IN TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

THE NEW EXAMPLES IN THEATRICAL FICTION FOR WEEKEND.

Mlle Kiaboska's Repertoire of Dances in Modern Guise. Lucette Meier's Latest Accents. Miss Fadkinson's Recent Comedians in the Dutton and Barker Entertainment.

Hardly ever in these more contemporary of modern or in a few days this week. Mr. Zaro Digest called Faith. In which people it was interesting, and to which it was not. The case of a deserted, affectionate, true, Bavarian girl, married to a man who assumed none of those qualities, and had written not to Bohemia. Finally, after school Electric conference. That he neither thing for work, after without credit of our good to people to [illegible] effective. It was as that point that the published because the verged. But [illegible] was [illegible] about fifty minutes. But which [illegible] looked out. The [illegible] of [illegible] to the trace [illegible] of the Miss Clark [illegible] The poor [illegible] Miss Fraeger, [illegible] and her [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] across [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the rest of the [illegible] and Miss Fraeger [illegible] performed it with skill and [illegible] charm. Not many [illegible] [illegible] back to New York after several seasons on the road, nothing showing deterioration, accordingly, if they have had months and [illegible] of [illegible] to be measured for [illegible] with [illegible] acting [illegible]. If Miss Fraeger's [illegible] den [illegible] personality [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and exhibition. It [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]. Moreover, [illegible] [illegible] actress [illegible] [illegible] travels with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] another [illegible].

There was nothing [illegible] for Mr. Rider to do in "[illegible]," [illegible] as well for him that, although [illegible] a star in the play, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had not been [illegible] in separating the husband and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] behind, not in spending [illegible] [illegible] heart from heart [illegible] [illegible] the other was faithless. [illegible] novelty in the idea of [illegible] [illegible] love for the [illegible] [illegible] close to avail herself of it. But in the [illegible] of forbidden fruit [illegible] there was uncommon [illegible] and absolutely A bad fellow, who had [illegible] the husband to quit her, and had [illegible] to make the absence seem a desertion, was there to disgust her with his stolen wooing. A good fellow, who had been her steadfast friend in need and in deed, and had [illegible] sought to prevent the marital estrangement, was there to dismay her with an unprepaid[illegible] betrayal of himself as her ardent adorer. Thus she was enraged by one lover and grieved by another. Mr. Rider had gone beyond those conventional wooers of a married woman by putting into her fiction a lover as a third lover. He was as passionate as the bad man and as devotional as the good one, but his youthfulness gave him privileges of innocuous activity, denied to them, and the hands that dared not touch caressed him with responsive fondness.

It was with this youngster that a climax peculiarly piteous and thrilling was wrought out. The time was New Year's eve. The place was the wife's apartments. Her husband had been absent months and had sent no word. She was impoverished and unhappy. But she tried to cheer up. Her forced gaiety was pitiful. The first blow to her pretence of high spirits was struck cruelly by the false friend with his offer of disgraceful protection. She drove him out with her eyes dashing. The second was dealt without unkind intention, yet with greater hurt, by the true friend with his impulsive confession of his love. Him she dismissed with her eyes brimming. From disdainful rebuffance of one to the growful loss of the other was a transition that crushed all the New Year's life out of her. As the midnight bells chimed merrily for the holiday the distracted creature flung her arms around her boy, the only semblant of unforbidden love visible to her, and held fast to him in a frenzy of despair.

If Rudyard Kipling should write something pleasant about America it could not be more of a surprise than "The Girl From Up There," because it was an extravaganza by Hugh Morton without a mention of New York. Even as England has its poet laureate so had the Tenderloin a chronicler in verse. The last of those local satires, "The Police of New York," won foreign success. Yet Mr. Morton now writes for all countries, instead of the merry but cramped one of frivolous Gotham. The audience at the Herald Square listened in vain on Monday night for some familiar name of place or person, but none was spoken. The money mentioned was English, though the scene was in a comic opera village of nowhere land. Indeed, if we had doubted it, we are now sure that Mr. Morton is no longer ours alone. Whoever he is, however, he has lost none of his wit, though it is not so racy as heretofore. He is still suggestive of W. S. Gilbert, and some of the characters in "The Girl From Up There" are worthy of the satirical Englishman. One is a disagreeable man, who puts himself to any inconvenience in order to bore others. He tries to marry a girl because he knows that as his wife she would be completely unhappy. When it is ascertained that this objectionable person is acted by the jovial Harry Conor the humor of the thing can be comprehended. Another personage that has the stamp of originality is a young soldier who is continuously tipsy. He is just hazy all the time, never absolutely intoxicated, but never quite sober.

At one time he is seized with the notion that he must be married that day, but is refused by all the girls he asks. He says that at any other time he wouldn't consider marriage, but on this particular day he can think of nothing else. The audience regards that as the end of it, but in the last act, in another part of the world, he speaks of having left his wife in the fishing village. He had married her just before the ship sailed. That is the end of the subject. The author is exceptional in knowing when to drop a thing. One point that he carries right through the play without wearing it out is the rivalry of two North Pole Kings. In the first act we see them in their royal dignity in their native land of Polaria, of which comes King of the Western half and the other of the Eastern. Their animosity is so strong that one strews the ice with banana skins for the other to slip on, though it costs a fortune to import the fruit of a temperate climate. One monarch tells in a rarely clever song of the mysterious of the climate of his frozen kingdom. No one in Polaria ever has malaria. He gives a list of other ailments, ending everything that cold weather brings on from chilblains to pneumonia, and finishing with proud gusto that no one in Polaria ever suffer from colds. These Kings join in the song, each in the golden cup the [illegible] of the opera season a trip to several countries. In all the scenes they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]