EASTWARD GO MUSIC LORDS,

AND ALSO THOSE WHO HOPE TO BECOME TERNINAS.

Great Artists Off for Europe to Earn More Gold or Take Brief Rests—Music Students Also Flocking Across the Sea—How Many, Misled by Friends, Return to Deep Disappointment.

This is the time of year when the professional musician fades out of sight. His summer haunts call to him, the call not of the wild, but of the exceeding tame. For some it is to be a period of vacation. For others a time of continued labor, for the search after gold is as active among the esthetic sons and daughters of the world of beautiful tones as it is among the circus advertised artists of ephemeral novels.

What a strange and inexplicable thing is the soul of an artist! And how disappointing it is to the imaginative young things who sit in the matinée stalls and picture to themselves the angelic inner life of those who sing the high songs of Mozart and Wagner.

One James Huneker, sometime music chronicler of this journal and later dramatic observer, turned into a single volume, called "Melomaniacs," some of the results of his study of musicians. Those who have not yet read this curious compound of Ibsen and Balzac should proceed without delay to do so.

A musician is a person, human, excessively human, much given to arrogance, conceit and foibles, pitiably small as a rule in his views of all things outside his own art, and devoid of a sane view of people who practise such arts as letters, statesmanship or arms.

But this is a digression, a wandering of the lassitudinous spring mind into regions of petty annoyances best left behind with the harsh winds of winter criticism. To resume. Some musicians have the misfortune to make but little gold, silver or "long green" from their labors, and most of these are compelled to take vacations in the summer. They do not wish to do so, but when the winter season is past and gone their place in the market is void. They are no longer desired.

Out they go into the highways and byways of summer resort life to seek for hotels where the rates are low and the parlors large enough for recitals. A brief stay at the hotel furnishes the musician with some acquaintance among the guests.

Then begins the campaign of preparation. Stories of brilliant successes in Canajoharie, East Boston and South Norwalk are told. Clippings from the trade papers, which are at the service of any one with the price of a substantial "ad." in his pocket, are exhibited to prove that even New York bowed at this idol's feet.

If any doubting Thomas suggests that clippings from some of the metropolitan dailies would have weight, the answer is usually more clippings from the trade organ insinuating that New York critics have to be bought. The doubting Thomas does not go so far as to reflect that no one would so much need to buy them as the singer or player whose name was not renowned throughout the world.

Frequently, too, the musician can promptly produce lavish "encomiums," reprinted in neat strips, from the New York papers. Those who write musical chronicles in the town often receive copies of such reprints containing extravagant praises which never appeared in any New York papar.

The next step is to display privately for the excitement of the women the beautiful concert gown which Mme. Thum-and-Thump wears when she plays. Gossip cleaves the air of the corridors and floats along the piazzas. We have a great artist "in our midst." What a pity it is that we cannot hear her!

Suddenly she announces that she has been prevailed upon to give a recital. Now are we strained upon the razor edge of sharp anxiety. The "eventful day" arrives. The parlor is crowded. The artist has disposed of many, many tickets to the guests of the hotel and the people of the town.

She comes. She is welcomed with salvos of applause. She is not disconcerted. Applause is her daily food in East Boston and South Norwalk, not to speak of New York. She plays Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata. This is a sop to convention. Then she launches into a purple and green sea of Chopin and finally does marvelous dips of death in the aerial flights of S. B. Mills's "Recollections of Home."

That is her winner in the summer hotel. Tremendous applause. Even those who fell asleep in Beethoven wake up and join in the general joy. The next day the question is whether they will stand another or whether the artist must press on to new hotels and summer boarders fresh.

Sometimes the artist is a singer, and finds a haven of safety in the choir of a summer resort church, where the salary is large enough to enable one to tide over the dull summer season and the social perquisites are not to be sneezed at. But the great lords and ladies of the musical world, do they all struggle through the summer? Of course not. They rest—that is, when they have to.

Paderewski and Sembrich rest because they prefer to. The famous Polish pianist has a summer home at Morges, which lies in a sequestered nook on the shore of Lake Leman, a little off the macookemized road between Lausanne and Geneva, not far from the birthplace of La Harpe and the castle of Bertha, Queen of Burgundy.

You can reach it by the north coast boat, but the tourist does not think of it. There Paderewski rests in the summer and composes. But the seeker after famous personages will not find him there this year. He is going to hire a châlet in the Polish mountains and hide out of sight of well meaning friends and equally annoying strangers.

As for Mme. Sembrich, she is in the habit of going into the Tyrolean mountains and doing wonderful climbing acts all summer. She is as strong as the proverbial ox and she means to continue so. She is really a young lady for her age, which is far, far less than a wicked San Francisco paper said it was.

Mme. Gadski, who continues to "tour" this benighted land till the last gun fires, is also going back to Europe this summer, but not to rest. She will appear at the Munich festival performances at the Prinz Regenten Theater in August and September, where also Mme. Ternina and our diminutive friend Albert Reiss will be found.

But this chronicle did not begin with the intent of becoming a record of the summer doings of singers of the opera company. These gilded darlings of the musical world are now drifting back to town after more or less exciting experiences in the West and South. Let them pass on ships in the night. The point to be made is that these artists will not, as a rule, rest except when they are obliged to do so. Art is long and time is fleeting. Therefore it becomes necessary to gather in the elusive reichsmark while the summer sun shines.

Professional musicians are not all who sweep eastward across the western ocean at this period of the year. Among others will go large flocks of students. Having completed their courses in the conservatories of this country they hasten abroad to saturate themselves with that sacred atmosphere of which they have heard so much. What becomes of them all? What becomes of all the thousands of students of music all over this country?

Almost every one who is interested in the subject knows of the great institutions, such as the New England Conservatory, the Peabody Institute, the Oberlin College and the Cincinnati College of Music. Now, good exchange readers in other cities, please do not conclude that this writer means to insinuate that these are the only good conservatories in the United States. They are mentioned as typical; that is all. They are well known.

But how many people are acquainted with the work of the music schools in scores of other cities, such as Troy and Albany? There are two conservatories in Troy and one of them has 700 pupils. What becomes of them all? Some certainly go abroad to complete their studies and expect to become professionals. They hope, too, to reach distinction. They do not look forward to a return to America with one recital followed by a quiet subsidence into the drudgery of ignominious teaching. Yet that is the sorry fate that awaits the vast majority of them.

From out these hordes at this time of year hundreds emerge with tickets for Europe. They flit across the sea to learn all the mystery and marvel of art which is held in the close receptacle of Old World wisdom. They will sit at the feet of Leschetizky or Raif. They pay their money and they take their choice for better or for worse. Or if they be students of singing, they go to throw themselves before the thrones of Marchesi, Stockhausen or Sbriglia. And here again it is for better or for worse.

After some years of laborious study abroad these young aspirants for glory return to their native land. They begin to seek for engagements. They find these few and elusive. They desperately begin to volunteer to sing or play at benefit performances in the hope that the resultant publicity will be of assistance to them. They find to their astonishment there is not any publicity that is of use to them. Benefit performances are not seriously considered by the critics. Usually the newspapers dismiss them with a curt and bald new paragraph.

Now the aspirant for musical fame is told by her manager that the only thing to do is to give a concert. She must hire a hall and do her own advertising and pay the manager well. She is now fortunate if she is a pianist, for she can give a recital without assistance. If she is a singer, she must at any rate pay an accompanist, and usually the manager will advise her to engage some local instrumentalist to appear and perhaps attract a few paying auditors—for it is an open secret that almost no one pays to go to concerts of this sort. It is quite as bad here as it is in Berlin. The late Hermann Wolff, the busiest concert manager in Germany, wrote to me some years ago to say that in the course of that season there were to be 800 concerts in the German capital. He was to manage about half of them.

"At these concerts," he said, "the receipts will range from 25 cents to $25. Only artists who come highly recommended will get the latter amount."

Well, the time for the young aspirant's concert arrives. Mendelssohn Hall is packed. The aspirant wonders how so many people ever heard of her. She has never seen her manager's free ticket list. He has promised her that she shall have an audience and has assured her that as her concert has been properly advertised and announced in the usual manner the critics will all be there.

Of course all her friends are there. She has given seats to them. It may be, too, that half a dozen or so of them have bought tickets. The receipts may reach the proud figure of $7.50. The expenses soar into the hundreds. But the manager assures her it is all absolutely necessary. She must give a concert.

She appears on the stage in a highly nervous condition and begins badly. After her first number she is applauded, for there is nothing so bad in music that a New York audience will not applaud it. The applause gives her confidence, and in the second number she begins to disclose her true worth.

If she is a pianist, it is now that the critics begin to sit up and take notice. If she is a singer, they have already found out whether she is acquainted with the first principles of her art or not. The first eight measures of her first song will tell them whether her voice is placed, her attack correct, and her breathing well managed.

But they must wait and hear half a dozen songs to ascertain whether she knows anything more about singing. The more knowledge she shows the longer they remain in their seats. The next morning the young aspirant buys the papers and reads in each one something of this sort:

"At Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon Elaine Smitherspoon, who has been studying with Sbriglia in Paris, gave a song recital. She sang songs by Giordani, Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. Her voice is a light and somewhat thin soprano with little color. She sings in tune and has been carefully coached in the phrasing of her selections, but she showed little or no appreciation of their content. The most encouraging feature of her singing was the steadiness of her tones and the general evenness of her scale, which nevertheless has a barely discernible break between the medium and upper registers."

What does all this mean? Her friends who advised her to go abroad to study told her that she had a big, rich soprano voice, which would one day fit her for opera and eventually for *Brünnhilde* and *Isolde*. Her teacher assured her that her registers were perfectly equalized and that her command of style left nothing to be desired. These New York critics, mere hired men, penny-a-liners, dared to dispute her friends and her teacher. To the manager's in a cab!

"Have you seen what the papers say about me?"

The manager regrets that he has. He fears that it will still be difficult to get engagements. To her friends in the same cab! Yes, they also have read the papers. She should have bribed the critics. Or they are really very ignorant fellows. She sings beautifully. It will always be a joy to hear her. "But," she still asks herself, "how shall I get engagements?" Another singer, a more experienced one, suggests that her appearance was premature. That break—slight as it was, it ought not to have been there. "You should spend two or three years more in study, my dear. Go to Signor Fizzolio. He is really the right man. He lives in Boston."

What! More study? But where is the money to come from?

What is behind all this? Friends, just friends, dear friends, and nothing more. Year after year young aspirants go abroad to study because their friends have assured them that they will be the Sembrichs and Terninas of the future. Pianists burst into New York because friends in Caseawassy, Ind., have told them that they play better than Paderewski.

Do friends ever tell these befogged young people that they are not great geniuses and that they are mistaking aspiration for inspiration? Not at all. It takes courage to do that, and these friends do not like to incommode themselves.

It is easier to flatter and delude some honest and industrious young woman to disappointment and life-long grief than it is to tell her the truth in the beginning. That miserable business is left for the critic, who, being a man, feels, when he is confronted with one of these cases, like going out and hanging himself rather than write the comment which stern duty demands of him.

"Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo." So wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, who put much truth into black and white. It is a pity that all the friends of those about to go abroad to study music do not make this wise saying their motto.

W. J. HENDERSON.

MUSURGIA GETS WOMEN.

A Well Known Male Chorus to Add Sopranos and Contraltos.

Substantial changes for the ensuing year are announced by the Musurgia Society, a musical organization of New York city, now closing its twenty-first season. As a male chorus this society has attained a high standard, but as the répertoire of a male chorus is necessarily limited, it has been decided to add to the voices of the seventy-five men now singing in the club an equal number of ladies' voices.

This will make a well balanced chorus of selected singers able to enter a musical field at present not filled in New York city, but which is covered in Boston by the St. Cecilia Society and in Philadelphia by the Mendelssohn Club.

This field will include the performance, with orchestra, of short dramatic cantatas. The modern trend would seem to be toward this type of composition rather than in the direction of the larger form of oratorio. While the Musurgia will especially cultivate this branch of choral art, compositions for male voices and the glees and madrigals of the palmy days of the English school will by no means be neglected.

Walter Henry Hall will continue to direct the club. He is also conductor of the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, and the newly appointed organist of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. His experience in these directions, as well as his early English training, fits him for the leadership of the society in its new undertaking.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

Ignace Paderewski is to play at the Modjeska testimonial at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 2 the following program: Impromptu, Serenade and the Erlking transcription by Schubert; Ballade, Nocturne, Valse and Mazurka by Chopin, and the second rhapsody of Liszt. The recital will precede the dramatic features of the performance.

The musical season will close before long, but an event which should be looked forward to by the musical public will occur before it does close. The People's Singing Classes, organized in 1892 by Frank Damrosch, have each year ended their season with one or more public appearances, and with each appearance demonstrated more and more clearly the usefulness of the society as an educational musical movement among the masses. The union's classes organized throughout the city under the numerous volunteer teachers have been instructed in the elements of music and sight singing. They now will appear under the leadership of Edward G. Marquard on the evening of April 30 at Carnegie Hall. The first part of the program will be taken up by the elementary classes of Manhattan and The Bronx in selected part songs, and by Mr. Granville in barytone selections. A feature of the second part will be the dramatic readings of Edward Brigham, who will be assisted by the following soloists: Mrs. Grace Wheeler Dutton, soprano; Miss Florence La Selle Fiske, contralto; Miss Florence De Vere Boese, soprano, and Charles N. Granville, barytone, in the presentation of Mendelssohn's cantata "Athalie" by the advanced members of the singing classes. An orchestra of thirty pieces, and Frank Sealey at the organ, will add to the attractions of the evening.

Edwin S. Belknap will give a concert of Indian music at Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday evening. The program will consist of songs of the aborigines arranged by Harvey Worthington Loomis.

Valentine Abt, mandolinist and harpist, will give a recital at Mendelssohn Hall Wednesday evening, April 26. He will be assisted by Minnie Sheldon Pearce, pianist, and Emma Elizabeth Elmer, contralto.

The committee in charge of the Schiller memorial concert, which is to be given in Carnegie Hall on Sunday evening, May 7, has engaged Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Mrs. Paula Woehning, contralto; William H. Rieger, tenor; John Beize, basso, and Emil Fischer, basso, to sing the solo parts in Romberg's setting to Schiller's poem "The Lay of the Bell." Mrs. Kelsey and Mr. Fischer are also to sing solos. Mayor George B. McClellan has accepted an invitation to attend the concert, and is also to deliver an address. Other speakers will be the Rev. Albert W. Hilderbrandt and George Van Skal. Carl Hein will direct the huge chorus of 800 male and female voices of the United German Singing Societies, under whose auspices the concert is given, and an orchestra of sixty musicians.

Fritz Kreisler sailed for Europe on Tuesday last, and goes direct to London, where he opens next Thursday, April 20. Kreisler has played fifty-five engagements since the opening of his tour in this country on Jan. 3, traveling as far West as the Pacific Coast. He will make a complete tour of Europe and Australia before he returns to this country again, which will not be for several years.

Josef Hofmann has not returned to Europe, as has been reported, but is spending the Easter holidays with friends at their country house on Long Island. He will return to this city on Thursday, playing that evening at the last private concert of the Rubinstein Club in the Waldorf-Astoria, after which he returns to Long Island, where he will remain until he sails for Europe on May 2.

Signor Campanari has been spending the past week with his family in this city, and on Monday continues his concert tour, singing in York, Pa.; Tuesday in Syracuse, Thursday in Washington, Sunday next in Chicago, Monday, May 1, in St. Louis; Tuesday, May 2, in Terre Haute, Ind.; after which he joins the Theodore Thomas Orchestra for a number of festival engagements lasting until late in June.

The Catholic Oratorio Society, of which Signor C. De Macchi is director, will give its initial concert at Columbus Hall, Sixtieth street and Columbus avenue, on Wednesday evening, April 26, 1905, at 8:30 P. M. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given, also a miscellaneous program, including Gounod's "Ave Maria." Miss Katherine Hilke, the well known soprano, for many years soloist at St. Patrick's Cathedral, will be assisted by several other artists and a chorus of fifty voices.

World's Champion Cakewalker.

From the Kansas City Times.

Doc Brown is in his grave, but Kansas City is still the home of the world's champion cakewalker. Daisy Harris, formerly a hodcarrier in Leavenworth, defeated only by the famous Doc at walking for the cake, is now a resident of Kansas City. Daisy isn't carrying the hod now. He is helping people move and clean house.

Six or seven years ago Daisy, who had gained first place among the cakewalkers of Kansas, challenged Doc Brown for the world's championship. The match was arranged and took place in Atchison. Daisy lost, but Doc declared the Leavenworth negro the "second bestest." It was a great match. "Senator" Brown, the king of the Atchison "colored élite," was the master of ceremonies. The judges were white citizens of Atchison. The audience went wild over the contortions of Doc and Daisy.

Until yesterday the Leavenworth negro never attempted to explain his defeat. Yesterday Daisy met a man who saw the Atchison match. "Ah'll tell yoh how Ah lost," said Daisy. "It wah because the music wah frum a pyannah. Ah nevah could walk to nuthin' but a brass ban'. Dat pyannah music fumigated me so Ah couldn't git masef down to wuk. Now Ah's de champeen uf de worl'."

NEW AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS

COMEDY THAT SHOULD BE FARCE AND FARCE TURNED HEROICAL.

Willis Steell's "Firm of Cunningham" and Kellett Chalmers's "Frenzied Finance" Dramatic Flowers That Briefly Bloom in the Spring—Three Maiden Efforts.

With the theatrical season prematurely dwindling into musical comedy, and Father Knickerbocker's gardener resolutely bent on luring a floral spring into Madison Square, it is an ill time to capitalize the American Drama and issue a serious prospectus of glorious things to come. But it so happens that the future of the American drama is one of the flowers that bloom in the spring—the more lucrative weeks of the winter being given up to its present and even to its past. After a season almost without novelty, maiden efforts by three new playwrights are now bidding for recognition in local playhouses, and are making what headway they can against the counter attraction of all out of doors. But why take anything seriously, says the spirit of the hour, and especially the American drama? If it were only possible to take it otherwise. According to Harry B. Smith, the making of musical comedy is a very serious business. Judge then of the solemnity of the manufacture of legitimate comedy! Most of all, judge of the tragic fate of the theatrical reporter, laboring under a life sentence of three or four evenings a week in the theater. For him, at least, the future of the American drama is a very serious matter.

Paul Armstrong's "Heir to the Hoorah" has already been discussed here at length. Both in subject and in treatment it belongs to the elder and more artificial tradition. In spite of its resolute—and successful—attempt at human interest, it is as unreal a conglomeration of well worn stage characters and stage tricks as it has been our fate to see in many a weary day, yet of the three plays in hand it is—certainly with its critics and probably also with the public—the most popular, and is worth mentioning again to give point to the observation, sufficiently obvious at all times, that in the playhouse freshness of observation and sincerity of treatment are often minor considerations. In so-called theatrical novelties novelty is the prime asset only when, so to speak, it hits the public between the eyes. It is the misfortune of Willis Steell's "Firm of Cunningham" and Kellett Chalmers's "Frenzied Finance" that they have sought new truth without signal and unmistakable success. And yet from our present point of view they are infinitely more enjoyable and infinitely more promising.

Mr. Steell's claim to distinction is that he has had the intelligence to make his comedy center in a question of character—the lighter feminine heart, with all its complexities and perplexities, its callousness and its tenderness, and especially its mendacities. How far he has been guided by observation may be questioned. The incident upon which he lays chief stress—*Dora's* mania for playing the races—is as uncharacteristic of gay and fashionable American life as it is characteristic of the faster set in England. There is something, too, in the general air of the piece that is strangely reminiscent of the modern English playwrights. The sporting atmosphere might well be a reflex from R. C. Carton at his most resolutely worldly, and *Dora's* lies and coquetries from any of half a dozen of H. A. Jones's women of the gayer world. At the worst, however, Mr. Steell's models are truer than those of Mr. Armstrong, and however deeply he is indebted to them, it is clear that he has put much of himself into the play.

The novelty of the piece lies in making it center in the irresponsible shifts and evasions—lies, in short—of a woman. With the mendacious man we have long been familiar. Moliére's *Scapin* was not the first of his kind, and Mr. Gillette's *Johnson* the Too-much will not by any means be the last. The world may or may not love a lover, but there is not the slighest doubt that the theater loves a liar. That is, when the liar is a man: nobody expects men to be good. In the case of a woman lying has never before, so far as I know, been made the be-all and the end-all of comedy. *Mrs. Dane* defended herself from the results of a sin of the passions, with which somehow or other the audience was led to have at least a partial sympathy. The stain from which *Julia* was to be whitewashed was of such a character that, as it seemed, Mr. Jones preferred not to attempt to ingratiate it in our sympathy—commending us to the bliss of ignorance. Even *Lady Jessica* in "The Liars" wandered from her own fireside under grave provocation and lured by an unmistakably sincere passion.

Of all this there is nothing in Mr. Steell's *Dora*. Of her husband and his liver we see little—and surely he had provocation for bile. She breaks her promise not to play the races, and kisses her "nice young boy" for no other reason than that she wants to. And in covering the trail of the serpent of temptation she is as unflinching a liar as any of the tribe of *Scapin*. Pretending remorse for her gambling, she borrows money from a loyal friend—and dash forth to the poolroom. For no better reason than to hoodwink her husband she forces her ingenuous sister into an engagement with the nice young boy, and then, when the young people take a shine to each other, becomes pettishly jealous, and so magnifies the osculations of the nice young boy as to break off the engagement. In one of her shifts she plies a drunken cook with bottle after bottle of whiskey, and when occasion offers sets up in business as a tipster with a low tout for partner. In one scene Mr. Steell would have us believe that she feels a womanly pity for her broken hearted sister, but her sympathy is unillumined by any real understanding of the situation and leads to nothing. At the final curtain she promises her husband to be good, but does so with a grimace that points to a more than doubtful future.

Somebody in the audience suggested that the handling of the theme was light. It might have been better if it had been lighter. Throughout there was an effort, and on the whole an intelligent effort, to keep the play in the sphere of comedy. But with such a woman any real interest, either of the sympathies or of the intelligence, is manifestly out of the question. If the theme is possible at all it is as unsophisticated farce.

Even in the most irresponsible form of the drama, would it be possible to make *Dora's* petty lies and coquetries palatable? As a general proposition one would be inclined to say no. Even in the men the orgy of falsehood is an obsolescent convention. But Mr. Steell has made the case a very particular one. There are moments of very real laughter in the performance at the Madison Square, and it is *Dora's* intricate and expert fibbing that raises most of it. If Mr. Steell's attack on his subject had been a little more accurate and adroit it is not impossible that the result would have been a successful play and one of a wholly original kind.

In his "Frenzied Finance" Mr. Kellett Chalmers has a far more vital and significant theme than Mr. Steell's, and he has had the discretion to handle it almost consistently in the manner of farce. His original title, "The Spirit of the Age," was far happier than the one it now bears—tacked on afterward by the manager to make capital out of a topic of the hour with which the play has really nothing to do. In a past generation the popular ideal of American manhood was the rail splitter or the canal boy who made himself President. Times have changed, and the young dramatist is on the trail. The spirit of the present age he epitomizes in the bellboy who makes himself a plutocrat. Not a heroic theme, this! It was a sure instinct that led Mr. Chalmers to view the whole thing from the point of view of preposterous absurdity. Yet it has a meaning which he who runs may read, and nobody can follow the transformation which mere bigness of aim makes in the bellboy's character without a better comprehension of modern finance.

More important than the message is the freshness and lifelikeness of the principal characters. The Yonkers undertaker who finds nepenthic relief from his trade and from his suburban family in the cocktails of the Hotel Van Billion is a creation of penetrating humor; and it is a most fruitful device to make him wake up in his aberration to find that (a modern Christopher Sly) he has been taken for the copper king, lodged in the $16,000 bridal chamber and served with champagne. As interpreted by Mr. Ferguson the character rises to all but classic proportions of sympathetically divined absurdity. Equally happy is the undertaker's daughter, a scornful, aspiring maiden who hates her father and is pathetically hated in return and who takes advantage of the misunderstanding in which she finds him to lure a mercenary broker into an engagement.

As to the likeliness of the pair of Montana rivals I have no means of judging, but one thing is certain, and that is that they do not, like the miners of the Hoorah, impress one as a mere rewarming of Bret Harte. The encounter with pistols between these two worthies in the bridal chamber, and the process of frontier justice by which the bellboy is awarded the million dollar check which represents the profits of his first day's operations on Wall Street, is as fresh a bit of fooling as has lately adorned the stage, and is delirious in its satiric implications. The public is to be congratulated that, though kicked from the Savoy by the cold feet of the manager, the play has found refuge in the Princess.

It is only in handling the bellboy that Mr. Chalmers's hand falters. His romance with the true daughter of the Copper King is very far from convincing, and the part that damsel plays in the plot is shadowy and detached. It is on this account, more than any other, that the first act lags. While neglecting the sentimentalities here, moreover, Mr. Chalmers overworks them in his depiction of the character of his hero. Let us frankly admit that the spirit of this plutocratic age is not to be scorned. But is it possible to elevate it to heroic proportions? There is a monologue toward the last curtain in which one feels as if the author were standing beside the bellboy and vigorously patting him on the back. It is a touch quite out of keeping with farcical satire, and goes far to dampen the final effect of the whole.

At the worst, however, the farce confirms the hopes which Mr. Chalmers aroused in "Abigail." Both pieces have faults. They give little evidence of the hard labor of the intellect necessary to compose and construct a play. Both are weakened by sentimentality. But both have the firm grasp of the essentials of character, the touch of spontaneous sentiment and humor, which mark the born playwright.

JOHN CORBIN.

A MOUNTED COP'S HORSE.

Its Manœuvring Attracts Attention and Awakens Admiration.

The horse of a mounted policeman who, dismounted, for a brief time the other afternoon held down the job of the regular policeman on the busy south crossing at Seventh avenue and 125th street attracted by its actions while its rider was thus engaged attention and admiration.

When the policeman dismounted he backed his horse, a fine looking dark chestnut, ten feet down the middle of the avenue, below the crossing, and left him standing there, returning then himself to the crossing to take up the work there, which he discharged like a veteran. And cool and quiet but always alert, he was with his smooth shaven, tanned face, himself a figure to strike the eye agreeably. But it was his horse that caught the fancy.

The horse, standing in the middle of the avenue, and with his body ranging always in a true line with the centre line of the avenue, and with his head to the front, toward his accustomed rider, stood, not like a statue, but like a live horse. Never slouching, never settling his weight on one leg to bend and rest the other, he stood always up and up, like a well bred horse, and always with his eye on his now dismounted rider.

And every now and then, with an evident desire to stand nearer to the man, to get up close to him, he would quietly close up a foot or two of the space between them; march up thus nearer to the man; while the people who had now halted on either side of Seventh avenue to enjoy this novel little show, looked on with interest.

Halting after this first advance the horse would watch his master, now standing on the crossing and regulating the traffic. When the policeman was especially busy the horse would take two steps more toward him and halt again, and stand again erect and trim and silent. Then he would move up again, this time close to the officer; where he wanted to be, but where he ought not to be in this particular game.

And then aware of his proximity, the officer would turn and look at the horse, and then the horse would back a step or two. Then the officer would step toward the horse, gently but deliberately, the horse backing as the officer advanced.

And, so advancing, looking at the horse but never touching him, and with the horse, his eye on the man, stepping steadily backward as the man advanced, the officer would back the horse to where he had originally placed him, and then turn to resume his duties on the crossing.

There the horse would stand again, plumb in the middle of the avenue and straight in line with it, trim and horse-like, and with his eye on his master as before, but in a minute or two he would again step quietly a pace or two to the front, and so the previous performance would be repeated.

But presently the policeman regularly on duty at this crossing, whose face is familiar to many drivers along this great driving thoroughfare and to many pedestrians as well, returned to his post, the dismounted policeman and he saluting like soldiers as they met; and the horse marched straight up to the two, with his nose close to both of them. And then the mounted man took his horse by the bridle and led him across 25th street to Seventh avenue beyond, where his post began, and swung himself into the saddle; and so horse and rider were again united, and the show was over.

NEW POST-LENTEN PLAYS.

FRANK DANIELS IN "SERGEANT BRUE," A MUSICAL FARCE.

"The Proud Laird" at the Manhattan—"London Assurance" to Move to Herald Square—Nance O'Neil Back—Attractions to End With This Week.

Frank Daniels will start the post-Lenten season at the Knickerbocker Theater to-morrow night with an English musical farce, "Sergeant Brue." Owen Hall wrote the book and Liza Lehman the music. Daniels's part is that of a blundering London policeman who, to win a legacy promised if he merits an inspectorship, gets into all sorts of troubles. Supporting the comedian is a company in which are plenty of well known names. Blanche Ring is to be *Lady Bickenhall, Sergeant Brue's* mentor in high life. Others in the cast are Clara Belle Jerome, Anna Fitzhugh, Sallie Fisher, Alfred Hickman, Walter Percival and Lawrence Wheat.

The long run of "Leah Kleschna" at the Manhattan having ended, Harrison Grey Fiske will present to-morrow at that theater a new comedy, "The Proud Laird," by Charles Cartwright and Cosmo Hamilton. The scene, as may be guessed from the title, is laid in Scotland, and the story is of a young laird, *The Invermorach*, and a wealthy American girl, who meet and fall in love at the laird's castle. Overzealous relatives anxious to promote the match bring about a series of misunderstandings instead. Mrs. Fiske's company has left for its annual spring tour and a new company has been gathered for the production. Chief among them are Robert Loraine and Dorothy Donnelly. Others in the cast are H. Hassard-Short, J. H. Bunny and Ida Vernon.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys will make a change of theater, but not a change of play, to-morrow night. "London Assurance" has proved so popular that it has been decided to move it from the Knickerbocker to the Herald Square for a final week before Miss Jeffreys begins a four weeks tour of the larger Eastern cities.

Although the novelty of the Hippodrome as New York's biggest playhouse has not begun to wear off, the managers are already introducing new things. Chief of them this week is Col. Gaston Bordeberry, who is announced as the world's most accurate rifle shot. His chief feat in proving this claim is the disrobing of a woman by firing off a button with each bullet. In addition, he plays tunes on a piano by shooting at the keys.

In the circus part of the show are to be some new performers from Europe. Marceline, the English clown, is a strong attraction.

"Er und Seine Schwester" (He and His Sister), a jolly farce comedy with songs by B. Buchbinder which was revived last night at the Irving Place Theater for the benefit of Hedwig von Ostermann, Mr. Conried's leading lady, will be the bill for every night this week with the exception of Tuesday and Thursday.

George Bischel, treasurer of the house, and George Herrnstadt, ticket agent, will have a testimonial performance on Tuesday night, when there will be three one act plays: "Blau," by Bernstein; "In Civil," by Kadelburg; "Das Versprechen Hinter'm Herd," by Baumann. On Thursday night Max Hänseler, the comedian of the theater, will have a benefit performance. The play selected is "Wohltätige Frauen" (Charitable Women), a comedy by L'Arronge.

Miss Nance O'Neil will return to New York on Monday evening, when she begins a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House. Miss O'Neil will be seen in two special revivals, "Macbeth" and Giacommetti's historical drama entitled "Elizabeth, Queen of England." "Macbeth" will be given on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon will be given over to "Elizabeth, Queen of England." Miss O'Neil, of course, is *Lady Macbeth*, while Charles Dalton will be seen in the title part. The part of *Macduff* will be in the hands of Charles Millward.

Plans have been made to extend the season of "She Stoops to Conquer" at the New Amsterdam Theater. The play may hold that stage until the end of May. Eleanor Robson's performance of *Kate Hardcastle* has proved a great drawing card, and the rest of the all star cast, Kyrle Bellew, Louis James, J. E. Dodson, Isabel Irving, Sidney Drew and Mrs. Charles Calvert, have won new honors.

Miss Marie Tempest and her London company in "The Freedom of Suzanne," at the Empire Theater, give promise of duplicating their hit in London at the Criterion Theater. The rôle of *Suzanne* gives Miss Tempest an excellent opportunity, and her leading man, Allan Aynesworth, has made a most agreeable impression here. Miss Tempest's engagement is for only four weeks.

The last week of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" begins at the Lyceum Theater to-morrow night. When its final performance is given on Saturday it will have had nearly 150 New York representations. Miss Ethel Barrymore will begin a two weeks engagement at the Lyceum, appearing in the rôle of *Nora* in Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

Miss Annie Russell also begins her last week in "Jinny the Carrier" at the Criterion Theater to-morrow evening. Only one matinée is given, that on Saturday.

Another final week is that of the Glen MacDonough-Victor Herbert musical play, "It Happened in Nordland," at the Lew Fields Theater. At the end of this week the company goes direct to Boston, where it plays two weeks, and returns to this city playing at the Broadway Theater, Brooklyn, for one week, and then goes to Chicago to the Grand Opera House, where it remains all summer. In Chicago Mr. Fields and his organization will rehearse a new musical play by Herbert and MacDonough, which will be produced at the Lew Fields Theater early in the fall.

The Bernard Shaw comedy, "You Never Can Tell," at the Garrick Theater, will have its last performance next Saturday night. This will round out a run of sixteen weeks. Mr. Daly will go immediately to London to consult with George Bernard Shaw about his plans for next year.

There are now three Belasco shows in town and all are drawing large audiences. Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Adrea" is filling the Belasco nightly. Not the least attractive part of the performance is the elaborate setting which Mr. Belasco has provided.

The last week of Blanche Bates's engagement at the Academy begins to-morrow. For only eight times more will she be seen as *Yo San* in the picturesque Belasco-Long play, "The Darling of the Gods." This will be not only her farewell appearance in New York, but a farewell to the play. Mr. Belasco and Mr. Gilmore will present souvenirs on Saturday night.

David Warfield's last extra matinée of the season in "The Music Master" will occur at the Bijou next Thursday afternoon, April 27. His 250th performance will be on May 1, with the prospect that he will round out a third century before his season closes.

"The Education of Mr. Pipp" opens its tenth week at the Liberty on Easter Monday. Digby Bell's amusing work as *Mr. Pipp* is still the chief feature of the play.

Stanislaus Stange's comedy "The School for Husbands," with Alice Fischer in the leading rôle, is in its fourth week at Wallack's, and its success so far seems to be exceeding expectations.

"The Prince of Pilsen," despite the fact that this is its twelfth engagement in New York city, is still prospering at the New York Theater.

A feature of the matinée performance at the Garden Theater next Wednesday afternoon will be the appearance of the Wesleyan Glee Club, which will sing from the stage in the second act. Manager Henry W. Savage has arranged for the entire body, and their first entrance will be made at the faculty reception. "The College Widow" begins its thirty-second week Monday night.

"Fantana," with Jeff De Angelis at the head of the company, is running merrily on at the Lyric. There will be a special Easter Monday matinée to-morrow afternoon.

The bellboy moneymaker of "Frenzied Finance" is still amusing Princess Theater audiences. There also will be a special Easter Monday matinée.

"The Firm of Cunningham," a new play by a new American author, is still at the Madison Square Theater.

Paul Armstrong's "The Heir to the Hoorah" promises to be one of the successes of the season, and it seems certain that no play will replace it at the Hudson this season.

It now looks as if "San Toy" had settled down for another run at Daly's Theater. Mr. Powers, in the part of *Li*, the wily Chinaman, is funny, and the balance of the cast is capable.

Kellar, the magician, is at the Majestic for one more week. His newest illusion, the "Blue Room," is more surprising than any of his previous feats. On May 1 "The Filibuster," a new musical play, will be heard at this theater.

For to-night Victor Herbert promises an Easter concert of unusual excellence, will many special numbers.

Otis Skinner will appear at the Harlem Opera House for one week, commencing Monday, April 24, in his latest success, "The Harvester."

"A Desperate Chance," Theodore Kremer's sensational melodrama, will have its first performance in the American Theater to-morrow. Mr. Kremer has taken for the foundation of his story the Biddle brothers. One of the scenes shows a robbery by the Biddles.

"Tracked Across the World" is the melodrama which will have its first performance in the Fourteenth Street Theater next Monday, April 24. The story is of the hunt for an assassin, in the course of which a New York secret service man follows the culprit around the world.

Ward and Vokes in "A Pair of Pinks" are the attraction at the Metropolis Theater this week.

The Murray Hill will have "A Friend of the Family," which will open with a special matinée to-morrow. Harry Crandall, who created the name part in "The Burgomaster," is the chief of the funmakers.

The Brady-Grismer revival of "Siberia," with its interpolated scenes of the Kishineff massacre, will be at the New Star all this week.

"The Strollers," long a popular musical comedy, is to be at the West End with a cast which includes Robert Lett, Dwight Allen, Kathleen Clifford and Mae Bouton.

The stock company at the Yorkville will revive Hall Caine's "The Christian." Anne Sutherland will play Viola Allen's part of *Glory Quayle*, while Will R. Walling will have the part of the *Rev. John Storm.*

The Russell brothers, in "The Female Detectives," come to the Windsor for a week.

The four Proctor theaters promise good entertainment. At the Fifth Avenue Henry Woodruff will be seen as the hero in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Isabelle Evesson will of course be seen as *Dorothy Vernon*.

At the 125th Street "Old Heidelberg" will be revived, and William J. Kelley will play *Karl Heinrich*, the Crown Prince, to the *Kathie* of Miss Beatrice Morgan. A new scenic equipment has been provided, and there will be a students' chorus of fifty.

At Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theater Robert Drouet, who has been leading man with Miss Blanche Walsh, will present another big scenic production, "The Great Ruby," which will have all the scenery, including the balloon scene and the cricket scene, in which is used a tallyho drawn by eight horses.

All three of these theaters will as usual give vaudeville entertainment between the acts.

Peter F. Dailey and his Lulu Girls are the topliners at the Twenty-third Street Proctor's. Dailey has a new sketch called "The Police Inspector." Hal Davis, Inez McCauley and company present a one-act adaptation of "Pals." Others in the big

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