At the Theaters

Carolina White, who is to appear in a grand opera recital in Missoula on February 3 under the auspices of the Philharmonic society, has already quit the Chicago Grand Opera company, the prima donna of which she has been since the season opened, and has commenced her concert tour. Much has been written concerning Carolina's devotion to her art and of the hard work she was doing, taking one part and then another whenever she was needed to fill in for someone else at scheduled performances. It is possible that the star became weary of this hard work, for her decision not to sing in the performance with which her contract with the company came to an end, was suddenly made and announced. The Chicago Tribune tells the story as follows:

Carolina White, recalcitrant star of the Chicago Opera company, did not sing last night in "Aida." Her decision was sudden, firm and late. There was only a polite little note to Manager Dippel that she was not well enough to appear.

But her health was sufficient to give a dinner party at her hotel. And she left her guests long enough to inform a reporter she was perfectly happy and not ill a bit. She asserted she refused to sing for various reasons. They are:

"I have sung too much in opera lately; I have been overworked.

"I appear in concert Monday night and I did not wish to strain my voice further by singing tonight.

"I have not been paid sufficiently for the work I have done. Other stars have received more than I in proportion to merit."

Mme. White's appearance was to have been her last in Chicago opera this season. Her willfulness does not affect her contract, which expired at the same time, except that she will not be paid for the performance she did not give.

Her unexpected announcement left the opera management "in a pickle." Mme. White has said she was the only star in the troupe who could sing the role of "Aida." Mr. Dippel corroborated this statement. So when he received short notice that his star would not appear, he bethought himself of Enrice Clay, an American who has 10 years' operatic experience in Europe.

Mme. Clay has been in Chicago for weeks seeking a role in the Chicago company. Always she has been refused. Two weeks ago Mr. Dippel heard her sing, but he did not present her with a contract.

She has sung "Aida" in Italy and in Germany, and she was the management's only chance. She must either be engaged or the program changed—that situation presented itself to Mr. Dippel.

CAROLINA WHITE.

It was then 6 o'clock. In two hours and a half the curtain was to rise. Mme. Clay's address was found in the file. Julius Daiber was sent in a taxicab to notify her of the engagement and to bring her and the necessary costumes to the theater. She was rushed into the role—all against the rules of artistic temperament, which was forgotten in the unsual excitement. There was not even time for makeup.

Aida, an Ethiopian princess, appears with bare arms and neck, which usually are stained olive. Mme. Clay wore no makeup. Critics say she made good.

TAFT, THE SCULPTOR

Mr. Lorado Taft, who is to fill the fourth number of the University lecture course Monday night, is a man of delightful personality. His spontaneous, kindly wit and genial, fluency of speech make him most popular as a speaker. So talented is he in this capacity that one remembers with surprise that he is a famous and earnest sculptor, brooding over the significance of life, producing works of a free and sympathetic beauty, with an under sentiment suggestive of life's deeper emotions.

His "Solitude of the Soul" is a work that appeals most intimately to everyone. Several figures of men and women move rythmically about a column, and reach to one another, craving the companionship of human sympathy, but never does hand quite touch hand or arm touch arm, thus the truth is delicately suggested that each soul must exist to itself, and never quite understand another, or be understood by another.

Mr. Taft has produced and is producing many other works of interest, such as "The Great Lakes," "The First American," "Columbus," "Washington" and "The Blind." In his studio are many dreams waiting for patronage.

Mr. Taft has said that this is his last lecture trip. He has so much work on hand that he will not take the time to give public exhibitions and lectures. So those who have a desire to see how he does his work and what he does must take advantage of his visit to Missoula, or the chance is gone for good.

THE QUAKER GIRL

This is the story which J. Lawrence Toole, dramatic critic of the San Francisco Examiner, tells of "The Quaker Girl," which is to appear at the Harnois on January 20.

"The Quaker Girl," who was born in London during Coronation year—my word, how long ago that seems—and who was educated in Paris and "finished" in New York, finally alighted, gracefully and daintily, on the stage of the Columbia theater last night.

And she wasn't slapped on to that stage like so many of her sisters, English and American, before she had had a chance to get the creases and smudges of the roady road out of her clothes. No siree. She seemed to have been dry cleaned and steam cleaned and starched and ironed and coached to look her prettiest before they let the curtain divulge her. For which I'm smitten with a desire to give three mild cheers for "The Quaker Girl." After some of the road begrimed shows that have been slapped on to our eager stages recently, the unsmudgedness of "The Quaker Girl" was quite tonic-y.

However, the time "The Quaker Girl" takes to weave her spell should not be held up against her. She is charming apart from the dried-cleanness of her. Not by one-half is she as demure as her name would suggest. She rollicks like all the rest of them when the occasion calls for a rollick. But never by any chance does she permit herself to be rude or improper. The perfect-ladyness of her deportment, even after a year's intimacy with her giddy American cousins, is almost as impeccable as when she left London.

She will never, you can bet, do anything rowdy enough to call down on her the blushing wrath of the clubwomen who have gone after the loud and lascivious lay who put the elongated kiss in "The Kiss Waltz."

"The Quaker Girl" is perfectly polite. The musical comedy that comes from England is never otherwise. It can always be counted on not to bring the blush to your sister or your cousin or your aunt. They abhor ginger over there. The spice they use in their shows is refinement. And it's amazing somehow how agreeable and palatable that sort of spice can be. Perhaps it's the unexpectedness of it that makes it seem so refreshing.

After some rampageous choruses we have watched misbehave, the chorus of "The Quaker Girl" may strike the casual eye as a bit quiet. Last night I heard it upbraided for posing in a sort of bored and ennuied way, a kickless, smirkless, giddy-glanceless kind of way. That's the English way. That chorus isn't a bit bored or ennuied. But it is in a distinctly English musical comedy, and it is doing its best to behave in the English way. Watch it carefully and after awhile the simplicity and grace of its fabricated demureness will dawn upon you.

Of course, "The Quaker Girl" has her waltz. Vienna has no monopoly on the saccarahinic waltz tune. From his limitless supply Mr. Lionel Moncton of London swathed "The Quaker Girl" in music and, incidentally, he provided her with a waltz song, "Come to the Ball," which really is a waltz song. It is by all odds the most delectable bit of music burbled here in moons. There's sugar in it and a lilt you can catch without a net, and when they warble it you are condemned to a tickling instanter.

The waltz song is not the only bit of music in the piece, not by half a dozen other samples almost as good. In fact, its music is its chiefest charm. "Tony From America" is another lyric that glues itself to your ear, and a couple of other songs, evidently interpolated, have that same insinuating faculty.

COMIC OPERA

Donald MacDonald, a stage director well known here and who has been engaged to stage a comic opera in Missoula, to be given under the auspices of the Missoula suffragists, the proceeds to go to help their cause here, arrived from Minneapolis early in the week and an hour later started rehearsals for the jolly piece, "On a Roof Garden," which is to be presented at the Harnois on January 18. Over fifty of the leading society and musical people of the city have accepted places in the cast and all week there has been tremendous enthusiasm in the meetings.

Mr. MacDonald has just returned from Minneapolis and St. Paul, where he scored a tremendous success with "On a Roof Garden," playing at the huge auditoriums of the two cities. In Minneapolis the audiences numbered over 7,000 people at the two performances. Caryl Stores, the celebrated critic of the Minneapolis Tribune, has the following flatering things to say of the recent production:

Donald MacDonald is again in our midst. What, you don't mean to say you never have heard of Donald MacDonald! He is a wizard of white magic; a hypnotizer of amateurs, the David Belasco, Jr., of the society stage, who, by means of some mysterious but potent charm, can enter a city, put the boys and girls of the "younger set" through their paces for a couple of weeks or so, and present them in a musical show that not only rivals, but excels, a large number of its professional competitors.

Mr. MacDonald's first striking success in Minneapolis was scored a year ago when he put on 'The Talk of the Town," at the Shubert theater, for the benefit of the Sheltering Arms. The show was well named, for it so far exceeded in quality anything of the kind ever before seen here, and was so incredibly free from the "just-for-the-fun-of-it" slishodness characteristic of 99 out of every 100 amateur entertainments that it has been the talk of the town ever since. Last evening, in the Auditorium, Mr. MacDonald put on another musical show for the benefit of the same charity.

In spite of the shortcomings of our spacious Eleventh street barn as a setting for the sort of entertainment that finds its biggest asset in intimacy between stage and audience, Mr. MacDonald succeeded in making this second effort entitled, "On a Roof Garden," even more enjoyable and impressive than "The Talk of the Town," which is some achievement when you come to look it over from all points of view.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Gaby Deslys is to make a tour of China.

Minona Winter is in vaudeville this season.

Thomas Wise is to have the leading role in "The Silver Wedding."

Alice Gale has been engaged for the cast of "The Master of the House."

Walter Belasco, a brother of David Belasco, intends to go into vaudeville.

The vogue for children's plays has brought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" again to the front.

Arnold Daly has rejoined Mme. Simone, who will revive "The Return to Jerusalem" shortly.

Haddon Chambers thinks that American playwrights will eventually take the lead in dramatic writing.

It is rumored that George M. Cohan is considering retiring from the stage to a farm near Providence, R. I.

The Liebler company entertained 300 settlement children Christmas eve at its Children's theater in New York.

Arthur Hammerstein is planning to arrange for Emma Trentini's appearance in Paris in "The Firefly" next May.

Paul Armstrong has completed another play, called "The Love Story of the Ages." It is to be produced in Los Angeles.

Cohan to Quit Stage

New York, Jan. 11.—(Special)—Some actors and actresses have a habit of retiring. They announce regularly that they are about to quit the footlights forever. Then they go on gaily about their business as if they had made no announcement at all, and retire only when their lifeless forms are dragged off the stage.

Perhaps this is the reason why the recent announcement that George M. Cohan, the "Yankee Doodle Kid," is to quit the footlights for good has not been taken seriously by everybody. But George has given out an authoritative statement that he positively will quit the stage very soon.

GEORGE M. COHAN AND FAMILY

Cohan has bought a large farm where he hopes to live a good share of the time and be more with his family. He doesn't propose to quit theatrical work however. He says he will double his activities as composer, author and manager, and thus keep in the game.

George M. Cohan's rise has been one of the wonders of the American theatrical business. At thirty-four he is said to be worth over $1,000,000, all of which he has made through his own efforts. He started out as a youngster in burlesque, and didn't seem to be very wonderful. After he and the other members of the Cohan family—Josephine and Jerry—left this style of entertainment and began to give the entire evening's show on the Stair and Havelin circuit, he started writing the things in which the family appeared. Here he "caught on." The crowds surged around his boxoffice and he became a hero.

This encouraged Cohan to write more, and he kept getting busier and busier with the pen while keeping up his regular grind as an actor. Soon his work was popular in the high-grade houses, and as he turned out play after play his bank account grew and grew.

He earned a reputation and a small fortune with comical stuff that could hardly be classed as legitimate comedy. More recently, however, he has shown that he really has the straight dramatic sense. His "Broadway Jones" has received a glowing tribute from no less an authority than Arnold Bennett, the English writer.

So Cohan has concluded that as an author and producer he can score a greater success than as an actor. That accounts for his decision to quit the stage for all time.

HARNOIS THEATER MONDAY EVENING JAN. 20

Two Solid Years in London
One Year in Paris

The Henry B. Harris Estate
Presents the Daintiest and Most Delightful Musical Play

Direct From Park Theater
of New York City

Charming Music
Pretty Girls
Dainty Gowns

THE QUAKER GIRL
With VICTOR MORLEY

Quaint Scenery
Attractive Story

3 Carloads of SCENERY 3

Seat Sale January 18, 10 a. m.
PRICES: Lower Floor $2.50, $2.00; Balcony $2.00, $1.50, $1; Gallery 50c

3 Carloads of SCENERY 3

100-CAST, CHORUS and ORCHESTRA-100