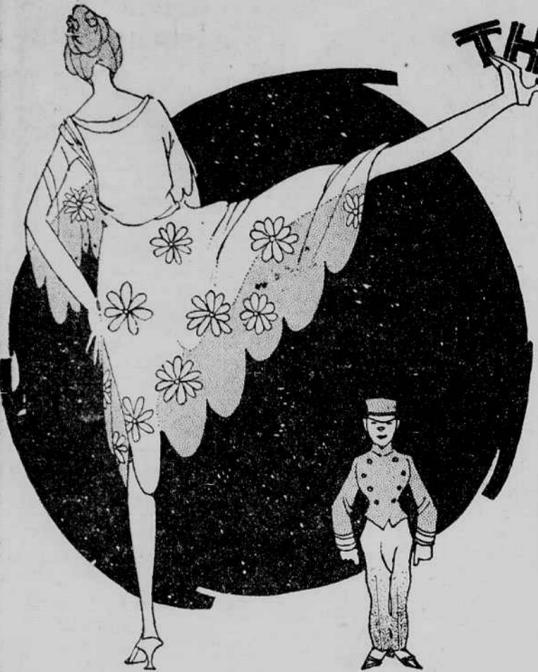
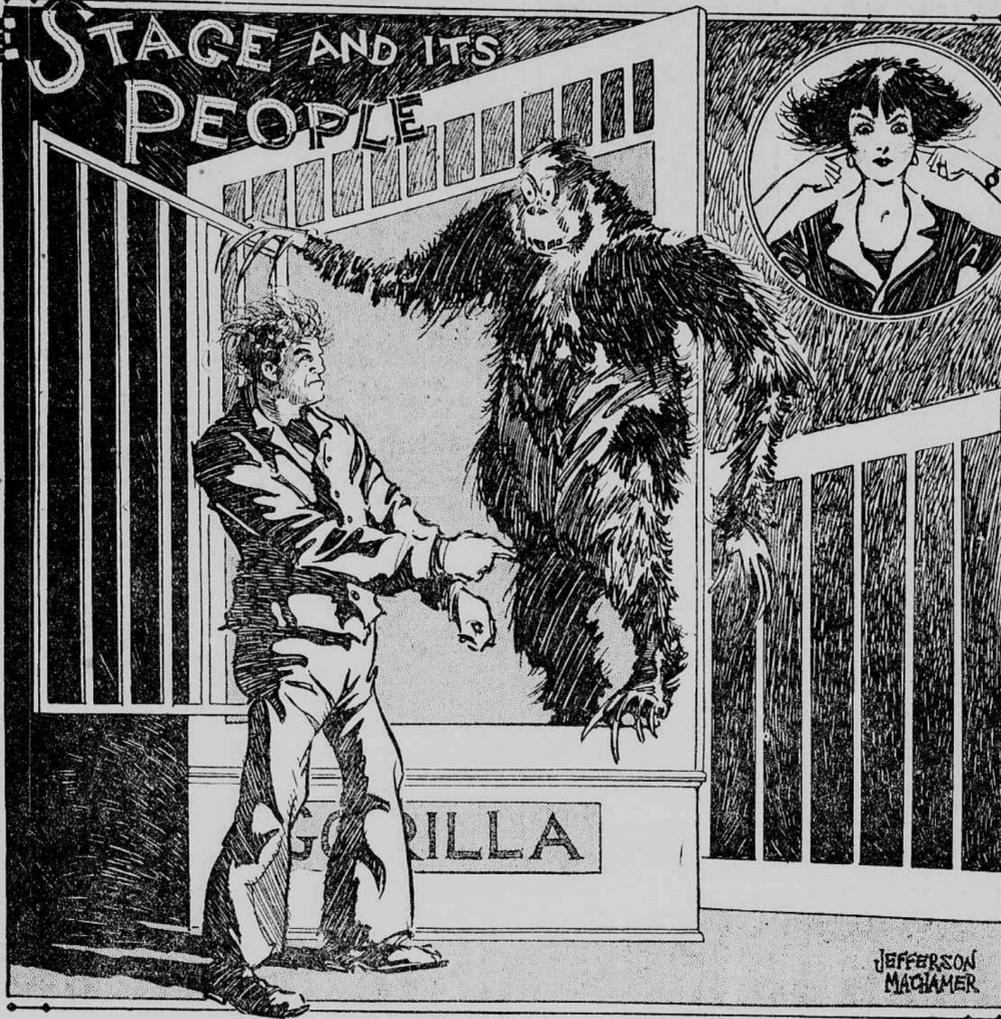


THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE



An impression of Charlotte Greenwood in "Letty Pepper." Every time Charlotte leaved her trick leg we hunched deep in our seat. You've seen those pictures of a man standing beside the Woolworth Building to give one an idea of its size—well, for the same reason we stuck Master Gabriel in the picture



Eugene O'Neill has written a play that is downright propaganda for the Department of Street Cleaning. The "Hairy Ape," wandering along Fifth Avenue, looks at the pavement and remarks that "It's so blankety blank clean yuh can eat a blankety blank fried egg off of it!" The above sketch shows Louis Wolheim as the "Hairy Ape" inviting the nicey nice gorilla out to a pink tea. (Upper right)—Gracey, who saw the play with us, stopped up her ears every time the Ape talked, and we were at a loss to understand this, considering she's played golf with us.



The Poirer Fashion Show, which is included in the price of admission to "Letty Pepper," is a dazzling display of what husbands, etc., buy in Paris. We were quick to note the new and extraordinary length of the gowns. "Twaunt be long until the Grandis will be sighing: 'O dear! O dear! What's become of the old-fashioned girl in the short skirt?'"

The Theaters

By Percy Hammond

PROMINENT player who permits me now and then to talk to him suggests amiably that reviewing the theaters for a newspaper is the function of a poet. He says that although the work of a reviewer is sometimes as susceptible to printed derision as is that of an actor, the "critic" rests serene in the craven security of his baneful job, assured that no one will ever have a chance to hurt him publicly in his feelings. Reviewing, says he, has been described as an art, yet it is subject to few of the penalties that follow the incompetent practice of any other art. He asks if it has ever occurred to me that the players bruised by his sneering ambiguities might easily and justly apply the corrective scourge to me. But I hit and hide, he says. I make and jest at scars, who never felt a wound. He would like to see me some morning in the pained persal of a journal, circulating largely among the better classes, and finding therein an exposé of my inefficiencies. My sufferings, he thinks, would do me good. "I heard," he continues, "Arnold Daly discourse upon you in his dressing room between the acts of 'Voltaire,' not long ago. He had better things to say of the other reviewers, but what he said about you was a sole and unparalleled wonder-work of asperation. Yet, having no newspaper to do his bidding, his remarks were made known only to the men who heard them. What a pity!"

Opinion concerning Mr. Daly and his works is of more news importance, of course, than Mr. Daly's own opinion of his obscure commentators. Burns Mantle's report of Mr. Daly is interesting aside from its literary graces, because Mr. Daly is news. Mr. Daly's suspicions regarding Mr. Mantle, however, are handicapped in their general appeal by the fact that Mr. Mantle, to the public, is but pen and ink, and not as Mr. Daly is, pulsating flesh and blood. Despite that journalistic condition, The Tribune, foursquare and just in all its other departments, desires to deal honestly with the actors. Realizing the imperfections of any reviewer of entertainments, it opens its columns to contradiction. And at double the space rates. Whatsoever Mr. Daly and other players have upon their chests, they may shift it to The Tribune's readers, and at a profit. To present a satisfactory example of a player's reflections upon a reviewer who misunderstood him, the following ode is submitted. At 10 o'clock this morning I shall enter the umbra, well known to Mr. Daly and his brother bad actors, when I open The Tribune and read again the appended dissatisfaction:

Chicago, April 13.—To Percy Hammond: Thou obese votary of the battered Muse, Thou glibst juggler of rhythmic phrase, Who hypnotically, with rhetoric profuse, Doth rattle the bony parts of thy poor readers; Who thy morning's sorry page with open mouth Do greedily devour, and to others Of less understanding quote Thy burrowings. A word but here and there, as if By accident, with sense, They seize upon it and enlarge With great gusto thine erudition. Thine avowed 's a learn'd art— It hath no stool for euphuisms Or sweeping denunciations: To criticize, with license, one Must have wits; the remedy to apply. More than generous of thy spavined quips— Ever chary of thy worthless praise, Allusions recalcitrate do seem thy stock in trade. Go to! Write sensibly (si potes) of that For which thou'rt paid. C. G. M.

And this: "Indianapolis, April 13.—O Egregious Hammond: Accessibility to vituperation, I suppose, is a necessary prerequisite to greatness. You have been, doubtless, hawled out, and execrated by greater men than I. But I am paying you an involuntary compliment in taking the trouble to write to you. You are my pet aversion and I am, my dear sir, A BETTER ACTOR THAN YOU ARE.

Utica, N. Y., April 13.—A litany:—From Otis Skinner and Al Jolson; from Shubert spectacles, and spectacles that are not Shubert; from trips and from plays by Winchell Smith with dress suits in the last act; from the words "opus" and "ingratiating"; from the first night audience at the Greenwich Village Theater, the Garrick Theater and all other theaters; from dieting fat men who look like tubes with the tooth paste squeezed out; from glib, gaudy Senators like Borah and Medill McCormick; from those who regard American sculpture as an art; from the supine New York subway travelers; from cancer, "Babe" Ruth, intimate dancing, "Dixie" and the dramatic reviewer of The New York Tribune—good Lord, deliver me! M. B.

Mr. Daly, Mr. Lackaye or Mr. Gillette never had so unjust a thing as this, for instance, said about them and their performances. Rosville, Ill., April 13.—To the Reviewer: I have long had two serious quarrels with all dramatic, and much musical, criticism. The first was admirably expressed, not long ago, by your young lady correspondent who played the Mrs. Humphrey to your Uncle Matthew, and whom you, tersely but evasively, squelched with your sub-head "Serious Criticism's Need of a Drama." The dramatic critic, in particular, seems

Every Man in His Own Humor

The Theater's Greatest Nuisance

Dear Sir: Mr. Percy Hammond's arraignment of the laughing theater audience was something the public has needed for a long time. Indiscriminate laughter is the greatest nuisance in the theater to-day. Perhaps in two or three generations we shall acquire better manners. But why take up arms so vigorously in behalf of "Anna Christie"? Just what there is in that raw, sordid piece of elemental drama to lift a twentieth century audience above laughter is a mystery to me. Now, mind, I am not writing with any idea of disputing a professional critic, but as one of the inferior public who keeps this and all other plays going. In explanation of our case, may I say that, not yet being educated to the delicacies of the realistic drama, its moods and manners often strike us with more satirical or farcical force than they ought and we laugh. To be sure, it is not a kind laugh, but satire and farce are not kind, although they are very enjoyable at times. "Anna Christie" may be one of the great plays of modern times and much beauty may be hiding in this slice of the waterfront, but, if so, it is too subtle for the public and can only be appreciated by an invited audience. Contrary to whatever views Mr. Hammond holds, I think Mr. Hopkins has done just right to stage the conflict over Anna like a fight between two dogs over a bone. That is the way two men of the Chris and Mat types would fight. And I am not surprised that the audience laughs, half in derision, half in delight, for it is a good fight of its kind. What can an audience do but accept boasting, swaggering Mat Burke as satire and laugh at him? He isn't a winning lover; he doesn't succeed in conveying any genuine emotion over Anna's confession as one of "nature's noblemen" or "a diamond in the rough" would do; he only rants. And when he blurts out, "Be ye a Catholic!" as Anna swears on the cross to her spiritual chastity, the audience roars. It sees only satire—the suspicion of anything non-Catholic. The suspicious, tortured lover is com-

pletely lost in the presence of the unending woe of the Irish. As to Miss Pauline Lord's "Anna Christie" not one repentant emotion creeps across the f-tlights. She is hard, cold, cynical, unmoral to an astonishing degree. Harlotry means no more to her than a trip to a beauty parlor. Why not laugh at her? An audience may applaud her fine interjections; but sympathize with the character she portrays—never. So the untimely and irritating laugh to some minds that can penetrate life's dark scheme. We would like to sympathize, to be sorry for the forlorn destinies that we clearly see overshadowing them, but the players don't make us feel that way, so what can we do? I have wept more over an O'Neill play than anything else in my life: Richard Bennett in "Beyond the Horizon" almost ruined my eyesight; "The Emperor Jones" frightened me half to death, and any time I take up the printed play to read I am thrilled by it. I have in mind another play of this season dealing with a class of persons not far removed socially from those in the O'Neill play. I refer to the "S. S. Tensicity." Laughter here hurt me, for this play was staged and acted in so convincing a manner that I saw and felt the beauty, tenderness and pathos that the dramatist intended. Granted that audiences are thick in the case of "Anna Christie" I should say the dramatist was submerged by his actors. Mr. Hammond thinks the audience he observed were better fitted for the movies than the theater. Well, I don't

to feel that he is called upon, by the exigencies of his profession, to adopt a frothy, naughty attitude toward life and its expressions in terms of art; and he advertises his Weltanschauung in a smart, flippancy style. This is a remnant of a pseudo-cavalierism (pardon the coinage!). Personally, I am a Shavian Puritan in the drama and in criticism of the drama. So much for spirit; as to form: here, too, I am a Puritan, though not a purist. Why should you critics strive for a minimum of intelligibility by deliberately adopting an ornate, bizarre, circumlocutory, offensive style that would not be permitted to pass in a freshman-English theme? I am asking for enlightenment; and I put the query to you, Mr. Hammond, as, at once, the least hopeless and the frankest critic of my reading acquaintance. In looking back over this letter I find that I am myself guilty of the sins I have stoned. Just see what you've done to my style! Yours deferentially. E. P.

The Tribune has said that Arnold Daly is a bad actor. No one living knows so well as Mr. Daly does that that impression is false. If Mr. Daly will but utilize his opportunity for justice and retaliation, I am authorized to promise him that his article will appear, paid for and un-amended, save for profanity.

New Theatrical Offerings

MONDAY—At Maxine Elliott's Theater the Shuberts will present Marjorie Rameau in a new comedy adapted from the French by Gladys Unger entitled "The Goldfish" and featuring Wilton Lackaye and Robert T. Haynes. The supporting cast: Ben Hendricks, Wilfred Lytell, Dennis Cleughs, John De Sylva, John Robb, Lucille La Verne, Norma Mitchell and Rhy Derby. The play is founded on the French of Armand and Geribon and deals with the matrimonial adventures of a luxury-loving girl, who, by a multiplicity of husbands, designs to further her social and financial standing. At the Apollo Theater Philip Klein will offer "Lady Bug," a new farce by Frances Nordstrom, with John Cumberland and Marie Nordstrom in the leading roles. The supporting cast: Denman Maley, Leon Gordon, Fleming Ward, Edward Poland, Leila Frost, Ida Fitzhugh, Hilda Vaughan and Lilyan Tashman. This is Mr. Klein's first Broadway production. Miss Nordstrom's story exhibits a heroine of fads and reforms.

go often enough to the movies to have an opinion about that, but the audience I fell in with at "Anna Christie" was certainly the queerest and coarsest I ever met in a theater. I lingered about the door to watch it depart, fascinated by its uncouthness. Some trite thing such as "like attracts like" floated through my mind, but I thought most of the amazing and increasing inconsistency of an America that suppresses Dreiser and Cabell and carries O'Neill around on its shoulders. GRACE E. EMERSON, Norwalk, Conn.

Bewilders the Actor Dear Sir: Your remarks on laughter and the collection of morons that make up the average audience moves me to send you a word of thanks for expressing my sentiments. The theater has been my hobby for many years. Certainly I have seen about everything worth while in the theater which has been put on in the last twenty-five years. Your experience at "Anna Christie" was mine, too—and at "Liliom" and at others; so that I have at last come to the point where I said, "To hell with all of it!" It's hopeless—the morons have it. To me the saddest part is that it is having a very bad effect on some of the younger stage people. Some of them who showed promise have already been utterly ruined so far as any real serious work is concerned. Again I thank you. WALTER I. BAKER, Naugatuck, Conn.

Credo Expert: Dear Sir: Wish to congratulate you on your observations regarding the negro actors and your just criticism of the entertainment called "Shuffle Along" which I can't describe otherwise than as horse play! I believe you are quite right in your judgment and send you this word to approve of what you have said about it. FRANK B. WIBORG.

From the Author of "The First Fifty Years" To the Dramatic Editor: Sir: There has been considerable discussion as to whether or not I intended "The First Fifty Years" as an object lesson to the married and marriageable. This has rather surprised me, for my purpose in writing it was the purpose of all dramatists—the honest ones advised— (Continued on next page)

The Playbill

"THE HAIRY APE" moves up where the West begins, or at least up where men are dressed, opening under the direction of Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theater at a special Easter Monday matinee. For the Broadway presentation of the Provincetown Players' production two changes have been made in the cast. Carlotta Monterey will replace Mary Blair and Galway Herbert will play the role of the cockney in place of Harold West. Some changes will appear in the staging, but not a stitch has been added to the back of Louis Wolheim, the stoker, nor a single cussword abated from the torrent of his speech.

Gertrude Purcell, co-author of the late "Voltaire," has contributed a play to the bulging sheaf dealing with Byron. If the imminence of a Byron play should send any one to my lord's poems, perchance the volume will open at the title "A Vision of Judgment," which may strike the playgoer as an interesting parallel to the heavenly scene in "Liliom." In the poem it is George III who is arraigned, and just as Molnar gets Liliom paroled, so Byron manages to draw restriction about hell's hot jurisdiction.

And speaking of the Devil, John E. Kellar, the Shakespearean actor, will be seen next season as Mephisto in "Faust," under the management of Wallace Munro. Lewis Morrison's acting version will be used. Joseph Schildkraut's portrait of Hamlet is to be added to those of E. H. Sothern, Walter Hampden and Fritz Leiber. The star of "Liliom" will go to Vienna in July as guest player in "Hamlet" at the Deutsches-Volks Theater, under the direction of Alfred Bernman, a disciple of Max Reinhardt.

Harvard University's Hasty Pudding Club will stage its seventy-sixth annual production on Thursday and Friday evenings, when "It's Only Natural," a musical comedy, will be presented at the Hotel Plaza. William B. Jackson, 22, and R. Cameron Rogers, 23, are the authors of this year's production.

D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" departed from the Apollo Theater last night with no plans announced for its continuance elsewhere in New York. Meanwhile, "Lady Bug," a farce, will roll up the screen and play for a week beginning to-morrow night, after which it will move into the Times Square Theater. Next Sunday evening "Around the World With Burton Holmes," a motion picture, will take over the Apollo and will try for a summer run. Harry Levey is presenting the picture under the auspices of the Cinema Travel Association, in conjunction with the Visual Instruction Association of New York. The picture, in ten reels, is described as "two years of travel in two hours." When Nikita Balieff's Theater de la

The London Stage

Charles B. Cochran Bait the Critics

By Warre B. Wells

LONDON, April 4.

IT ALL began about a Singing Duck. The bird has been responsible for nearly as much controversy as Mark Twain's Jumping Frog. The critics said that the bird got the bird. Cochran said that it didn't—or that, even if it did, it didn't matter, anyway. The Singing Duck appeared in Charles B. Cochran's latest revue, "Mayfair and Montmartre." It wasn't any Singing Duck, really. What it did was to quack in time with the orchestra. But, anyway, Cochran thought a whole lot of the bird. He boosted it in advance with more care and energy than he ever lavished on any other novelty which he has put before London audiences. But it was hissed by a section of the house on its first appearance, and the critics said so, and then Cochran got mad.

Cochran said that his Singing Duck hadn't been hissed—though later he had to admit that perhaps it was—and he was so riled at what he considered a misstatement of fact and a general misrepresentation of the character of the revue that he announced he wasn't going to invite the critics to his first nights any more. Cochran has had one or two brushes with individual critics before, but now he set out to make war on the whole tribe. His criticism of the critics had to be taken more or less seriously, for Cochran is not a producer who can simply be ignored. He is, beyond all question, London's greatest showman at the present time, and London audiences are under a very considerable debt to him. He has ransacked Europe for novelties, his productions have always been perfect of their kind, and he has given London plays which without him would never have been staged here at all.

It was Cochran who led the revival of Russian ballet in this country; it was he who introduced the Chauve-Souris; it was he who staged "Cyrano de Bergerac" here, and London has to thank him for bringing here many intelligent and charming artists and for the production of many beautiful revues. So that when he drew his gun against the critics there had to be a duel.

The newspapers published Cochran's criticism of their critics; wrote reasonable remonstrances against his attitude, but admitted that he was within his rights in not inviting the critics if he chose. It didn't make any real difference to them, anyway, they said; they would buy seats for their critics and carry on as usual. But it wasn't so easy as all that to get even with Cochran. He singled out one of the most respected of London dramatic critics, against whom he seemed to have a particular grudge, and announced that if the critic in question dared to show his nose inside his theater he would shortly afterward find himself being thrown out onto the street.

Then Cochran planned to pull something rather more subtle on the critics. He decided to lift the bar against them—for one performance only. The performance was to be a special matinee, and at that matinee he planned to stage, for charity, twenty revue sketches and half a dozen songs which had been submitted to him by critics themselves. He got as far as writing to the author-critics to ask

their permission for the production, but that is all that has been heard of the project so far. Meanwhile the critics have not been leaving all the running to Cochran. They haven't really treated him harshly hitherto. In the particular case of "Mayfair and Montmartre"—aside from the complaint that it dealt with almost every part of the world except just those two places—they praised highly those parts of the production upon which Cochran's peculiar gifts were lavished. Its beauty and its inclusion in the cast of great popular favorites were welcomed, and the main charge laid against it was that it lacked cohesion and fun. But Cochran's attack put the critics on their mettle, and they began to think up what they really could say about him when they tried. This is what one of them achieved: "Why did Mr. Cochran ever worry with shows which, to quote his own words, 'put forward no claim to be considered as art or literature,' those whose concern is the art and literature of the drama? Suppose Mr. Whiteley—desired a newspaper notice of a new line in door mats; would he address his invitation to the weather experts, merely because both are interested in the rainfall? . . . Take but a couple of the features of 'Mayfair and Montmartre': The display of naked backs would naturally engage the attention of a medical gentleman and an artist trained in the life school. The Singing Duck, again, could only be done through justice by the music critic, the agricultural expert and the Nature Notes gentleman." London apparently is to be spared the spectacle of an eminent dramatic critic being thrown out of Cochran's theater. There has been more than a suspicion that his whole campaign against the critics is nothing more than a clever publicity campaign. But Cochran says no. On the contrary, he says, the whole affair has been "one of the most unpleasant incidents in my not altogether uneventful life." So much so, he adds, that he is discouraged from attempting any further efforts in the field of popular entertainment. "I believe," he concludes, "that 'Mayfair and Montmartre' is my best revue—which is perhaps fitting, as it will be my last." Well, Cochran should know, but whether it will be his last remains to be seen.

Chauve-Souris is transferred from the Forty-ninth Street Theater to the Century Roof on June 3 by Morris Gest, who brought the organization to this country. It will go into a theater redecorated in the Russian manner especially for the engagement of the players from Moscow. Cyril Maude is to play the lead in the forthcoming production of "If Winter Comes." "Billy" is the tentative title of the new piece being prepared for Mitzi by Harold Levy and Zella Sears, authors of "Lady Billy," her present vehicle. . . . Charles T. Griffith has done the music for Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde," which the Festival Dancers will give at week

(Continued on next page)