

NO, "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN" IS NOT ABOUT COMMUTERS

Louis Calvert Is Not Anxious to Meet G. B. S.

The Man Who Produced "Major Barbara" Is Content to Have the Author Thereof Remain Right Where He Is.

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

There has been regretful comment, from time to time, on the fact that George Bernard Shaw never has come to America. Indubitably, say the regretters, he would be a lion. The highest and the lowest would tumble over themselves to do him honor; there would be great ceremonial dinners and great ceremonial speeches. Wonderful things would be said about the guest of honor, and the guest of honor would say horrible things about America, and



MR. CALVERT IN "MAJOR BARBARA."

—well, everybody would have a simply fine time.

Louis Calvert, however, must be excused for desiring to qualify the last statement. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Shaw are old friends. At any rate, they have known each other for a considerable length of time. Mr. Calvert played in Mr. Shaw's "Major Barbara" in London, even as he is now playing in it in New York. No, that must be taken back. He did not play it as he is now playing it in New York. That is just the point.

"Major Barbara," it must be admitted, had a better chance to become popular with the British than the Kaiser, but the difference was not so considerable. At the end of the second act here of the company went to Mr. Calvert and said so. But he had to wait.

"There's another act," he said.

And there was. The trouble with the third act was that there was so much in it that didn't matter. The audience had plenty of time to forget the really good stuff that had gone before. The play was left in its own excess verbiage. So "Major Barbara" came off, and Bernard Shaw improved the opportunity to write a letter to Louis Calvert. Whenever anything happens in Mr. Shaw's life, he writes a letter. When there is nothing happening he writes several.

"I would have you know," wrote Calvert, "the manner in which the third act was that there was so much in it that didn't matter. The audience had plenty of time to forget the really good stuff that had gone before. The play was left in its own excess verbiage. So "Major Barbara" came off, and Bernard Shaw improved the opportunity to write a letter to Louis Calvert. Whenever anything happens in Mr. Shaw's life, he writes a letter. When there is nothing happening he writes several."

"Major Barbara," at Miss Grace George's Playhouse, New York, the London company and others fell upon that last act with full force and squeezed therefrom something like 167 pounds of superfluous dialogue. With George Bernard Shaw, unknown, some 2,000 miles away.

No, Louis Calvert will not contribute to a fund to bring Mr. Shaw to America just now. He likes Mr. Shaw—where he is. And he knows the swoop of the Shaw wrath.

"If Shaw had been in America the play would have failed," said Mr. Calvert. "He would have insisted upon the retention of every speech, every line, every word that he wrote into the play. We onto the actor guilty of an omission, and double was unto the producer who elects to cross him! It may be, of course, that this Tribune will find its way into the hands. To the best of my knowledge, he is unaware that his play has been cut. Well, I don't care a great deal if he knows it. I am here now. He could merely write letters."

Mr. Calvert, although no announcement has been made, will continue with Miss George's company even after the end of the run of "Major Barbara" in New York. He will play Sir Peter Teazle. And it is a lucky task for Calvert, for he is never happier than when dabbling with a repertory company.

"A company of players who are used to each other's work," he said, "who are used to each other's peculiarities, and who work smoothly together can certainly extract more from a play than can a company haphazardly gathered. I have known many plays to fall in the regular course of production, and to succeed later when played by a repertory company. The reason, of course, is that the audience knows and takes an interest in the players."

"For example, the public is already beginning to love the Playhouse company. I felt the difference in the attitude of the audience when I came on the opening night. I have been conscious of it in subsequent performances. I am the newcomer; I did not appear in the company's previous productions, and I am not yet entitled to be regarded as one of the fold.

"Generally speaking, the American public has not been in touch with the particular set of actors. The tendency is to equip a play with a cast of stars, and the result is to smother it. It is well known that an all-star cast inevitably means failure. In Scotland, at the end of the closing season, it is customary for a team of skippers to meet a team of ordinary players—selected because they are the best players—and it is quite surprising how frequently a team of unknown players will defeat the skippers.

"I would like to see the repertory idea developed until a national classical company is attained. Some day, perhaps, I shall take steps toward the organization of such a company. It should have the support of the universities and such other bodies as are interested in the drama at heart. And it would not come into the large cities until it had a repertory of ten or twelve plays—until it was a perfect machine."

"The New Theatre," I know something about it. It was one of its directors. But it started at the wrong end—it started with the assumption that it must have an enormous and enormous salary list. It has been proved in England that that is not necessary. Occasionally Miss Horniman brings her company to New York. She has a system of play. "Hindle Wakes" or "What the Public Wants," and she astonishes the thinking public by the excellence of her productions. This excellence is brought about by a system of truth in acting—a sense of proportion. There must be a due proportion of everything in a produced play—of the personality of the actor, independent of the manager, independent of everything.

And independent of the author, thinks Louis Calvert—especially when the author is G. B. S. It may be advanced without fear of successful contradiction that Mr. Calvert is beginning to like New York.



A scene from "Treasure Island," at the Punch and Judy. The pirates discover that Bill Bones's chest has been rifled of the swag.

LOU-TELLEGEN THE MAN.

Lou-Tellegen, the star of "The Ware Case," has been much written about and much talked about. Too, there have been numerous stories of his varied abilities, talents and eccentricities—but here the story of the real man is set down for the first time.

Who is Lou-Tellegen? Consciously or otherwise, he has surrounded himself with an air of mystery. He is extremely reticent about his own affairs, is a man of decided likes and dislikes and an artist of such humanity that Sarah Bernhardt chose him as her leading man and put the producing of her "Joan of Arc" absolutely in his hands. It has been said by critics that it was the most beautiful production in which Mme. Bernhardt ever has appeared.

Lou-Tellegen, among other things, is a sculptor. In fact, it was an exhibition of his progress in this line that first attracted the attention of Mme. Bernhardt. The artistic side of Tellegen has already been overstressed, however, and there are probably those who wonder whether he is not overdoing it by merely a combination of artistic sensibilities and capabilities.

So let it be set down that Lou-Tellegen is a man of unusual physical strength—unexpected because of his slenderness. The strength of his hands is such that he is said to have to exercise great care to avoid harming Miss Gladys Hanson in those scenes in which he grips her by the arm. He is capable of lifting Miss Hanson high above his head with the greatest ease—and at a rehearsal he did it. This bit is not a part of his regular performance, however.

His handshake is something to remember. The source of his strength is readily explained, for he held the world's fencing championship for two years. As every man who has handled a foil is aware, there is no art in the world which gives such power to the arm and wrist as that known as the "poetry of gymnastics."

He is capable, too, of sudden and unexpected activity. For example, there are no more typical American business men anywhere than in the Rotary Club. Yet the artist was able to hold their attention with a speech on Americanism that would have done credit to Theodore Roosevelt.

An artist on the boards, an artist with the sculptor's tools, an artist with the rapier and with boxing gloves. A man who would have succeeded, and still could succeed, in any line. A good actor and a regular fellow. That is Tellegen.

Mr. Reicher and "The Weavers"—The Reasons for His Belief in It

Emanuel Reicher, by his successful production of Hauptmann's drama "The Weavers," has won the right to such credit as accrues to a producer who, notwithstanding strong and urgent advice to the contrary, follows his own ideas in selecting plays for production. For he was told that "The Weavers" was a play of gloomy portent and that it would not strike a sympathetic note with American theatergoers.

"Hauptmann may be a great writer and a great poet," he was told; "indeed, his place in the world of letters is undisputed, but in 'The Weavers' he has disregarded every rule laid down for playwrights and has set aside every dramatic convention in building a play which has neither hero nor heroine, no love interest and no consistent and cumulative story. The public will not accept such a play, and the New York critics, quick to seize upon such inherent defects, will lay the producer bold enough to put it on."

Mr. Reicher disagreed.

"I do not believe America is so different from other countries," he declared. "The Weavers" has been a success in Germany, where its first production scored 200 performances. Another imported it for his theatre in Paris, and there, too, it was a success. It has been presented in the United States in the original and has been translated into English and been widely read. I cannot believe that the public, alert to every representation of a great truth, will turn from this, one of the greatest plays which have been written in the past hundred years. That it is a great play is proved by the very fact that it follows none of the lines laid down for dramaturgy. It has for its theme a story as old as the world and as new as today—a story of man's fight for existence. A story as great as that outlined in 'The Weavers' does not need rules for its regulation. It will carry itself by its own great power of truth and sympathy. We may be moved by love, but we are more greatly moved by pity, and 'The Weavers' is a pitiful story of oppression, of wrongs committed on the weak by the strong, and humanity itself cries out against this. I have followed the productions of 'The Weavers' since it was first written and I cannot believe that I am mistaken. That it is unbelieved by the majority is true, but the subject is not a humorous subject. There is nothing light or humorous in the sight of a great mass of men and women struggling for existence, for the right to live and

HOPPER MAKES A SPEECH.

A De Wolf Hopper performance never has been considered complete without a certain speech. Is it too much to ask of the amiable comedian, therefore, that he emerge in his shadow self from the Triangle screen at the Knickerbocker? Nothing, apparently, is impossible for Don Quixote. Hence, while Sancho Panza and Dulcinea look on, he rises from the straw in which he has just expired and speaks as follows:

"The lure of the film seems to have been too strong for all of us. Of course, one thing lured me here, and quite a different one lured me to the California film zone. I may as well tell you that formerly I had no great love for the photoplay. You see how it is; when an actor is giving the public Gilbert and Sullivan and part of his public is melting away to see a Mack Sennett troupe around the corner, that actor should not be accused of having malice in his heart if he protests. But now I'm a fan. When the Triangle mentioned film acting to me I was adamant, but when salary came in as an afterthought I caved in. So did the first horse that Mr. Griffith signed to play Rosinante, when the steed felt my weight and 200 pounds of armor on her back.

"Speaking of Rosinante reminds me that a remarkable versatility is required of that animal. She must at once look lean and careworn and in the bargain carry around a man of my proportions, plus that armor. And, disagreeing for the moment, I can't compare how men ever found in that stuff. I found just one use for a single part of it. Another man and I were riding home and had lagged behind the others. Somehow our chauffeur got off the road. It grew late, and we grew hungry. So we started to forage for food. Eggs were produced on the outskirts of a farmyard, but alas! how to cook them? We finally solved the problem by taking water from a brook, building a fire and boiling the eggs in my visor.

"But getting back to Rosinante—the animal you have just seen is the third that applied for the part. The others had to have buckskin enough to portray the character. At times I thought that even this one would flinch. Finally, to make sure that no harm would come to myself, a lanky substitute was produced. A substitute for me, I mean—a fellow who weighed a dozen pounds more than I did. If Rosinante didn't bend under him I was ready to proceed with the development of the Don character.

"And, really that's all—except that, now that 'Don Quixote' is over, I am to have a regular American comedy, 'Sunshine Days,' they call it. And, say, 'Sunshine Day' is correct, if you ever saw De Wolf, Jr."

BURLESQUE THEATRES.

The Bostonian Burlesquers will frolic the week at the Columbia, offering a two-act travesty called "The Makers." The old weaver is seeking words to express, in his halting and hesitating manner, the woes which are upon him, but his mind is slow working and speech to him is reluctant and difficult. He knows what his oppression means, but he is more adept with his hands than he is with his brain, and when he attempts to express himself he stammers and makes way slowly with the extra New Year's Eve performance at 11:30 o'clock.

The Monte Carlo Girls will be at the Yorkville Theatre this week in two one-act burlesques, "Fritz the Detective" and "A Night in Paris." The company is headed by Harry Welsh. As in the case of the Columbia, there will be an additional performance New Year's Eve.

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Why Worry? Nora Bayes Will Be at the Palace

However, There Will Also Be Henrietta Crossman, with a new Playlet; Morton and Moore and Belle Blanche.

Nora Bayes, No. that is not intended as a simply declarative sentence. It is simply an announcement, in the fewest possible words, of the presence of Miss Bayes. The fewest possible words are used here, for Miss Bayes generally requires more than that when she leads a vaudeville bill. She is in the hands of her audience. This week she will be at the Palace, telling the public just which songs it is going to sing this winter.

The announcement from the Palace Theatre adds that Donald Ganiard accompanies Miss Bayes at the piano, and adds it seriously, just as though it may and anyhow, Nora Bayes and her songs will positively be at the Palace to-morrow afternoon and the remainder of the week—to say nothing of thrice on Friday.

Then, too, there will be Henrietta Crossman, presenting a new comedy entitled "Cousin Eleanor," by Frances Woodstrom. In the playlet Miss Crossman is said to have numerous opportunities to show her skill as a high class comedienne. Morton and Moore, unacquainted in their line, will offer a farcical skit.

Adelaide and Hughes, recently of "Town Topics" and more recently of the Palace, will not be at the latter playhouse next week. But Clifton Webb and Eileen Molynieux will be present. They were also of "Town Topics" and they also dance, so it seems fair enough. Belle Blanche, who spent last week breaking in some new imitations far up in the Bronx, will display them to all-comers.

Arnold and Ethyl (not Ethel) Grazer will be seen in a musical dancing act, and others will be Flanagan and Edwards (also of "Town Topics") and a septette of Original Honey Boys. On

New Year's Eve performances will be given at 7:30 and 11:30 o'clock.

"The Forest Fire," a many scented melodrama itself up to heading honors. It will be seen this week at the Colonial. "Cast of thirty artists, ten carloads of scenery and a special crew of stage hands," says the announcement. Second in importance will be Willard billed as "the man who grows." Milo will also be present. Milo contents himself with the announcement that he will live up to the interrogation mark.

Others will be Anna Laughlin and William Gaxton, in "Between Dances," Ivan Bankoff and Lola Gille, with some truly remarkable dancing; Felix Adler, comedian; Frank North and company, in "Back to Wellington"; Hayden, Berden and Hayden, in "Bits of Vanderville"; and Erford's whirling sensation. There will be two performances New Year's Eve.

Those at the Alhambra will be Henry Lewis, in "A Vaudeville Cocktail"; Fred V. Bowers, with a song recital; Marie Nordstrom, in "Bits of Acting"; the Farber Girls, with more songs; Hugh Herbert and company, in "The Sons of Abraham"; Charles Mack and company, in "A Friendly Call"; Danube Quartette, Three Du For Boys and Beeman and Anderson, skaters.

The Royal programme will include Harry Cooper, in "The Mail Carrier"; Bessie Wynn, with songs; Louis A. Simon and company, in "The New Coachman"; William and Wolrus, with "Almost a Pianist"; Kelly and Fern, in "My Lady of the Bungalow"; Harry de Coe, extracting humor from chain and tables; Hayden, Berden and Hayden, doubling at the Colonial; and some dogs, dogs, dogs.

MISS LOUISE DRESSER AT HOME.



Heroine of "Abe and Mawruss" on that "country estate" at Mount Vernon.

SOMETHING ABOUT WILLARD.

A singular soul is Willard. No, not Jess. Merely Willard. In vaudeville—and particularly at the Colonial this week—he is "Willard, the Man Who Grows." He grows—a little matter of seven inches—right before your eyes.

"When I was a youngster," says Willard, "I envied the plants as I saw them growing, because seemingly they shot up in a night and had the matter done with. I, too, wanted to grow up in a hurry. But I was under-sized—I was only a little more than five feet when when I began this growing business, and now I am nearly five feet. So, you see, the idea had always been in my mind, and I determined somehow or somehow else I'd grow the way. I spent three years growing in a hospital, where I fairly counted the operating rooms, and in experimenting.

"But for three long years I didn't grow any more than a stick of stove wood. That one day, when hope was running low, I was trying a muscular exercise before the mirror. Suddenly I shot up three or four inches. I was so scared I nearly fainted. I sat down to keep from falling down, and it was several minutes before I could get up nerve enough to try it again. When I did, it was with the same result. I had learned the control of muscles by which I could increase my height. Having learned, I kept at it until I could add more than seven inches to my normal stature."

Concert Notes.

Philip Bennyan, a young Armenian baritone, who has been assisting artist with Emmy Destinn on her concert tours, and Mildred Dilling, a harpist, will give a joint recital in Aeolian Hall Saturday evening, January 9. Mr. Bennyan came to America as a boy and well known in Los Angeles where he sang with much success before going to study.

The fifth Biltmore musical will be given in the grand ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel on Friday morning, Jan-

uary 14. The soloists, who will appear on this occasion are Caruso, Mabel Garrison, soprano, Andre Tourret, violinist, and Lucile Orrell, cellist.

On January 28 Geraldine Farrar will make her first appearance in New York this season at the Biltmore Friday morning musical.

The soloists for the February 11 Biltmore musical will be Paderewski, Mme. Frances Alda, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Albert Spalding, violinist.

The last Biltmore musical will be given on February 25. The soloists will be Paderewski, Mme. Frances Alda, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Rosina Gall, premiere danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera; Beatrice de Holtzer, French danseuse, and Mary Warfel, harpist.

The second of the series of "musicales intimes" inaugurated by Clarence Adler, pianist, will take place at the green room, mezzanine, Hotel McAlpin, on Wednesday afternoon, January 12. The assisting artist will be William Wilke, "celist of the Kniesel Quartet." Mr. Adler and Mr. Wilke will be heard in ensemble as well as in solo numbers. Several novelties will be presented.

Aline Van Barentzen, the young American pianist, will give a recital at Aeolian Hall on Friday evening, January 7. Her programme will consist of selections by Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Schubert and Piarce.

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