

SHAW AND FORBES ROBERTSON

"CESAR AND CLEOPATRA" ALL KINDS OF PLAY BY TURNS

But Most Convincing as Musical Comedy Sans Music, a Philosophic "Wizard of the Nile"—Forbes Robertson, Always Fine, Has One Supreme Moment.

If there is anything in the principle of the variety show, Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," which had the distinction of being produced by Forbes Robertson last night at the New Amsterdam, should prove popularly attractive.

It is more kinds of a play than were known to the dramatic criticism of Polonius. Not all of them, to be sure, are diverting. Much of the talk is out of the Shaw windage. In spite of the cutting of the third act, which the programme tells us was done by the author's express direction, though perhaps not without a sigh—there are considerable passages of melodramatic plotting that are unmistakably a bore.

But the first act and a half possessed the audience with a breeze of delighted laughter; there is one incident that spelled for some of us a moment of true dramatic horror; and once or twice Forbes Robertson found scope for as fine and poetic transports of exaltation as is to be found in his consummately fine and poetic Hamlet.

When all is said, however, it is as musical comedy sans music that the performance proved most convincing. Shaw's purpose, as he is at pains to inform us very divertingly in his preface to the play, is to present to us the real Caesar, stripped of imperial glamour and romantic falsehood. What Mommsen did for history, he has attempted for the drama. This is the play better than Shakespeare—not better drama, he modestly assures us, only better natural history. But where the learned German has transposed his hero into the cothurnus of the stage, Shaw has made his a leading man in burlesque.

The fact is outwardly demonstrated by the beauty of the scenery and the poly-chromatic brilliance of the production. A more poetically splendid production has seldom been seen. But it is no less evident in the manner in which the author has treated the text play for the laugh, and in its success at the game. It is all on the level of high intelligence, mind you. The only slipstick is in the intellect, and the author's buffooning of ideas. And yet it is manifest that age has only freshened and new custom rejuvenated Cleopatra's variety show.

Even in that dear, intimate, even poetic scene of moonlight in which the aging Caesar sits with the infant Queen between the paws of a baby sphinx and swags conversation, it is the laugh rather than the character and the idyll that counts. Here is an old man with a lingering, unconquerable weakness for the sex mentally oversteering a slip of a girl, and rebuffed by her infantile terrors of speech. The audience rose to t. saturated with the thrill of intrinsic laughter.

By and by all sense of reality is lost in the gale. Burlesque comedy of greatness eventuates in gag and topical allusion. There is a hint of the new woman of Shaw's own youth. There is a gibe at the modern British doting on blue blood and plattitudinizing about society and the conventional moralities.

Cesar takes up the cudgels with Shaw against the barbaric futility of fogging. There is a burlesque of spirit rapping, with a miniature sketch as the medium—Cesar gently satirizes the occasion as out of date. When he mentions the year as the seven hundred and sixth of the founding of Rome, it seems only a slip of the tongue that he did not say 48 B. C.

The same spirit of wit and sophisticated anachronism is evident in the most compelling bit of writing in the dialogue which Forbes Robertson converts into a moment of the deepest philosophic tragedy. Cleopatra, roused by Caesar to the sense of her queenhood, proposes her own seduced power to procure the assassination of her brother's plotting guardian, Polonius, to the ruin of all Caesar's plans. In this self-defence she proposes her own crucifixion. Caesar expands into a moment of tragic insight, in which he foresees that the sides of the pedestal on which he sits can only be crossed by one so weak as to suffer crucifixion for humanity, or one strong enough in clemency to force it to the truth.

Up to that moment Forbes Robertson had shown only Caesar's worldly polish, the fine humor of his address, the light certainty of his wit and not unadorned humanity—an illusion powerfully reinforced by the actor's instinctive grace and commanding carriage. Now the first citizen of Rome, the self-assured conqueror of the world, heightened and kindled to the vision of a Hamlet of wider outlook upon life and history. His voice, always sweet, vibrant and powerfully varied in coloring swelled to the fulness of prophetic exaltation; and his face was aflame with the fires of spiritual comprehension.

If the act had ended there it would probably have carried the audience off its feet. But the incident followed the murder of Cleopatra's nurse, Flautista, at prayer before an Egyptian idol. Logically this might have been right enough, and there were some to whom it was dramatically effective. But the sight of the corpse lying across the bloodstained pedestal, stared upon an audience unprepared by what had preceded for anything but intellectual fooling. Shaw had just killed the effect of Shaw the dramatist. The error was characteristic. The playwright had raised "The Wizard of the Nile" to the 7th degree of cleverness; but cleverness is seldom clever enough to know that it is only cleverness. Diverting in spots and supremely staged and acted, "Caesar and Cleopatra" is a theatrical mangle, an artistic abortion.

Miss Gertrude Elliott's winsome Irish charm has never been more evident than in this Cleopatra. The wilfulness of the Egyptian Queen she depicted so admirably well. If she fell short of the tragic horror of the scene of Flautista's murder, the fault was not only hers.

As the steady and pompous Britannus Iara Robertson was admirable. He lacked only the whiskers of being a philosophic Dundreary. The Pothmus of Charles Langley and the Fido of Percy Rhoads were as able as such nugatory characters required.

On the whole, in spite of its periodic silliness and lapses into solid ranting, the play contains much of the best of Shaw and gives scope to the most penetrating powers of a great actor. It bids fair to be the greatest play of the only successful Forbes-Robertson has achieved since his Hamlet.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It has been said that "an Englishman only calls a spade a spade when it is somebody else's spade." Mr. H. G. Wells, the English author, might be expected to take advantage of this privilege in particular since his home in Sandgate, Kent, is at Spade House, and his new book to be published this week, some portions of which have appeared in Harper's Weekly, is written about America. The book, which is entitled "The Future of America," is full of entertaining comment, written in a friendly spirit, on what the English author saw during his recent extensive visit here and is really about the future only so far as present facts and conditions seem to Mr. Wells definitely to forecast what is to come.

Elizabeth Bisland's "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," which is to be published in this country in November, will also be brought out in an English edition.

A London critic reviewing "Helena Richis" with high praise remarks that the author, Mrs. Deland, lives in Boston, but spends her summer at "Old Chester," the town which she has immortalized and which is "near Boston." As a matter of fact Old Chester is near Boston as Switzerland is near London, and Mrs. Deland spends her summers in Maine.

"And the automobile may be identified as the substance of things unseen, and the odor of things unseen." "Some men are never so solitary as when alone with their thoughts." Such are the witticisms which enliven the pages of "A Cheerful Year Book."

The recent death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis gives new interest to Mrs. Myrtle Lockett Avery's "Dixie After the War," which contains among other reminiscences much intimate personal detail concerning the Davis family. Mrs. Lockett relates the story of how Mrs. Davis prevented her husband's escape during his flight after the fall of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis, hearing that his wife's cottage was in danger turned out of his course, and across the night, frosted window panes and the slippery haircloth sofa which are familiar to those not too young to recall them, Kate Douglas Wiggin treats of New England customs in a Thanksgiving retrospect, and photographs illustrate the preparation of the turkey from plucking the feathers to the serving with cranberry sauce.

NEW PLAY IN A NEW THEATRE.

The Lincoln Square Opens With Edward Peple's "The Love Route."

The new Lincoln Square Theatre on Broadway and Sixty-fifth street was opened by the Shuberts last night with a new play by Edward Peple, "The Love Route." Though an unfortunate choice of title on the part of Mr. Peple might lead the theatre-goer to believe first of that the new attraction at the new theatre was a musical opera, it needs but one night's attendance to convince that "The Love Route" is a subdued melodrama with a novelty in the third act.

The novelty is the introduction of a rail road section gang upon the stage, with all the properties of steam derricks and other impedimenta. A railroad is under course of hurried construction across the property of the heroine and under the guns of her cowboy henchmen. And under the swinging grapple of the derrick the hero is shot by the well meaning but impetuous disappointed admirer of the lady property owner.

Mr. Peple has built a plausible plot about the efforts of a railroad in Texas to lay its tracks across the narrow strip of land held by a fiery young woman of Southern blood, who objects strenuously to the desecration of her father's grave by the rumble of car wheels. Because the lover of the vigorous property holder is the engineer commissioned by the railroad to lay the track over her land, she willily the four acts of Mr. Peple's play do not lack excitement.

Guy Standing has the part of John Ashby, the engineer with ambition. He finds opportunity to reach his level not more than twice in the play, for the scenes that are his alone with Miss Odette Tyler, the Alien Houdou of the piece, are few.

Miss Tyler has better opportunity than does Mr. Standing. She assumes the role of the vivacious and beautiful young ranch owner without overdoing, and in the first act she has good opportunity for snappy, emphatic work.

The new theatre on Lincoln Square, which is leased by the West Side Amusement Company, is a comfortable, sweet and clean appearing place, airy and light in its finishings of white blue and gold. A wide foyer and broad aisles are among the most commendable features of the new playhouse. The stage is not large, but it is set well out from the walls and the seats are arranged with a view to the smallest possible minimum of "column" seats.

Conried Company Passes Dividends. The effects of the San Francisco earthquake on the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company showed themselves at the annual meeting yesterday afternoon. It was decided by the directors that "in consequence of the great loss sustained last season through the San Francisco disaster and the enormous outlay necessitated by the preparation for the coming important season" no dividend for the last year would be paid.

George W. Cable, Author, to Wed Miss Stevenson. LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 20.—The engagement of Miss Eva Stevenson of this city to George W. Cable, the author, was announced here this afternoon. Miss Stevenson is the daughter of former Congressman Job Stevenson of Cincinnati, and is the head of the woman's club of central Kentucky for several years. The wedding is to be some time in November, in Atlantic City or New York.

Norman Grant Engaged to Be Married. The engagement is announced of Miss Sophia Fowler Cole, daughter of the late Rev. H. H. Cole, to Norman Grant of the Union Club of this city, son of Dr. G. Grant. The wedding will take place in Grace Church, Chicago, on Wednesday, November 28, 1903.

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) has just passed her seventieth birthday and is still vigorously writing. Her first novel, "The Trail of the Serpent," was written in 1860. Her latest book, announced for early publication, is entitled "The White House."

A new book that will be of peculiar interest to busy students is "A Short History of the Oxford Movement," by Sir Samuel Ball, M. A., K. C.

Eleanor Hall's "Text Book of Irish Literature for the Use of Schools" deals with the older romance literature of Ireland and national materials produced in Ireland up to the early part of the sixteenth century. A second volume will deal with the Osevanic literature, the output of the later bards and the Jacobite and popular poets.

One of Bristol's leading citizens has been collecting a number of Chatterton manuscripts with a view to keeping them in Chatterton's own city. A little fragment of manuscript containing a few lines written by Chatterton recently found the Bristol collector £31, and Chatterton died in a garret by his own hand, with starvation facing him, at the age of 17.

The handsome holiday book which has been written by Mrs. James E. Dooley and recently brought out under the title of "Dem Good Ole Times" is an interpretation of the relation between the Southern aristocracy and the old time negro servants. The author's sentiment toward these old servants may be obtained from

BRASS BAND MEETS MRS. BYK

AND THE STRAINS OF "TAMMANY" INTEREST DR. NEITZEL.

His Kaiser Brings Many Musicians, Also Mrs. Marshall Field—Dippel Loses His Wife's Bonnet, But Has Got a Cold Storage Ticket for a Fur Coat Left.

There were so many musicians on the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which arrived at Hoboken last night, that the passenger list looked like a grand opera programme. Among them was Herr S. Bovy, the conductor, who came here for the first time; Andreas Dippel and Mrs. Dippel, Oseip Gabrielowitch, Anton Heist, the cellist, Dr. Otto Neitzel, who will lecture on music, and Marie Rappold. All of these artists appeared at the concert on Monday night.

There was an amusing incident while the liner was on her way from Quarantine. A tugboat with a big sign which read "Welcome to Mrs. Byk and Daughter," having on board half a hundred enthusiastic young persons and a brass band that needed fixing, ranged alongside. The band struck up "Tammany" and Andreas Dippel told Dr. Neitzel that the air was the American national anthem. Dr. Neitzel said he rather liked it.

The presence of the tug and the screaming crowd caused some speculation on board. A tall young man came on board from the revenue cutter and greeted the two ladies for whom the ovation was intended.

"Perhaps you had better use only my name in this," he said when asked what it was all about. "I am better known. Mr. Byk, yes. Ephraim Byk—I once ran line garbage in Brooklyn." Mr. Byk is the son of Mrs. Byk. He got up the welcome and invited relative and friends.

Andreas Dippel was more than glad to get back to the States. He had a pleasant summer near Vienna, but kept up his record of losing clothes, and said that he was now carrying a floating insurance policy.

"I left that coat in Chicago before I went to the Coast—that's the way I saved it." Mme. Rappold said that there had been some misinformation circulated on this side about her stay at Bayreuth. She was cordially received by Frau Wagner, she said, and well treated by Mr. Conrad.

Heiking is to make a tour, giving a hundred concerts.

Others on the ship were Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, and John E. Keel, United States Consul at Stettin.

ARTIST BAKER NOT A SUICIDE.

Coroner's Jury Decides That His Death Was Accidental.

A Coroner's jury yesterday without leaving the box decided that John C. Baker, who shot himself in his home at 410 Central Park West on October 1, met death by accident and not by suicide. Baker was an artist employed on the Herald.

Several witnesses testified including Policeman Freeman, Dr. W. Ross Thompson and Mrs. Ada M. Baker, the widow. The testimony showed that Baker had feared burglars, having been robbed a few weeks before in his home in West Eighty-sixth street. He had bought the revolver as a precaution and each night placed it under his pillow. On the night he was killed he went to get it from a bureau where it was kept locked away from the children. The room had been disarranged by cleaners and it is supposed that he mistook the door for the door to the room where he kept the revolver. That was the view the Coroner's jury took.

LOVING CUP FOR MRS. WHITE.

Managers of Home for Consumptives Honors Its President.

The board of managers of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives have just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the institution. To Mrs. S. V. White, president of the home, was presented a handsome loving cup.

During its existence 5,483 patients have been cared for in the home, 2,060 of whom died and 3,423 cured or benefited.

TO-DAY'S LEADING NOVEL

JANE CABLE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

From cover to cover the reader is kept on the qui vive as to what will happen next.—Brooklyn Eagle.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

"Shorty McCabe, Professor of Physical Culture, promises to be a much-discussed personage. Full of humor of a broad, rollicking kind, and the characters are sketched in from a human, sympathetic point of view. Shorty himself is altogether breezy and delicious," says the Times Review of

By Sewell Ford Mitchell Kennerley, Publisher

ALL BOOK SELLERS

How a Leading News Paper Corrected a Leading Weekly by quoting

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Clipped from NEW YORK SUN Oct. 30.06

From the International Encyclopedia. "Cologne, Leon (1873-1901), a Polish anarchist, the assassin of William McKinley, twenty-fourth President of the United States. He was born at Detroit, Mich.

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In Harper's Magazine for November there are eight striking short stories, a dramatic instalment of Gilbert Parker's great novel which has just begun serially and articles by famous writers on science, travel, history, literature, legend, reminiscence, nature, etc., etc. There is nothing about politics, "graft" or crime.

HARPERS BOOKS

Sophy of Kravonia

By Anthony Hope

In his new novel Anthony Hope returns to romance and in the absorbing vein of The Prisoner of Zenda writes of another mapless little kingdom,—Kravonia. Here an English girl is the centre of an exciting story. Court intrigues, conspiracies, daring adventures and escapes follow one another in quick succession.

"Love and the clash of arms are in this story. The atmosphere is full of the magic of high romance. For its excitement, charm, picturesque and splendid effects, Sophy of Kravonia can never be forgotten."—London Sketch.

Beyond the Rocks

By Elinor Glyn

A captivating new novel by the author of The Visits of Elizabeth. It portrays another sprightly, engaging heroine whose unusual situation commands the reader's interest from the start. The dialogue is bright and amusing; the story depicts a situation that piques the imagination at every turn.

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