THE NEW PLAYS

Mrs. Campbell a Japanese Print and a Greek Picture.

THE statement that Mrs. Campbell appeared last night in three tragedies—"Electra," "The Flower of Yamato" and the Garden Theatre—is open to argument. As given with the Anglo-American touch, the Japanese trifle which served to raise a late curtain was productive of smiles which spread far and wide during the single intermission of the evening. In it Mrs. "Pat" was a Japanese print that might have gone with a pound of tea. But in "Electra" she was a Greek picture that the gods might have prized.

As a feast of beauty Mrs. Campbell's double offering was well worth your two eyes, though as drama pure and simple it was very plain that both the Japanese play and the Greek tragedy seemed more curious that moving. In the first play the charming scene and the unfolding of the grewsome plot could not conceal the fact that Mrs. Campbell was striving for the impossible. Occidental actors can no more convey the atmosphere of a Japanese play than Novelli can act Shakespeare.

"The Flower of Yamato." Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Murasaki.

When the tall and stately Mrs. "Pat" almost bent double as Murasaki, she looked Burne-Jones-y, but never Japanese, and when she got on her feet her walk "gave her away" completely. Although much of her beauty went up with her hair, her starry eyes were there to shame a moon that was twice as big as a green cheese. It was rumored that the birds which "flew" across the face of the moon were storks, but subsequent developments tended to disprove this report. The murderous Samurai, who came to steal the gentle bride while her husband was away, spoiled the stork design by following her instructions to run his sword through the seventh paper square of the shoji. Hiroshima usually slept there on his right side, but this time Murasaki took his place, and sacrificed her life to save his. Why she didn't tell her husband that the Samurai was on the warpath wasn't quite clear to the practical mind—which, after all, has no business to take a practical view of this sort of thing. You might as well take a Japanese screen seriously. Mrs. Campbell's idea of Japanese art was evidently to run about making funny little sweet sounds—sounds which curdled when the Samurai made his fatal mistake. The most humane first-nighter—and first-nighters are nothing if not humane—must have been glad when the end came, for "The Flower of Yamato" grew so slowly that it became tedious.

The sensation of the night was Mrs. Campbell's black-and-white beauty in Arthur Symons's translation of a German version of "Electra." You forgot old Sophocles just as you gladly forgot him in your school days, but Mrs. Campbell's tragic beauty was with you always. It was startling, fascinating, vivid, glittering. It flashed white and cold out of dark draperies.

If beauty is its own excuse for being, "Electra" needed no other, for no more splendid figure could have been chosen for its chief character than Mrs. Campbell. Whether scornfully upbraiding her younger sister for forgetting the duty of avenging their father's murder, or insolently facing the guilty Clytemnestra, or greeting her young brother Orestes with passionate joy, or breaking into the strange dance in honor of her dead father, she was always beautiful, and sometimes terrible. With her dark eyes glowing with an almost insane vengeance, her scornful red lips curved disdainfully, she seemed more like a goddess of wrath—a beautiful monomaniac—than a woman. She was as relentless as fate, as hungry as Hamlet.

There were moments, however, when she was merely Mrs. "Pat." She brought you back to her modern self by poses as premeditated as they were "stunning," while her gestures and the excessive heaving of her fine white shoulders were more reminiscent of Adelphi melodrama than Sophoclean tragedy. But her performance was always interesting and often admirable. Although it depended upon the prompter occasionally, it grew surer as it progressed and improved step by step. It may not have been a great achivement, but it was a picture of rare beauty.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as Clytemnestra. Mrs. Campbell as Electra.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree furnished the contrast. All in red, she played Clytemnestra with the stride and voice of a tragedy queen, and seemed even more old fashioned than Sophocles himself. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell appeared to be very much afraid of her mother as the gentle sister of Electra, though not at all afraid of her role. The mere man of the family, Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell, was only A Young Serving Man. The role of Aegisthus fell to Mr. Charles Dalton, who attacked it savagely and died with great lung power. Mr. Ben Webster was a blond and British Orestes.

Applause brought Mrs. Campbell to her feet at the end, and the audience went home with her picture framed in its mind. It was a picture worth framing.

CHARLES DARNTON.

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor

The New East Lynne

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and others.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Keith, a clever, selfish New York doctor, marries Daphne Cuyler, a noted beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, Prof Keith, and his ward, Olive Marr, who secretly loves Philip. Daphne and Philip have two children—a three-year-old daughter, Daphne May, and a baby son. Belden, a dissolute millionaire, is in love with Daphne. He arranges that she shall receive a foolish love letter written by Philip to another woman. Daphne is horrified at the revelation. Belden avows his love. She repulses him, but at his penitent entreaty remains on pleasantly friendly terms with him. Despairing of breaking down her loyalty to Philip, Belden still continues to call at the Keith home. On one of these visits he tells Daphne he has had a strange dream about her.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

Stolen!

He had thought to make her laugh; instead she gazed intently at him.

"Was it an unpleasant dream?" she asked.

He bantered. "My lovely lady, could any man born of woman dream unpleasantly of you?"

"I think you could—I think you did." She leaned closer, her eyes wide and brilliant, laid one hand on his arm and asked very low. "Did you by any chance see me with a disfigured face?"

He gave a startled cry—then lied.

"No!" and again, fiercely. "No!"

"It is very odd," she said. "I have not thought of the old forecast for ages till to-day. But the whole morning it has been ringing through my mind persistently—and you dreamed your ugly dream this same morning? Do you believe, in telepathy, Mr. Belden?"

"I'm afraid I must after this," he answered ruefully. Yet I used to smile at—

"'Star to star vibrates light; may not soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?
So, from afar, touch as at once?'"

"Ah," she smiled, "you know your Tennyson, which proves a long memory, for I'll wager you have not read him in many a year. But hear me quote more strictly to the point: 'Coming events cast their shadows before' ofttimes."

"For heaven's sake, don't, Daphne! Don't jest so lightly on the subject! What was the forecast you refer to—tell me it, please."

He drew her to the sofa and seating himself by her pleaded:

"We are keeping no one waiting—tell it to me before we start out?"

"It is simple as it is silly, this story. When I was a child I was rather unusually pretty"——

"How surprising!" he smiled, with adoring eyes upon that perfect face.

The Prophecy of Peril.

She raised a silencing finger and went on:

"My colored mammy was a widow and she became enamored of a yellow boy young enough to be her son, and she was so tormented by jealousy and doubts of his sincerity that one day, when she was taking me for my walk, she broke the rule that forbade her taking me into any strange habitation and slipped away to consult an old fortune-teller.

"She led me into a tumble-down cabin, where a frightful old negress sat huddled up almost in the fireplace, stroking a snake that lay coiled up in her lap. It was non-poisonous, but it frightened, as it was meant to. My mammy wiped off a stool and seated me near the door. Then she flung herself to the story of her hopes and fears, and bargained for a love philter.

"All this time the grizzled negress had kept her bleared old eyes on me. My mammy noticed it. 'She's deh puttiest white baby in dish yer city!' she boasted. 'An' won't she be deh lov'ly lady wen she's grow'd up?'

The Spell.

"The hag leered at me. 'Y-yes,' she chuckled, 'she's whiter dan deh moon an' prouder dan great Luc'fer. But it's dem dat walk wid heads in deh stars dat fall heaviest. Hol' out yer hand!' she ordered.

"I was used to blacks; I was not frightened. I held my hand out.

"She grunted, chuckled, nodded. 'Huh, huh; life, love, beauty—all break short off.' She threw the snake about her neck, and with malicious pleasure mumbled on. 'Mak' deh mos' of yer proud moon, white beauty, yer'll lose it in an instant an' forever! Huh, huh! An', 'member, beauty bright, shield deh right side o' yer face jes' wen it's at deh loveliest!' And she waved back and forth in a gust of spiteful laughter, clawing the right side of her face, down from eyebrow to chin.

"Wild with terror, my mammy, Rhoda, picked me up like a baby and ran for home, where, with tears, she implored me to keep silence as to our visit, and assure me again and again but I was not conjured, bekase I was a white chile, an' no nigger fortune-teller could read deh future for white peoples.'

"I was silent, but mammy Rhoda ever after anointed the right side of my face with buttermilk in summer and cold cream in winter, and walked unfailingly on my right, ready to defend with her life the prettiness of her small charge.

"There, now, you know all that I know—so come let us go to see 'The Russian Marriage.'"

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried Daphne-May, "May us say good-by?"—and Belden, glancing upward, saw young Mr. Keith laboriously descending the stairs backward, and principally on his elbows.

The little girl came flying down, and, shaking hands with Mr. Belden very prettily, she swiftly called his attention to the tiny chain and wee turquoise heart about her slender throat.

"That's my mamma's own heart, and she giv'd it to me. And I did buy sunflower seeds for Scissors and new tassels for Tummy's ears."

"But why?" puzzled Belden.

"Cause it's my birfday, and I want 'em to 'joy it!"

He bent and kissed her brow, thinking:

"She's a generous little soul."

And as small Philip finally appeared, much hunched up as to clothing, Daphne cried, "Here I am, man-child!" and held out her arms to him. Lifting him up, she kissed him in his neck till he choked with laughter.

Mother-Love.

Then Daphne-May with arms tight about her mother, asked: "Are you sure you don't want the little blue heart to wear, mamma?"

"No, sweet, you are my heart!" and she kissed the child tenderly. "Papa and Aunt Olive know mamma may be a little late for dinner—but you won't mind darling, I'm sure. And I know you will be very good—so good-by!"

As she passed through the hall she gave a little gasp of pain, and pressed her hand to her temple. To Belden's inquiry, she answered, "My, what a twinge of neuralgia! I hope it is not going to spoil my day."

"Let me suggest that you add a cloak to your costume. The wind is really raw, and though the carriage is closed I noticed as I came over it was distinctly draughty."

"I shall have more the appearance of a traveller than an afternoon caller with this long close affair," she commented as he deftly assisted her into the garment.

"Better that than a cold. You can leave the cloak in the brougham when not needed," and in a few moments they were rolling swiftly across to Broadway and Seventeenth street, the place of exhibition of the great painting of "The Russian Marriage Feast."

Daphne stood and looked and looked, while Belden stood meanwhile looking, looking at her.

"Oh," she sighed, "it is wonderful! In technique, in superb coloring, it is a veritable tour-de-force. Archaelogically it must be a marvel of truthfulness. But, oh, I would not like to live with it!"

The Criticism.

"Why?"

"Because it is a cruel thing. The knowing, leering faces of the older women; the heavy-feeding, deep-drinking men, boldly appraising the beauty of the frightened girl standing like a slave ready to mount the block. It's cruel!"

"But," remonstrated Belden, "the bridegroom, who is young and handsome, unveils the bride proudly. He admires her—he will love her."

"For a little time, yes," agreed Daphne bitterly. "But sentiment will not last long. The timid, pretty bride and the gallant young groom will also become heavy feeders, deep drinkers and carnal minded. Through all the splendor here you read the underlying carnality. A great picture, but not to live with."

Belden noted a little twitching of the eyelid and saw Daphne's hand go up to it, as she gave a gasp of pain; speaking no word of complaint, she turned to move down the room. Then she stopped before a canvas scarce larger than her own handkerchief. Her face became literally radiant with pleasure.

"Oh," she breathed. "Oh, to own that!"

He winced at the words, for the thought of this beloved woman practising self-denial and economy always gave him a stabbing pain to the heart. And of late he had said to himself there are just two things before which wealth sinks to useless dross—death and a pure woman's pride. Now he looked curiously at the picture she wanted.

Darkly umbrageous, it showed a small opening in a dense wood, where night was already settling, the greens almost black. In the foreground a shallow pool, scarce more than a puddle after rain—yet in it was reflected all the fiery glory of the unseen sky. That little splash of color glowed there in the darkened wood with the redness of crushed rubies, and at the left the under edges of the black green leaves and the edges of the tree boles were touched with coppery light, that told how beyond the forest the sun had set in matchless splendor.

A Contrast.

"Never," said Belden, "have I seen such power of suggestion. In this airless, close-crowded corner of a night-darkened forest, with no sky but a reflection in a mud puddle, one is yet convinced of the blinding sunset one cannot see."

"I wonder," said Daphne in an abstracted manner, "I wonder if he meant anything, that artist. Was he painting a message to the disheartened to remind them by that muddy little puddle's reflection of the glory of the heaven about it—that the poorest, humblest of us may reflect the God who made us in His own image?" She sighed—then laughed. "You will dub me a sentimentalist; but all the same, that's a picture to live with."

In his mind he promised she should have it—by hook or by crook—but answered: "I dub you a very keen, if untrained, critic of art."

"Ah, no, no—no critic! I have not knowledge nor experience enough to be a skilled judge of works of art; I only know what pleases me personally, and why."

"Shall we give this to the church people?" asked Belden, teasingly.

"Good gracious, no! They would abhor it. Get a femme de chambre dropping over a wall a letter with a very red seal on it—or an empire-gowned, wax-doll beauty, facing a mirror, with a powder-puff poised for use. Then there will be desperate bidding, should it be auctioned off."

"You are a wicked little wretch today!" he exclaimed. "But you have made our task of selection easy."

Shortly after they found a barley-sugar young person in a luxurious, Frenchy interior, with a box of jewels at one side and a letter and faded roses at the other, as she sat with hands clasped between them—"Making Her Choice."

(To Be Continued.)

Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

A Bashful Lover.

Dear Betty:

I AM deeply in love with a young lady. She writes me letters, showing that she loves me. How can I find out in words if she really loves me? I haven't the nerve to ask her. J. B.

Don't be so bashful, as faint heart ne'er won fair lady. You will never find out if the girl loves you unless you ask her.

His Loved Has Cooled.

Dear Betty:

I AM deeply in love with a young man the same age as myself and have been going with him for four years. We planned to get married. He made engagements with me and never kept them. He has left the city now and wrote me a letter some time ago which I failed to answer because he has never apologized for disappointing me. Shall I answer or not, for I am afraid something has happened to him, and that is the only way I can find out? H. W.

If you still love the young man and wish to forgive his rudeness in failing to keep his engagements with you, answer his letters. However, I think his love for you has cooled, for if he really cared for you he would gladly apologize for his conduct and write you.

He Wants to Join a Club.

Dear Betty:

I AM a stranger in New York and would like to make acquaintances by following the advice in your columns—that is to join a settlement club. What is a settlement club and where are they located? W. L.

A settlement club is an organization devoted to the settlement of conditions existing among the poorer classes. There are many throughout the city. I cannot advise you which to join without knowing your address, but you can apply for information at the College Settlement, at No. 95 Rivington street, or the West Side Settlement Club.

Shaking Hands.

Dear Betty:

WHEN two young ladies are being introduced to each other, is it proper to shake hands? ANXIOUS.

It is proper, but not necessary.

Unwise to Marry Him.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE known a young man for some years and like him enough to marry him, but he is without a position or money. Would it be right to marry him if I loved him? I have money, but it may be taken away from me if I marry him. He is much talked about. There is another girl in the case, but I know he does not love her, as he speaks ill of her. Don't you think it would be best to drop him at once, as such a man would not make a good, true husband? M. M.

It is best to drop the man, as he seems to have no desirable qualities.

Too Young to Love.

Dear Betty:

I AM sixteen and dearly love a young man two years my senior. I have received an invitation to the theatre from him, and as my folks do not like him I was compelled to refuse. The young man feels very much put out about it. Do you think he still cares for me? What shall I do, as I cannot live without him? HEARTBROKEN.

You are entirely too young to go to the theatre with any young man. Don't think about him so much, divert your mind with books and pleasant companions and your affection for him will soon cool off.

A Cooled-Off Romance.

Dear Betty:

TWO years ago a gentleman from the South visited New York and we fell in love at first sight. When he returned home he wrote two and three times a week for a number of months, but now I hear from him very seldom. Do you think he loves me as much as ever or should I stop corresponding? L. L.

The young man seems to have lost interest in you. Don't answer his letters too quickly, and unless you still love him I would give up the correspondence.

He Still Loves Her.

Dear Betty:

FOR nearly two years I have kept steady company with a young man. One night I went to a dance without him and he was very angry, as I had often refused to go to dances with him. Since then he has kept company with another girl. A friend of his told me that he keeps my picture on his chiffonier, and that it was the only picture he kept in his room. Do you think he still cares for me? W. W.

He seems to love you still.

The Bridegroom Pays.

Dear Betty:

AT a wedding to be held at the home of the bride's parents, who pays the clergyman, the bride's father or the bridegroom?

The bridegroom.

Just a Smile or Two.

SHE—No need of your wasting time because you're going to the barber's. Here, take this basket of potatoes along. You can peel them while he cuts your hair!—Transatlantic Tales.

The Novelist—Did "opportunity" ever knock upon your door?

The Poet—If it did it must have been disguised as a wolf.—Philadelphia Inquirer

"Music is the food of love," she breathed. The lovesick youth started up quickly.

"Dearest," he whispered, "I have saved up just $9.69. Do you think we could get a phonograph and start in light housekeeping?"—Chicago Daily News.

First Actor—The roadbed isn't what it used to be.

Second Actor—No. And that chap who was walking with us the last five miles says it won't be any better.

"Who is he?"

"President of the road."—Life.

Valentine Time in Youthland

By T. S. Allen.

"Hi, Maud, look wot wants ter be me valentine!"

Little Girl—Will you please look again. Dere simply must be a valentine for Miss Anabella Sprotts.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Girl's Apron—Pattern No. 5897.

3-8 yard of tucking to make as illustrated.

Pattern No. 5897 is cut in sizes for girls of four, six and eight years of age.

THE need of the dainty yet protective apron is an ever present one with the small girl, and such a pretty model as this one is sure to find its place. As illustrated, it is made of lawn with the bretelles of embroidery and the little yoke of tucking. It can, however, be treated in a number of ways, as it is straight at the lower edge and consequently is well adapted to the hemstitched finish, while it also can be cut from flouncing and the bretelles can be made either of embroidery or the plain material trimmed. The little yoke, too, admits of variety, for it can be of plain material trimmed and finished with a little embroidery quite as well as of the tucking. Again, the apron could be made from the pretty chambrays and other inexpensive wash fabrics.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 3 yards 24, 2 1-8 yards 36 inches wide with 1 1-4 yards of embroidery 5 inches wide.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.