THE DRAMA.

A NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK.

"Artie."

In Mr. George Ade's farcical play call "Artie," which was acted last night at the Garrick Theatre, to the evident satisfaction of a crowded house, a ludicrous use is made of one of the oldest of stage figures, that, namely, of the agreeable rattle. Foote employed it, in more than one of his comedies; Boucicault introduced it, as Dazzle, and likewise under various Hibernian names; George Fawcett Rowe made it effective in his comedy of "Brass." The personality is always welcome. Artie, as drawn by Mr. Ade, is the incarnation of animal spirit, a cheerful mind, and unflagging vivacity of conduct and speech. He has youth and hope and buoyant assurance and in all situations his demeanor is brisk and his apt reply is ready. He is supposed to dwell in Chicago, and the play illustrates, in scenes that ignore probability and yet contain possible incidents, his experience in winning a fortune and a loving wife. There are nearly thirty characters involved in the action, each of them being a type of everyday life and no one of them being elaborated beyond the limit of a sketch. The dialogue is replete with slang,—some of which is cleverly enough applied,—and only at few odd moments does it become significant of anything like sincerity. The intention was to depict an image of merry impudence, which yet should be amiable and pleasing, if not winning: and that intention has been accomplished. Artie was acted by Mr. Lawrance Wheat, who denoted a genial temperament and easy command of the keen weapons of banter and drollery, combined with a pleasing touch of sentiment. Mr. Wheat, unquestionably, captured his audience. Mr. Brennan gave a truthful, if perhaps a little stentorian, presentment of a pugnacious business man, and Joseph M. Sparks furnished one of the best specimens of Irish character,—in the superficial comic aspect of it,—that has been shown here since the days when Mr. Harrigan produced on this same stage dramas of a closely kindred order. W. W.

AS TO CRITICISM.

Dramatic Reviews and Managerial Temper.

The wife of the tragedian Edmund Kean, in a conversation with the widow of David Garrick, mentioned the annoyance sometimes expressed by Kean as to adverse criticism of his acting. Mrs. Garrick's comment was pertinent. "It is a pity," said the relict, "that your husband allows himself to be troubled. Davy never did. Davy always wrote his own notices." That statement, as to the custom of the departed dramatic chieftain, may have been somewhat fanciful, but it indicates the only method of criticism by which managers could certainly be pleased. Hardly a month passes without a shrill plaint from somebody who has not been accepted, by dramatic reviewers, at his own valuation. Once it was the gentle Edwin Forrest, bellowing about "critical conspiracies" and, as it has been thought, provoking the terrible Astor Place riot. Once it was the virtuous Fisk, Jr.,—who, because the reviewer for this paper declined an annual bribe to puff him, and publicly refused his hand and acquaintance, threatened to drive him from the press of America, and tried to execute his threat. Once it was Dion Boucicault, who proclaimed that all writers were venal, and that "a critic" (whose identity never could be learned, but who is believed to have been "Mrs. Harris"), had "swallowed a bait with a hook in it." Once it was Wilson Barrett, agitated because "Young Hamlet," aged 18, was not accepted as the ideal image of the Dane. If the subject were pursued in detail, the line would stretch out to the crack of doom. Miss Olga Nethersole, agonized by the reception of her pious labors with "Sapho," "Tanquery," "Carmen," etc., burst into print with her woes. The community has lately had "an object lesson" of the extremes to which dissatisfied managers will go, to check adverse comment, in an appeal to a law which, if it has been properly interpreted, is, unquestionably, unjust,—an excellent example of what Fenimore Cooper mentioned as the destruction, by the courts, of that equity upon which law should rest. Last season there were chirps about "conspiracy" from Mr. Greet. Now it is Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, manager of the brilliant, accomplished actress, Mrs. Fiske, and of other theatrical ventures—a man from whom more sensible conduct and more sensible language might, reasonably, have been expected—who heaves his massive intellectual bulk into the critical breach, to bulwark and protect another suffering Keats, in the person of Mr. Percy Mackaye, and an unappreciated genius, in the person of the foreign actress, Mme. Kalich, of whom he has been for some time, unsuccessfully, trying to make another Modjeska. Mention should be made that Mr. Fiske sent a copy of his document to the editor of The Tribune at so late an hour last Thursday that publication of it on Friday was impossible, and with it sent a polite note asking the courtesy of The Tribune, to print this attack upon its dramatic representative. His letter, however, appeared in "The Brooklyn Eagle" of Friday, before The Tribune had opportunity to publish it, and it is understood that the communication was, in fact, sent in duplicate to other papers. Indignation sometimes dignifies the mind: in his case it seems to have degraded it. There is a courtesy in journalism that gentlemen should not forget. This is Mr. Fiske's broadside:

WHAT WAS SAPPHO?

A REPLY BY HARRISON GREY FISKE TO THE CRITICISM OF WILLIAM WINTER.

To the Editor of The Brooklyn Eagle.

When a dramatic critic of the long established reputation of Mr. William Winter condemns or approves a play specifically, his utterances, presumably at least, are deemed by a considerable, though diminishing, number of intelligent readers to be marked by scholarship, honest judgment and observation.

Permit me, therefore, to point out that Mr. Winter's notice of Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Sappho and Phaon," in last Tuesday's Tribune, is utterly lacking in all three of these qualities.

He says, for example, as follows: "The story of Sappho is that of a diseased wanton and infamous degenerate, who lived in the Island of Lesbos, about six centuries before the Christian era."

Whose story of Sappho? The historical story of Sappho—all that is known of it—is not such. The story of Mr. Percy Mackaye's play—which Mr. Winter was criticising—is not such.

But Mr. Winter says again: "The authorities of antiquity designate her as a tribas, and several of them descant on her proceedings in language that cannot be quoted."

What authorities of antiquity? It is a simple matter to specify the nature of this venerable critic's error, and the origin of his own antiquated and blundering scholarship. I quote from the "Life of Sappho," by Henry T. Wharton, M. A., of Oxford:

"It was not until the year 1816 that the current calumnies against Sappho were seriously inquired into by the celebrated scholar of Gottingen, Frederick Gottlieb Welcker, and found to be based on quite insufficient evidence. In that year Welcker published his celebrated refutation of the long current calumnies, 'Sappho Vindicated from a Prevailing Prejudice.' It is certain that his searching criticism first made it possible to appreciate her true position. Nothing that has been written since has succeeded in invalidating his main conclusions."

"The society and habits of the Aeolians at Lesbos in Sappho's time were," as M. Brownouf (Lit. Greq. 1 P. 194) has shown, "in complete contrast to those of the Athenians in the period of their corruption; just as the unenviable reputation of the Lesbians was earned long after the date of Sappho. In a later and debased age, she became a sort of stock character of the licentious drama. The fervor of her love, and the purity of her life, and the very fact of a woman having been the leader of a school of poetry and music, could not have failed to have been misunderstood by the Greek comedians at the close of the fifth century B. C."

"It is not surprising," writes Mr. Philip Smith, in his article "Sappho" in "Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography," "that the early Christian writers against heathenism should have accepted a misrepresentation which the Greeks themselves invented."

Is it not surprising, however, that in this year, A. D., 1907, Mr. William Winter, critic (?) and scholar (?), should still give credence and vogue, by his pen, to misrepresentations that were critically dispersed for all time in the year 1816? As he is one of "those who know," has Mr. Winter ever heard of Welcker?

Manifestly Mr. Winter's "authorities of antiquity" are none other than the comic poets of the debased Athenian age, whose slanderes have attached themselves to the name of Sappho down to our own time, and the misrepresentative title of Daudet's popular play and novel. Of such popular misconception Mr. Mackaye was well aware, and it was one of his chief motives in writing his present play to dispel those misconceptons on the part of the public, to set Sappho in her true light as a lofty and passionate individualist and poet, and thus to make more widely known the valid conclusions of sound scholars.

"Of all the poets of the world," says John Addington Symonds, "of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and illimitable grace. Such writings as hers are endowed with keener sensibilities, with a sensuality more noble because of its intensity, with emotions more profound, with a deeper faculty of thought, that never loses itself in the shallows of 'Stoic-Epicurian acceptance,' but simply and exquisitely apprehends the facts of human life."

So much, historically, for Mr. Winter's fictitious "diseased wanton and infamous degenerate." Let Mr. Winter look to the purity of his own thoughts when he thinks of Sappho again.

But, secondly, Mr. Winter refers to Mr. Mackaye's treatment of his subject as portraying Sappho to the audience in the character of a degenerate. Among scores of critics who have reviewed carefully the text of Mr. Mackaye's published play, Mr. Winter is the one and only one who has ever made such an allusion. The allusion would not be worth while replying to were it not for the fact that Mr. Winter's authority may have deterred many from judging for themselves.

Mr. Winter, of course, is entitled to his own opinion of the work as a work, but not to a wilful distortion of the author's motive and treatment of his subject. Therein his judgment has not been honest.

Mr. Mackaye has nowhere contravened history, but where history has been silent he has invented his own material. Ancient allusions, for instance, to Phaon have been proved mythical; Mr. Mackaye has therefore treated that character according to the purposes of his own imagination.

Again Mr. Winter writes: "It is notable that Mr. Mackaye's deliverance concerning Sappho and Phaon is called 'Greek.'"

By whom? Not by Mr. Mackaye, who has approached his play, both in technique and motivation, as a modern play, preserving from his Greek sources only such elements of perennial beauty of appeal as should dignify his drama as a work of art.

As to Mr. Winter's pathological references to "concubines, mistresses, seduced husbands, and miscellaneous wantons," it is simply to be said that these exist perhaps in his own mental image, but certainly not in the play. The play deals practically and dramatically with an elemental, perennial struggle in the nature of man; the struggle between individualism and the race. The relation between the Æolian slaves Phaon and Thalassa is no different and no more moral or immoral than the relation to-day of two natives of Tierra del Fuego who are father and mother of their children.

The interposition of Sappho is, by its whole treatment, given the emphasis and significance of an aspiring individualist confronting and defying the impersonal and the majestic laws of race survival, and inevitably being shattered in that conflict.

In regard to Mr. Winter's estimate of Mme. Kalich's interpretation of Sappho, apart from the gratuitous brutality of the criticism, it may be suggested that Mme. Kalich can readily afford to be included in the like condemnation which he has bestowed upon such artists as Eleanora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Forrest and Salvini.

But enough has been said to invalidate, I believe, the invalidism-criticism of Mr. Winter. What is more important to the growth of our American drama is this: Shall such dramatic criticism prevent our public from witnessing on the stage and themselves judging the large and elemental qualities of appeal which have been attested by the foremost critics of the play's published text? In this cause, and as a believer not simply in Mr. Mackaye's work, but in the movement for better things which it stands for, I make this reply to Mr. Winter's unworthy criticism, and in this cause I ask him to answer these questions:

Where are Mr. Winter's authorities that offset those here cited?

Where in the text of Mr. Mackaye's play can Mr. Winter specify any corroboration of his distorted account of it?

To one who before now has similarly distorted to the public the art and the ideals of Rostand, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Sudermann, Pinero and Hauptmann, it may be pertinent to offer this warning: Let not Mr. Winter be like the Master Builder; let him not fear the knock of the new generation, lest he fall from his own high tower.

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

New York, Oct. 24, 1907.

REPLY.

It is recorded of Horace Greeley that once, when a stranger entered his presence, in the editorial room of the old Tribune Building, and vituperated him, for some time, with all the epithets and expletives that hatred could suggest and rage emit, the veteran editor went on writing until his censor turned to depart, when he looked up, at his furious visitor, and pleasantly remarked, "Come back, young man, and free your mind."

Mr. Fiske, like the wife in "Tam o' Shanter," seems to have been "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," till at last he could contain it no longer—and hence this explosion.

It is another case of the tempest in the teapot. But Mr. Fiske has freed his mind, and, probably, he now feels relieved. It occasionally happens, though, that the teapot,—intrinsically a fragile vessel,—bursts with its little tumult.

It was a fine production that Mr. Fiske made of Mr. Mackaye's confused and feeble play of "Sappho and Phaon," and it seems a pity that such good scenery and good intentions should have been wasted. That they were wasted is the published opinion of almost every newspaper in New York, and, accordingly, there is room for a momentary surprise that the disappointed manager should have selected, as a special mark for acrid denunciation, an old friend, from whom, during many years, he has received nothing but kindness and the most cordial sympathy and effective support in every worthy enterprise that he has undertaken since he entered upon the field of theatrical management. He has, however, made his choice.

The explanation, perhaps, is that, as a man of letters and a writer for the press, I have resolutely opposed, to the best of my ability, an institution that I regard as the Crank Drama, unhealthful in itself and injurious to society—an institution represented by the works of Henrik Ibsen, and sustained by various more or less talented players who, in my judgment, therein have misused their powers and degraded their profession.

In my remarks, in The Tribune of October 22, on the presentment of Mr. Mackaye's "Sappho and Phaon," at the Lyric Theatre on October 21, I had no intention to declare, and did not declare, that Mr. Mackaye had drawn the character of Sappho as that of a degenerate. I said that, "in recounting the mournful tale of Sappho's infatuation and suicide," Mr. Mackaye had made "a jumble of incidents so obscure as hardly to be susceptible of analysis, and so tedious in its prolixity as to be wellnigh insufferable." I was not commenting on the book, for I had never seen it: I was commenting on the play as then shown, and I was recording the impressions that it conveyed to my mind. I saw that one woman, named Sappho, was expressing infatuation for the husband (or partner, or mate, or whatever it may be called), of another woman, named Thallasa; that the husband succumbed to the charms of Sappho; and that, presently, after an interchange of ardent protestations of passionate longing, the pair disappeared down a precipice, and went to sea.

As nearly as I could comprehend the situation (and the language, which often was unintelligible, and when intelligible sometimes obscure), that was the everlasting old story of two women and one man—so old that the moss has enveloped it. I had heard the voluble Sappho speak, with rapturous approbation of supreme desire, refer with satirical contempt to fountains of cold reason, cold virgins, and boys with philosophic beards, and declare herself decidedly in favor of mad joy and love: and, associating those observations with what I remembered of my reading about the Lesbian bard (and of some of her verses), I reached the conclusion recorded in my review.

Mr. Fiske asks for a citation of the authorities of antiquity that represent Sappho as a wanton and a degenerate. His demand is accompanied with an especially offensive and insolent insinuation—as if it were any fault of mine that, as a reviewer of the acted drama, I am compelled to take cognizance of impure themes, when, in fact, those themes are brazenly obtruded on my attention by more than one of those dramatists whom he chooses to admire: and likewise his demand is accompanied with a charge of ignorance, dishonesty, and brutality. A disputant, upon an historical question, who assumes that tone is not entitled to reply; yet, if it will comfort Mr. Fiske to read the names of old writers whom I have supposed to be trustworthy, the writers who have represented or indicated the Lesbian poet as a disreputable female, he is welcome to read them. Information, direct or indirect, about "burning Sappho" (Byron) is found in Tanaquillus Faber; Plutarch; Pliny; Pausanias; Ovid; Horace; and Longinius, among the writers of antiquity, and in Anne Le Fevre, Longepierre, and Reland, among writers of the seventeenth century. There are many others—but this is not a bibliography.

It was inevitable that, in writing about Sappho and Phaon, the mind of the reviewer would revert to the individuality of the poet herself, as it glimmers through the mist of about two thousand six hundred years. Something was to be said about the subject, and something about the play. My remarks on the story of the original Sappho were not designed to describe Mr. Mackaye's ideal of her person. I stated my opinion that he had not been "either judicious or tasteful in either his choice of his subject or his treatment of it." His *choice* was *not* judicious or tasteful—for any reference to that theme would, necessarily, prompt remark on the malodorous original. Almost every cyclopedia contains something about Sappho, and everybody who reads must be aware that she has been described in language that cannot be quoted. Of course, she has defenders. So has Nero. So has Lucrezia Borgia. So has almost every dubious character in history. Anne Le Fevre took the field as Sappho's champion more than a hundred years before Welcker did, but neither Le Fevre nor Welcker succeeded in making a convincing case. Welcker was controverted by Mure. The reader can be convinced, if he likes. Thackeray somewhere mentions that "Eve never ate the apple." Pope, who was something of a scholar and who has translated what Ovid says about Sappho, was content to follow the old authorities, and, for my part, I think that it is "better to err with Pope than shine with Pye," or Mr. P. Mackaye, or even Mr. Fiske. But perhaps the final light on the subject is shed by the writings of the Female Bard herself. Only a few of them are extant, but an occasional passage tells its story. The benevolent labors of Le Fevre did not pass unnoticed. "I cannot blame her (Mrs. Le Fevre's) charity," says an old scholar of the eighteenth century,—citing one of Sappho's strains,—"but I think her too reasonable to be angry with us for believing our own eyes."

Mr. Mackaye has not been judicious or tasteful in his *treatment* of his subject, because he has tried to treat it in blank verse, or something of that kind, and yet, as Mr. Fiske declares, "as a modern play"—that is, in a colloquial style. The combination is not feasible. Mr. Mackaye has not been tasteful in his treatment of his subject, because his blank verse is florid, tumid, and overlaid with adjectives.

Mr. Fiske asks by whom Mr. Mackaye's play has been called "Greek." By several newspapers, in advance notices of it, and by persons who have written and spoken to me on the subject.

There are no "*pathological*" references, in my notice of the play, to "concubines, mistresses, seduced husbands and miscellaneous wantons," nor is there any declaration that there is immorality between Phaon and Thalassa. On the contrary, the latter is only once designated a concubine, to indicate,—as the author does,—that slaves cannot have wives, but *their* relation is, by implication, recognized as moral, and Phaon is spoken of as the "husband" of Thalassa, and Phaon is seduced from his allegiance to her by Sappho.

If Sappho does not seduce Phaon from his "wife," what does she do? If killing his child does not make him a homicide, what does it make him? If his relation to Thalassa is moral, and equivalent to that of a man to his wife, what does Sappho become, when she takes him captive? If a woman leads a man away from his lawful wife, or "mate," and induces him to fly to another land, what does she become, if she does not become his mistress? If a woman is willing to induce a man to leave his wife and fly with her, and does so induce him, what is she, if not wanton? Does the moral position change, if the man becomes frightened through superstitious dread and returns, resisting the siren's entreaties, until at last, she leaps overboard, calling upon the goddess of Desire?

Mr. Fiske is in pain about my thoughts. It is just possible that Mr. Fiske has, of late, devoted so much attention to the muck contained in some of the plays of Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Sudermann, Pinero, Hauptmann, D'Annunzio, Tolstoi, etc., that he no longer knows what a pure mind is. However, it does not signify, for "the prejudiced old man" can worry along even under the weight of Mr. Fiske's disapproval.

Mr. Fiske, it appears, sets great store by "the younger generation." Let the reader consider some of the opinions of "the younger generation" as set forth by several of the most earnest young men now writing for the New York press.

". . . The actors and actresses of his (Mr. Fiske's) company could not weave the magic spell of poetry about their performance. . . . There was only one member of the company who spoke distinctly, Mr. Fred. Eric. . . . The fact that the star, Mme. Kalich, is, by her training, among the most modern of realists, made a bad matter worse. She neither looked nor suggested Sappho. . . . Her performance presented one anomaly . . . since she discarded her own language on the stage, she has never been so unintelligible as she was last evening. . . . She intoned, in her long speeches, in a manner which was neither human nor distinct. . . . Its action is involved and frequently gross. . . ." ACTON DAVIES. See the Evening Sun, October 22.

". . . Since the play offers no appeal it has been wholly ignored (by the public. ibid.) . . . The disaster came upon it not because of its form (poetical. ibid), but because of its defects. . . . A drama more unfit for representation on the stage could scarcely be imagined, and it is hard to conceive of a company more wholly unsuited, either by temperament or experience, for its performance. The combination of the two brought about an entertainment (sic) that was dull and bloodless and almost deadly in its monotony. Mme Kalich . . . has none of the manner of poetic tragedy. She fails to invest Sappho with either sympathy or passion. In the quiet passages of the drama she is commonplace; at its moments of passionate fervor she is hysterical, and often incoherent. She infuses no warmth into the character, gives only slight expression to its suffering, and generally fails to project it across the footlights. . . . Mr. Herbert Kolker is even more unsuited to the role of Phaon. . . ." LOUIS DE FOE. See the Morning World, Sunday, October 27.

". . . As acted by such a company as appeared in it last night 'Sappho and Phaon' presents neither an intelligible nor an interesting experience. . . . The people are at all times out of key with their environment and experience. . . . The chief actress in such a play should be able to speak so that her audience may hear and understand. Mme. Kalich's speech is not intelligible half of the time. . . . She makes a hollow sound and fancies that she is musical. She muffles her voice and imagines that she is impressive. There is no poise, no restraint, no sense of values in her acting. Her gestures repeated over and over again, without apparent reason and obviously without study, are meaningless. That would be bad enough in a play of modern dress and modern manners, but in a pseudo tragedy of the Greeks, such as this is, it is positively villanous. . . . Then, if the spectator is supplied with a synopsis and an opera glass—to be used wrong end foremost—something of the proper impression might result. . . ."—ADOLPH KLAUBERT. See the New York Times, October 22.

"Oh, the wash of that Ægean Sea in 42d street! Will it ever wash out the bad acting of 'Sappho and Phaon' at the Lyric Theatre? . . . 'Burning Sappho who loved and sung' would probably burn to-day in another sense than the Byronic could she see herself made a shouting siren by Mme. Kalich, who, though she has almost conquered the 'way-down' East Side accent she first brought to Broadway, still prefers lung to poetic power, and uses blank verse as though it were written for the house-tops instead of for the stage. . . . It is more than likely that the fate of indifference would have overtaken Mr. Mackaye's play no matter in whose hands it might have been placed, for the simple reason that only superhuman power could project it over the footlights. . . . Mme. Kalich last night rose to the higher moments of the play only with her voice. Long before this Sappho threw herself into the sea, she had been drowned in noise, again and again. . . . It seemed high time for Sappho to jump into the sea. It would have been a comfort to see the other members of the cast follow her example. . . . Mme. Kalich either chanted monotonously or shouted outrageously. . . . If Mr. Kolker had any poetry in his soul he kept it there. He handled his lines like so many bars of iron. . . ."—CHARLES DARNTON. See the New York Evening World, October 23.

". . . There is absolutely no excuse whatsoever for Mr. Percy Mackaye's 'Sappho and Phaon,' now being played (?) at the Lyric Theatre. . . . It is hardly conceivable that any manager, even Gus Hill, would ever think there was the slightest suggestion of drama in the three insufferably tedious acts that go to make up the 'tragedy' of Mr. Mackaye. When we think that we have condemned Mr. Royle and Mr. Peple we are inclined to apologize. Those men were at least normal, at least healthy . . . they were sane. . . . If ever there was a feminine, eviscerated play it is this. If ever there was a suffocating performance it was this . . . it was impossible to sit through the performance last night at the Lyric. At the end of the second act we gathered up our coat, our wife (a poor thing, but our own), and fled . . . the company are as impossible as the play. Mme. Kalich was a monotonous and untrue Sappho. . . ." GEORGE HENRY PAYNE. See the New York Evening Telegram, October 23.

Now there can be no doubt about the matter. It *must* have been another of those "conspiracies of critics." W. W.

LOCAL THEATRES LAST NIGHT.

Mr. Ade's play called "Artie" was presented at the Garrick Theatre. The college play, "At Yale," in which there is a boat race, was performed at the West End Theatre. "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were given at Blaney's Lincoln Square Theatre. The prosperous drama of "The Lion and the Mouse" came to the Academy of Music. The travesty called "Miss Pocahontas" was brought forth at the Lyric Theatre. Miss Edna May Spooner at the Fifth Avenue Theatre acted in "Matilda." Miss Beatrice Morgan and Mr. John Craig, at the Harlem Opera House, participated prominently in a representation of "The Redskin." At the 125th Street Theatre Mr. Benjamin Chapin repeated his truthful and effective performance of Lincoln at the White House.

PLAYERS NOW PROMINENT HERE.

Margaret Anglin.	Edmund Breese.
Gertrude Coghlan.	Henry Miller.
Flora Zabelle.	Kyrle Bellew.
Frances Starr.	Raymond Hitchcock.
Hilda Spong.	Francis Wilson.
Alla Nazimova.	John Drew.
Julia Sanderson.	Robert Edeson.
Billy Burke.	Lew Fields.
Edna May Spooner.	John Craig.
Beatrice Morgan.	The Rogers Brothers.
Connie Ediss.	Sidney Herbert.
Flora Juliet Bowley.	Reuben Fax.
Elsie Janis.	W. H. Thompson.
Margaret Illington.	Benjamin Chapin.
Bessie Clayton.	Edwin Arden.
Phyllis Bostwick.	Joe Weber.
Hetty King.	Arnold Daly.
David Warfield.	George Fawcett.

IMPENDING JOYS.

Activity prevails in the theatres, all along the line, but an accession of it will become manifest with the advent of November.

At Wallack's Theatre, on November 4, a new play called "The Right of Way" will be presented, in which Mr. Theodore Roberts and Mr. Guy Standing will be conspicuous.

At the West End Theatre, on November 4, Miss Cecil Spooner will appear, beginning an engagement of one week, and will act in two plays.

At the Berkeley Lyceum, on November 5, the Japanese actress, Mme. Hanako, will perform, in a new play called "A Japanese Lady," and two short plays, adapted from the French, will be presented.

At the New York Theatre, on November 4, Mr. Harry Lauder, an exceptionally popular performer in London music halls, will make his first appearance in America.

At the Belasco Theatre, on November 11, Miss Blanche Bates will make her re-entrance, beginning an engagement of three weeks, in Mr. Belasco's interesting drama, "The Girl of the Golden West."

At the Liberty Theatre, on November 11, Miss Henrietta Crosman will make her re-entrance, presenting "The Christian Pilgrim," adapted from "The Pilgrim's Progress," and will impersonate Christian.

At the Astor Theatre, on November 11, Mr. Henry W. Savage will make the first production in America of the new comic opera of "Tom Jones."

LYRIC THEATRE.

"Miss Pocahontas."

Were there fewer shows of its kind along Broadway, there could be no hesitancy in welcoming for a long run the youthful and mirthful "Miss Pocahontas," a musical affair that was performed last night at the Lyric Theatre, and is likely to remain there until Mrs. Patrick Campbell begins her engagement. It is only different from other musical shows in that it reveals a new group of clever comedians, headed by Mr. Walter Jones. With the exception of the Nichols Sisters, there is hardly a name on the programme that would appear at all familiar to the regular playgoer; but those who witnessed last night's performance will remember Mr. Jones, Mr. Neil McNeil, Mr. George Le Soir, youthful and vivacious Miss Anna McNabb, mirth provoking Miss Blanche Deyo and Miss Marie Dupuis, who impersonated Miss Pocahontas. They are the entertainment and are worthy of a visit.

There are two acts in the piece. The first is set along the banks of the James River, at Jamestown, in the days of Captain Smith. There are two scenes in the second, arranged so as to depict the rapidity with which civilization roots up the forest and plants great cities on its site. There are a dozen or more songs and as many dances. Some of the songs that found favor with the audience were "Every Little Bit," sung by Mr. Jones and the company; a papoose "lullaby," sung by Miss Emilie Wellington and chorus; "Katie Carney," sung by Miss Blanche Deyo, and "If Things Were Only Different," by Mr. Jones and the company. The Nichols Sisters, black faced entertainers, were introduced as a special feature of the second act.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Miss Edna May Spooner and her associate players, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, yesterday presented a farce, in three acts, called "Matilda" by Mr. I. H. Norris. Miss Spooner played the chief part and she was zealously supported by Augustus Phillips, Harold Kennedy, Arthur Evans, Edwin Curtis, William West, Jessie McAllister, Olive Grove, and Josephine Fox. The character of Matilda is that of a young English girl who has come to America and adopted the profession of the stage. She can inherit a fortune of $1,000,000, if she will marry according to a will; but having other views of matrimony she induces a friend to assume her personality, while she disguises herself as a boy. The stratagem succeeds, and the end is happy.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.

"The Redskin," an Indian play by Donald MacLaren, was performed yesterday, at the Harlem Opera House, and Beatrice Morgan, as the Indian girl heroine, pleased her old friends and attracted new ones. All the persons in that play are Indians. The piece is well remembered. Mr. Brady introduced it at the Liberty, and it caused both laughter and tears. Miss Morgan had the efficient auxiliary aid of John Craig, George Howells, Louise Randolph, and Emilie Randolph.

VARIETY THEATRES.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

The performances at this place of amusement are invariably clean, and an effort is made to give the public from time to time an opportunity to inspect the acting of some of the more prominent players who have been induced to quit for a while the legitimate stage. There are two performances every day and concerts on Sunday. This week the bill is headed by Mr. Harry Von Tilzer, who sings songs composed by himself. Then there is Miss Ila Grannon, a clever little woman who sings and dances. Howard and Truesdell appear in a funny sketch called "Two Men in a Bottle," and De Witt, Burns and Torrence give an amusing performance dubbed "The Awakening of the Toys." The three Leightons and Macart's monkeys are also on the bill.

DEWEY THEATRE.

The Broadway Girls are performing here this week in a diversion called "Suisette," and are assisted in the merriment by Johnnie Weber, whose zealous friends have dubbed him the "prince of German comedians." There are two performances every day.

EDEN MUSEE.

At this place of amusement and instruction the Nippon Japanese troupe of sleight of hand performers and acrobats is an extra attraction this week. Their feats are of an unusual character, a water fountain trick being one of the ingenious exhibitions. There are new portraits in the main hall worthy of inspection.

FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE.

Mr. William H. Thompson and his company are a special attraction here, appearing in the one act play of "For Love's Sweet Sake," in which Mr. Thompson impersonates the character of a banker. Carlotta, in her "loop-the-loop" bicycle specialty, is also here. Besides these, the following performers contribute to the amusement: Will Lester, Eddie Leonard, Bobby North, Barry and Halvers and Hartell, the cartoonist.

GOTHAM THEATRE.

"The Summer Time," a musical arrangement of a jovial character, is the entertainment offered here this week, the performers being the Bohemian Burlesquers. There is a beauty chorus.

NEW YORK THEATRE.

In spite of the much heralded European acts which are, from time to time, a special attraction at "advanced" vaudeville theatres, the audiences are showing a keen appreciation of the ingenuity and originality of American performers. This has been emphasized at the New York Theatre since the opening performance, but never more so than yesterday, when two large audiences applauded for nearly five minutes the burlesque of the Messrs. Collins and Hart. These performers followed the Four Bards, admittedly a group of acrobats who perform amazing feats with grace and agility. Collins and Hart were playing, as it were, the tomboy in the glow of the dazzling light of their more serious brothers; but by rare skill and a cheerful aspect they accomplished the same results. The Bards are Americans also, and are without a doubt an attractive feature of the bill, but the audience found itself in sympathy with the devil-may-care methods of Collins and Hart, by which they performed feats that were none the less marvellous because the performers made them ridiculous. By comparison the entertainment offered by the Brothers Luck (imported) was childish in the extreme. It should be apparent by this time to managers of music halls that the American audience is bored by this heavy humor.

If gossip means anything, it is the managers who are to be pitied in instances of this kind. It appears that in order to get the services of a clever performer the poor managers must take over every member of the performer's family, however worthless. But Miss King atones amply for the dulness of her countrypeople. She is continued on the bill here this week, and sings topical songs as only she can. She makes you forget the Lucks. All told, those in search of genuine amusement can find it at the New York this week, in spite of the heaviness alluded to; for in addition to the Messrs. Collins and Hart, the Bard Brothers and Miss King there appear Billy Clifford, Miss Edith Helena, Clinton and Jermon, Rawson and June, and Barnold's dogs and monkeys.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Marcel's Living Pictures, an artistic presentation, by living models, of famous masterpieces of art, were shown yesterday at the Union Square Theatre. The Empire Four pleased a considerable audience, as also did the Countess Rossi and Fred Pauli; Eckhoff and Gordon, Julius Tannen, Salerno, Black and Jones, and Gilmour and La Tour.

125TH STREET THEATRE.

Mr. Benjamin Chapin in his faithful impersonation of Abraham Lincoln heads the bill here this week. This is an entertainment in itself, and should be witnessed by all in search of amusement and instruction. "Paradise Alley," a farce that has been seen at other music halls, is also on the bill. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes appear in a one act comedy called "A Wild Rose," and Julian Eltinge may be seen in his clever impersonation of female characters. The entertainment is varied and meritorious.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

Mr. Pastor's little playhouse offers a carefully selected entertainment this week, which is headed by Max Witt's four singing colleens. They sing songs of Ireland in a manner that cannot fail to please persons of Irish extraction. Carroll and Doyle, Arthur Huston and his company, Hafford and Mantell and Cramer and Beverly assist in the merriment.

TWENTY-THIRD STREET THEATRE.

The chief players, yesterday, at Keith & Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre were "Carrie" de Mar, who sang, for the first time, in vaudeville, new songs, with scenic and electric settings, and Edwin Arden and Bijou Fernandez who acted in a new play, by Mr. Arden, called "Captain Velvet." "A Racing Romance," one of the most elaborate of current vaudeville productions, was a special feature of the bill. Paulton and Dooley; Grant and Hoag; Brandon Hawkes, Ward and Vokes, and Clara Ballerine contributed to a cheerful performance.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

Mr. Hammerstein has provided a strong bill for those who attend the entertainments at his popular music hall. Miss Gertrude Hoffman heads it and is seen again in mirthful imitations of such players as Eddie Foy, Anna Held, George M. Cohan, Miss Barrymore and of Miss Suratt's clever impersonation of the Gibson Girl in the "Belle of Mayfair." Miss Hoffman's performance improves as it continues, and those who did not see her here when she was at this theatre a month ago should do so now. Another fine performance is that of Miss Valerie Bergere, who appears in a one-act piece called "A Bowery Camille." She was roundly applauded and deserved it. Miss Stella Mayhew, the Pianophiends, Gallagher and Barrett in "The Battle of Too Soon," Welch, Meeley and Montrose, comedy acrobats; Hibbet and Warren, the Carson Brothers and Mathieu, the juggler, aid in the amusement. There are two performances here every day and concerts on Sunday.

LINCOLN SQUARE THEATRE.

"Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Liberties taken by the Aborn Opera Company with "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Lincoln Square Theatre last night were welcome by the large audience and the oldtime favorite suffered nothing by the fun making on the stage. Grace Orr Myers, as Josephine, and Arthur Wooley, as Dick Deadeye, were the principal newcomers in the cast, and with Phil Branson as Sir Joseph Porter, Harry Luckstone as Captain Corcoran, and Hattie Arnold and Irene Langford as Little Buttercup and Hebe, the good ship started, in safe hands, on what promises to be a prosperous voyage of a week's duration. The second part of the double bill introduced a new Santuzza, Miss Estelle Wentworth, the prima donna of the company, carrying the audience with her through the arduous role, and winning long and hearty applause. Albert Parr made his first appearance with the organization in the part of Turridu. As usual, the chorus in both operas contributed no small measure to the success of the presentations, and new scenery and stage settings were received with applause, the deck of the "Pinafore" presenting a specially attractive picture. "Faust," with an increased chorus and an augmented orchestra, will follow this week's double bill, with an extra matinee on Election Day.

PLAY BY RICHARD CARLE PRESENTED.

Philadelphia, Oct. 28.—Richard Carle made his appearance as an author at the Walnut Street Theatre to-night, when his new comedy with music, "Mary's Lamb," with Harry Conor in the principal part, was presented. In the company are Lida McMillan, Isabel Richards, Boyle Mills, John Park, Frank Belcher and Harry Montgomery. Theatrical managers from New York, Boston, Washington and Baltimore were present.

"THE SECRET ORCHARD" PRESENTED.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—"The Secret Orchard," a dramatization by Channing Pollock of Alice and Egerton Castle's novel of the same name, was presented for the first time at the Garrick Theatre to-night. Incidentally, a young Hungarian actress, Miss Josephine Victor, was introduced to the American playgoing public. The cast also included Vincent Serrano, Walter Hale, Miss Adelaide Prince and Miss Olive May.

THE GRANT FAMILY TOGETHER.

Windsor, Conn., Oct. 28.—Some ten or a dozen states were represented at the fifth biennial reunion of the Grant Family Association at the First Congregational Church here this afternoon. General Frederick Dent Grant, president of the association, presided, and was also one of the principal speakers. J. G. Phelps Stokes, of New York, also of the Grant line, was another speaker. General Grant spoke on "Ideal Citizenship."

The officers elected are: President, General Frederick D. Grant, New York; first vice-president, F. L. Grant, New York; second vice-president, A. J. Grant, Brooklyn; third vice-president, R. P. Grant, Westfield, N. J.; fourth vice-president, C. D. Coleman, New York; secretary and treasurer, Frank Grant, Westfield, Mass.; recorder, A. H. Grant, Elizabeth, N. J.

Married.

Marriage notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in the Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.

LAWRENCE—QUINCY—In Emmanuel Church, Boston, October 26, 1907, Effingham Lawrence, of New York, to Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Gookin, of Boston.

Notices of marriages and deaths must be indorsed with full name and address.

Died.

Death notices appearing in THE TRIBUNE will be republished in The Tri-Weekly Tribune without extra charge.

Belden, Milton B.	Maitland, Alexander.
Briggs, John H.	Maxwell, Phebe E.
Dill, Jeannette.	Moses, Henry L.
Durkee, Jeannette R.	Potter, Martha.
Easton, Horace.	Reed, Thomas.
Ennis, Adelaide R.	Scheide, William T.
Henderson, Charles R.	Schenkberg, Eliza M.
Holland, Elizabeth D.	Sheffield, Katherine C.
Kellington, Rosina.	Smith, Lewis M., sr.
Kennedy, Eleanor.	Sone, Louis V.
Laffan, Michael F.	Stratton, Carrie S.
Laugier-Villars, H. M. C.	Willard, Lucius S.
Lawrence, Charlotte A.	Wilson, Elizabeth.

In Memoriam.

George, Henry.

BELDEN—On Monday, October 28, at his residence, No. 22 Clinton ave., Brooklyn, Milton B. Belden, in his 64th year. Notice of funeral hereafter.

BRIGGS—At Tarrytown, N. Y., October 28, 1907, John H. Briggs, aged 65 years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

DILL—On October 27, Jeannette Dill, aged 15 years, daughter of Charles J. and Jennie Dill. Funeral services at her late home, No. 252 De Kalb ave., Brooklyn, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock. Relatives and friends invited. Interment Greenwood.

DURKEE—On Sunday, October 27, 1907, after a lingering illness, at her residence, No. 197 Harrison st., Brooklyn, Dr. Jeannette Reid Durkee. Funeral services on Wednesday morning, October 30, at 9 o'clock, at St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Binghamton, N. Y. Kindly omit flowers.

EASTON—Horace Easton, son of Margaret Burnet Easton and the late Benjamin C. Easton, at No. 97 Clark st., Brooklyn, on Sunday, October 27, in his 37th year. Interment at Nantucket, Mass.

ENNIS—At her residence, No. 141 West 129th st., on Saturday, October 26, Adelaide R. Ennis. Services at above address, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock. Interment at convenience of the family.

HENDERSON—
Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York, Office of the Secretary, Fraunces' Tavern, cor. Broad and Pearl sts., New York, October 28, 1907.—The members of this society are requested to attend the funeral services of their late associate member, Charles R. Henderson, formerly vice president, and for many years an active and influential member of the Board of Managers of St. Bartholomew's Church, corner of 44th st. and Madison ave., at 3 o'clock, Tuesday, October 29th.
EDMUND WETMORE, President.
H. R. DROWNE, Secretary.

HOLLAND—On Monday, October 28, 1907, Elizabeth Dykeman, widow of the late William T. Holland. Funeral services at her late residence, No. 326 State st., Tuesday evening, October 29, at 7:30 o'clock. Nova Scotia papers please copy.

KELLINGTON—On Sunday, October 27, Rosina Kellington, widow of Charles, in her 79th year. Funeral services on Tuesday evening, October 29, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. Everett, No. 111 Kosciusko st., Brooklyn. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

KENNEDY—On Sunday, October 27, Eleanor Kennedy, suddenly, of apoplexy. Funeral services to be held at her late residence, No. 284 Kosciusko st., Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, October 29, 1907, at 8:30 o'clock.

LAFFAN—On October 25, Michael F. Laffan. Funeral from the residence of his daughter, Mary A. Tonry, No. 53 Brooklyn ave., Brooklyn, Tuesday, October 29, 9:30 a. m.; thence to the Church of Our Lady of Victory, Throop ave. and McDonough st. Newburg (N. Y.) papers please copy.

LAUGIER-VILLARS—On Saturday, October 26, 1907, at his residence, No. 250 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, Henri Marie Charles, Comte de Laugier-Villars, after a lingering illness.

LAWRENCE—On Sunday, October 27, after a brief illness, Charlotte A., wife of the late William P. Lawrence and daughter of the late Samuel P. Taylor, in the 90th year of her age. Funeral services at the residence of her son, John D. Lawrence, No. 506 Monroe st., Brooklyn, Wednesday, October 30, 2 p. m.

MAITLAND—Suddenly, at Princeton, N. J., on Friday evening, October 25, 1907, Alexander Maitland, in the 62d year of his age. Funeral services will be held at the Brick Presbyterian Church, 37th st. and 5th ave., New York City, Tuesday, October 29, at 10 a. m.

MAXWELL—On Saturday evening, October 26, Phebe E., wife of the late William Allen Maxwell and daughter of the late Frederick Van Tassel, of New York, aged 89 years. Funeral services at her late residence, No. 2112 Newkirk ave., Flatbush, on Tuesday, October 29, at 3 p. m.

MOSES—At West New Brighton, Staten Island, on October 27, Henry Lacombe Moses, eldest son of Frederick J. and Aimée Lacombe Moses, in the 7th year of his age. Funeral private.

POTTER—At her residence, No. 33 East 38th st., New York, on Monday, October 28, 1907, Martha Potter, daughter of the late Orlando B. Potter and Martha Green (Wiley) Potter, in the 54th year of her age. Funeral services at 11 o'clock, Thursday morning, October 31, at Grace Church, Broadway and 10th st. Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

REED—October 27, 1907, Thomas Reed, aged 50 years, at Hotel Woodward, New York. Funeral services at his late residence, Rhinebeck, N. Y., at 2:30 p. m., Wednesday, October 30. Carriages will meet the train leaving Grand Central Station at 11:10 a. m.

SCHEIDE—Suddenly, on Oct. 26, at Titusville, Penn., William Taylor Scheide, in his 61st year.

SCHENKBERG—At Lakewood, N. J., October 27, 1907, Eliza M., widow of George William Schenkberg and daughter of the late Oliver W. Bird, of Boston, Mass. Funeral services at Lakewood, N. J., October 30, at 9 a. m., at All Saints' Memorial Church. Boston papers please copy.

SHEFFIELD—Suddenly, at New London, Conn., in her 8th year, Katherine Cecil, oldest daughter of George and Katherine Sanford Sheffield. Services at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday, at residence, New London, Conn.

SMITH—At Newark, N. J., suddenly, October 26, 1907, Lewis M. Smith, sr., in the 75th year of his age. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service in the Second Presbyterian Church, corner Washington and James sts., Newark, on Wednesday, October 30, at 2:30 p. m.

SONE—Suddenly, on October 26, Louis V. Sone, in his 61st year, son of the late Mrs. Adela M. McCreary. Funeral at his late residence, No. 43 West 68th st., on Tuesday, October 29, at 4 o'clock p. m. Interment at convenience of the family. Please omit flowers. White Plains papers please copy.

STRATTON—On Friday night, October 25, 1907, Carrie Simpson, daughter of the late Dr. Elbridge Simpson, of Hudson, N. Y., and beloved wife of Thomas C. Stratton. Funeral services will be held at her late residence, No. 117 West 86th st., New York City, on Tuesday morning, October 29, at 10:30 o'clock. Hudson (N. Y.) and Montreal papers please copy.

WILLARD—At Ridgewood, N. J., October 27, 1907, Lucius S. Willard, aged 64 years. Funeral services from his late residence, No. 26 Woodside ave., Ridgewood, N. J., on Wednesday, October 30, at 8 p. m. Interment private.

WILSON—Entered into rest Sunday afternoon, October 27, 1907, Elizabeth Wilson. Funeral services at her late residence, No. 410 West 58th st., at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, October 29. Interment private.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE—Ten years ago to-day, Henry George, the friend of man and the foe of Despot and Demagogue, died bravely, battling for Justice and Freedom.

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