Literary News and Criticism.

Two Commentaries on the Life and Works of Ibsen.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF HENRIK IBSEN. Entirely revised and edited by William Archer. In eleven volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HENRIK IBSEN. By Edmund Gosse. Illustrated. (Literary Lives. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll.) 12mo, pp. xii, 244. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Scribners have rendered good service to American students of Ibsen in placing before them these two publications, which embody all the documents for the defence in the case of the Norwegian dramatist. The collected edition of his works, to which we have more than once made favorable reference as volume after volume has come out under Mr. Archer's amiable auspices, has now been completed. The biography composed by Mr. Gosse makes an apt addition to the popular series of brief "Literary Lives." Mr. Archer gives the plays, with two exceptions, in chronological order, providing translations which he and his collaborators have endeavored to make as close as possible, refraining from the lazy and often misleading device of paraphrase. In a number of introductory essays he sketches the history of each composition. This prefatory matter is so thoroughgoing and so frequently enlivened by personal data relating to Ibsen that the reader hardly needed further light on his career. Nevertheless, it is handy to have all the facts gathered together in a consecutive narrative, and Mr. Gosse may well be read along with his fellow enthusiast. Between them they make Ibsen's character and work clear enough, for it is to be assumed that any one interested at all will be qualified to make the proper deductions. His value to the world is, of course, another question, on which their pronouncements are scarcely to be received as final.

Mr. Archer's campaign in support of Ibsen has been a labor of love, and to that extent a certain sympathy must tinge appreciation of what he has done to make the plays known in English. Yet it is impossible not to regret the loss of all sense of proportion which he has suffered through absorption in his task. "I have experienced no other literary emotion," he says, "at all comparable to the eagerness with which, ever since 1877, I awaited each new play of Ibsen's, or the excitement with which I tore off the wrapper of the postal packets in which the little paper covered books arrived from Copenhagen. People who are old enough to remember the appearance of the monthly parts of 'David Copperfield' or 'Pendennis' may have some inkling of my sensations." Though youthful ardor will explain a good deal, it is a little difficult to understand the emotion thus proclaimed. However, it may be dismissed as his own affair, like the "bumps" of that functionary about whom Charles Lamb showed such an embarrassing curiosity on a certain historic occasion. What cannot be so lightly regarded is Mr. Archer's assertion that Ibsen's works "have taken a practically uncontested place in world-literature." Readers who are accustomed to exercise a sense of measure in their dealings with "world literature" may respectfully submit that Mr. Archer overstates his argument. That is the one drawback to the otherwise excellent series of essays which he has prepared for his edition of Ibsen. He would have made that edition even more attractive, and, perhaps, more helpful, if he had observed throughout the fact that his Northern master does not by any means occupy to-day an unchallenged position.

The sworn panegyrists of Ibsen are singularly blind to the fact that in this humorous world pontifical assertion has ceased to carry any real weight. Why is it that they cannot perceive the mere absurdity of talking about this skilful but essentially prosaic playwright as though he were a person of supreme poetic genius? Mr. Gosse talks about him as "one of the most original and far-reaching imaginations which Europe has seen for a century." He declares that "'Brand' placed Ibsen at a bound among the greatest European poets of his age." It is true that Mr. Gosse has always had a rather flowery style. He cannot say that when Ibsen was in a troubled state of mind he found rest at Rome. No, he must say that the dramatist "sank with ineffable satisfaction into the arms of its antique repose." The phrase might pass as but one more illustration of Mr. Gosse's pretty way, but the truth is that it is significant of the curious wrong-headedness which afflicts so many of Ibsen's laudatory commentators. In the attempt to throw a kind of glamour over what they are pleased to call his "genius" they obscure the circumstance that genius was not precisely what he possessed. A Danish actress is quoted in this biography as saying that "to sit beside Ibsen was to peer into a gold mine and not catch a glitter from the hidden treasure." Was the treasure really there? We take leave to doubt it. Mr. Gosse cites the remark once made to Ibsen by Brandes: "You know there are sound potatoes and rotten potatoes in this world," and Ibsen's reply: "I am afraid none of the sound ones have come under my notice." Mr. Gosse calls the remark cynical. It is, rather, a *bêtise*, the sort of thing of which a man of genius would be incapable. He would have too deep an insight into human nature, too wide a range of thought and imagination, to take such a view of the world.

Comparing him with Bjornson, whose character, he admits, was "the more magnetic and more radiant of the two," Mr. Gosse nevertheless protests that Ibsen was a "citizen of the world," that he belonged "to the small class of men whose intelligence lifts them above the narrowness of local conditions," that he was endowed "with the instinct of regarding ideas from a central point." We would not twist the biographer's words to suit a meaning of our own, but we must remark that Mr. Gosse unconsciously provides the best commentary on himself in this saying: "It must always be borne in mind that, although Ibsen's appeal is to the whole world, . . . yet it is to Norway that he belongs, and it is at home that he is best understood." The reason is plain. His appeal is not universal. His inspiration was local, so were the themes of his best plays, and so, in the long run, will be his fame. It is rather amusing that Mr. Gosse should make so little of the very thing that is most characteristic of his hero. Bewailing the fate that apprenticed Ibsen, just before his sixteenth birthday, to an apothecary in the dull little coast town of Grimstad, he compassionately sketches the marvellous boy "cooped up here among ointment boxes, pills and plasters." It seems to him a deplorable thing that "here, then, for six interminable years one of the acutest brains in Europe had to interest itself in fraying ipecacuanha and mixing black drafts behind an apothecary's counter." Why not? The question might seem harsh if it were not that it points to the very spirit and texture of Ibsen's work. It is in the key of Grimstad that his comedies are written, and that is their justification, for Norway, as it is the source of their incongruity and ineffectiveness as contributions to "world-literature." Some of Mr. Gosse's personal notes bring out more vividly than, perhaps, was intended, the profoundly mundane character of the man. For example, he says.

> With his fiftieth year he presents himself as no more the Poet, but the Man of Business. Molbech told me that at this time the velveteen jacket, symbol of the dear delays of art, was discarded in favor of a frock coat, too tight across the chest. Ibsen was now beginning, rather shyly, very craftily, to invest money; he even found himself in frequent straits for ready coin from his acute impatience to set every rix-dollar breeding. He cast the suspicion of poetry from him, and with his gold spectacles, his Dundreary whiskers, his broadcloth bosom and his quick, staccato step, he adopted the pose of a gentleman of affairs, very positive and with no nonsense about him.

Again, with all the naïveté in the world Mr. Gosse puts his finger on the spot. Only it may be added that Ibsen did not wait until his fiftieth year to realize, in his literary character, the "Man of Business." To his partisans it is useless to argue that he was born one, and that the sacred fire of the poet never touched him. To Mr. Archer, for example, Ibsen is "the pure poet, the creator of men and women, the searcher of hearts, the weaver of strange webs of destiny," and there is an end to the matter. Mr. Gosse is so convinced of the pure gold of his idol that he finds points of contact between him and one classic after another. "There is something of Shakespeare," he says, "in 'John Gabriel Borkman,' something of Molière in 'Ghosts,' something of Goethe in 'Peer Gynt,'" At one moment he likens Ibsen to Pope, and at another he brackets his name with that of Landor, observing that "there was a side of character, too, on which the young Norwegian resembled that fighting man of genius"—surely about as strange a parallel as was ever conceived by one pretending to the sensitiveness of a man of letters.

For the moment, the Ibsen propaganda may seem to flourish. The pleas of his critics are not infrequently drowned in the clamor raised by those to whom the evidence of a passing vogue is conclusive. A "successful run" is accepted as somehow automatically conferring a brevet of immortality, and an appeal to reason is met with a reference to the box office returns. From the discovery of Ibsen's expertness in stagecraft it is easy for his followers to pass to the superstition that he invented the well made play. What has become of the enthusiasm for the technicians of the French theatre about whom we used to hear so much? Mr. Gosse, in a footnote, records that "it is said that 'La Route de Thèbes,' which Dumas had begun when he died, was to have been a deliberate attack on the methods and influence of Ibsen." It is open minded in Mr. Gosse to thus make plain the fact that the Norwegian's title to supremacy has been questioned not only by the ignorant reactionary of the Ibsenite's imagination, but by a dramatist himself experienced in the concoction of problem plays, and, into the bargain, a brilliant master of his craft. "Ibsen, on his part," continues the footnote, "loathed Dumas." Is this loathing shared by all of our modern students of the drama? Are all the playwrights in the universe sitting at the feet of the Scandinavian oracle?

His disciples would have it so, and, as we have said, from the noise they make the uninitiated might sometimes be inclined to believe them. Sooner or later, however, their fallacy will be exposed. Meanwhile nothing is to be welcomed more than the publication of just such contributions to the subject as have been made by Mr. Archer in his admirable edition of the plays and by Mr. Gosse in his monograph. Neither writer is to be chosen for guidance, but each aids the reader in coming to a conclusion for himself. The plays and the biography, dispassionately read, give the best answer to all that is said in unreasonable commendation of both. As they are studied the truth will filter through everywhere, and we shall see what happens when, to use Matthew Arnold's figure, the critic stands apart, to let humanity decide.

ELECTRICAL "HUMANS."

Start Your Own Little Battery Working and Defy Disease.

"Ladies and gentlemen—friends," said Andrew McConnell, of Washington, to the group of earnest women and the one lone man who gathered yesterday in the pink parlor at the Prince George Hotel to hear him talk about "the vital force," "friends, every human being has a switchboard inside him. Exert your will to turn on the electricity, and no matter what disease you have it will be cured."

Mr. McConnell's own private store of electricity was not enough to bring him to the pink parlor on time; the earnest women and the one lone man waited half an hour for him to come. When he arrived he began by stating that three years ago he was a despairing invalid. "I enjoyed heart disease and nervous prostration for ten years," he announced in a melancholy tone. At the end of ten years he cast about for a cure, and thinks he found it, and now he is willing—for a consideration—to pass the cure on to others.

"The main point is to believe," said Mr. McConnell. "It doesn't make any difference what you believe—Dowieism, faith cure, mental science—if you believe it hard enough you can get rid of all your physical ills." But Mr. McConnell prefers to believe in electricity, because there is so much of it.

"Why, the human body is a perfect voltaic battery," he declared. "Every organ in it is a battery. Take the stomach. The lining of the stomach is acid, and outside that is alkaline membrane. That makes a battery of tremendous power. If enough stomachs were piled on top of one another, the acid touching the alkaline, they could send a message around the world. The liver is a battery. So are the lungs. And the body, being three-fourths water, is a finer battery than any man could make.

"Every cell in you is generating electricity all the time," Mr. McConnell assured his listeners, and a sleek faced woman in a mouse colored hat laid one hand on the pit of her stomach and nodded to her neighbor. "I think I feel a slight shock," she whispered.

"For your brain controls the circulation of electricity—which is the vital force that cures disease and lengthens life—through the blood," the lecturer continued. "That's why you must use your will and work the switchboard. Of course, God could work your switchboard, but God has something else to do. Draw on the stores of electricity in the universe and be well. It's human wireless telegraphy, that's what it is."

One of Mr. McConnell's assistants, Miss Weed, explained the conditions of the course in electrical self-treatment. "I have taken it myself," she said, "and I know what wonders it can perform—how it cures all ills"——

"May I ask," said a voice in the rear of the room, "if you were sick when you took the course?"

"I was not sick, I am happy to say," admitted the other, and a few unregenerates in the audience laughed.

For ordinary wear Queen Alexandra prefers flowers to jewels, but on state occasions, such as the opening of Parliament or the holding of a drawing room, she fairly blazes with diamonds, softened by ropes of pearls. She has one necklace of pearls that goes five times around her throat, and leaves two loops, one falling over the bust and the other below the waist. The rivière of diamonds presented to her on her marriage by the city of London flows over her bosom, and the great Kohi-noor serves as a brooch to hold the ribbon of the garter in place. In front of the corsage usually blazes a rising sun in brilliants large enough to cover the palm of the hand, and the left shoulder serves as a starting point for a string of orders all set with brilliants. With all this her majesty often wears a sequined robe, yet she never seems to be extinguished by the glitter, say those who have seen her on these occasions. In another year the Queen will have to find a place for the great Cullinan diamond, now being cut and polished for royal use.

Of Interest to Women.

GOOD MOTHERS PRAISED

PRESIDENT TO WOMEN.

Addresses Delegates to Congress of Mothers at White House.

Washington, March 10.—"This is the one body that I put even higher than the veterans of the Civil War," was the enthusiastic preliminary remark of President Roosevelt to-day in receiving delegates to the Congress of Mothers at the White House.

The President made the occasion decidedly more than an informal reception by having the Marine Band in attendance and his military and naval aids in full uniform.

Delegates representing every state and territory in the Union and the leading countries of the world have assembled here to attend the international congress on the welfare of the child, under the auspices of the National Mother's Congress. It is estimated that upward of two hundred delegates are here, in addition to four or five hundred visitors. The congress will be in session for one week and promises to be one of the most noteworthy of its kind ever held. At least a dozen foreign nations are represented in the assembly, among them being Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Japan, Greece, France, Switzerland and other countries. An interesting programme has been prepared, and prominent men and women are scheduled to speak on questions bearing on the care and culture of children. Among the subjects to be discussed are child labor, household economics, home and school associations, public education, the education of the deaf and blind, the care of the defective, playgrounds, day nurseries, juvenile courts and the treatment of erring and dependent children.

Among the speakers will be Elmer H. Brown, Commissioner of Education, who will officially represent the United States; James Bryce, the British Ambassador; Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor; Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture; Judge Ben Lindsay, of Colorado; General Francois Joubert-Pienaar, of Angola, Africa, and others.

The feature of the opening day was the reception and address to the delegates by President Roosevelt at the White House at 2:30 p. m.

The President said, in part:

> I receive many societies here in the White House, many organizations of good men and women, striving to do all that in them lies for the betterment of our social and civic condition, but there is no other society which I am quite as glad to receive as this. This is the one body that I put even ahead of the veterans of the Civil War, because, when all is said, it is the mother, and the mother only, who is a better citizen even than the soldier who fights for his country. The successful mother, the mother who does her part in rearing and training aright the boys and girls who are to be the men and women of the next generation, is of greater use to the community and occupies, if she only would realize it, a more honorable, as well as a more important, position, than any successful man in it.
>
> Nothing in this life that is really worth having comes save at the cost of effort. No life of self-indulgence, of mere vapid pleasure, can possibly, even in the one point of pleasure itself, yield so ample a reward as comes to the mother, at the cost of self-denial, of effort, of suffering in childbirth, of the long, slow, patience trying work of bringing up the children aright. No scheme of education, no social attitude, can be right unless it is based fundamentally upon the recognition of seeing that the girl is trained to understand the supreme dignity, the supreme usefulness of motherhood. Unless the average woman is a good wife and good mother, unless she bears a sufficient number of children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease; unless she brings up these children sound in soul and mind and body—unless this is true of the average woman, no brilliancy of genius, no material prosperity, no triumphs of science and industry will avail to save the race from ruin and death. The mother is the one supreme asset of national life; she is more important by far than the successful statesman, or business man, or artist, or scientist.
>
> I abhor and condemn the man who is brutal, thoughtless, careless, selfish with women, and especially with the women of his own household. The birth pangs make all men the debtors of all women. The man is a poor creature who does not realize the infinite difficulty of the woman's task, who does not realize what is done by her who bears and rears the children; she who cannot even be sure, until the children are well grown, that any night will come when she can have it entirely to herself to sleep in. I abhor and condemn the man who fails to recognize all his obligations to the woman who does her duty. But the woman who shirks her duty as wife and mother is just as heartily to be condemned. We despise her as we despise and condemn the soldier who flinches in battle. A good woman, who does full duty, is sacred in our eyes, exactly as the brave and patriotic soldier is to be honored above all other men. But the woman who, whether from cowardice, from selfishness, from having a false and vacuous ideal, shirks her duty as wife and mother earns the right to our contempt, just as does the man who, from any motive, fears to do his duty in battle when the country calls him. Because we so admire the good woman, the unselfish woman, the far-sighted woman, we have scant patience with her unworthy sister who fears to do her duty; exactly as, for the very reason that we respect a man who does his duty honestly and fairly in politics, who works hard at his business, who in time of national need does his duty as a soldier, we scorn his brother who idles when he should work, who is a bad husband, a bad father, who does his duty ill in the family or toward the state, who fears to do the work of a soldier if the time comes when a soldier's work is needed. All honor to the man or woman who does duty, who renders service; and we can only honor him or her if the weight of our condemnation is felt by those who flinch from their duty.
>
> You see, my guests, you have let yourselves in for a sermon. I have now almost come to the end. Before I do, however, I want to ask your assistance for two or three matters that are not immediately connected with the life in the family itself, but that are of vital consequence to the children. In the first place, in the schools, see that the school work is made as practical as possible. For the boys I want to see training provided that shall train them toward, and not away from, their life work; that will train them toward the farm or the shop, not away from it. With the girl, see that it is not made a matter of mirth that the girl who goes to college comes out unprepared to do any of the ordinary duties of womanhood. So, in other words, with the higher education which she should have—for she should have a right to just as much education, to just as high an education, as any man—see that with that goes the education that will fit her to do her fundamental work in the world.
>
> As regards our public schools especially, I want to put in a special word in behalf of the right kind of playgrounds. No school is a good school if it has not a good playground. Help the children to play, and remember that you can often help them most by leaving them entirely alone. I misread them if they themselves do not often know how to play better than we old folks can teach them. It is the gravest kind of wrong, not only to the children but to the whole community, to turn out the boys and girls, especially in the congested part of the city, with no place to play in but the streets.
>
> You cannot have good citizens, good men and women of the next generation if the boys and girls are worked in factories, to the stunting of their moral, mental and physical growth. Wherever the national government can reach it should do away with the evils of child labor, and I trust this will be done; but much must be done by the several states' legislatures, and do, each of you, in your several states all that you can to secure the enactment, and then the enforcement, of laws that shall put a stop to the employment of children of tender age in doing what only grown persons should do.
>
> Do not forget that love is what the family is based on; but don't do children, don't do grown persons, the dreadful injustice—through a love that is merely one form of weakness—of failing to make the child, or I might add the man, behave itself or himself. A marriage should be a partnership where each of the two parties has his or her rights, where each should be more careful to do his or her duty than to exact duty from the other partner, but where each must, in justice to the other partner no less than to himself or herself, exact the performance of duty by that other partner.
>
> Now, do not take half of that statement only; take it all; let each of you do his or her duty first; put most stress on that; but in addition do not lose your self-respect by submitting to wrong.

The first session of the congress was held tonight at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, at John Marshall Place and C street. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, who was appointed by President Roosevelt as the official representative of the United States at the congress, spoke on "Children in the United States."

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Sat. Aft., Mch. 14, at 2—RIGOLETTO. Abott, Jacoby, Girard; Bonci, Stracciari, Muhlmann, Bégué, Barocchi. Conductor, Ferrari.

Sat. Evg., Mch. 14, pop. prices, at 8—MANON LESCAUT. Cavalieri; Martin, Scotti, Barocchi, Lucas, Reiss. Cond., Ferrari.

Sunday Evg., March 15 (Popular Prices), at 8:30. GRAND SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT. Soloists: Farrar, Kirkby-Lunn; Burgstaller, Goritz, Blass. Entire Metrop. Opera Orchestra. Cond., Hertz.

Mon. Evg., Mch. 16, at 8—TANNHAEUSER. Morena, Fremstad, Alten; Burrian, Van Rooy, Blass, Reiss, Muhlmann. Cond., Hertz.

Wed. Evg., Mch. 18, at 8—MIGNON. Farrar, Abott, Jacoby; Bonci, Plancon, Lucas, Muhlmann. Cond., Bovy.

Thurs. Evg., Mch. 19, at 8—IL TROVATORE. Emma Eames, Homer; Caruso, Stracciari, Muhlmann. Cond., Ferrari.

Fri. Evg., Mch. 20, at 8—FIDELIO. Morena, Alten; Burrian, Goritz, Blass, Van Rooy, Reiss. Cond., Mahler.

Sale of Seats for next week's performances begins To-morrow (Thurs.) at 9 A. M.

WEBER PIANO USED.

ASTOR Eves. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. SEATS 12 WEEKS AHEAD. TO-DAY Mat. 50c.-$1.50. Wagenhals & Kemper Offer the Season's Dramatic Hit, **PAID IN FULL** "SCORES AN IMMENSE SUCCESS."—Eve. Sun.

JOE WEBER'S MUSIC HALL. B'way, 29th St. Evenings 8:15. Mats. To-day & Sat., 2:15. Wed. Mat., 50c.-$1.50. BURLESQUE OF THE MERRY WIDOW Permission Henry W. Savage.

COLONIAL Mat. Daily, 25c. ALICE LLOYD, London Fire Brigade, Bert Leslie & Co., Elfie Fay, Others.

ALHAMBRA Mat. Daily 25c. Minnie Seligman & Wm. Brantwell; Mason-Keeler Co., Stunning Grenadiers.

DAVID BELASCO'S **STUYVESANT** West 44th Street, near B'way. Extra Request Mats. March 19 and April 2. **WARFIELD** Ev. Eve. exc. Sat. & at Sat. Mat. THE MUSIC MASTER. Sat'y nights only, A GRAND ARMY MAN.

BELASCO West 42d Street. Evenings at 8:15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:15. David Belasco presents The WARRENS of VIRGINIA

HAMMERSTEIN'S Ev. 25, 50, 75c. $1.00. DAILY MATS. 25 & 50c. EVA TANGUAY; VESTA VICTORIA; Matthews & Ashley; Chas. Bradshaw & Co.; Clement de Lion; Jossetti Troupe; Hal Merritt, and others.

WALLACK'S B'way and 30th St. Evgs. 8:20. Mat. To-day, 50c. to $1.50. 600th Time Next Monday. Handsome Parasol Souvenirs. The Merry Musical 70 in A KNIGHT FOR A DAY

THE **DEWEY** 14th Street. Ladies' Mat. To-day. AMATEUR NIGHTS TO-MORROW and FRIDAY. COLONIAL BELLES

THE **KNOWLES** ILLUSTRATED LECTURES. CARNEGIE LYCEUM | Colored Views. Motion Pict's. Thurs. at 3 ..... "Auld Scotland to New Zealand" Thurs. Eve. 8:30 ..... "Old Worlds Through New Eyes"

NEW **CIRCLE** B'way and 60th. Tel. 5158 Col's. Matinee To-day. Popular Prices. **KOLB & DILL** in LONESOME TOWN.

GERMAN THEATRE. Irving Pl. To-night, 8:20. L'Arronge's "DOKTOR KLAUS." Thursday Evg., "DAS 4. GEBOT."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. LAST WEEK. EDDIE **FOY** 14th St. and Irving Place. In the musical play, THE ORCHID. Prices, 25-50-75-1.00. Mats. To-day and Sat., 2. Eve. 8:15. Next Week—WM. FAVERSHAM, in "The Squaw Man."

BLANEY'S LINCOLN SQ. B'way, 66th St. Evs. 8:15. Mats. To-morrow and Sat., 2:15. EDNA MAY SPOONER, "In the Bishop's Carriage."

EDEN MUSEE WORLD IN WAX. GYPSY MUSIC. CINEMATOGRAPH Every Hour. Coronation Josephine, Ajeeb, etc.

Amusements.

HIPPODROME 6th Avenue. 43d. 44th Sts. Daily Mats., 2. Best Seats $1. Evgs. 8, 25c. to $1.50. BEST HIPPODROME SHOW. 12 NEW ACTS CIRCUS. BATTLE OF PORT ARTHUR | FOUR SEASONS BALLET. BIGGEST WAR SPECTACLE OF THE AGE—1,000 People—MUSICAL MELANGE—100 Horses. ALWAYS A SENSATION! NEXT SUNDAY **KUBELIK** SEATS SELLING.

LYRIC. Evenings at 8. Mat. Saturday, 2. This Week. **SOTHERN** THE FOOL HATH SAID —THERE IS NO GOD.

Mr. Sothern's presentment of Rodion illustrates his ability and heightens his reputation as an actor.—William Winter.

Rodion made up like a roquefort cheese.—Alan Dale.

TRIBUTES FROM THE PEOPLE PRESENT: After Act I., 2 Calls. After Act II., 3 Calls. After Act III., 6 Calls. After Act IV., 10 Calls. And Cheers—And Great Enthusiasm.

"With all respect, Mr. Irving's play is a Great Play."—E. H. Sothern.

Extra Matinee of "The Fool Hath Said" Tuesday, March 17th.

Sothern Season Prolonged Again Owing to Its Enormous Success.

REPERTOIRE FOR NEXT WEEK: Mon., Tues., Wed. Eve., LORD DUNDREARY. EXTRA MATINEE HATH SAID—THERE IS NO GOD. | Thur., Fri., Sat. Mat. & Eve., IF I WERE KING, TUESDAY—THE FOOL

CASINO Evgs. 8:15. Mat. To-morrow, 2:15. SAM BERNARD NEARLY A HERO.

DALY'S Mme. Komissarzhevsky. Mat. To-day Battle of the Butterflies. To-night, A Child of Nature

GARDEN 27th & Mad. Av. Ev. 8:15 | CRESSY & DAYNE. Mat. To-day, 2:15. | The Village Lawyer.

HACKETT Evgs. 8:15. Mat. To-morrow, 2:15. JOHN MASON in THE WITCHING HOUR.

Fields' Herald Sq. LEW FIELDS—Girl Behind the Counter. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. To-day. Best Seats $1.50.

MAJESTIC Evgs. 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. Williams & Walker in Bandanna Land.

THE BIG 4 FOLLOW THE CROWD

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. 42d Street, West of B'way. Evenings 8:15. Matinees To-day and Sat., 2:15. HENRY W. SAVAGE Offers THE MERRY WIDOW (DIE LUSTIGE WITWE.) Queen of Viennese Operettas.

BROADWAY THEATRE. B'way and 41st St. Evs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. MATINEE TO-DAY, BEST SEATS $1.50. THE NEW VIENNESE OPERETTA. **A WALTZ DREAM** (Ein Walzertraum.) Music by OSCAR STRAUS.

NEW YORK THEA. B'way and 45th. At 8:20. MATINEE TO-DAY Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:10. PRICES 25c. TO $1.50. F. ZIEGFELD, Jr., presents THE **SOUL KISS** WITH **GENEE**.

LIBERTY THEATRE. West 42d Street. Eves. 8:20. Mats. To-day & Sat., 2:20. | **MABEL TALIAFERRO** POLLY of the CIRCUS. FOURTH MONTH.

The Servants of Relief.
SIX LENTEN LECTURES

in aid of their Two Homes for Destitute Cancer Patients (St. Rose's Free Home, 426 Cherry St., City, and Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. Y.), by JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL.D., on the subject "Women in Life as Shakespeare Saw Them." The lectures will take place at St. Stephen's Hall, Twenty-eighth street, between Lexington and Third avenues, Thursday Afternoons at 4 o'clock, March 12, 19, 26, and April 2, 9 and 16. Course Tickets, $6.00; Single Tickets, $1.25. Tickets will be on sale at Hotel San Remo, 74th street and Central Park W., and the Fifth Ave. Hotel. Checks should be made out to Edmund M. Brennan, Treas., 2 W. 73th st.

CARNEGIE HALL.
Philharmonic Society of New York
Fri., Mar. 13, at 2:30 P. M. Sat., Mar. 14, at 8:15 P. M.
Conductor SAFONOFF.
Soloist, MME. JOMELLI, Soprano.
Symphony No. 8 and Recit. and Aria from "Fidelio"—Beethoven; Prelude "Die Meistersinger," and Siegfried's Death and Finale, "Die Goetterdaemmerung."—Wagner.
Box Office open daily from 9 to 5.

CARNEGIE HALL. Monday Evenings at 8:30.
CHAPMAN Travel Lectures
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