#### Park Lane

The Garden Rooms here—indoor and out—present a summery picture with flowers, a water-mill, and colored umbrellas. Luncheon, cocktails, and dinner are served to the tunes of Pancho's orchestra playing for the dance.\* 299 Park Ave.

#### Passy

The air-conditioned rooms of this lively and renowned institution are always crowded with the gayest of the Park Avenue set, from luncheon on. It also rivals any place you can find in Paris in its superb cuisine and extensive list of wines. No music.\* 28 East 63rd St.

#### Hotel Pennsylvania

Long one of the most attractive midtown roofs, with a view of the Hudson from the terrace tables that is delightful on a hot night. The food is good, too, and you'll find Joe Reichman's dance orchestra and a number of other entertainers at dinner and supper. Seventh Ave. at 33rd St.

#### Pierre

A Joe Moss orchestra under the direction of Irwin Gilbert now plays on the roof of this hotel for dinner and supper (until 12:30) dancing. The room is high above the street with outdoor terraces overlooking Central Park. Fifth Ave. at 61st St.

#### Plaza

In the beautiful Persian Room—now air-cooled against the summer—George Sterney's dance orchestra plays at dinner and supper, and Mario and Floria dance. The room at luncheon and at cocktail time is equally popular.\* Fifth Ave. at 59th St.

#### Promenade Cafe

The famous Prometheus fountain in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center has been surrounded by evergreen hedges and linden trees to make this new outdoor Cafe. Bamboo tables and chairs, shaded by gaily colored umbrellas, complete the conversion. Flanking the plaza on the north and south are the indoor sections of the cafe—one French, the other English. Luncheon (\$1.00) and dinner (\$1.50) are served at the Promenade. It's hard to think of a more thoroughly satisfactory place to spend a summer evening. René Durand is the director. Rockefeller Center.

#### The Rainbow Room The Rainbow Grill

These are the show-places of New York's restaurant world, and no visitor to the city should miss them. Sixty-five floors above the street, they offer an unsurpassed view of the city. The entertainment in the Rainbow Room (dress not obligatory during the summer) consists of Al Donahue's orchestra; Rodrigo's tango band; Dario and Diane, in their dances; and Evalyn Tyner, singer. The latest addition to the midsummer show is Diana Ward, just back from triumphs in England, where she sang Ethel Merman's role in *Anything Goes*, and became a favorite entertainer in the London supper clubs. In the Grill (you may dine on the terrace here) Lou Bring's orchestra plays for the dance; there are songs by Frances Hunt; and music by the Embassy Boys, who also sing in the Cocktail Lounge. Rockefeller Center.

#### Ritz-Carlton

Outdoor dining in the Japanese Garden of this hotel has been the summer custom of smart New Yorkers for a number of years. Armand Vecsey's orchestra plays here at luncheon (\$2.00) and at dinner (\$3.00). When the weather's stormy, the Oval Room substitutes. Madison Ave. at 46th St.

#### Savoy-Plaza

In the air-conditioned Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar you'll find Emile Petti and his Cosmopolitans playing for the dance at cocktail time and supper. Corinna Mura and her guitar also appear nightly before the smart crowds that make this spot their meeting place. Fifth Ave. at 58th St.

#### Seventy Park Avenue

An inexpensive Murray Hill restaurant (air-cooled) where, in simple, yet wholly attractive, surroundings, you may enjoy good food and quiet. The small cocktail lounge, also air-cooled, is very comfortable, and the liquors are mixed by bartenders with skill and understanding. 70 Park Ave.

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The SKY GARDENS for dinner and supper dancing, with sophisticated entertainment. CAFE DE LA PAIX—America's first real sidewalk Cafe has become New York's most popular rendezvous. RUMPELMAYER'S is, of course, world-famous for its delicious cuisine.

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**SEVENTY  
PARK AVENUE**  
*Hotel*  
CORNER 38th STREET

### Sherry's

The Louis Sherry Room is closed for the summer, but you may have cocktails in the smart Flamingo Bar and dine well in the small air-conditioned room nearby, 300 Park Ave.

### St. Moritz

Ron Perry's orchestra plays on this magnificently situated roof nightly for the dance and there is enjoyable entertainment by Charlie Wright, the wizard of the accordion; and Vanette and Coles, dancers. 50 Central Park South.

### St. Regis

The Viennese Roof here is just about the gayest and most popular of the summer roofs. By way of excellent entertainment you'll find: Paul Gerrits who does and says all sorts of astounding things on roller skates; six beautiful (really) Albertina Rasch girls; and Jacques Fray's light-hearted orchestra playing for the dance at dinner and supper. Jules Lande's orchestra plays at luncheon and cocktails. Luncheon is \$2.00; dinner \$3.50 weekdays, \$4.00 Saturdays; and the supper couvert is \$1.50 weekdays, \$2.00 Saturdays.\*\* 55th St. and Fifth Ave.

### Stockholm

A superior and comparatively inexpensive Swedish restaurant where you'll find a most expansive *smörgåsbord* and many other interesting na-

tive dishes and wines. Open for luncheon and dinner, 27 West 51st Street.

### Stork Club

Sherman Billingsley's place still continues to be one of the liveliest in town at all hours every night of the week. The large air-cooled rectangular bar is crowded from noon till dawn with people you've heard about, and the camera flashlights picking out celebrities would make a veteran wince. The food is tops and the orchestras of Arthur Dann and Gus Martel provide the best in dance music. 3 East 53rd St.

### The Tuscany

For outdoor dining in the mid-town section, the Garden here is unusually attractive. The menu at both luncheon and dinner is reasonably priced and the liquors are of the best. 120 East 39th St.

### Twenty-One

Jack and Charlie's well known emporium continues to draw a raft of celebrities at dinner and supper. The food is more than good, if somewhat expensive, and the liquors are the best to be had anywhere.\* 21 West 52nd St.

### Versailles

Another crowded, very successful and attractive air-conditioned place where you'll meet all sorts of people,



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**MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM**  
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**PROMENADE  
CAFÉ**

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*Switzerland on the Avenue*

**AIR - CONDITIONED**

**N**ow the air as well as the atmosphere is Alpine cool, crisp, refreshing. Delightfully quaint and quiet for a chatty, intimate luncheon, dinner or supper. And the cocktails! "Finest anywhere in the City" rave New York's keenest sippers. The prices, too, are refreshingly moderate

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OUTDOOR GARDEN

**GASTON LAURYSSSEN**  
Managing Director

encounter two good dance orchestras and exciting entertainment at dinner and supper. Dinner is a la carte and there's a cover charge of \$1.00 on weekdays; \$1.50 on Saturdays. 151 East 50th St.

### Voisin

There are only a few places in these parts that can approach this restaurant's sauces, soufflés, and salads. Eating here should be made the event of the evening. The main, air-conditioned dining room has been elaborately decorated, as it always has been in summer, with great banks of flowers and brightly colored awnings.\* 375 Park Ave.

### The Waldorf-Astoria

Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm Orchestra are playing on the Starlight Roof at dinner and supper, with Basil Fomeen and his tango band alternating during the latter session. Raphael (who made such a hit at the Russian Eagle) performs on his midget concertina and, earlier, in the Palm Room from 7:00 to 9:00. General Lodijensky, also of Russian Eagle fame, plays the host at this most attractive of summer roofs.\* Park Ave. at 50th St.

### Weylin

The Bar here, where Charlie Wright and his songs dominate the entertainment, is crowded from cocktail time on. At lunch and the cocktail hour the Four Knight Caps sing and play, and later there's also Jack Fogarty (who wrote the music for *Fresh Faces*) at the piano. Madison Ave. at 54th St.

### A Little Way Out of Town

If you roam around in your car these summer afternoons and evenings, you'll find all sorts of places for outdoor dining and dancing, many not far from Times Square. Here for your guidance are a few.

Over at the Jersey end of the Washington Bridge is Ben Marden's noisy and opulent *Riviera*, a bit of Broadway transported to a spot that has a grand view of the Hudson. Further out in Jersey, there's the *Chanticleer* at Millburn, a nice spot for outdoor luncheon, cocktails, or dinner, with dance music by Gus

Steck's orchestra. A new place this year is the *Mon Paris* in the Monmouth Country Club, near Rumson, N. J. This is directed by Guido of the New York *Mon Paris* and is quite smart and attractive. Barry Winton's dance orchestra plays at dinner and supper. A short distance away is the *Monmouth Hotel* at Spring Lake Beach, long a popular place for outdoor dining and dancing beside the sea. The famous *Ross-Fenton Farms*, just outside Asbury Park, with its new Patio on the lake for outdoor dining and dancing, is something you should take in. Gene Fosdick's orchestra is now here with a number of other entertainers. Skipping over to New York State you'll find the *Glen Island Casino* with Charles Barnet's orchestra—an ideal spot of a summer evening. It has an excellent view of the Sound. Down at Atlantic Beach, L. I., you should look in on the *Merry-Go-Round* with its private beach, cabanas, restaurant, and dance floor. Here also you'll find the *Nautilus Beach Club* where there are sea bathing facilities and dancing every evening in the new Chinese Garden adjoining the club house. At Coney Island the shore dinner at Feltman's is recommended. And don't fail to visit Tony Sarg's *Streets of Paris* at Luna Park, where there are a number of gay and naughty places to drink, dine, and dance. Out at Lynbrook, L. I., on Scranton Avenue, there is Henri's renowned establishment noted for its cuisine. Luncheon is \$1.25-\$1.50, dinner \$1.50. The place has a roof garden and indoor and outdoor dance floors. Not far off, in Great Neck, L. I., is the *Lakeville Manor Inn*, another notable restaurant run by a former partner of Henri Charpentier. The *Pavillon Royal*, in Valley Stream, L. I., on the Merrick Road, a gay spot, has Vincent Lopez' orchestra. At Hampton Bays, L. I., *Canoe Place Inn* is another charming spot to stop for dinner and dancing or to spend the weekend. Another new spot is Don Dickerman's latest venture at East Port Chester, Conn., the *Pieces of Eight Club*—very piratey, with good orchestra and entertainment. And if you want to make merry on the water and see a good deck show, there's Bobby Sanford's ship, the *Empire State*, that weighs anchor nightly from the Battery for a cruise about home waters. —INVERNESS



### They who know say:

"Caviar is, of course, the specialty of the house, but that is only an introduction to a menu and a cellar that are quite exceptional. Music and entertainment would be superfluous here, for this is a place where excellent food and wines dominate unquestioned."

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Discover  
**Giovanni's**  
Lovely food and  
worthy beverages  
66 E. 55th between Park & Madison

COLORADO

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS—*Perry-Mansfield Summer School*. Drama Director, Charlotte Perry. A production of *Hokusai* by Gustav Eckstein, with supervision by the author.

CONNECTICUT

IVORYTON—*The Ivoryton Playhouse*. Director, Milton Stiefel. Twelve-week season, with ten recent Broadway hits and one tryout for Alex Yokel. Players—Dorothy McNulty, Matthew Smith, Ernest Woodward, Percy Helton, and Mary Orr.

MADISON—*The Jitney Players*, directed by Alice Keating Cheney, will make their thirteenth annual summer tour through New England and the Middle West. In the repertory are—*The Rivals*, *London Assurance*, and *Murder in the Red Barn*. Company includes Alice Cheney, Ethel Barrymore Colt, Marjorie Jarecki, Elizabeth Dewing, Phyllis Flanagan, Douglas Rowland, John Maroney, Jerry Bowman, Pendleton Harrison, John Neill, Denis Plimmer, Maynard Samsen.

MADISON BEACH—*The Post Road Players*. Director, Frederick W. Ayer. Production Manager, Ranney Compton. Ten-week season. Policy—Current and recent Broadway successes, and one or two tryouts. Guest stars appear each week.

NEW LONDON—*The Griswold Summer Theatre Company*, under the management of Margheurite Norris and John Neilan, opened a season of Broadway successes on June 29th. Director, Elmer Brown. Performances Wed. through Sat., Matinee Thurs. Aug. 3rd, *Thing of Beauty*. Players, Selena Royle, Earle Larimore, Muriel Kirkland, Katharine Collier, Edward Wing, Franklin Davis, Collette Keesel, Tom Bates, John Gilbertson, Robert Corda.

NANTIC—*Crescent Theatre, Somerset Players*. Directors, Gregory Deane and George Sumner. Rotary stock company playing Niantic, Westerly, R. I., and Fishers Island, N. Y. Four revivals—*It's a Wise Child*, *Invitation to a Murder*, *The Second Man*, *Post Road*. Four new plays—*Amateur Hour* by Edmund Fuller, *The Comeback* by Essex Dane, *Best of Company* by J. N. Gilchrist, and *For Greater Lust* by Wm. Howard Harris. Guest stars each week.

NICHOLS—*The Group Theatre, Pine Brook Club*. Directors, Cheryl Crawford, Lee Strasberg, Harold Clurman. Schedule *Paradise Lost*, Aug. 5th, followed by three new plays, *The Enchanted Maze* by Paul Green; *Marching Song* by John Howard Lawson; and *The Silent Partner* by Clifford Odets.

NORWALK—*Theatre in the Woods*, under the management of Greek Evans, presents light opera on alternate Friday evenings. Operas—*The Vagabond King*, *Chimes of Normandy*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Wildflower*, *Madama Butterfly*. Mr. Evans and Mme. Henrietta Wakefield play leading roles.

WESTPORT—*The Country Playhouse*. Director, Lawrence Langner. Schedule—Week of July 27, a Shaw play, with Claudia Morgan, McKay Morris, Viola Roache; Week Aug. 3, *The Would-Be Gentleman*, with Jimmy Savo.

DELAWARE

ARDEN—*The Robin Hood Theatre*. Director, Thelma Chandler. Play schedule—Aug. 1st, *On Stage*; Aug. 5th-8th, *Her Cardboard Lover*; Aug. 12th-15th, *Kind Lady*; Aug. 19th-22nd, *Her Master's Voice*; Aug. 26th-29th, *Biography*; Sept. 2nd-5th, *Personal Appearance*. Company includes Dulcy

# Summer Theatres Promise

NOTE: Summer theatre plans are likely to be temperamental and impromptu. The information listed here is the most complete and accurate which the managers were able to supply at the time this issue of STAGE went to press.

Cooper, Virginia Reilly, Laura Barrett, Edwin Ross, Robert C. Schnitzer, Herbert Fisher, Bigelow Sayre.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—*The Roadside Theatre*. Directors, Anton Hardt, Harrold Weinberger. Manager, Richard P. Kreyke. Production schedule—July 27th-Aug. 8th, *Windmills in Manhattan*; Aug. 10th-22nd, *Sherlock Holmes*; Aug. 24th-Sept. 5th, *Among the Moonshiners*. Sept. 7th-19th, to be announced.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO—*The Chicago Group Theatre School of Dramatic Art*. Directors, T. A. Walker, Dorothee L. Bates. Teachers, William Brassee, T. A. Walker, Dorothee L. Bates.

MAINE

KENNEBUNKPORT—*The Garrick Players*. Under the management of Dorothy Manners, Robert R. Reed and Robert C. Currier. Director, Theodore St. John. Performances Wed. through Sat. Thurs. matinee. Schedule—Aug. 5 to 8, *The Ghost Train*; Aug. 12-15, *Seventeen* (directed by Booth Tarkington); Aug. 19-22, *High and Dry*; Aug. 26-29, *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street*; Sept. 1-5, *Chilvestier's House* (new). Players—Isabel Hallin, Lesley Dymell, Miriam Catheron, Ann Drexil, Betty Carey, Leonard Tobin, Robert C. Currier, Charles Sheldon, Frank Myer, Robert R. Reed, Harvey Hayes, Albert Wade.

OGUNQUIT—*Manhattan Repertory Theatre*. Director, Walter Hartwig. Season runs from June 29th through Labor Day. Performances every evening except Sunday; matinees on Friday. Schedule—July 27th-Aug. 1st, *Eden End*; Aug. 3rd-8th, *Erstwhile Susan*; Aug. 10th-15th, *Mademoiselle*; Aug. 17th-22nd, *Night of January 16th*; Aug. 24th-29th, *Fresh Fields*; Aug. 31st-Sept. 7th, to be announced. Players—Margaret Anglin, Thomas W. Ross, Ruth Gordon, Robert Haines, Frances Starr, Morgan Farley, Florence Reed, Stiano Braggiotti, Estelle Winwood, Edward Emery, Margalo Gillmore, Charlotte Walker, Jane Grey, Rosemary Ames, Lillian Foster, Sidney Fox, Daisy Atherton, Wilfrid Seagram, Joanna Roos, Ruth Hammond, Howard Hull, Anne Seymour, Harry Bellaver.

SKOWHEGAN—*The Lakewood Theatre*. Director, Melville Burke. Productions—*Mr. Shaddy*, by and with J. C. Nugent; *Apron Strings*, with Mary Rogers; *Irene: The Petrified Forest*; *The Queen's Husband*; *Night of January 16th*; *Icebound*; *Kind Lady*. New productions—*Ten Mile Shanty* by Owen Davis, with Arthur Byron; *Here We Go* by Guy Andros and Norma Mitchell; *Mr. Shaddy*; *Angel*, with Irene Bordoni; *Twilight Comes Early*, with Jessie Royce Landis, Louis Calhern; *Man's Enemy*; *A Traveler's Truck* by Philo Higley; *Half a Husband* by Arthur Goodrich; *Dice of the Moon*, with Hardie Albright and Martha Sleeper; *Breakfast with Vanora*; *The Miller of the Dee*; and a new play by Sally Rand. On Wednesdays during August a series of special concert matinees will be presented. Schedule—Aug. 5th, Cornelia Otis Skinner, New Program of Modern

Monologues; Aug. 12th, Yale Puppeteers, a Satire on Plays and Players; Aug. 19th, Walter Hampden in Character Sketches. Players—Arthur Byron, Grant Mills, Donald Dillaway, Ben Lackland, A. H. Van Buren, John Hammond Dailey, Charles Laite, Keenan Wynn, Elmer Hall, Tom Tempest, Martha Sleeper, Mary Rogers, Jessamine Newcombe, Dorothy Bernard, Kay Kidder, Katherine Keys, Marjorie Wood, Tookie Hunter. Visiting players—Ed Wynn, Jessie Royce Landis, Louis Calhern, Hardie Albright, Irene Bordoni, Sally Rand.

MARYLAND

DARBY FARM—*Darby Farm Theatre*. Director, S. E. Cochran. Revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* starring Ethel Barrymore, followed by *The Old Homestead*. Resident company and guest stars.

MASSACHUSETTS

CENTERVILLE—*John Craig Productions, Cape Cod Playhouse*. Eight plays will be presented during the summer, including several new ones. New plays now listed: *Cousin Adelaide Is Psychic* by David Woodbury, *Carry Me Back* by Roger Derby, and *Granite Fires* by George Bryant. Other productions will be from Mary Young's and Mr. Craig's Copley Theatre in Boston. Players—Arthur Stringer, Margaret Mayo, Fred Ballard, Fannie Frederick Hatton, and Mary Brush Williams.

COHASSET—*The South Shore Players*. Director, Alexander Dean. The American premiere of Gordon Davoit's London drama, *The Laughing Woman*, with Helen Menken and Tonio Selwart in the leading roles, opened the season.

DENNIS—*The Cape Playhouse*. Manager, Raymond Moore. Ten-week season. Schedule—Week of July 27th, *Taming of the Shrew*, with Peggy Wood and Rollo Peters; Aug. 3rd, to be announced; Aug. 10th, to be announced; Aug. 17th, *The Old Maid*; Aug. 24th, *The Circle* with Florence Reed.

FITCHBURG—*The Manhattan Players, The Lake Whalom Theatre*. Managing Director, Guy Palmerton. Plays—*Personal Appearance*, *Fresh Fields*, *Blind Alley*, *Her Private Affair*, *The Old Maid*, *A Reason for Youth*, *The Silver Cord*, *I Want a Policeman*, *Stella Dallas*, *Springtime for Henry*. Resident Company—Nancy Duncan, Robert Pery, Jacqueline Condon, Frank Lyon, Erford Gage, Adrienne Earle, Emily Smiley, Byrd Bruce, Gertrude Dion Magill, John Gordon, W. O. Macwaters, Guy Palmerton, Virginia Richmond. Guest Stars—Blanche Ring, Glenn Hunter.

GLOUCESTER—*The Gloucester Theatre*. Directors, Florence Evans and Florence Cunningham. New play every week through August 29th.

MARSHFIELD HILLS—*The Marshfield Players, Marshfield Hills Theatre*. Directors, Clayton Priestnal, Arthur Holman. Manager, Haven M. Powers. Eight plays, one each week. Production Schedule—Aug. 5th, *The Stars May Change*; Aug. 12th, to be announced; Aug. 19th, *Mr. Pim Passes By*; Aug. 26th, *Two Fellows and a Girl*. Players—Ann Norris, Marjorie Walsh, Susan Powers, Evelyn Green-span, Rose Dresser, Edwin Gordon, Wm. Mendrick, Tileston Perry, Clay-

ton Priestnal, Jean McKee. Apprentice group.

NANTUCKET—*The Island Theatre*. Manager, Mrs. Marguerite James Wangler. Will have plays from West Falmouth on Monday and Tuesday evenings each week through August 24th.

OAK BLUFFS, MARTHA'S VINEYARD—*The Vineyard Players, Rice Playhouse*. Managing Director, Phidelah Rice. Director, Robert Webb Lawrence. Professional company gives seven performances weekly. Also student performances.

PROVINCETOWN—*The Wharf Theatre*. Executive Manager, Margaret Hewes. Director, Stanley Pratt. Seven plays of current and recent Broadway successes, and two tryouts. Company consists of New York players as supporting cast for visiting stars, and a number of apprentices.

STOCKBRIDGE—*The Berkshire Playhouse*. Director, William Miles. Manager, Fritz Stranski. Director of summer school, F. Theodore Clark. Apprentice group. Eight-week season with professional company and visiting stars giving seven performances weekly. Company—Richard Hale, Lewis Martin, Edgar Kent, George Edmund, Robert Allen, Whitner Bissell.

WEST FALMOUTH—*The Old Beach Theatre*. Director, Luther Greene. Associates, John Sirmeyer, Francis Shaw. Monday and Tuesday performances at Nantucket; balance of week at West Falmouth. Schedule—August 3rd, *Lovers' Meeting* (new, by Gladys Hurlbut), with Dorothy Stickney; August 12th, *Beyond the Terrace* (new, by Lawrence Perry); August 26th, *They Knew What They Wanted*. Two other plays to complete the season will be selected from *Our Betters*, *And So to Bed*, *Springtime for Henry*, and *Twentieth Century*. Players—Dorothy Mackaill, Dorothy Gish, Evelyn Varden, Margaret Douglass, Ben Smith, and Jay Fassett.

WESTFORD—*The Lake Shore Playhouse, Lake Nabnasset*. General Directors, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Trask. Producing Director, Malcolm Lee Beggs. Performances Wed. through Fri. evenings, with guest star programs every Tuesday evening. Plays—*Here Comes the Bride* (new), *Heads Up!* (new), *He Who Gets Slapped*, *The Cradle Snatchers*, *Remember the Day*, *American Very Early*, and others to be announced. Players—Helen Carew, Lancy Bader, Tom Knight, Alan Morrell, Alison Hawley, Colin Dawson, Walter Lohr. Guest stars—J. C. Nugent, Walter Hampden, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Miriam Marmein, Ann Freschmann.

MICHIGAN

ANN ARBOR—*Michigan Repertory Players, The Laboratory Theatre*. Director, Valentine B. Windt. Visiting Directors, Whitford Kane, Frederic O. Crandall. Production Schedule—Aug. 5th-8th, *Juno and the Paycock*; Aug. 12th-15th, *The Pirates of Penzance*; Aug. 18th, 19th, *Chalk Dust*. Summer school in conjunction with the theatre.

MINNESOTA

DULUTH—*The Little Theatre of Duluth*. Director, John Wray Young. Four major productions run one week each. Plays—*Accent on Youth*, *Laburnum Grove*, *Russet Mantle*. Public performances close on Aug. 8th. Apprentice group.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

KEENE—*The Keene Summer Theatre*. Director, Herbert V. Gellendre. Manager, George A. Birse. Season runs through August. Schedule includes at least one new play, and a production of either *The Scarlet Letter* or *The Tro-*





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**MAPLEWOOD**—*The New England Repertory Company, Maplewood Club Casino.* Directors, Jacquelyn Green, Kermit Murdock. Performances Tues. through Sat. nights. Matinees Friday. Schedule—Aug. 4th-8th, *Fresh Fields* with Margaret Anglin; Aug. 11th-16th, *The Guardsman* with Nicholas Joy; Aug. 13th, Cornelia Otis Skinner; Aug. 18th-22nd, *Kind Lady* with Frances Starr; Aug. 23rd or 24th, Walter Hampden; Aug. 25th-29th, *Co-Respondent Unknown*; Sept. 1st-5th, *Arms and the Man* with Walter Slezak.

**NEW LONDON**—*The New London Players, The Barn Playhouse.* Director, Josephine E. Holmes. Season runs to Sept. 7th. Three productions a week, including one matinee by the apprentice group. Productions—Ten plays from the following: *Hay Fever, Ab, Wilderness, The Bishop Misbehaves, Another Language, Dr. Knock, Nine Till Six, Pillars of Society, The Dover Road, Papa Juan, Premiere, The Staff Side, Double Door.*

**PETERBOROUGH**—*The Peterborough Players.* Supervisor, Maria Ouspenskaya. Director, Richard H. Gaines. Managers, Edith Bond Stearns, Hannibal Towle. Production Schedule—Aug. 4th, *One Sunday Afternoon*; Aug. 18th, *He Who Gets Slapped.* Apprentice productions—July 31st, Aug. 1st, *Squaring the Circle*; Aug. 28th, 29th, *The Warrior's Husband.* Players—Mary Harris, Sam Monroe, Ann Leslie, Fred Herrick, William Mansell, James Harker, Bert Jeter, William Sanders, Kathleen Lowry, Ardis Ankerson, Florence Singer, Ann Boley.

**RYE BEACH**—*The Farragut Players. The Farragut Playhouse.* Managers, Dorothy Crane, Berilla Kerr, Don Towers. Season runs through August 29th. Professional company and apprentice group playing Tues. through Sat. evenings, and Sat. matinee. Schedule (tentative)—Aug. 4th, *Russet Mantle*; Aug. 11th, *Through My Eyes* (new, by Dodie Hobart); Aug. 18th, *The Shining Hour or Dangerous Corner*; Aug. 25th, *Goodbye Again.*

**TAMWORTH**—*The Barnstormers.* Manager, Francis G. Cleveland. Director, Edward P. Goodnow. Season closes Labor Day. Plays a circuit covering Tamworth, Sugar Hill, New Hampton, Conway, and Wolfeboro. Plays—*The Crime at Blossoms, The Ghost Train, Juno and the Paycock, Sweet Aloes, Blind Alley, Squaring the Circle, Co-Respondent Unknown, This Thing Called Love, The Man in Possession.*

**WHITEFIELD**—*The Forty Niners.* Manager, Carl Allensworth. Directors, Evelyn Pierce, Elizabeth Kimball, Beatrice Beach, Edward G. Steinmetz. Season runs through Sept. 5th. Performances Tues. through Fri. evenings; Sat. matinee. Plays—*The Pursuit of Happiness, The Shining Hour, Candlelight, Riddle Me This, The Royal Family, They Knew What They Wanted, Aren't We All?, Art and Mrs. Bottle.* Resident Company—Marie Brown, Madalyn O'Shea, Frances Williams, Anne Scoville, Barbara Pearson, Dorothy Newman, Sarah Emily Brown, Robert de San Marzano, Richard MacKay, Richard Kollmar, W. Dana Hardwicke, Don Wilson, Lewis MacFarland, Gordon Lang, Luther Kennet.

NEW JERSEY

**CAPE MAY**—*The Hilda Spong Players. The Playhouse.* Director, Hilda Spong. Manager, Malcolm Atterbury. Stage Director, Arnold S. Berke. Season runs through August 30th. Drama Festival during August includes *Dear Brutus, Much Ado About Nothing, The Life of Man, Street Scene, School for Scandal.* Regular company and students of the Hilda Spong Summer School. Players—Ellen Ayres Hardies, Betty Mor-

an, Malcolm Atterbury, Dorothy Berry, Harry Shale, Gary Merrill, James Roberts, Margaret Malley, Jane Smith, Percy Knight, Ellen Butler, Gail Richardson, Robert de Ritus, Milton Adams.

**DEAL**—*The Deal Conservatoire, The Fiske-Hammond Players.* Director, Paul Hammond. Managers, Arnaud and Connors, Associates. Plays—*Personal Appearance*, with Barbara Brown; *Springtime for Henry*, with Leslie Dennison; *Once Again* (new, by Lucille Printemps), with Leona Powers; *Timber House* (new, by John Burroff). Players—Robert Harris, Clinton Fiske, Yvonne Castle, Melvin Benstock, Lee J. Cobb, John Bennethum, Lucille Meredith, Elizabeth Stillwell, Arno Tanny, Regina Kahn.

NEW YORK

**ATLANTIC BEACH**—The New York Company of *Murder in the Old Red Barn* plays here Friday through Sunday.

**BAY SHORE, LONG ISLAND**—*The Theatre Memorial.* Managing Director, Clyde Armstrong. Eight-week season. Schedule of new plays to be selected from the following—*The Princess Intervenes, Honorable Men, Madness in the Tyrol, The Unconquered, Marriage License*, and a mystery drama tentatively named *After One*. Resident Company includes Katherine Cherry, Ruth Bouchere, Patricia Brown, Muriel Graber, Helen Franklin, Marcus Mensch, John Styles, Albert Charles, John Coons.

**CARMEL**—*Rockridge School of the Theatre.* Directors, Charles Ashley, Nathaniel Reeid, Paul Foley, Litia Namora, Mrs. C. Dyas Standish, Sara Bair. Schedule for the Indoor Theatre—July 27th-Aug. 1st, *Night of January 16th*; Aug. 10th-15th, *The Petrified Forest*; Aug. 17th-22nd, *Fashion*; Aug. 23rd-27th, a new play. Schedule for the Outdoor Theatre—Aug. 3rd-8th, *Twelfth Night*; Aug. 23rd-29th, *Of Thee I Sing.* Guest stars. Students in public performances. Course in acting, directing, voice, and the dance.

**CHAUTAQUA**—*The Chautauqua Repertory Theatre. Norton Memorial Hall.* Co-Directors, Frederic McConnell, K. Elmo Lowe, Max Eisenstat. Schedule—Aug. 2nd, 8th, *Lost Horizons*; Aug. 13th, *The Bishop Misbehaves*; Aug. 15th, *On Stage.* Company includes Noel Leslie, Rolf Engelhardt, Clarence Kavanaugh, Kirk Willis, Esther Mullin, Ruth Feather, Virginia Dillon, John Rowe.

**CLINTON HOLLOW**—*The Reginald Goode Players.* Director, Reginald Goode. Thirteen-week season. Weekend performances of Broadway successes by student group.

**EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND**—*The John Drew Memorial Theatre.* Managing Director, Leighton Rollins. Stage Director, J. W. Austin. Schedule includes *Haunted Houses* (first time in America), and a revival of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man.* Resident company made up of members of Mr. Rollins' Studio of Acting.

**ESSEX-ON-LAKE-CHAMPLAIN**—*The Essex Players, Harlan Community Theatre.* Director, Harrison Lewis. Manager, Wm. Flagg Sherman. Program of eight plays in eight weeks; permanent company and visiting players. Plays (tentative list) — *Coquette, Spooks, The Trial of Mary Dugan, Square Crooks, Post Road, The Circle.* Permanent company—Jack Yule, Herbert Ashton, Jr., Dagmar Karlling, Beverley Sandberg, Maud Kent, Leonard Ambrose, Kitty Carter, Wendell Mayes, Vera Chelsea, Gwen Grant. Apprentice group.

**ITHACA**—*The Little Theatre, Ithaca College.* Director, Adrian M. Newens.

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August 12-15

Berkeley Square

August 19-22

A Very Good Young Man

August 26-29

The Last Picnic  
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**LAKE MAHOPAC**—*The Mahopac Theatre*. Director, Edward Raquello. Manager, M. Eleanor Fitzgerald. Schedule to be selected from the following—*Bird in Hand, Libel, Co-Respondent Unknown, Up Pops the Devil, The Torchbearers, Charlie's Aunt, Broadway, Hay Fever, Arms and the Man, Springtime for Henry.*

**LOCUST VALLEY**—*The Red Barn Theatre*. Director, D. A. Doran. Manager, Arthur Hanna. Eight-week season. Schedule of new plays includes *Between Covers*, by Lowell Brentano and William Jourdan Rapp; *Seen But Not Heard*, by Marie Baumer and Martin Berkeley. Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Arthur Sircom are scheduled to direct. Apprentice group.

**MALDEN BRIDGE**—*The Bishop-Lee School, The Nell Gwyn Theatre*. Director, Emily Perry Bishop. Production Schedule—July 31st, Aug. 1st, *Ab, Wilderness*; Aug. 7th, 8th, *Autumn Fires*; Aug. 14th, 15th, *The Petrified Forest*; Aug. 21st, 22nd, *Good Hope*; Aug. 28th, 29th, *Night of January 16th*. Apprentice group.

**MILLBROOK**—*The Millbrook Theatre*. Managers, Edward Massey and Charles S. Howard. Technical director, Eleanor Farrington. Schedule—Aug. 5th-8th, *Headlines* (new); Aug. 12th-15th, *Berkeley Square*; Aug. 19th-22nd, *A Very Good Young Man*; Aug. 26th-29th, *The Last Picnic* (new).

**MT. KISCO**—*The Westchester Playhouse*. See *White Plains, The Ridgeway Theatre*. All shows on production schedule there play here the week immediately following. Apprentice group.

**NEW ROCHELLE**—*The New Rochelle Playhouse*. Directors, Julius Evans, Joan Hathaway. Managers, Montgomery Jackson, Vernon Worsdale. Performances Tues. through Sat., with Sat. matinee. Schedule includes *Petticoat Fever, Mr. Shaddy, Saturday's Children*, and a new mystery play by J. C. Williams, *By Persons Unknown*. Players—Dennis King, William C. Jackson, Rosamund Birchby, Ethel Britton, J. C. Nugent, Ruth Nugent, Alan Bunce, and Ruth Gordon.

**PAWLING**—*The Starlight Theatre*. Managing Director, Maryverne Jones. Manager, Theodore Jones. Ten-week season. Schedule—Week July 27th, *Courage*, with Maryverne Jones; Aug. 3rd, *Post Road*, with Maida Reade. Guest stars include Jeanne Dante and Gertrude Hoffman. Other plays to be selected from *Little Spot, Mid-West, Across the Blue* (new), *Candida, The Wild Duck*. Performances nightly except Sunday. Matinees Thurs. and Sat.

**PINE HILL**—*The Talent Scout Repertory Players*. Director, Gene François. This group, formerly known as the Rip Van Winkle Players, is sponsored this

year by the New York Repertory Players. It comprises some twenty or more accredited finds of stage and cinema talent scouts. Company rehearses in New York, playing weekends at Pine Hill. Occasional performances in New York City.

**ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND**—*Theatre of the Four Seasons*. Managing Director, Charles Hopkins. Evening performances Mon. through Sat. at 9. Schedule—Eight plays during August. Players—Gladys Hanson, Leo Carroll, Percy Waram, Mary Morris, Estelle Winwood, Henry Hull, Irene Purcell, Damian O'Flynn, Dorothy Stickney, Mary Arbenz, Carol Stone, Louise Platt, John Parrish, Julia Johnston, Byron MacGrath, Douglas MacMullen.

**SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON**—*The Beechwood Theatre*. Manager, Paul L. Berney. Policy of ten plays, six revivals and four new plays. New plays include *The Wingate Affair* by Herbert Shapiro and *Never Too Old* by Mr. Shapiro and Gaylord Kingston.

**SCHENECTADY**—*The Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College Campus*. Directors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn. Chairman, Institute of the Theatre, Edward L. Carroll. The Festival is run in conjunction with the Institute of the Theatre of Union College (Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, president). Season runs through August 29th. Production Schedule—July 28th-Aug. 1st, *The Rivals* (with Margaret Anglin as Mrs. Malaprop); Aug. 4th-8th, *The County Chairman*; Aug. 11th-15th, *The Yellow Jacket*; Aug. 18th-22nd, *Moroni*, by Edgar Lee Masters; Aug. 25th-29th, *The Imaginary Invalid*, by Molière. Players—Margaret Anglin and other guest stars will alternate with the Coburns and a professional company in the six Festival plays.

**SOUTH FALLSBURGH**—*The Brickman Playhouse*. Manager, William B. Friedlander. Five troupes touring the Catskills. One-night stands of tryout plays.

**SUFFERN**—*The County Theatre*. Managing director, Robert F. Cutler. Director, Bretagne Windust. Assistant director and scenic designer, Norris Houghton. Ruth Gordon appears here on August 17th in *A Church Mouse*. Other plays (tentative list)—*What Price Glory, Personal Appearance, The Devil Passes, The Taming of the Shrew* (Boleslawsky version), *Broadway, Burlesque, Art and Mrs. Bottle, Liliom, Arms and the Man*. Apprentice group.

**WHITE PLAINS**—*The Ridgeway Theatre*. Director, Day Tuttle. Manager, Richard Skinner. Twelve-week season. All shows play at the Westchester Playhouse, Mt. Kisco, the week immediately following. Production Schedule—Aug. 3rd, *Pomero's Past*,

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with George Macready; Aug. 10th,  
*Death Takes a Holiday*, with Tom  
Powers; Aug. 17th, *The Bad Man*,  
with Myron McCormick; Aug. 24th,  
*A Church Mouse*, with Ruth Gordon;  
Aug. 31st, *Liliom*, with Burgess Mer-  
edith and Margaret Perry.

WOODSTOCK—*The Maverick Theatre*.  
Managing Director, Robert Elwyn.  
*Personal Appearance, March Hares,*  
*Co-Respondent Unknown, Rain From*  
*Heaven, Russet Mantle, Candlelight,*  
*The Second Man, Hedda Gabler,* and  
two tryouts. Company—Robert Elwyn,  
Velma Royton, Frank Rothe, Harriott  
Marshall, Neal Berry, Cynthia Arden,  
Duane MacKynne, Phyllis Ellerman.

YONKERS—*The Urban Playhouse*. Man-  
ager, Elizabeth Miele. Production  
Manager, Lora Baxter. Scenic Design-  
er, Kate Lawson. Tryouts and Broad-  
way successes. Productions—*The*  
*Play's the Thing, Her Cardboard Lov-*  
*er, Outward Bound, The Royal Family,*  
*The Vinegar Tree, Hotel Universe,*  
*Fire Across the Sky* (new), *Deny the*  
*Heart* (new), *Death Is My Lover*  
(new). Visiting players—Ruth West-  
on, Louis Calhern, Arnold Korff.

### PENNSYLVANIA

BUCK HILL FALLS—*Buck Hill Players*.  
*The Barn Studio Theatre and The*  
*Buck Hill Auditorium*. Director,  
Cornelia Stabler Gilliam. Assistant  
Director, Ralph Pendleton. Manager,  
William Laporte. Amateur organiza-  
tion with small group of professionals.  
Productions—*Dear Brutus, The Dover*  
*Road, Where's the Fire?* (new).

MOYLAN-ROSE VALLEY—*The Hedge-*  
*row Theatre*. Director, Jasper Deeter.  
Permanent repertory company, thir-  
teenth season. Production Schedule for  
August—Aug. 1, 21, *Kit Marlowe*;  
Aug. 3, *Arms and the Man*; Aug. 4,  
10, *Winesburg, Ohio*; Aug. 5, 15, 20,  
28, *Getting Married*; Aug. 6, 12, *An*  
*American Tragedy*; Aug. 7, 13, 24,  
*The Lonesome West*; Aug. 8, *Misalli-*  
*ance*; Aug. 14, *Inheritors*; Aug. 17,  
18, 26, 29, a new play from the French  
of Simon Gantillon; Aug. 19, *Saint*  
*Joan*; Aug. 22, *The Devil's Disciple*;  
Aug. 25, *Love and Geography*; Aug.  
27, *Candida*; Aug. 31, *The Emperor*  
*Jones*.

NUANGOLA—*The Nuangola Grove The-*  
*atre*. Directors, John Ravold and Royal  
C. Stout. Policy—Broadway revivals  
with stock company. Plays—*The*  
*Night of January 16th, Fresh Fields,*  
*Love on the Dole, Moon Over Mul-*  
*berry Street, Petrified Forest, Personal*  
*Appearance, Pride and Prejudice,*  
*Small Miracle, Blind Alley, Bird in*  
*Hand*. Players—Kay Loring, Donald  
Glenn, Royal Stout, Nellie Kennedy  
Stout, MacGregor Gibb, Fred Lah-  
mer, Mary Dawley, Charles Paul.

### RHODE ISLAND

MATUNUCK—*The Theatre-by-the-Sea*.  
Director, Halsted Welles. Manager, T.

Edward Hambleton. Production Sched-  
ule—Aug. 4, Goldoni's *The Servant of*  
*Two Masters*; Aug. 11, *Russet Man-*  
*tle*; Aug. 18, a new play; Aug. 25,  
*Liliom*, with Eric Wollencott and  
Sylvia Field. Permanent company in-  
cludes Marie Brown, Ann Dere, Sylvia  
Field, Harold Moffet, Eric Wollencott.

NEWPORT—*Newport Casino Theatre*.  
Direction, The Actor-Managers, Inc.  
Staging by Agnes Morgan. Perfor-  
mances Tues. through Fri. evenings.  
Matinees Thurs. and Sat. Production  
Schedule—July 28, *Kind Lady*, with  
Minna Phillips, Stiano Braggiotti;  
Aug. 4, *Berkeley Square*, with Alex-  
ander Kirkland, Doris Dalton; Aug.  
11, *Brief Candle*; Aug. 18, *Personal*  
*Appearance*, with Barbara Brown;  
Aug. 25, Sheridan's *The Critic*, with  
Dorothy Sands and Whitford Kane;  
Players—Edgar Kent, Hayden Rorke,  
Elizabeth Cerf, Shirley Osborn, Philip  
Tonge, Franklin Gray, Octavia Ken-  
more, Elizabeth Dean Farrar, Charles  
Trexler, Jus Addiss.

### VERMONT

BRATTLEBORO—*The Brattleboro The-*  
*atre*. Executives, John Becker, Margot  
Loines, Constance Reeve. Director,  
Paul Stephenson. Performances Wed.  
through Sat. for five-weeks season.  
Schedule—July 29-Aug. 1, *Yellow*  
*Jack*; Aug. 5-8, *Serena Blandish*; Aug.  
12-15, *Bury the Dead*.

BURLINGTON—*Burlington Summer The-*  
*atre*. *Meet the Prince* and *The Second*  
*Man* will take Selena Royle and Earle  
Larimore to Burlington August 3rd.

### VIRGINIA

ABINGDON—*The Barter Theatre*. Man-  
aging director, Robert Porterfield. Di-  
rectors, William Morewood, Owen  
Phillips, Edmund Wilkes. Schedule—  
July 30-Aug. 1, *Personal Appearance*,  
with Gloria Blondell, Eddy Craven;  
Aug. 6-8, *Hay Fever*; Aug. 13-15,  
*Everyman* and *Two Angry Women of*  
*Abingdon*; Aug. 20-22, *Nor All Your*  
*Tears* (new). Players—Doris Rich,  
Alice Buchanan, George Lloyd, Bar-  
bara Fulton, Madeira Schwartz, Marion  
Willis, Daphne Bayne, Jane Roberts,  
Tomes Chapman, Nell Harrison, Wil-  
liam Prince, Wendell Whitten.

### WEST VIRGINIA

INSTITUTE—*The Village Playhouse*. Di-  
rector, F. S. Belcher. Technical Direc-  
tors, Murray J. Marvin and George  
Williams. Nine-week season. Policy—  
Five recent Broadway successes and  
several new plays, among them *A*  
*Recipe for Murder, Did the Gods*  
*Laugh?* Children's Theatre and ap-  
prentice group in conjunction with the  
playhouse.

### WISCONSIN

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*The Theatre in the Garden*. Director,  
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