

THE THEATRE

THE COMING WEEK

NEW PRODUCTIONS.
Monday Night, June 13.—At the New Amsterdam Theatre Frederic Thompson presents "Girles," a musical satire, with Miss Maude Raymond and Joseph Cawthorn in the principal parts.

COMEDY AND DRAMA.
ASTOR—"Seven Days" To-morrow night this rollicking farce will have been played here 20 times. It will continue all summer.

GAIETY—John Barrymore is still playing to crowded houses in Winchell Smith's excellent comedy, "The Fortune Hunter."

GARRICK—Sixth week of A. E. Thomas's entertaining comedy, "Her Husband's Wife," with Henry Miller and Laura Hope Crews in the leading parts.

MUSICAL PLAYS.
BROADWAY—Law Fields in an extravagant production of "The Summer Widowers." With the assistance of Irene Franklin, Maude Lambert, Ada Lewis, Alice Dovey, Fritz Williams, Walter Percival, the Hess Sisters, the Eight Berlin Madcaps and others he will keep New York laughing all summer.

CASINO—Last fortnight of "The Mikado." A notable revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera. In the cast are Miss Fritzi Scheff, Miss Christie MacDonnell, William Danforth, Jefferson De Angelis, Arthur Cunningham, William Pruetto, Josephine Jacoby, Christine Nielsen and Andrew Mack.

HERALD SQUARE—Miss Marie Dressler in "The Night of the Hunter"—the best thing she has ever done.

KNICKERBOCKER—"The Arcadians," with Julia Sanderson, Percival Knight, Ethel Cushman, Alma Modie, Frank Mountain and Connie Ediss. A delight to the eye and ear and a tickler of the funnybone.

LYRIC—De Wolf Hopper and Miss Louise Dressler, in "A Matinee Idol," in which they are meeting with success.

NEW AMSTERDAM—Frederic Thompson will produce here to-morrow night a musical satire by George V. Hobart, with music by Edgar Van Alstyne. The piece had its first production at Atlantic City last Monday night, with Joseph Cawthorn and Miss Maud Lambert in the chief parts. The thread of a story hangs on the experiences of a professor of languages in a co-educational college who agrees to the hands of the female director of department. He wants to become a hero in order to win the object of his love. The girl students persuade him that the best way to do this is to dress himself in a suit of newspapers, start on a forty-eight-hour jaunt, with no money in his pocket and earn enough in two days to clothe himself from head to foot. Between the students and a female detective who believes him to be a thief who has been raiding the dormitories, he has an exciting time of it. There are fifteen musical numbers, several specialty acts and burlesques of the dra-



MISS FRANCES MILLS. Columbia Theatre.



MISS IRENE FRANKLIN. In "The Summer Widowers," Broadway Theatre.



MISS VIOLET M'MILLAN. In "Girles," New Amsterdam Theatre.



MISS PAULA EDUARDES. Fifth Avenue Theatre.



MISS LILLIAN BUCHTER. Alhambra Theatre.

matic successes of the season. A chorus of sixty girls enlivens the piece. In the company, besides Mr. Cawthorn and Miss Raymond, are Violet McMillan, J. B. Hollis, Jed Prouty, Carrie Perkins, Bowers, Walter and Crocker, Ernest Trues, Harry Fern, Harry Breen, Doris Mitchell, Harry Kernell and David Abrams.

NEW YORK—"The Merry Whirl," a musical burlesque.

ALHAMBRA—Nora Baynes and Jack North are official entertainers for the month of June. Frank Craven and George V. Hobart present "The Little Stranger," a story of a rascally life. Jesse L. Lasky's "The Love Waltz," Bowser, Hinkle & Co., in "Supersition"; the Arlington Four, Cross and Josephine and the Cadets de Gascoyne are other features.

AMERICAN—"The Barnyard Romeo," which was introduced here last Monday night, will continue for some weeks to come. It is not a burlesque of "Chanticleer," because it was played before Rostand's drama was produced. It is a comical presentation of the loves, hates, marriages and separations of the animals of a barnyard. The leading part of the hen pheasant is played by Mlle. Mizzi Hajos, a dainty little foreign actress of pleasing figure and face, who played the role in Vienna. Charles J. Ross is the rooster, Stella Mayhew the goose and Billie Taylor the cat. Other members of the company are Sydney Grant, Barry Lupino, May Gray, Hazel Allen, Henry Coote and Gertrude Van Dyke. The supporting bill includes Fred Niblo, Maria Lo, Lambert and Adelaide and her dancers.

COLUMBIA—The supplementary summer season begins here to-morrow, when the "College Girls" company returns for a four weeks' engagement in their lively travesty, "At Home and Abroad." Among the features will be a revival of the French quandle, which will be performed by a quartet

of premiere dancers brought from Paris by Luigi Albertini, former ballet master of the Manhattan Opera House, an electrical floor ballet from the Marlboro Theatre, London; Frankie Balley, who will pose in the reproductions of famous paintings, including Sir Frederick Leigh's "Psyche at the Bath"; Odvia, the swimmer and diver; Lester and Quinn, comedy dancers, and Willie Weston, a singer of character songs.

EDEN MUSEE—Here are shown cinematograph pictures of King Edward's funeral cortege.

FIFTH AVENUE—Miss Paula Edwardes will be the bright star here, after several years' absence from the stage. She will appear in character sketches, interspersed with ballads of the day. Others on the bill are Melville and Higgins, in comic songs and dances; Tom Waters, in pianologues; the Eight Gelsha Girls from Nagasaki; Hayward and Hayward, in "Holding Out," and Hawthorne and Burt, in "Military Tactics."

HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF GARDEN—Mlle. Polaire, the French actress and dancer, will be seen in the second week of her engagement, in "Le Visiteur," a sensational sketch of Parisian life. Mlle. Polaire is an artist of unusual ability, and she is well worth seeing. She is one of the vaudeville hits of the year. She appears in the theatre proper every afternoon and in the roof garden at night.

BEACH AND PARK.
Luna Park's latest amusement device is the pneumatic tube ride. It projects one through space at the rate of 3,500 feet a minute, circling the park and alternating in its course through midair and subterranean passages. The propelling power is compressed air and gravitation. Every sort of device for the creation of laughter is to be found at Luna, including the Virginia Reel and the Ticker, the whirling tub rides, the Dragon's Gorge, the Mountain Torrent, the third rail miniature railway,

of the Borneo Village is the latest attraction at Greater Dreamland. It is populated by a native tribe from the River Rejang region. They left their homes on March 7 under the direction of Captain John McFar, and last summer. More new features are to be added to the park. One of the good drawing cards is the Diving Venus show, in which the Due Sisters and others are seen in an exhibition of swimming and high diving. Alligator Joe and Alias Kid Allen still hold fast to favor. Any number of free attractions are in the park, including the comedy circus and the ballroom out over the ocean on the iron pier.

Palisades Amusement Park, high up over the Hudson at Fort Lee Ferry, draws thousands across the river daily to enjoy its woodland retreats and its scores of exciting diversions. The vaudeville theatre presenting Broadway attractions, the dancing pavilion, the circus, the menagerie, the hippodrome, the Wild West show, the aeroplane coaster, the automobile race and the tree-top sleighride are some of the things that amuse.

Brighton Beach Park offers for the amusement seeker unexcelled opportunities for sea bathing, floral gardens, bands of musicians, ocean promenades, tea gardens and side shows without number. Among the latter are a waxwork exhibition from the Eden Musee, "Caribou Bill" with sixteen Esquimaux dogs, the giant coaster, the L. A. Thompson scenic railway and the largest skating rink in the East.

LONDON PLAYS

Irving's Progress—Martin Harvey—Frohman's Repertory.

London, June 1.
Mr. H. B. Irving's resources of stagecraft are steadily developed. He will never be as great a personality as his father was, but he seems likely to become as versatile a master of the technique of the stage. In his new programme at the Queen's Theatre he appears in two strongly contrasted characters—Robert Macaire, the picturesque rogue of old-fashioned melodrama, and the examining magistrate of George Henriot's "L'Enquete." In the older piece he uses Charles Fechter's version rather than the one favored by his father, and converts the runaway convict into a rollicking knight of buffoonery and comic opera. Macaire's grand airs, tattered elegance, high spirits, swaggering patronage of Strop and mischievous propensity for picking pockets and duping his fellow creatures from sheer love of debonaire devilry are denoted with brilliant vivacity; and since Mr. Tom Reynolds's Jacques Strop is an excellent foil for the master, and even more fantastic as a burlesque figure, and as the villagers' dance, the marriage festivities and the episodes of the roadside inn with the gendarmes are enacted with flamboyant extravagance, it is a delightful entertainment for the galleries. When the climax of absurdity is rounded out by the exposure of the rogues there is a death scene, which reveals Mr. Irving's mastery of the oldtime art of melodrama.

In "Judge Not," Mr. Duchesne's translation of M. Henriot's powerful play with a purpose, Mr. Irving triumphs as notably in subjective as he has done in objective art processes. The dramatist's moral purpose is an attack upon the arbitrary powers of the Juge d'Instruction in France. It is accomplished by methods of hard and poignant realism in an intensely dramatic play. A French judge has been murdered in the street at night, and the examining magistrate, who had been dining with him, has formed a theory respecting the assassin, based upon the discovery of incriminating letters from a woman. The magistrate is convinced that the husband of the woman is the murderer, and attempts to establish the suspect's guilt by cross-examining him and the wife separately, and then bringing them together, so that he may hear her confession of unfaithfulness. In this way an innocent man is accused of being a murderer and his home is broken up through wanton exposure of the wife's dishonor. The indictment against the law is to be clinched more effectively by the revelation that the examining magistrate himself is the murderer, having killed his friend with a heavy stone in a fit of epilepsy, although recollection of the terrible deed has completely lapsed.

Mr. Martin Harvey, returning after many years to the Lyceum Theatre with its inspiring memories and conditions, has produced "Richard," with fine scenic effects and many touches of public appreciation. It is impersonation which will certainly prove with repetition when the play has been reduced and the effects are substituted for hundreds of little touches, intelligently thought as they have been. Mr. Harvey has succeeded in converting the farce into a repulsive villain. His hard and seldom limps and is only slightly formed, and he smiles pleasantly, cheerful and agreeable in several scenes, and is a sympathetic rather repellent character. His best work done in the closet scene with the spectre haunted tent and in the battle duel with Richmond. He is successful in the weird wooing of Ann. Apparently modern blagues have convinced Mr. Harvey that he had been grossly maligned and not at heart a monster of iniquity.

Text of Passion Play Translated Into English for Tribune Readers

Enhancing the Value of Our Oberammergau Pictures.

Probably there is no theatre in the world just like the building at Oberammergau used for the famous Passion Play. It has been left for the mountaineers of the little Bavarian village, who people it with reproductions of the holiest events of the world's history, to construct a playhouse that is unique even in the venerated ancestral homeland of the Passion Players.

THIRD SECTION.
THE LEAVE TAKING AT BETHANY.
Mott—First, young Tobias takes leave from his parents' home. Second, the loving bride mourns for the lost lover.
Tobias—Farewell of the young Tobias.
The Chorus—Song of Farewell.
The play deals with the wonderful words in the Song of Solomon, where the bride pours out the sorrow of her heart on the departure of the bridegroom.
Tobias—The bride in the "Song of Songs" bewails the departure of her son. The words of the song itself are expressed in the soprano solo "Where Has He Gone?"
ACTION ON THIS STAGE.
1. Christ informs his Apostles that His time is drawing near to its fulfillment.
2. Simon, Lazarus, Martha and the Mag-

dalene invite Jesus and his Apostles to enter their dwelling.
3. The Magdalene anoints the feet of Jesus, while Judas condemns the waste of the expensive ointment.
4. Christ takes farewell of Martha and the Magdalene.
5. The Mother of Jesus comes, and He takes farewell of her.
Christ—You know, dear brethren, we are near the eve of Easter. So let's call on our friends in Bethany and then wander to Jerusalem, where will be fulfilled all the prophecies said respecting the Son of Man.
Philip—And say you that the happy day is near when you will restore the splendor of the realm of Judea?
Christ—Verily I tell you the Son of Man will be delivered to the heathens, they will mock him and spit on him, and they will crucify him. And on the third day he will rise from the dead.
John—Master! You speak in mystery. How shall we understand your words?
Christ—The hour has come when the Son of Man shall be glorified. Verily, verily, I tell you if the wheat does not fall into the ground to die then it remains as it is; but when it dies, then it gives much fruit. The world is about to undergo judgment—the prince of this world will presently be rejected from his realm. And as I will rise from this earth the reins of government will revert to me.
Simon and Thaddeus—How shall we understand his speech?
Andrew—Master, you spoke in the same breath of glory and debasement, of death and reincarnation, of victory and disgrace. My poor mind cannot grasp it all.
Christ—Whatever is steeped in night will soon appear bright as day to you. I told you these things so you may not despair, come what will. Live and hope until the evil hour has passed. After that you will see for yourself and understand.
Thomas—Explain, Master, what you said about suffering and dying. Haven't the prophets told us that the Messiah would live forever? You who call the dead from their grave, you will not, cannot, die.
Peter—Your enemies are powerless to harm you. You may smite them by a single word.
Christ—Oh, Thomas, it's impossible for man to understand the councils of God. The hour will be with you for a short time yet. Go ahead while it shines, so darkness may not overpower you.
All Disciples—Pray stay with us, Master. Master, without you we are like sheep bereft of their shepherd.
Simon—Be welcome, Master, greatest of teachers! I am overjoyed that you accepted my invitation and honor my house by your visit. Be welcome, friends, all of you.
Christ—Simon, it's for the last time that I make use of your hospitality.
Simon—Don't say that, Master. I hope that Bethany will continue to be a haven of rest to you all your life.
Christ—(Enter Lazarus.)
Christ—See here, our friend Lazarus.
Lazarus—Master, splendor of life, conqueror of death! What happiness to see you again! I listen to the voice that called me from the grave.
Magdalene—Habb! Martha—Be welcome, Master.
Christ—God's blessing over you.
Martha—Shall I have the great happiness to serve you?

Magdalene—Will you be so kind as to accept from me, too, the homage of a loving and grateful heart?
Christ—Do what you want to do, dear souls.
Simon—Master, have the goodness to enter. And you, friends, follow.
(All go into the house.)
Christ—May peace be forever in this house.
The Disciples—And with all who dwell here.
Simon—Be seated, Master; everything is ready.
Christ—Let us gratefully accept of the good things which the Lord, through Simon, His servant, has prepared for us. (After all are seated.) Oh, Jerusalem, it will be well for you if you received me as kindly as these friends, but you are blind.
Lazarus—How anxious to know whether you will attend the festival. They mean to destroy you.
Simon—I will defend you.
Peter—Let me stay here. It's a good place. Hide in the quiet of this house until the storm threatening you has blown over.
Christ—Begone, tempter! You have no knowledge of what is God's will. You only know what is good for men. Shall the mower rest in the shade while the corn is overripe? The Son of Man did not come to be waited on, but to serve mankind and to offer his life as ransom for many.
Judas—But Master, if you give your life, what will become of us?
All Disciples—All our hopes will be gone.
Christ—Don't be disturbed; I have power to give up my life and I have power to regain it. Such is my Father's bidding.
Magdalene (drinking a pot of ointment)—Rabbi! (She commences to rub Christ's feet.)
Thomas—How beautiful it smells! Our Master was never before so honored.
Judas—It must have been expensive. The money could have been spent to better advantage.
Thomas—That's what I say, too.
Christ—Why do you criticize a work of love?
Judas—Such precious salve! It's down-right prodigality.
Christ—Friend Judas, look Me in the face—prodigality for me, your Master?
Judas—But, Master, I know that you do not advocate luxury. She might have sold the salve, and we might have distributed the money among the poor.
Christ—Place your hand on your heart. Is it only compassion for the poor that moves you?
Judas—It's worth 300 denaries at the least—what a loss for the poor and for us at the same time!
Christ—The poor will always be with you, but not I. Let her do as she is doing. She has done me a good turn. Her ointment distributed over my body will serve for the grave. Verily, verily, wherever in the world this gospel will be preached the memory of her will be honored for what she has done. Let us go, friends; after all have risen, to Simon's hospitality. The Father in Heaven will repay you. Farewell. Disciples, follow me.
Peter—Wherever you go, but not to Jerusalem.
Christ—I follow my Father's call. If it pleases you to stay, Peter, stay.
Peter—My Lord and Master, wherever



"JACK" BARRYMORE.

you go, there I go; wherever you remain, there I remain.
Christ—Come, then.
(All off.)
Christ (to Magdalene)—Don't trouble yourself. Farewell, all. Dear, peaceful Yourself, I will never see you again.
Magdalene—I have evil forebodings, friend of my soul; I cannot let you go (falls to Christ's feet).
Christ—Rise, Maria; night is coming and the storm of winter is near. Yet don't lose heart; you will see me again in the garden of spring. Let the sun rise.
Magdalene—Oh, my friend, my benefactor! Martha—Joy of my heart, you are going never to return?
Christ—My Father calls me, but, beloved, wherever I go I carry the memory of you in my heart. Wherever you, my friends, go, my blessings shall accompany you. Fare you well. (While He is about to withdraw the Mother Mary and other women approach.)
Mary—Jesus, my beloved son, myself and friends came here with an aching heart for this last farewell. Must you go?
Christ—Mother, I am on the way to Jerusalem.
Mary—To Jerusalem, where is the temple of Jehovah! Once I carried you there in my arms to sacrifice you to the Lord.
Christ—Mother, now the time has come when I must sacrifice myself according to the will of my Father. I am ready to suffer as the Father wills it.
Mary—I am afraid I know what this sacrifice will be.
Magdalene—Mother, we are all anxious to keep the Master with us.
Simon—But His mind is made up.
Christ—My hour has come to release you.
The Disciples—Pray to the Lord to release you.
All the women—He will hear you, as He always does.
Christ—My soul is anguished. Father, spare me this hour. Yet for this hour's sake I was born.
Mary—A sword is aiming at my heart.
Christ—Mother, the will of the Lord was always sacred to you.
(To be continued.)

"Jack" Barrymore's New Remedy For the Growing Divorce Evil

Wants Marriage Made Much More Difficult than It Is To-day.

Some editors have a perverted sense of moral responsibility. I announce this fact to start with, because but for that I shouldn't have been in the embarrassing situation in which I found myself the other day. I had just been introduced to a very good looking, young and attractive man, and I had to ask him, immediately, and without any ambling gentry up to it, what seemed to be a leading and rather impertinent question. What if he thought I had designs on him?
"Well, I got it out at last, rather abruptly and not at all in my usual suave and ingratiating manner.
"Do you believe in divorce?" I questioned.
Mr. Jack Barrymore, the young star of "The Fortune Hunter," looked as uncomfortable as I felt. It's awful to have to talk to a man who is afraid of you—and it's such a rare experience to me; I'm usually so much more afraid of them. I'm not sure that I wasn't this time.
"Do I have to answer that question?" he asked anxiously. "I know so many people who are divorced," he added pathetically.
"That's just the trouble," I announced briskly, getting my courage back now that we were really started. "That's just the trouble—we all do; it's got to be such an everyday occurrence. But I'll put it differently. Have you any remedy to suggest for the growing evil of divorce?" I summoned all my dignity and eyed him expectantly.
He looked at me doubtfully. "That sounds awfully highbrow," he hazarded.
"Yes, doesn't it? But like most things that sound that way, it isn't. Good gracious, you know just as much about it as most people—more than the average clergyman who wouldn't hesitate to talk reams on the subject. You see, you've had as much experience."
"What?"
He halted me by his pained tone and shocked expression.
"Why—er—I—I mean"—I stammered.
"Haven't you mixed me up with some one else?" he asked. "I've never been married."
"No, that's just it," I said eagerly. "You've never been married; that shows how experienced you are! It takes absolutely no experience to get married. Any schoolboy or schoolgirl can tumble into matrimony with no effort whatever, but to stay out of it with all your fascination"—a mock-herculean howl in the "Fortune Hunter's" best manner greeted this effort—"and temptations," I went on, "especially in the present lax state of our laws on the subject, that's the remarkable thing!"
"It is easy to get married, isn't it?" said Mr. Barrymore, confidentially, apparently resigning himself to the inevitableness of the interview.
"Easy?" I repeated. "It is almost unobtainable! I may have spoken more forcefully than I realized, for, apparently, for the first time, my victim recognized me as a fellow creature and not merely as an animated question mark."
"Are—are you married?" he asked, sympathetically.

"Why?" I temporized, uneasily, but with presence of mind enough to refrain from making any incriminating admissions.
"You spoke so—er—from the heart—as if we were—and I didn't want to say anything later, inadvertently, that might hurt your feelings—so I thought I'd better ask. The subject is so dreadfully unpleasant to some people, you know," he explained.
"In other words, my interest in the question appeared personal rather than academic—is that it?"
He grinned amiably in reply.
"Well, go on," I informed him. "Do your worst. You can't hurt my feelings, whatever you say."
"About this divorce business, then," he began. "I don't see any way of stopping it unless you stop marriage."
"Stop marriage?"
"Yes. Don't you see, if there wasn't so much marriage there wouldn't be so much divorce."
"Yes, but—"
"You were saying it was almost impossible to escape matrimony. That's true. Why, people get married!"
"By way of perpetrating a joke on the family, for instance. And we've all heard of cases where a bunch of people got bored with the scenery on a long automobile trip, so a couple of them agreed to get married so that the others could have a fresh excuse to celebrate. Then, there are the idiots who get married on a bet, and the others who get married while on a ja— I guess you'd better not say that."
Mr. Barrymore laughed.
"Well, they get married for all sorts of reasons, and for no reasons at all," he said. "In many states no license is required. Time was, not so very long ago, that you could get married in this town without a license. Now, marriage is a very serious thing."
"Indeed it is!" I replied, before I thought.
Again Mr. Barrymore looked sympathetic, but he made no comment this time.
"It is much too serious to be thoughtlessly entered into," he continued. "Instead of encouraging people to wed and congratulating people on an engagement to marry, as we all so foolishly do, it would be much more humane to remonstrate with them, to show them the gravity of the step they are about to take, and dissuade them if possible."
"Freeman told me once, when I was writing an article on a kindred subject," I interrupted, "that when a couple wished to be divorced in France they appeared before a magistrate and both, told their grievances to him, and then the magistrate tried to settle their differences by smoothing out the difficulties and showing them their grounds of agreement rather than disagreement. Then he sent them home to think it over. Altogether they had to appear before him several times before he gave up hope of reconciling them and the divorce was granted. Maybe I haven't the facts quite accurately, but that's the impression that remains, however, and—"
"That's it, you have the right idea," he broke in, eagerly. "That scheme could be applied to marriage just as well as to divorce. Suppose when two people wanted to get married they had to give notice to an official elected for that purpose. This official would then get together a certain amount of data as to the standing, habits,

confusing them with tricky questions and driving the cross-examination full speed with the cocksure air of ability. Meanwhile, there have been superficial indications of mental weakness in the magistrate. An innocent blankness has come over his face as the suspected murderer first appears, has hesitated strangely once or twice conducting the examinations and then himself together with a violent start there have been long, vacant stares, familiar faces, and signs of nervous citability in the clutching of his hands and the wagging of his left thumb, suggestive title, "Judge Not," has been the only pointer to the solution of the mystery.

The subtlety of this masterly interpretation increases when the counsel of the defence consults a doctor and suggests a new theory, based on the fact that the sheer savagery of the crime points to insanity rather than to a man inspired by jealousy. Piece by piece evidence in favor of an unconscious, irresponsible murderer is put together and as the conviction is forced upon the magistrate's keen intellect that he himself has hammered his friend to the wall without knowing what he has done, his face blanches from despair, his hands twitch with excitement, and the hue of the grewsome situation grows as he falls in another attack of epilepsy. The play is open to the objection, not a proper subject for artistic treatment, whether in painting, literature or drama. The moral purpose of the exposure of a thoroughly bad man of law, cannot be cited in connection of this use of a morbid subject. England, where the abuses of the law of instruction are unknown. Where the valid objections are waived the consolation of the terror-stricken magistrate remains a triumph of deadly realism and intellectual subtlety. "Judge Not," "The Lyons Mail" has Mr. Irving's equally powerful Mr. Norman, Miss Edyth Olive are equally good as the magistrate's helpless victim.

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