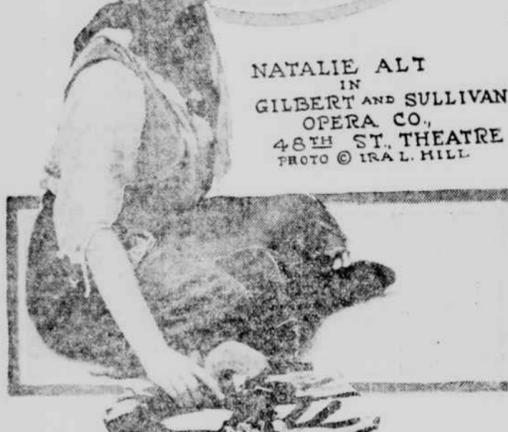


SPRINGTIME THEATRICAL EBB AND FLOW

JULIETTE LIPPE
IN
"THE PASSING SHOW"
OF 1915 AT THE
WINTER GARDEN



NATALIE ALT
IN
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S
OPERA CO.,
48TH ST. THEATRE
PHOTO © IRA L. HILL



SYBEL
CARMEN
IN
"ZIEGFELD
MIDNIGHT FROLIC
AT THE
NEW AMSTERDAM
ROOF.



ENID MAY JACKSON
IN
"THE NATURAL LAW"
AT THE
REPUBLIC
THEATRE.



LURA HAMILTON
IN
"NOBODY HOME"
PRINCESS
THEATRE.

VALENTINE GRANT
IN "THE MELTING POT"
N.Y. HIPPODROME.

DUTCH
DOLLS IN
"CHIN CHIN"
AT THE GLOBE
THEATRE.

PLAYS & PLAYERS

Some Thoughts on Mr. Barker's Productions of Euripides

By GRENVILLE VERNON.

Mr. Granville Barker possesses one inestimable virtue—he is alive. Being alive, he will neither clothe himself in the garments of dead tradition nor feed on the husks of departed truths; and likewise, because one thing was done in London four hundred and another in Athens twenty-four hundred years ago, he sees no reason why these things should be done in the same fashion in the New York or London of to-day. The old Greeks themselves expressed Mr. Barker's belief in one school of their philosophy. "All flows," they declared; it is not in a being, but in a becoming, through which life is expressed; by movement, by the merging of one thing into another only can the world truly be interpreted. And so it is with Mr. Barker, whether he deals with the fairies of Elizabethan England or the barbarians of Attic drama.

Now, being modern is no doubt a very excellent thing, and so is a love for Shakespeare and for classic tragedy. Mr. Barker combines both virtues, and with them the will to be a prophet unto a commercialized generation. He wishes, as many have as ardently wished before him, to penetrate the spirit of the modern world with the spirit of the ancient, or rather to show that, after all, there is between them no very great difference. He believes, in short, that as being a modern is a very desirable condition it would not be well to desert modernity. As, however, he equally believes that ancient Greece and Elizabethan England possessed a spirit of beauty and of high poetry such as has been possessed by no other period, he wishes to prove to the modern world that these qualities, it too, possesses and can realize if it only will open its eyes and see. And so as an eye-opener he produces his gilded fairies and his broom-helmeted Tauris. If we quarrel with his means we cannot quarrel with the motive that produces them, and the altruists among us can but wish his efforts in making modern art of the ancients good luck and god-speed.

Of course, there will be always among us a minority of non-altruists, of ungenerous ones, who insist on looking upon a work of art as a work of art, and who believe that such works arose as the direct products of their age. Probably even Mr. Barker has some of these ungenerous ones among his admirers. Euripides might have been given a Gordon Craig background, instead of under the blue sky and with the conventional Grecian temple as an artist, the host of the uplifters will insist that he is primarily an apostle, a moralist, a tribune of the people, whose only wish is to show that the ideals and the religion of the Athens are really the ideals and the religion of democratic America.

And yet the Devil's Advocate may prove of use even in this connection. The recent performance of "The Trojan Women" and of "Iphigenia in Tauris" in our various college stadiums, at Harvard, and at our own College of the City of New York, audiences gathered a side which would have turned green with envy the fancy of the most successful Broadway manager. And yet he would ask, How much of the real spirit of the drama entered into the hearts of the audience? Did they not attend prompted largely by curiosity, and were not the gorgeously attired Tauris in his drawing of character is unquestionably modern, yet does his employment of the chorus, his dealing with legends and all that unknown to the modern world, come home to us quite as we have been told it should? Above all, does the rejection of the buskins and the masks allow of heightened and more dramatic dialogue, and does the dramatic dialogue in terse yet finely poetic. But heard in the great stadium,

and chanted to music which possesses no intrinsic beauty and only obscures the words and rhythms, much of their glory vanishes. In short, to many, at least, the very spirit of the representation of these dramas is supposed to evaporate in the presentation. Our stadiums are, after all, dedicated primarily to the god of football and not to Dionysus, and the proximity of the elevated railroad and streetcar lines is not evocative of the Attic spirit. Yet for their proper appreciation the hearer must be saturated with that spirit. He must approach such a performance with reverence and humility. In short, he must in very truth worship at the altar of Dionysus. In the silence of the library such a spiritual translation is possible, but in a stadium within a stone's throw of an electric railroad or an advertising billboard it becomes difficult, if not impossible.

Mr. Barker's revival of these dramas bears not a little resemblance to the attempts of the Greek works for the re-creation of the Greek works for the original text, likewise modifies the presentation so as to appeal to the spirit he, too, thinks informs the modern world.

Yet despite the protest of the idealists, a suspicion refuses to be fled, and to-day, more telling than when presented before ten thousand expectant eyes. After all, the altar of Dionysus meant something to the Athenians, and Dionysus is a suspected character in the modern world. Perhaps some day an American Euripides will arise who in words of fire will retell the story of the Bacchae, and of how Dionysus came home from his long wan-

derings and scourged his contempters with whips of steel. But Dionysus has not yet returned and his altars are empty and blackened. And until he does return, performances of those tragedies which were written for his worship will be meaningless and in the end neglected. For what he has given us, Granville Barker, deserves high praise, but when all is said and done they are performances which may well hold a high place in the world's dramatic museum, but which mean little to the vital artistic current of the age.

SIR HERBERT TREE FEELS THE STILETTO

Mr. Walkley, in "The Times," Has His Say with a New Melodrama.

Arthur Bingham Walkley is by all odds the most readable of the London dramatic critics of the day. He writes for a general audience, and his penmanship is heretofore, with Gallic grace and sweet dexterity. Witness his recent review of "The Right to Kill" presented at Sir Herbert Tree's Theatre. There is no bludgeoning, no brutality; but after the review is ended Mr. Walkley emerges much as did the tiger after his ride with the young lady of the Limerick. Writes Mr. Walkley in "The Times":

It would seem from the bill of the play that three people are responsible for "The Right to Kill." We venture to mention a fourth, Claude Farrere, because he happens to be the real author. The play is only an adaptation of his six-year-old novel "L'homme qui assassinait." When Sir Herbert Tree presented a version of "David Copperfield" it would have been superfluous to name Dickens. But Claude Farrere, though well known, is not quite so familiar to the general public as the elevated railroad and streetcar lines, and he probably left it behind in the buffet at Dijon. But when a railway novel gets adapted for the stage, what that gets another story. You can't leave a play in a buffet. It becomes an imposing mass, a formidable engine, or what somebody in Boswell called somebody else, a tremendous companion. There are great solid blocks of scenery and live gentlemen in uniforms and live ladies in the newest fashions, and the prompter hoarsely whispers, and the curtain goes up and down with a slow gravity of its own. In short, the actual drama is brought to bear upon something "on gray paper with blunt type" which you can throw out of the carriage window. It has become an imposing mass, a formidable engine, or what somebody in Boswell called somebody else, a tremendous companion.

Yet there were moments last night when we thought with tender regret of the Dijon buffet. For "The Right to Kill" perhaps abuses the right of meanness and excellent execution, but somehow the spirit of Greece remains imprisoned in the pages of the text and refuses to spread its wings over the stadiums. It is true that "The Trojan Women" is a work of the present moment of peculiar interest, and it is equally true that "Iphigenia in Tauris" is a poignant and human drama. But read and enacted within the soul of the individual reader they are to-day, more telling than when presented before ten thousand expectant eyes. After all, the altar of Dionysus meant something to the Athenians, and Dionysus is a suspected character in the modern world. Perhaps some day an American Euripides will arise who in words of fire will retell the story of the Bacchae, and of how Dionysus came home from his long wan-

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was unchivalrously loved by the Slavonic Prince Cornuiz, while the head of the Turkish police impartially spied upon them all. Indeed, this Mehemmed Pacha was quite the most interesting member of the party. He tucked his legs under him on the sofa and puffed away silently at his nargileh and looked wiser than any human being. Turk or ginour, could ever really be. And he discoursed with sententious gravity to his friend the French Marquis—with gravity, and with cynicism and with man-of-the-worldism—anyhow, he discoursed quite amusingly. But the Marquis was moody, embarrassed, almost dumb. And a Sevigné of all people!

It was, in short, the Marquis who presided the longest. No doubt his position was partly to blame. There is something inevitably depressing in the spectacle of a hopeless passion. And a gentleman whose hopeless passion leads him to stick a knife into the fatal husband of his object, in order to save her good name, when the lady has already provided herself with a quite worthless lover, is really rather a stupid fellow. But we submit that he need not be dull. Now the Marquis last night was too frequently dull. He heaved deep sighs; he imprinted chaste kisses upon the tips of the lady's fingers; he was melancholy and chivalrous—and dull. And when he had to play unwilling eavesdropper at a tender interview between the lady and her unchivalrous lover—he was hiding somehow down below and kept on popping up his head with a more and more agonized expression—you had to stifle the feeling that he was a

little ludicrous, too. This incident, by the way, with its Jack-in-the-Box effect, is a trouvaille of the adapters, and must not be imputed to Claude Farrere. So also with the particular method by which the very disagreeable Director of the Ottoman Debt is done to death—though this proved last night thrilling enough. A less violent and more artistic thrill was that of the scene straight from the book) where in Mehemmed Pacha listens to the Marquis's veiled confession of the murder and confessions. But melodramas ought, at all costs, to have a "happy ending." When the lady and the Marquis parted "forever," she to devote a love-lorn widowhood to her child, and he to fight for France, there was an unmistakable drop in the temperature of the house.

There had, however, in the course of the evening been a good deal of enthusiasm. Miss Fern Vanburgh had once more shown power in the exhibition of intense feeling, and in particular had startled the house by her hysterical frenzy in the scene wherein her husband forces her to sign away her good name. Mr. Bourchier, too, playing with rich and quiet humor, made the Pacha a great public favorite. That Sir Herbert Tree was not happy last night as the Marquis; to be just, we cannot think of any actor who would be otherwise than unhappy in such a part. You see in the book the Marquis has the immense advantage of telling the story himself—and you have the immense advantage, if and when he grows tedious, of throwing him out of the window or leaving him behind in the buffet.

There are to be other numbers, and the nature of which will be kept a secret until the opening performance on Friday evening, and a grand finale in which all of the 150 stars, leading men, authors, composers and artists will appear.

There are to be other numbers, and the nature of which will be kept a secret until the opening performance on Friday evening, and a grand finale in which all of the 150 stars, leading men, authors, composers and artists will appear.

This entertainment has entailed a tremendous amount of hard work on the part of the members of the Lambs, and particularly on the part of Thomas A. Wise, the general director of the gambol, who has kept a general supervision over all rehearsals and attended to the innumerable details incident to such an elaborate performance. Here are some of those who will take part:

Robert B. Mantell, James O'Neill, De Wolf Hopper, William Collier, Victor Herbert, Wilton Lackaye, Andrew Mack, Herbert, Wilton Lackaye, Andrew Mack, Foy, Leo Dietrichstein, Ed Stevens, Eddie Tynan, Dan Ward, William Courtleigh, Frank Tenney, Vincent Serrano, Frank Tenney, Eugene Cowley, A. Baldwin, Henry Kolker, Edward Ables, Charles King, Lawrence D'Orsay, Frank Deshon, Fred Santley, William Kelley, Morgan Coman and Lewis Archie.

George MacFarlane, Willard Willis, Guy Weinberg, De Witt Jennings, Hy Mayer, Cooper Cliff, Walter Lawrence, Jack Devereaux, Tom Powers, Howard Estabrook, George McManus, Winsor McCay, Irving Berlin, R. L. Goldberg, Stanley S. Murphy, Jack Hazzard, Burt Green, C. A. Briggs, Alfred Robyn, Gustave Kerker, Eugene Cowley, A. Baldwin, Sloan, Raymond Hubbard, Max Hoffman, Hal Forde, John Golden, John Hendricks, John McClosky, R. Livingston, Frank Croton, Frank Hannah, Robert Houser, Frank Belcher, George L. Moore, Jack Raffael, George Anderson, Sam Coit, Charles Bowers, Billy Taylor, Craig Campbell, Wallace Wor-

ton, Rudolph Cameron, Tom McGrath, Thomas Madrano, Ed. Maley, Ed. W. Jordan, Frank McCormick, Bertram Marburg, Hartz Kirkland, George Christie, Tony Marino, Alfred Kappeler, Robert Schable, Steve S. Maley, Regan Houston, Roy Webb, Robert O'Connor, Kenneth Webb, Thomas A. Wise and Tom Jackson.

Washington Sq. Players Semi-Amateurs Lease Band-box for Next Season.

The Washington Square Players, an organization which during the brief year of its existence has accomplished some very creditable work, has leased the Bandbox Theatre for next season and will expand its work and introduce a system of repertory. The Players have just issued this announcement: "At the termination of their first season the Washington Square Players will have presented fourteen plays new to the American stage, of which four were the works of foreign authors, including Maeterlinck, Andrejev and Tchekov; the remainder plays by native dramatists. The Washington Square Players have thus made good for their first season their intention to produce the new works of American authors and interesting plays by well known foreign dramatists ignored by the commercial managers.

"We believe there is sufficient public interest in our work to justify our assuming the greater responsibilities which will come with a wider range of endeavor. Without any advertising, save occasional postal notices and the commendation of our audiences and the press, we have sold out in advance and played to capacity every night of our present season.

"Every member of our organization has devoted his time and efforts unflinchingly toward its success. Most of the members have been dependent on other pursuits for their living and have given their services without regard to the sacrifices entailed. We do not feel we can develop the possibilities of our theatre without demanding the complete absorption in our work of those of our members who have already shown their competency during the present season. Moreover, we have found it necessary, in order that we may be unhampered in our experiments, to have free use and full control of the theatre in which we play.

"For these reasons we plan to take a sub-lease of the Bandbox Theatre for the coming season, and by raising the price of some of the seats from 50 cents to \$1 to pay a living wage to a nucleus of our producing and acting staff. This will permit us to expand and develop along the lines we have planned and to introduce a system of repertory. At least five productions will be made in a season of thirty weeks beginning about mid-September.

"We are devoting the profits of our present season to the initial payments on the lease, but these will not suffice to cover our immediate expenses for next season; so we are compelled, in order that we may complete our preparations in good time, to make a call for your immediate support."

THE WEEK'S OPENINGS

MONDAY—Standard Theatre, 8:15 p. m., Van den Berg-Conger Opera Company in "Erminie," with Dorothy Morton, Frederick Solomon, Carrie Reynolds and Arthur Cunningham. City College Stadium, 4:30 p. m., Granville Barker Company in "Iphigenia in Tauris."

TUESDAY—Bandbox Theatre, 8:15 p. m., bill of one-act plays by the Irish Theatre of America.

NOVELTIES AND CHANGES

The Irish Theatre to Open—"Twin Beds" Moves.

The preliminary season of the Irish Theatre of America, directed by Whitford Kane and John P. Campbell, will begin Tuesday evening at the Bandbox Theatre, where a group of one-act plays will be produced, including "Lonesome Like," a comedy by Harold Brighouse; "Red Turf," a drama by Rutherford Mayne; and "The Dust of the Road," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. A prologue representing "Irishry" will introduce the plays, and will embrace representative folk songs, dance and story.

The Irish Theatre of America has been formed to present notable Irish plays to the American playgoers, and the present group is the first attempt to establish a permanent playhouse in this country devoted to Gaelic stage literature. An extended season is to be inaugurated early in the fall.

The principal members of the cast include Whitford Kane, late of the repertory company at the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago, and the Little Theatre, Philadelphia; John P. Campbell, late of Gertrude Kingdon's company; Kate Morgan, Eileen Huban, Catherine Collins, Peter Golden, Joseph Whitmore, Suzanne Rooney and Seamus O'Connell. The performances will be given on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays evenings and Wednesday afternoons only.

The preliminary announcement of the Irish Theatre of America makes it evident that its projectors intend to proceed somewhat on the lines of the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin. This is the announcement: "The Irish people in America have created many valuable institutions for themselves, but alone among the important nationalities they have no distinctive theatre. Among the various nationalities the theatre is the radiating centre for national culture; the Germans, the Italians, the Yiddish speaking Jews and the French come into contact through it. Where a racial group has its theatre it has a vibration of thoughts and emotions. Therefore we believe that the project of an Irish theatre here is of national importance. It would be an organization that would foster and produce a national culture. The cause has come when Irish people should join in the building up of such an organization. We rely upon them here to co-operate in forwarding a movement which will put them beside the other important nationalities as regards an individual literature, art and drama. The theatre keeps alive the interest in national music, song, dance and story.

"The projectors of the Irish Theatre hope to create centres for a characteristic dramatic art in New York and throughout the country, but they will not limit themselves entirely to the production of purely Irish plays. They will interest the large which has been created by a people whose thoughts and emotions once vibrated around their own heart fires in their mountains and glens, but whose wide centres around the radiator.

"At the outset they will produce simple plays which will reflect the freshness of mind, the simplicity and sincerity of Irish life, and which will

keep alive and foster the great moving force of racial consciousness."

Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker continue this week their series of open air Greek play presentations at the stadium of the College of the City of New York. The programme for the week is "Iphigenia in Tauris" with Miss Lillian McCarthy as Iphigenia, tomorrow afternoon; "The Trojan Woman," Wednesday afternoon, and "Iphigenia in Tauris" next Saturday afternoon. All performances will begin at 4:30 o'clock and end at 8:15.

Those who will appear with Miss McCarthy in "Iphigenia in Tauris," are Misses Mary Forbes, Alma Kruger, Ian MacLaren, Leonard Wray, Lionel Brennan, Claude Baber and Philip Merival. The cast of "The Trojan Woman," which will be given on Wednesday, includes Miss McCarthy as Hector's wife, Miss Edith Wynne MacLaren as Cassandra, Miss Gladys Hanson as Helen, and Ian MacLaren and Philip Merival.

"Twin Beds," which Selwyn & Co. have been presenting at the Fulton Theatre all this season, will move to the Harris for a summer run, beginning with a special matinee tomorrow in order to preserve the dainty charm of this boucior comedy. Selwyn & Co. have had an entirely new set of scenery painted, and a spic and span Gaiety Theatre success, "Stop Thief," will be seen by those who go to the Harris to see this play.

Lexington Theatre.

A new leading man will be introduced in the Lexington Players Stock Company at "Hammerhead" at Lexington Theatre, beginning with a matinee tomorrow. The gentleman selected to succeed William Corbett, who was specially engaged, is Carl J. Brickert. Mr. Brickert has had several years' experience in various stock companies and has been associated with several successful Broadway attractions. The play to be presented during the Corbett week is the Johan Gaiety Theatre success, "Stop Thief," with Frances Ferne in the opposite leading role, supported by the full strength of the players, at popular prices.

CURRENT ATTRACTIONS.

Gaiety—"She's In Again."
Longacre—"A Full House."
Shubert—"Tribe."
The Playhouse—"Sinners."
Empire—"A Celebrated Case."
Casino—"A Modern Eve."
Maxine Elliott's—"Experience."
Globe—"Chin-Chin."
George M. Cohan's—"It Pays to Advertise."
Republic—"The Natural Law."
Princes—"Nobody Home."
Booth—"The Bubble."
Cort—"Fader Over."
Gaiety—"The Only Girl."
Candler—"On Trial."
Columbia Theatre—Burlesque.
Danse de Folies—Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.
Forty-eighth Street Theatre—"The Sorcerer" and "Trial by Jury."
Winter Garden—"The Passing Show of 1915."
Harris—"Twin Beds."

Lambs' Star Gambol

The Lambs' All-Star Gambol, to be held at the Century Theatre on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and evening for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America, promises to be as notable financially as artistically. Although a small fortune was realized at the auction sale on Thursday, there have been many choice seats and these will be sold at regular box-office prices, at the Century Theatre, beginning to-day.