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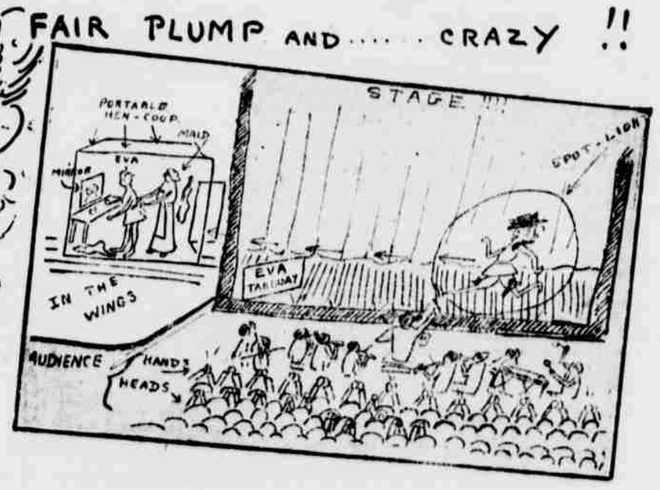
The Most Violent Noise in All Manhattan Is Eva Tanguay "With the Fuzzy-Wuzzy Hair"



She Drowns "L" Rumbles, Subway Roars, Motor Honks and Every Other Sound, Says Meg Villars.

"You Can't Get a Sober Impression of Her Any More than of What Hits You When a Bomb Explodes."

"They Couldn't Find Her Salome Costume Anywhere, but Luckily Her Maid Found It in Her Apron Pocket."

BY MEG VILLARS.

I have ridden in New York taxicabs, I have negotiated the pitfall pavements on Sixth avenue, I have revived my acquaintance with the Cubists, I have survived the changes of temperature and the hot air in the hotels, I have visited the Stock Exchange and many other strange places, I have seen the Freaks at the circus and I have heard EVA TANGUAY sing!

Now, I think it's time to stop these adventures—I want to get my breath!!!

As a stranger I think you might have warned me, dear New York! It was in quite an unsuspecting, at-peace-with-the-world mood that I arrived at the theatre and settled into my seat. Then when Miss Tanguay rollicked on to the stage and opened her mouth I wondered what cyclone had struck me!

Who would think—being, as I said before, a stranger—that that baby-faced creature with the fuzzy-wuzzy hair, the color of a new bath sponge, had all that noise at her disposal! Of course, right here in New York you are educated up to violent noises, but to me it came as a bit of a surprise. There's the rumble of the "L," there's the roar of the subway, the honk-honk of the motors and the piping of the page boys, but Miss Tanguay beats all that (and sings about beating it too!). Why, she actually beats the band! I was sitting near the Big Drum Man of the orchestra and every time he hit something I jumped, but he got left out in the cold to drown when the little-lady-with-the-voice let go!

When you have managed to survive the first shock, however, you can't get enough of Eva Tanguay, she is the real and only corpse reviver worthy of the name; she would make a skeleton sit up and feel happy!

By the time—after interviewing various nice managers of assorted sizes—I was allowed to set foot on the "sacred precincts of the stage" I was ready to believe anything about the little song bird. But the first statement floored me all the same!

Miss Tanguay was suffering from a bad cold!

Miss Tanguay could hardly speak above a whisper! Sure enough, as soon as the sprightly tom-boy ran off the stage the brilliant smile dropped and Eva Tanguay, the highest salaried artist in vaudeville, was just a tired girl longing to get under covers.

But the audience couldn't guess that. Oh, no! She didn't let them in on her troubles!

The assorted managers, her maid, every one present, begged her to go slow—but nothing was doing in the go-slow line. Eva Tanguay would sing her head off if the stage was rocked by an earthquake, so long as the footlights remained bright and there were two persistent souls in front to be amused! Much less, therefore, could she worry about a cold! Like Sarah Bernhardt, la Duse, Rejane and other people with considerable talent and vast salaries, Eva Tanguay is oblivious to all except her ART when she is facing the music—and the music is standing up to her.

Her mission in life to to make people laugh, and make 'em laugh she will, even when the piper's bill comes high! The little hencoop in the wings—I mean the portable dressing room, the size of a cold-in-your-head pocket handkerchief, where she makes her Fregoli-like changes between her songs—is as bare as a barn, except for some natty little suits of clothes hanging around, a few of those things that peel off (meaning silk tights), a pot of face powder for an occasional freshener and a smart white-aproned maid. You'd expect a $3,500-a-week star to have a bower draped with priceless lace and studded with pink bows, wouldn't you? But Eva Tanguay figures that she hasn't room for frills on the stage and couldn't swing round in them!

With the air of a martyrs busy golden-haired little martyr—Eva Tanguay gave me the story of her life.

"Papa was a doctor"—sizz, off came her coat—"had reverses of fortune!"—sizz, off flew a headdress. "I appeared on the stage when I ought have been playing dolls!"—diff, on went a hat. "Played repertoire and never been in chorus!" The maid fastened a coat, while Miss Tanguay powdered her nose. There was an agreeable perfume of Parisian extract, a vision of two shapely limbs carrying a violet and silver costume toward a spot of light on a dark stage at the speed of fifty miles a minute, then "Crash!—crash!!! crash!!!" went the drum man. "Toot-toot-tootle" went the brass things, and with a whoop the voice joined in, triumphantly swamping everything!

"The show to-night is just a fight;
We're going to fight some more!"

"But I'm glad to have a rest before my spasm in the next act," she confessed.

The "spasm" is "SALOME" and there was great excitement later on when it was time for Miss Tanguay to dress.

They couldn't find the costume anywhere! "Has anybody seen two diamond clasps, some beads and a length of chiffon?" was the cry. It looked as if there would be no Salome that evening, but happily the maid found it in the nick of time—in her apron pocket.

As I heard that Eva Tanguay had thoughts of reviving, and playing in a scene from the old drama, "Leah the Forsaken," I wondered if she was not thinking of becoming a legitimate comedy actress. But no, the little lady with the voice refuses to think such things, has no ambition to play Juliet and having already beaten Shakespeare in the Ophelia line, she doesn't hanker after the classics!

It seems to me that's rather a pity. I think Miss Tanguay would give a very good performance of the "Taming of the Shrew," with all her managers rolled into one, playing Petruchio! But she would make Petruchio laugh, trust the "cyclonic eccentric comedienne" to do that! Then the deal would be off and the earth would look sort of ruffled above Willie Shakespeare's grave.

Of course, in one interview you can't get a fair sober impression of Eva Tanguay any more than you can get an impression of what hits you when a bomb explodes! But what you do get is the feeling that you have visited the lady whose wan smiles for New York, and if you get run down by a car outside the theatre you'd snigger and say, like Eva, "Huh, I don't care!"

New Move in the "Movies" Will Work Revolution, Says Daniel Frohman

Believe Large Producing Managers Will Hold Their Plays for Reproduction in Picture Form and That Contracts With Stars Will Be Made Accordingly—In This Way Famous Successes Will Be Carried to the Most Remote Sections of the Country and a New Circuit Formed.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

BEHIND Daniel Frohman in his dramatized office hung a picture of Anne Hathaway's cottage, but gazing before him through strong glasses he saw only moving pictures. In them he also saw stars of the first magnitude, and he is going to let the whole country see them. As the first of the old-line managers to turn in a new direction he is not only a striking but an interesting figure in the theatrical world to-day. It was to ask this gentleman and scholar what this new move in "the movies" means that, for the first time, I went higher than the ground floor of the Lyceum Theatre.

"It means a revolution in the moving picture field," said Mr. Frohman, clearing away a cloud of cigar smoke. "Just how great this revolution will be is difficult to say. But this much seems reasonably certain. Every producing manager controlling plays and stars will enter the field. Here he will find an opportunity to prolong the life of the plays he has acquired, while the contracts he makes with stars will probably include moving picture rights to their services. This, in brief, is the situation that already exists in a limited degree. How far it will go remain of course to be seen. It is like throwing a pebble in a pond—the ripples spread in every direction.

Let us say, then, that plays achieving fame in New York will be carried in picture form to the most remote sections of the country. This is not likely to happen, however, during the two-dollar life of a play. A play, you know, has a two-dollar life in the leading theatres, then a one-dollar life in the so-called combination houses, and finally a fifty-cent life in the stock company theatres. Interestingly enough, the lower it gets in the scale of prices, the larger its audiences became. It appeals to the greatest number of people when it reaches the proletariat. The added value of a successful play to a manager may be realized in the fact that it now has a fourth life. I believe that the large producing manager will in time hold for reproduction in moving pictures every play that he controls. The result will be a circuit of moving picture theatres distinct from the prevailing type."

"You mean the standard will be raised?"

Mr. Frohman. "This has already been done in large measure by the educational films. Famous plays given by famous players will give the moving picture theatres an added dignity. We have already secured a number of leading artists to appear in picture plays. Mrs. Fiske is to give us either 'Becky' or 'Tess,' Virginia Harned is now preparing for 'Trilby,' and in other plays we shall have Ethel Barrymore, Blanche Bates and Mrs. Langtry. A contract has been signed with Mr. Belasco for 'The Good Little Devil.' There is no difficulty in securing plays and stars. Mme. Bernhardt, who has already posed in 'Queen Elizabeth,' struck the keynote when she said, 'I am glad to dedicate myself to posterity.' Incidentally, this new field offers extra work to the actor that brings good returns. As for patrons, they will have the opportunity of seeing celebrated plays performed by the original casts, so far at least as the leading roles are concerned, for the same price that moving picture theatres now ask."

When Mr. Frohman spoke of the "studio," where he is doing most of his work these days, he explained:

"It's an old armory at Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, and it gives us a fine sweep. In it we are able to put up two-story buildings and lay out streets along which a troop of cavalry can gallop. We put on 'The Prisoner of Zenda' there with a drawbridge and a moat into which James K. Hackett plunged with great success, though scarcely equal delight, for we couldn't beat the water, and in swimming the moat he needed no urging to put in his best strokes. His greatest hardship, however, was caused by his being obliged to sit around in wet clothes for forty-five minutes. He passed this time wrapped in blankets and thoughts of pneumonia. It was pitiful to see him shiver, but there was no help for it. For 'Monte Cristo' we let James O'Neill take the waters of New Rochelle. He went overboard from a rowboat after turning his blazing eyes toward the chateau we had built on a hill. Needless to add, the fire in his eyes was quickly extinguished. But for the most part, the work of actors is pleasant, especially when it calls them to the rolling acres and wooded hills of Westchester County for rural scenes."

How plays are changed to suit moving picture audiences was explained by Mr. Frohman after he had relighted his cigar.

"A picture form a play must start instantly," he said. "It is necessary that the motive of the moving drama be shown at once. We begin 'The Mind-the-Paint Girl,' for example, with the third act and show how failure has overtaken the girl's father in his little green-grocer's shop. In 'Hamlet' we begin by showing the killing of Hamlet's father. In this way the story of a play is made absolutely lucid. We have to show the reason for everything, to help our audience over the fence, as it were. To this end we are obliged to introduce episodes that are merely spoken of in the original play."

Mr. Frohman smiled as though all were the easiest matter in the world to rewrite Shakespeare.

"When motion pictures were first adopted by vaudeville theatres," he went on, "they were used simply as 'chasers' to send the audience out at the close of performances. Then came short plays, and these have become the stock in trade of all the picture theatres. But after several years the public has become tired of the same class of story, and a desire has developed for something better and more interesting. I saw a chance here for presenting great stars in their greatest creations. Here, too, seemed to be an opportunity for making distant and obscure sections of the country accessible to the best dramatic successes. But I believe the industry is still in its infancy. It will not be long, as I said, before circuits are formed for the big subjects, just as circuits are now formed in the drama and burlesque branches of the theatre. This will make it possible for the local manager to book his subject a year ahead and enable his patrons to know in advance what they are going to see. I think we shall be able to rally to the stage by drawing those who see the pictured play to the theatre where they will see the acted play. There is to make enough money in this field to enable me to produce many plays in the theatre. After all, there is nothing like making the human presence, nothing to replace the magnetism of the living actor."

Lark, Steak, Kidney and—Horror, Mushroom in This Mix

CAN a lark, a kidney, a steak and a mushroom—or maybe two mushrooms—come all the way from Fleet street, London, E. C., to a chop house on West Thirty-sixth street, New York, and still be recognized as a lark, a kidney, a steak and one or two mushrooms? Paul Henkel says it is possible, a certain Government pure food expert requires to be shown.

The enterprising restaurateur recently tucked on the top of his menu a little red-printed slip which declared that shortly he would serve to his chosen patronage "Le Imported Famous Pudding," compounded of lark, steak, kidney and mushrooms, after the exclusive recipe of that famous tavern, the Olde Cheshire Cheese, on Fleet street, London. Though the puddings have not yet arrived, somebody scenting them afar off tipped off the pure food people and an agent paid a visit to Henkel.

"This fancy pudding will come in the class of Chinese duck eggs packed in mud," the genial pure food sniffer opined, "or of shark's fins dried when you were a little boy and sold as delicacies in the chop-suey restaurants. By the time a lark, a kidney, a steak and a mushroom have been keeping company all the way across the pond that'll be some pudding! Why a lark, anyway?"

"You do not understand," the connoisseur in puddings replied. "You see, the lark and the steak and the kidney, to say nothing of the mushroom, will have a neutralizing effect on each other—practically embalm one another, as it were—and the result will be wonderful."

"Wonderful!" the sniffer murmured the pure food sniffer, and he faded into the mists of West Thirty-sixth street. The pudding is well on the way.

Ragtime Recipes.

FRAPPÉ—Frank Hay theatre tickets, candy and flowers for another peach and let the one to be frappéed hear about it.

Angel Food—Five pounds of the most expensive mothers, ice cream sodas, tony manners, salted nuts (as desired), a few sour pickles (if the angel is in love). Feed these ingredients slowly into a candle box mouth.

Stewed Hen—Select a fat, live hen and give her about four fingers of whiskey. Serve twenty minutes.

Chocolate Drops—Take half a dozen lightning rods and an eyeglass and spill them.

How to Put Hair on Any Head—Rub twenty-five dollars carefully into a hair goods store.

How to Can a Lobster—Lead him to the front door by the ear and hand him his hat. Or, if you prefer, call father before he takes off his boots.

You're Next! You Can Shave Yourself in This Barber Shop

THERE is a ahead-of-up-to-date barber on Broad street, not far from the Stock Exchange, who has slipped a brand new cog in the high-speed-of-living wheel.

In the district of no-time-to-spare he has sounded the keynote of the New York hustler. In front of his shop is a sign reading:

COME IN AND SHAVE YOURSELF!

Razors, soap, towels and smelly lotions all are provided. The man who needs a shave and who hasn't time to be lathered, tucked in and conversed with, can dart into the shop, slap some made lather into his own countenance, scratch it away with a swipe or two of the nearest razor handy, slap down a coin (not tipping himself unless he chooses to) and rush out, SHAVED.

The time he need waste depends wholly on his own skill and speed. He need have no boring conversation. If he is cut or scraped he has only himself to blame. The "come-in-and-shave-yourself" barber is the last word in comfort for the tireless business man.

The Militant Mother Goose.

Little Jack Horner stood on a corner
Watching the girls go by,
With a leer for each, till a militant peach
Swatted him one in the eye.

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, won a wife, but couldn't keep her;
When she quit, his grief to smother, Peter, Peter wed another.
This one rules the pumpkin-shell, and makes poor Peter's life a—well,
Now a wiser Peter rues, the wife he Won but Cannot Loose!

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Drinking an extract of whey,
She was horribly eated with a "diet" she hated,
But she kept her figure [illegible]