THE RISING SURGE OF NATIONAL MUSIC

Echoes of a Concert

Some Effects of the War Upon Music — Catalonians and Andalusians in Conflict—The American Uprising

By H. E. Krehbiel

To say that such a social and political catastrophe as the world war could not happen without affecting music is to utter a commonplace truism. Every activity in which civilized humanity is engaged has been profoundly affected, and therefore every form of artistic expression. The strife had scarcely begun before prophets began to tell us what was going to happen to music, and there has not been a moment since in which wiseacres have not told us of results already achieved. But thoughtful minds have received little food for contemplation. For one thing, the world was to break into communal song; even the voiceless and those unfortunate beings who, like Charles Lamb, were organically incapable of a tune, were to join in harmonious hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And out of this was to arise a new spirit of art which was to transform American composers in particular into beings but little lower, if not indeed higher, than the cherubic hosts into which the Palestrinas and Beethovens, it is to be hoped, have been translated. America was to come into rights we know not of what manner, which had heretofore been denied it—we know not how. An insidious propaganda for political immorality which was instilling into the minds and souls of a saintly people through the performance of the compositions of such designing devils as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner and Brahms, not to mention the lesser demons, was to be arrested so that the popular and hungry ear might be filled with the new evangel preached by those of beautiful feet upon our native mountains. The English tongue was to come into its estate as a musical vehicle. Some of us thought that it had long enjoyed that estate everywhere save in our theatres and concert rooms; and that the blame for this deficiency was one for which the great German dead were as little responsible as the great dead who wrote in the vernacular. Puny talent, creative as well as recreative, was suddenly to expand into genius.

To some people this and much more fantastic talk of the same order, most of it the expression, not of knowledge, not of intelligent observation, not even of expectation based on reason or amiable desire, but of vulgar and unmitigated selfishness, has been merely diverting when not saddening or exasperating. They have seen some of the effects of the war; and what they have seen has not always been beneficial in present gifts or future promise. We have seen one patriotic song perfunctorily exalted to the dignity of a national hymn and a more beautiful and apter utterance ignored. We have seen a body of lyric and dramatic song of inestimable excellence and value banished and its place given to compositions not only inferior in value, but harmful to taste and an obstacle to cultural development. We have seen the development of our opera checked and a reversion to policies and tendencies to which we had hoped a death-blow had been given decades ago. We have not seen the great vista of opportunity opened to native teachers and native artists, but instead have witnessed an invasion of foreigners, the best of whom were formerly transient visitors, now fixed and feeding on our engorged public, and that they might do this some of them whose sympathies were with our enemies have hypocritically feigned admiration for our people and institutions.

All these baneful things appeared in perspective to The Tribune more than four years ago and were set forth more or less fully in the first article which attempted to tell of the probable effects of the war. At a later date, we believe, attention was called to what would be the natural outcome of the spirit of nationalism, which this struggle grew great national political organizations in Europe fell apart and resolved themselves into their racial units, and it was easy to foresee that a demand for racial expression in government would soon swell into a universal chorus. In unison with this is bound to come racial expression in art, especially in music, which has more distinctive idioms than are possible to the plastic arts. The reason for this need not be discussed, the fact is incontrovertible. It is an extremely interesting fact. There ought to be many more national, or racial, schools of musical composition than there are. Governments have had much to do with the repression of the movement which may be said to have begun with Gade nearly a century ago. The most flourishing school has been that of Russia during the last generation. We are speaking, of course, of schools based upon the idioms of folk music. All others are purely adventitious, their roots striking no deeper than the city or country to which a master drew his pupils. The leaders of the Roman school of ecclesiastical music in the sixteenth century were Netherlanders; they founded the Roman school because the church attracted their activities to the seat of ecclesiastical power.

The present cry for popular determination in government is already accompanied by an appeal for popular expression in music. Russia won her way to a leading position by encouraging that appeal. Autocratic as was government was under the empire, it gave greater encouragement to the musical expression of her people than any other government. It was a recognition of that fact which moved The Tribune's reviewer to utter the warning, "Look out for the Muscovite!" when the voice of Tschaikovsky was still a strange one in our concert rooms. The Russian came, and came to stay unless anarchy stifles the utterance which autocracy encouraged. We know musical Poland slightly and musical Bohemia better. We shall soon learn to know musical Serbia, Rumania and Bulgaria, for there are national voices there. England will some day regain something like the glory she enjoyed in Elizabethan days. We heard echoes of those days in the lusty popular songs, especially the catches, which were sung at the concert of the Schola Cantorum last Wednesday night, as well as in the artistic madrigals of Byrd, Dowland and Greaves. In the popular songs appeared the spirit of the period—a period in which musical culture was so general that Shakespeare dared to throw out allusions to the science and its practice in the most offhand way, knowing that his technical terms and his quotations from the music of the day would be understood by his public. All of Mr. Schindler's music did not date back to A. D. 1600, as the programme intimated, but some of it did, and perhaps whoever it was that stood for the portrait of Sir Toby, who was a "dog at a catch" and felt that with his friends he could sing one which would "rouse the night owl" and "draw three souls out of one weaver," sang some of the very music that the audience heard in Carnegie Hall four nights ago. But some of Mr. Schindler's catches, like the amusing description of three bibulous roysterers, "Fie! Nay, prithee John," were not older than the time of Charles II. It was written by an unknown composer named Fishburn and not printed till 1656.

What suggested this rambling excursion, however, was not so much the English music in Mr. Schindler's list as the Spanish, and of the Spanish not the art songs of Juan Montes so much as the folk tunes from Catalonia. Here we heard a different voice from that which has spoken to us in the popular as well as artistic music from the Iberian peninsula hitherto. Musical Spain is for most of us Andalusian Spain, with its dances, rhythms, intervals and ornament-burdened melodies—all the relics of the Moorish occupation. In the far-away northeast corner of the peninsula this influence has never become dominant, and the music of the Catalans is as different from that of the southern coast as the character of the people. A sturdily independent people are these Catalans, if Signor de Amicis, who wrote a charming book about Spain some forty-odd years ago, is to be believed. "'We are Spaniards,' they say, 'but, be it understood, of Catalonia—a people, to be brief, that labor and think; a people to whose ears the din of machinery is more pleasant than the music of the guitar.'" And presenting the opinion that Andalusians hold of the Catalans, the same author says that they say: "They are a rude people who have a capacity only for arithmetic and mechanics; barbarians who would convert a statue of Montaigne into an olive press and one of Murillo's canvases into a tarpaulin—the veritable Boeotians of Spain, insupportable with their jargon, their surliness and their pedantic gravity."

It is pat to the purposes of this article and a bit amusing that a desire for self-determination, or self-expression, like that referred to by Signor de Amicis, and also a note of jealousy should have been called out by this concert. The Catalans are kinsfolk of the people of Provence, and the music of the two adjoining regions shows a likeness in physiognomy. Mr. Schindler's press agent (we have no wish to take either the credit or blame for our article which appeared in The Tribune on December 29) put forth the claim that Barcelona was the musical centre of Spain. At this the Sociedad de Autores Españoles, which has a representative here in the person of Mr. John Garrett Underhill, has taken umbrage, and it is only fair that the society should have its say. A letter to The Tribune's reviewer says:

"Is it proper, on behalf of the Society of Spanish Authors and Composers, to enter a protest against the city of Barcelona's appearing in your columns as the musical centre of Spain? Mr. Schindler has certainly done a most excellent work in introducing Catalan music to New York; nevertheless, it seems unfortunate that such a distortion of the truth should be permitted to pass in a matter in which the absence of general information is peculiarly favorable to the propagation of error.

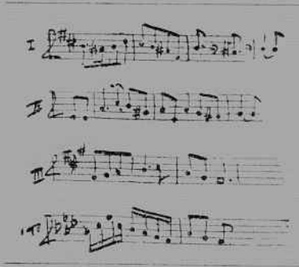
"Barcelona is one of the music centres of Spain. It has its opera and an admirable Orfeo, besides a liberal allowance of Zarzuelas and concerts. The separatist movement in Catalan politics and literature, which is so similar to the Gaelic activity in Ireland, emphasizes the individuality of the artistic life of the city, imparting to it special character. But it is idle to say that the capital, Madrid, is not the intellectual, political and artistic centre of the national life. Even from Barcelona the musicians go up to Madrid—Amadeo Vives himself, the founder of the Orfeo, which is now directed by Millet, in whom Mr. Schindler takes such keen interest, has removed to that city—and only the strongest provincial associations are able to resist the attraction of the court."

Thus courteously is Catalonia rebuked, and we are glad of it, for we are disposed also to pick a little quarrel with Mr. Schindler. In his programme notes he says that the jolly little Catalan Christmas song, "Fum, fum, fum" (see the beginning of the melody as No. 1 of the illustrations below) is of the general type of the "danced Christmas carols" performed by choir children of the Spanish church. This does not at all agree with what we have always heard touching the dance *de los seises*, concerning which Mr. Schindler tells a story of how a bigoted archbishop of Seville attempted to have them suppressed by the Pope. "Fum, fum, fum" is a rollicking little tune, and may be one of the songs sung by Catalans in church after midnight mass on Christmas, but we doubt it it is in any way related to the ancient ceremonial dance still to be seen every year in the Cathedral at Seville. The music and the dance of the children are described as decorous and solemn in the extreme, and they do not take place on Christmas, but at the festival of "Corpus Christi." Signor de Amicis, who went to see the spectacle prepared to be horrified by a desecration of the sanctuary, received a very different impression. Here is his description:

"The church was dark; only the great chapel was lighted; a crowd of kneeling women filled the space between the chapel and the choir. Some priests were sitting to the right and left of the altar; in front of the altar steps was spread a great carpet; two lines of boys from eight to thirteen years of age, dressed like Spanish cavaliers of the Middle Ages, with plumed hats and white stockings, were drawn up one before the other facing the altar. At a signal from a priest soft strains from violins broke the profound silence of the church, and the two rows of boys advanced with the step of a contra-dance and began to divide, intermingle, separate and come together again with a thousand graceful movements, and then altogether they broke into a harmonious musical chant, which echoed through the gloom of the vast cathedral like the singing of an angelic choir, and a moment later they began to accompany the dance and the chant with tambourines. No religious ceremony has moved me like this. It is impossible to express the effect produced by these young voices under those immense domes—those little creatures at the foot of the towering altars that dance, solemn and almost humble, the ancient costume, the kneeling crowd and the surrounding gloom. I left the church with my soul calmed, as if I had been praying."

The Italian traveller's account of the effort to get a papal decree against the dance is more interesting and ingenious than that repeated by Mr. Schindler. The boys were taken to Rome, where they danced and sang in their costumes before the Pope. His Holiness laughed, did not disapprove, and "wishing to give one knock on the hoop and another on the barrel," satisfying the canons and not offending the archbishop, decreed that the boys should dance as long as the clothes which they were wearing should last. So the canons, who approved of the dance, contrived to have some part of the boys' costumes renewed every year, wherefore the garment can never be said to have worn out. "So they continued to dance, and they dance and will dance so long as it pleases the canons and the Lord."

In our record and brief review of last Wednesday night's concert we deplored an effect of monotony produced by the grouping of four compositions which had a singular likeness of theme. It was no doubt a coincidence merely, except in the case of the Russian choruses by Leo Ornstein, which were not announced as arrangements of folktunes. But since we have said that the Catalan music was not at all like the Spanish music with which the public is familiar, we present the characteristic motif at the beginning of two Catalan melodies and of the two Ornstein choruses:



No. 1 is the beginning of the Catalan Christmas song, "Fum, fum, fum"; No. II that of the Catalan ballad, "El Comte Arnau"; No. III and IV, respectively, of "A Russian Winter" and "A Russian Festival."

Operas of the Week

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or" will have its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening. The singers will be Mmes. Garrison, Braslau and Sundelius and Messrs. Diaz, Didur, Audisio, Roschiglian and Ananian, with Misses Galli and Smith and Messrs. Bolm and Bonfiglio as the principal dancers and pantomimists. Mr. Monteux will conduct. "Coq d'Or" will be preceded by "Cavalleria Rusticana," sung by Mmes. Muzio, Perini and Matzenauer and Messrs. Crimi and Montesanto, with Mr. Merola conducting.

Other operas of the week will be as follows: Wednesday, "Manon Lescaut," with Mme. Alda and Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca and De Segurola; Thursday, "Crispino e la Comare," with the original cast; Friday, "Le Reine Fiammette" (see special notice); Saturday matinee, "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mmes. Hempel and Sparkes and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti, and Saturday night, "Lucia," with Mme. Garrison and Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca, Rothier and Bada.

AMUSEMENTS AMUSEMENTS AMUSEMENTS AMUSEMENTS AMUSEMENTS

AMERICA'S FOREMOST THEATRES AND HITS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LEE AND J. J. SHUBERT.

WINTER GARDEN Broadway and 50th St. Evgs. at 8. Phone Circle 5300. Mat. Tues., Thurs. & Sat. Lee & J. J. Shubert Present AL JOLSON in SINBAD. TO-NIGHT SUNDAY CONCERT TO-NIGHT. MARIE DRESSLER. Fred and Adele Astaire, Nonette, Yvette, Rogel, Bert Hanlon, Sidonie Espero, Kaufman Bros., Natalie and Ferrari, Oscar Lorraine, Hamlin and Clifton, Three Romanos, Meehan's Lounging Bounds, Aero Brothers, and WILLIAM & GORDON DOOLEY

COMEDY THEATRE, 41st E. of Broadway. Phone Bryant 5194. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30. "IT IS WELCOME AND WILL SUCCEED."—Evening Post. BUT ONE WORD EXPRESSES THE CLIMAX. With ELEANOR PAINTER. IT IS GREAT. An Excellent Supporting Company. WALTER WILSON ROY WALLING. EFFINGHAM PINTO. "FRESHER and MORE VIGOROUS THAN EVER."—Sun.

MOROSCO W. 45th. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:20. THE LAUGHING SUCCESS of NEW YORK. OLIVER MOROSCO presents WILLIAM COURTENAY AND TOM WISE IN E. E. ROSE NEW COMEDY CAPPY RICKS. from Peter B. Kyne's Pop. Sat. Eve. Post Stories.

A.H. WOODS ATTRACTIONS NOW PLAYING IN NEW YORK

ELTINGE THEATRE W. 42d St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30. "AN ENTIRE OUTFIT OF LAUGHTER"—ALAN DALE. A.H. WOODS Presents UP IN MABEL'S ROOM

BOOTH THEATRE W. 45th St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. UNANIMOUS PRAISE. A.H. WOODS Presents THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13. A THRILLING MELODRAMA

Broadhurst Thea., 44th W. of B'way. Phone Bryant 9554. Evgs. 8:15. Matinees Wed. & Saturday 2:15. GEORGE BROADHURST Director. A RIOTOUS COMEDY WITH MUSIC. THE MELTING OF MOLLY. With CHARLES PURCELL. ISABELLE LOWE. A CHORUS WITH KICK.

44th St. Theatre, Just W. of B'way. Phone Bryant 5760. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. THE TUNEFUL, LAUGHING HIT OF THE TOWN. LITTLE SIMPLICITY. with Walter Catlett, Carolyn Thomson, Carl Gantvoort, Marjorie Gateson, Stewart Baird, Cameron Sisters and OH, SUCH GIRLS!

39th St. Theatre, East of Broadway. Phone Bryant 6369. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. It's Naughty But It's Nice—SHE. GEORGE BROADHURST Presents THE LAUGH PLAY. KEEP IT TO YOURSELF. By MARK SWAN. with EDWIN NICANDER. "Rarely does one see an audience so convulsed by laughter."—N. Y. Times. "Rarely."—Globe. Seats Now for Elsie Janis & Walton's Bride.

EXTRA MATINEE THURSDAY, JAN. 23. All New York Wants To See. ALICE BRADY PERSONALLY. Returned to the Speaking Stage in FOREVER AFTER. Gene Davis' Romance. PLAYHOUSE. W. 48th. Phone Bryant 8460. Evgs. at 8:30. Reg. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

NORA BAYES THEATRE 49th St. W. of Broadway. Phone Bryant 9294. Evenings 8:15. Matinee Wed. & Sat. 2:15. NORA BAYES. In her Jovial Musical Play. LADIES FIRST. PRETTY GIRLS SNAPPY SONGS. CATCHY MUSIC HEAPS OF FUN. Nora Bayes' Nifty Sunday Nights! CONCERT TO-NIGHT AT 8:20. NORA BAYES. Irving Fisher, Earlene Girls, Bert Hanlon, Ted Lewis and His Jazz Band, including Al Quinn, Jack Murray and La Sylph, Nat Nazzaro, Jr., Grace & Berkes, Lew Cooper, Aero Bros., Harry Akst, Eddie Montrose. Seats Now for Get a Kelt and Anna Daughters.

PARK THEATRE Broadway at 59th St. Telephone Columbus 8300. Lee & J. J. Shubert, Lessees. Wm. Wade Hoagland, Manager. 5 MONTHS OF OPERA COMIQUE. Mojeska. By the Society of American Singers. FRA DIAVOLO. Orville Harrold—Bianca Saroya. MARTHA. Craig Campbell—Ruth Miller. MME. BUTTERFLY. Maggie Teyte—Orville Harrold.

RIVERSIDE B'way at 96th St. Continuous Concerts. Week Jan. 20. Mat. NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL Eve.

2:00	Overture	8:00
2:05	Riverside Pictorial	8:05
2:12	Josie O'Meers	8:12
2:22	Bob Albright	8:22
2:37	Jean Adair & Co.	8:37
3:06	NORTON & LEE	9:06
3:21	Moss & Frye	9:21
3:36	Adelaide & J. J. Hughes	9:36
3:56	Lenzberg's Harmonists	9:56
4:06	MURIEL WINDOW	10:06
4:21	JIMMIE HUSSEY	10:21
4:41	GEO. WHITE & CO.	10:41

The Wonderful Land of Romance. Where all is Pleasure — and Happiness! Charles Dillingham's Everything. 10 Big Musical Comedies in One. by R. H. Burnside. AT THE HIPPODROME. DAILY MATINEE. MELODY, COMEDY, CIRCUS, NOVELTY, GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS, SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA

FULTON 46th St. W. B'way. Phone BRYANT 700. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. (10c) & Sat. 2:30. 4th MONTH. The Dramatic Triumph of the Season. KICK IN. A Story of Modern Times. MIDDLE WOMAN. Megaphone Eve. Supt. (Direction of George Moses). Super-Excellent Cast includes A. E. ANSON, CRYSTAL HERNE, LEE BAKER, ALBERT BRUNING

BELMONT Theatre, 48th, E. of B'way. Phone BRY. 9. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. 3d Month of the Big Success. WALKER WHITESIDE in THE LITTLE BROTHER. with TYRONE POWER. "POWERFUL, TIMELY, SIGNIFICANT."—Tribune. "Exc. Bill."

John Barrymore in Tolstoi's Redemption. Plymouth. West 45th St. Mats. Wed. and Sat. SPECIAL FRIDAY MAT. NEXT WEEK. WALTER HAMPDEN. HAMLET. SEATS 2 WEEKS AHEAD

HUDSON THEATRE West 44th St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. A.H. WOODS presents LOUIS MANN & SAM BERNARD in "FRIENDLY ENEMIES". THE NATIONS PLAY

REPUBLIC Theatre W. 42d St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30. A Play That's Different. A.H. WOODS Presents FLORENCE REED IN ROADS OF DESTINY

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CENTURY THEA.—FRIDAY NEXT FRIDAY AT 1:30. GREATEST EVENT OF THE YEAR. ANNUAL BENEFIT ACTORS' FUND. Bill of unusual star excellence. Box Office Opens TO-MORROW. Special Donations for seats or boxes to Daniel Frohman, Lyceum Theatre. See Details to-morrow's advs.

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LOEW'S NEW YORK THEATRE & ROOF. Cont. 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Roof to 1 A.M. ETHEL BARRYMORE, "The Divorcee"

LOEW'S AMERICAN ROOF 126 St., W. of B'way. BEGINNING TO-MORROW (Mon.) EV. THE LEIGHTONS, COLINSAI Sis., DANCERS, 7 others. In the Then Reserved, Anna Case, "The Hidden Truth" 25, 35, 50

39TH STREET THEATRE. Sunday Evening, Jan. 26th, at 8:30. Positively Last Time. CHALIF'S PUPILS. Assisted by Mme. Elena Pavlova. Benefit Fortnight Relief Fund. Tickets: Chalif, 163 West 57th St. (opp. Carnegie Hall)

SELWYN THEATRE W. 42d St. Tel. Bryant 42. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. Jane Cowl in The Crowded Hour. Edgar Selwyn & Channing Pollock

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE W. 39th St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. TEA for 3. By Hal Cooper Megrue. INTOXICATING AS A COCKTAIL

French Theatre, 9th, Colombier. Week Jan. 20. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Th. & Sat. at 2:15. LES FRERES KARAMAZOV. Sensational Night Prices Prior to 22. Satisfied Night Prices Prior.

PARIS IN NEW YORK!! 4TH MONTH. JOHN D. WILLIAMS Presents H. B. WARNER. "A work of genuine freshness and persistent effectiveness."—World. Sleeping Partners. IRENE BORDONI. "To analyze its fresh charm would be to destroy it. Be it enough to commend it."—Sun. BIJOU B'way at 45th St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. Phone Bryant 100.

SHUBERT B'way at 44th St. Evgs. 8:30. LAST 2 WEEKS. Winthrop Ames' Production of MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S BETROTHAL. THE MOST ELABORATE AND BEAUTIFUL PRODUCTION EVER PRODUCED IN ANY COUNTRY.

LONG ACRE W. 48th. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. WM. COLLIER IN "NOTHING BUT LIES"

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN Presents NEWEST MUSICAL PLAY. SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART. By Alonzo Price and Antonio Bafunno. A MUSICAL ROMANCE. SOME TIME. With ED. WYNN. By Rida Johnson Young & Rudolf Friml. CENTRAL 47th St. & B'way. Evgs. 8:15. Mts. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. A 100% CAST. CASINO 39th St. & B'way. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. 4th MONTH

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CENTRAL THEATRE, B'way & 47th. TO-NIGHT at 8:15. Sunday Concert. Marie Dressler. Wm. & Gordon Dooley. And Big Bill.

PUNCH & JUDY 49th, East of B'way. Phone Circle 5490. Evgs. 8:30. MATINEES THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY. STUART WALKER'S PORTMANTEAU SEASON. THREE PLAYS. "The Portmanteau has achieved a new triumph in the 'Laughter of the Gods.'"—Eve. Sun. A NIGHT IN AVIGNON. STINGY. By MAXWELL PARRY. AND LORD DUNSANY'S THE LAUGHTER OF THE GODS. "The laughter of the Gods is worth listening to."—Herald. "The acting is of the excellent quality to which Mr. Walker has accustomed us."—Times.

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MONTAUK THIS WEEK. Wed. Mat. 25, 35, 50c. Nights & Sat. Mat., 25c to $1.00. HENRY MILLER PRESENTS. The Delightful Comedy of Southern Life. COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN. By A. E. THOMAS. From the Book by Alice Duer Miller. WITH A NOTABLE CAST. Week of Jan. 27th: FISKE O'HARA. "MARRY IN HASTE"