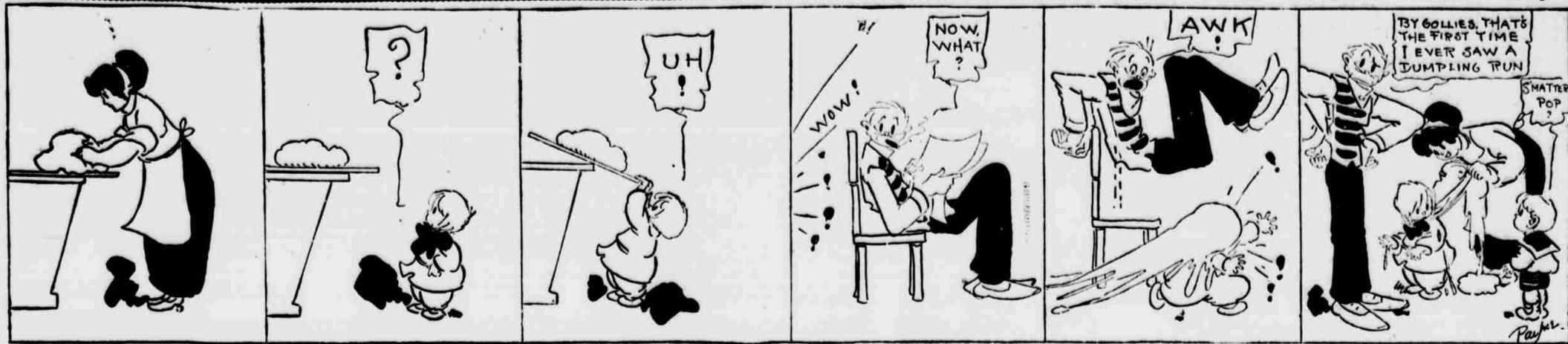


'S'Matter, Pop?'

By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

'Evangeline' All Pictures and No Drama.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

SEEING 'Evangeline' at the Majestic Theatre is about as satisfying as taking a street car past Longfellow's house in Portland. Thomas W. Broadhurst's dull, plodding stage version of the poem leaves no choice. Here is a play that is all pictures and no drama. Why in the name of all that's dramatic Mr. Broadhurst did not make use of that uprising of the Canadian farmers against the British soldiers in the church is more than I can understand. If this had been done the claim that there would have made the play quite another story. Even now it is not too late, perhaps, to let the patient spectator see what goes on inside the church instead of keeping him outside where the women only stand and wait. If anything can put life into what is merely a slow-moving panorama, it's the incident that has been left out.

The scenes of the quaint Nova Scotian street, the sunlit orchard, where the betrothal feast of Evangeline and Gabriel is celebrated, with a disappointing lack of spirit; the beach, with clouds of smoke from the burning homes the British have fired before driving the peasants aboard their ships, and particularly the low-hanging, luxuriant trees of Louisiana, are well painted. But all that is not canvas is wooden—especially the actors. Evangeline is, of course, an essentially passive heroine, wandering forth to seek Gabriel, and the mere devoted search for a lover cannot in itself hold the interest through four acts. At the same time this character, with its truly poetic beauty, offers an actress opportunity to do something more than merely walk through her scenes.

Yet Miss Edna Goodrich, on Saturday night, displayed nothing more than endurance. She seemed capable of going right on the North Pole without the slightest fatigue of body or spirit. Not only did she stand the journey remarkably well—a journey taken without even a change of expression—but when the amuseuse was reached in the end she appeared to have kept her youth with equal beauty. Miss Goodrich is a woman who will have to go before she learns how to act in a question for her to decide. Though she looked pretty enough in her Norman cap, she never once suggested the "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie."

From beginning to end the acting was a disappointment almost too hard to bear. Richard Buhler made Gabriel a fat youth instead of a stalwart one, such a lover as could never bring a flutter even to a village maiden's heart. The two fathers that stand out as splendid characters in the poem lost all their individuality at the hands of John Harrington and David Torrence, and the only touch of reality was given by Miss Mabel Mortimer in the minor role of Foinette. If ever an actress was given an opportunity to carry off the honors of an entire performance that opportunity came to Miss Lillian Kingsbury as the Shawnee woman. And how she missed it! That Indian legend as Miss Kingsbury recited it suggested the corn belt rather than the forest.

Except for the curtain, which, strangely enough, came down with a sound like that of the wind through the trees, only William Furst's "interpretation" was atmospheric. It said the things that the actors didn't know how to say. Those descriptive passages put into their mouths by Mr. Broadhurst might better have been spared. The stage management of Gustav von Seyffertitz left a certain stiffness in the groupings that was felt in nearly all the scenes.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

**A Girl's Chances.** ARE a girl's marriage injured by the fact that she earns her own living? Why on earth should they be? Hardly any one asserts, nowadays, that the girl who works in an office or a shop loses feminine attractiveness on that account. Indeed, the mass of criticism is directed at the business girl who emphasizes her femininity too sharply during business hours. The girl who works is almost sure to meet more men than the latter's sister who stays at home, unless the latter's social life is exceptionally full. And the working girl comes to know men under informal circumstances. She is therefore much better able to decide whether a certain suitor will make her happy than if she only sees him once a week in his best clothes. Really, I don't see wherein lie the romantic advantages of the idle young woman.

**"P. D."** writes: "I am in love with a young man whom I have known two years. One night a year ago his little sister died. He saw me that night, but he did not greet me. Since then I have not spoken to him, but my friends tease me about him. I see him every day. Should I avoid seeing him?"

I think you should not have taken a front originally. But now you'd better

Courtship—Then and Now (Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World)) By Eleanor Schorer



Music has ever been love's language the world over and through all ages. And melody never fails to understand its message, be it in the form of a mediaeval troubadour serenade or in the guise of the latest popular ballad of 1913.—ELEANOR SCHORER.

The Memento (Copyright, 1911, by Doubleday, Page & Co.) The Story of a Secret Souvenir By O. Henry

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.** At a breakfast table, inquired of Arthur, two girls meet after a long separation. One of them, Lillian, is a stock company actress. The other is Howard Ray, a famous dancer, who has recently retired from the stage and gone to live in a Long Island village. Howard announces his intention to return to the footlights, and the girls agree to say that she returned because of the class of men that actors have to meet.

(Continued.)

AND the men we have to meet after the show are the worst of all. The stake is or kind, and the manager's friends, who would not show their diamonds and talk about seeing 'Dan' and 'Dave' and 'Charlie' for us. They're beats, and I hate 'em.

"I tell you, Lynn, it's the girls like 'em," Mr. Ray writes: "I am sixteen and deeply in love with a man of twenty, to whom my parents object. He hasn't a very good reputation and has lately been acting cool toward me and corresponding with other girls. What do you advise me to do?"

Stop thinking about the man. Your parents are probably right about him, and you're too young to go against their wishes.

"H. P." writes: "We are four young ladies between eighteen and twenty and we do not get an opportunity to make the acquaintance of any young men. We do not care to flirt. Our parents would us for not going out more. Please advise us."

Since your parents are dissatisfied with your social opportunities they should provide you with better ones. Your mothers ought to ask some young man to call. Why don't you suggest as much?

"H. M." writes: "A young man whom I occasionally see lost a pocketbook on the stairs of an elevated station. I notified him of his loss and when he saw me the next day he presented me with a fine box of chocolates as a mark of appreciation for what I had done. Was it right for me to accept the candy?"

It wasn't exactly conventional. If the young man has never been introduced to you, I don't advise you to let the acquaintance develop.

Great Men as I Knew Them

By Mrs. Gen. Pickett. No. 6—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

THOMAS MILLER has been more "poetic" poets than the one who made the old Craigie House the ethic center of Cambridge, and few who were so much loved. Mr. Longfellow said of Longfellow: "He never came but he left our house more luminous for his having been there." And many there were to echo that tribute. There was something in him far deeper than his thought and higher than his verse that made for the man, and reached out to the depths of human hearts, drawing him near to all phases of humanity, from the philosopher with trained vision discussing with him the problems of life to the little child with eyes adoring wonder telling him of a new toy or a loved fairy story.

"I am sure of the affection of one of my visitors," said Longfellow, his whimsical eyes glowing with love and mirthfulness. "A little friend called this morning, as he often does, and after looking with discriminating eyes at the contents of my library asked me, 'Have you 'Jack the Great'?' Upon the confession that my collection was lacking in that most important respect he looked at me with commiserating expression, slipped off my lap and went away."

"He came next day with his little hand clenching some apparently valuable object which, on being disclosed, turned out to be two cents that he had brought me so I could buy that valuable work for my very own. I took it as a high compliment that he should think me capable of enjoying the same book that pleased him."

"It is always a compliment that a child should fancy that we enjoy climbing the beanstalk with him and Jack, just as we should feel flattered that a man thinks we have a talent for the calling that he pursues, whether it be painting a barn door or a picture that might be expected to turn Raphael green with envy."

In his study at the Craigie House was the chair, made from the wood of the old horse-chestnut under which "The Village Blacksmith" once had his smithy, lovingly cherished as the gift presented to him on his seventy-second birthday by the school children of Cambridge.

"It is the easiest easy chair ever sat in," he said, "because it is cushioned with loving thoughts."

"And every child who comes may see that beautiful chair, I am told. Do not so many small visitors tire you?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with the smile that always lit up his face when he talked of children. "Welcoming my little guests and showing them the brass of the old tree carved on the back of the chair, and the stanzas of the 'Blacksmith' around the seat are the roses that bloom above the hearth-front of my life's wintry days."

I spoke of a poem by him which I had recently read, and said: "I wish you would write a poem on Gettysburg."

"That is too great for me," he replied, "for any mortal hand or brain, even though infinitely greater than mine. God has written that poem as He fought the battle, as He written in letters of fire on the scroll of history; it is written in letters of blood in the hearts of men and women. I could write of those who fell, of the broken hearts at home, of the mourning mothers and wives and children. I could write of the old horse that went back home, wounded and alone, and of the woman who caressed it and laid her cheek upon its paining side and wept, and of the children who loved and petted it and wandered with wide and solemn eyes why it should come riderless. But the battle—the thought of the Cumberland—"

"But you wrote of the Cumberland—"

"An instant's flash in a great battle—the greatest of all naval combats because it overturned and re-established the naval system of the world."

Many sorrows had deepened the natural repose of Longfellow's temperament, which diffused restfulness around every one near him. At his funeral Emerson, then but a few weeks from his own passing and with all memory of past things erased from his mind, turning away from the now-made grave of his friend of many years, said to his companion as his companion we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful man, but I forget his name."

The Day's Good Stories

**Long Wait.** Two youthful artists having a studio in Philadelphia, where they did not work, but to be as well, were obliged to make shift, not long ago, during a period of financial stress, with such meals as they could themselves prepare.

"The morning, as the pronger of the two was 'grabbing in' the coffee, he gave utterance to a lament and complaint. 'This is a fine day for gentlemen to be in the city, but the only complaint of my friend, 'Lots of people are far worse off. I'm reading only this morning of a recluse who cooked his own breakfast for eleven years.'"

"That must have been awfully lonely when he finally got it done," replied the other, merrily. Harper's Magazine.

**Misplaced Sympathy.** A WELL-KNOWN lecturer, who has traveled all over the world covering 40,000 miles, in order to gather facts about the working of women, and recently in New York.

"Woman is waking everywhere. The militant suffragette are doing much to help the weaker in England. They are the most militant and unwearyable a lander."

"The poet Landor, you know, had a violent temper. It raged especially when his meals were wrong."

I owe you eight dollars. The expressman will call for my trunk."

"I handed her the money."

"Dear me, Miss Crosby," says she. "Is anything wrong?" I thought you were a bit of a miser."

"You're right," says I. "Some of 'em are. But you can't say that about men. When you know one man you know 'em all!" That settles the human race.

THE END.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF ARNOLD LUPIN.** By Maurice Leblanc. Arnold Lupin, the French thief-god, is one of the greatest, most entertaining characters in fiction. He is the fastest as Sherlock Holmes and his adventures are fully as stirring. The latest and best series of Arnold Lupin stories will begin serial publication in next Wednesday's Evening World, Oct. 8. Be on the lookout for it.