RECORD OF THE DYING YEAR.

IN MUSIC 1906 HAS NOT BEEN FRUITFUL.

The First Six Months Almost Entirely Barren—The Autumn Brought Some New Works but Nothing That Seems Likely to Live—No Composer of Creative Power in Sight at the Present Time.

A singularly lean and fruitless year in music comes to its unlamented end tomorrow. No one will point back adown the vistas of the hereafter to the year 1906 and invite the traveller along life's pathway to consider its wonders in the field of musical creation. At its outset the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera House entered the ranks of common laborers and went on strike for higher pay and less work. The issue of this was that "Faust" was sung without a chorus and "Tristan und Isolde" with a chorus of stars. These events shook the earth early in January and they were really more important than the routine concerts of that barren time.

At the fourth Philharmonic concert, on January 5, Jean Gerardy produced a new 'cello concerto by Joseph Jongen, a professor in the conservatory of Liège. This concerto will doubtless be heard again when Mr. Gerardy plays it as a labor of love. At the same concert Wassili Safonoff reappeared as a comet conductor and demonstrated how much he did not know about Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

On January 9 the world famous, marvellous, astounding, overwhelming Rubinstein, pianist, appeared. Reader, dost remember him at all? Try to recollect all the press agent pother that was made about him. Recollect the concerts and the recitals and the defiance of critical condemnation. Where is this second Rubinstein now?

On January 9 Clayton Johns gave a concert of his own compositions. In Boston this was regarded as an event, and New York was made the subject of scathing comment by reason of its utter inability to recognize real bean fed genius.

On January 12 Mr. Safonoff conducted the Philharmonic in a programme of Russian music. It will be noted that he is even still trying to make propaganda for the instrumentally veneered mediocrities of his own country, and that Modest Altschuler and the Russian Symphony Society are assisting him. Would not a performance of Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony sound rather agreeable at this time?

On January 14 Mr. Weingartner, conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra, revived Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony." Another new work by a young and promising composer, one of the most interesting compositions introduced in the course of the season.

On January 13 the Kaltenborn Quartet produced for the first time here Grabert's piano quartet in F minor. This amiable old lady of the era of Mendelssohn showed a pretty conceit of well groomed melody and a polite disinclination to disturb the emotions.

At the Metropolitan Opera House—which, by the way, was open all through the month—Bessie Abott, a young American singer, made her début as *Mimi* in "La Bohème," and received warm applause from that cultured and discriminating audience which shows its delight when Caruso strikes the sky or Schumann-Heink digs i' the earth.

Charles Martin Loeffler's new rhapsodies for oboe, violin and piano were produced by the Kneisel Quartet at Mendelssohn Hall on January 23. These compositions displayed what the vast flood of Russian music pouring over the land at that time did not, namely, aristocracy. Mr. Loeffler, with all his fancy for the decadent, with his weird scale and his pregnant dissonances, writes like a citizen of the world. The production of these compositions was the most important incident of this sterile month.

On January 29 the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birth was commemorated at the Metropolitan Opera House by an exceptionally bad performance of "Don Giovanni." Mmes. Sembrich and Nordica and Mr. Scotti struggled in vain to carry the burden of Mme. Jomelli, Mr. Journet and Mr. Rossi.

The month of February was equally prolific in inspiring incidents. Sembrich gave a song recital on February 1, and Weingartner conducted the fifth symphony on February 6. Ernest Kunewald of Frankfurt directed the Philharmonic concerts of February 9 and 10. There was no excitement. At the Symphony Society's concert of February 11 Josef Suk's orchestral scherzo was produced. It proved to be a pleasing and graceful morceau, another inspiration of pure mediocrity. Marie Hall fiddled with the Bruch concerto in G minor.

A real "event" occurred on February 15. Mr. Conried had a benefit and the "Gypsy Baron" was performed. On the same evening Gustave Mahler's fifth symphony was brought forward at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This edifice of architectural music, devised to puzzle the brain without touching the heart, was observed with more or less concern by the intelligent audience. It will in all probability not soon occur again, unless some conductor desires to plead the cause of Mahler, which needs pleading. He is one of the large figures in these dull days in Germany. He is about the same size as Gyrowetz in the day of Beethoven.

February 20 brought a revival of Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" by the Oratorio Society. At the Russian Symphony Society's concert of February 24, Glazounoff's suite "From the Middle Ages" was given. It was a middle-aged composition.

Victor Herbert conducted the Philharmonic Concerts of March 2 and 3, and produced his own "Serenade Romantique." His other "Serenade," made known to us by the Bostonians, is much better.

The New Music Society of America, organized to perform the works of native composers, gave its first concert at Carnegie Hall, March 10. America survived.

Henri Marteau on March 15 played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the C minor violin concerto of Jacques Dalcrozet. The record is all that is left.

The season of opera at the Metropolitan closed on March 17 with a record of 114 performances and thirty-one operas. There were nineteen extra performances given to accommodate those who could not get seats at the regular representations. The result was that Oscar Hammerstein went into the grand opera business. This was at first supposed to be a joke but it has proved to be a somewhat serious matter. On March 17, also, Wilhelm Gericke conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the last time here. Fritz Steinbach of Cologne directed the Philharmonic concerts of March 23 and 24. Mr. Steinbach immediately after the concerts returned to Cologne, where he will reside permanently in the future.

The Kneisel Quartet produced Chausson's piano quartet in A minor on April 10. It went to join the ranks of the army of mediocrities. Henry Holden Huss gave a concert of his own compositions at Mendelssohn Hall on April 17. Mr. Huss is a most amiable gentleman and one of the best trained musicians in this country, but he has the habit.

After a few spamodic yawns music went to sleep for the summer, only to awake on October 8 with the memorable Leoncavallo concerts. On November 3 Camille Saint-Saëns, who sailed for home on Wednesday last, made his bow to a New York audience at the first concert of the New York Syphomy Society. He made a saddening impression, which he afterward obliterated by some admirable piano playing and an exhibition of a clearer understanding of the musical culture of this country.

Rosenthal made his reappearance on November 7 and Dr. Muck first conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra here on November 8. On November 9 the Boston Symphony Quartet produced Josef Suk's quartet in B flat major, which was rich in Bohemian notionality, but poor in everything else that is essential to good chamber music.

Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" was excellently produced by Henry Savage at the Garden Theatre on November 12. Coleridge-Taylor, the colored composer, gave a concert of his own music at Mendelssohn Hall on November 16.

Mr. Saint-Saëns produced his piano concerto in E minor, No. 5, at Carnegie Hall on November 18. It proved to be a charming composition, full of its maker's characteristic daintiness, grade and certainty of form, but it did not aim at sounding the depths.

The Margulies Trio on November 22 produced Rachmaninoff's "Trio Elegaique," a long winded and wearisome piece of nonsense, with a predominating piano part.

The Metropolitan Opera House opened its season on November 26 with that interesting novelty "Romeo et Juliette." Geraldine Farrar and Charles Rousselière were the new singers. They are still at it and their present measure has been taken.

On November 30 Maud Powell at a Philharmonic concert performed for the first time here the new violin concerto of Jan Sibelius. Miss Powell is an enthusiastic admirer of this composition and she played it con amore. It is tremendously difficult, but, to repeat Dr. Johnson, it is unfortunately not impossible.

Oscar Hammerstein opened the Manhattan Opera House on December 3 with a performance of "I Puritani," and Allessandro Bonci, Regina Pinkert and Cleophonte Campanini, conductor, made their bows to America.

On December 4 the Oratorio Society produced Gabriel Pierné's cantata "The Crusade of the Children," a beautiful composition, which made a genuine impression and had to be accorded a second performance. On the same night the Flonzaley Quartet produced Hugo Wolf's D minor quartet.

Giordano's "Fedora" was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 5 and and Lina Cavalieri revealed herself to the public gaze. People are still looking at her and wondering why she cannot sing to us with her eyes. "Fedora" is even more wonderful, because, with a whole operatic company, an orchestra and a piano, the composer cannot sing at all.

Anton Bruckner's seventh symphony was thrust upon us by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on December 6. Some people liked this composition and some did not. Those who liked it were mostly enthusiastic. Those who did not like it went into paroxysms of rage about it. At any rate it did not glide past unnoticed, and that is something to the composer's credit in these days of inanity.

Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" was produced in operatic form at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 7. The spectacular features of the opera are beautiful and the presentation of the work was in every way creditable to Mr. Conried. But there is nothing in the thing as a drama.

Gustave Strube's new violin concerto was played for the first time here by Timothee Adamowski at the Boston Symphony concert of December 8. This is a musicianly and pleasing composition and ought to be heard again.

The Kneisel Quartet brought forward the F major quartet of Maurice Ravel on December 11. This music proved to be altogether too transcendental for the ordinary ear. Its time may come, but in that day the C major scale will be a novelty.

At the Russian Symphony Society's concert of December 20 Alexander Scriabine, the Russian composer, made his appearance and played a neat and gentlemanlike concerto in F sharp minor for piano and orchestra. Glazounoff's third symphony was produced at the same concert. It was quite unnecessary.

And that completes the record of the important musical incidents of the great year 1906. We have been bombarded with claptrap and the stupendous unison of the voices of press agents has shaken the very skies over our heads, yet the year has not been any better than the record shows. The latter of part of the season of 1905-06, the beginning of the present year, was lamentably barren of all that was significant. The autumn started with more promise, but in so far as the operatic world is concerned this promise has thus far found issue chiefly in disappointment.

It is unquestionably a time of dulness in the world of music. Creative gifts are pitiably scarce. There has never been a period in which the world was so completely convinced that it possessed no genius in music. Even in Germany, with all the discussion of the compositions of Richard Strauss, there is no general hope that he will prove to be a permanent power. It is conceded that he has certain unmistakable abilities and that his music excites the nerves to the point of distraction. But no one pretends to find in listening to it that deep and serene satisfaction of the soul which follows the hearing of the C minor symphony of Brahms.

The rumbling Russians have made a mighty disturbance, but when the dust of their passing chariots settles back upon the uptorn earth not even the shadows of some of them will be seen against the sun. It is a time of superficiality and claptrap. It is a day of stridency, not of sonority.

Strauss towers a giant amid an army of pygmies. With his clanging orchestra he marches in shrieking triumph across Europe and the peoples bow before him as before a new god. But the mills of time will grind him to his proper size. He will shrink away in the future. He is shrinking now. His most imposing thoughts are found to be sound, not sense. His orchestration is not evolution and proportion, but convolution and distortion.

The record of the operatic year points its triumphant finger at "Salome," which we shall presently know. In so far as America is concerned that seems likely to be the only operatic novelty worthy of even passing study. Surely one moment of it is worth a thousand "Fedoras." But we can abide the nakedness of the stage better than that of the concert platform. Without great creations in absolute music the tonal art stands still.

Will the future see majesty and splendor and might in the writhing productions of the present school of harmonic contortionists? Is there form or power or beauty in their writings? We naturally are not in a position to judge fairly, for we are too close; yet how swiftly most of these new compositions drift into the vista of the bygone! How speedily do they float back toward the past and begin to disclose their true proportions!

It is the old story of the flying prospect from the railway train. The mountains in the far distance persist in remaining just as near to us as they were when we first saw them, but the hills in the foreground slip out of sight. A year hence perchance we shall view all things differently, but we shall hardly be likely to find that 1906 was prolific in vital creations.

W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES ON THE PASSING SHOW.

WEBER'S "DREAM CITY" REALIZES A REPRESENTATION GENERALE.

Grand Opera a la Conried, Hammerstein and Dinglebender—Maude Adams, "Peter Pan" and the Poetic Drama—Passion and Character in "The Great Divide."

Here is a case that should bring joy to the comic spirit. Many a time and oft on the Rialto the self-appointed exponents of dramatic art have promised us—or was it a threat?—that in order to do away with the haste and alleged unfairness of first night judgments on plays they would institute the Parisian custom of the *représentation générale* or critical dress rehearsal; but it has remained for Joe Weber and his company of music hall comedians to make the innovation, and successfully. In any case their new "Dramatic Pipe in Two Puffs," which they call "Dream City," would have turned the trick, but thanks to the boldness of the little Yiddish exponent of low comedy and high jinks it has taken the rubber.

If Mr. Weber had any intention of capitalizing dramatic art and dramatic criticism it must have been in the way of his long famous transactions on the Stockings Exchange. But his "investigation" in this pipe dream was shrewder than usual and more fortunate. The show had against it the rival opening of Col. Savage's comic opera, "The Student King," which at best would divide the attention of the press. And the night set for both was Christmas. Hard experience has taught the managers, or should have done so, that Yuletide good will does not extend to the dramatic reporter. Torn away from his Christmas dinner, he is little likely to be in a coming on humor, whether he has been bereft of his plum pudding or has bolted it and is suffering from indigestion. Whatever their intelligence, there are respects in which the critics are almost human. Some years ago Clyde Fitch invaded the holidays with "The Girl With the Green Eyes," and received such a drubbing as he had never had before. The piece ran a hundred nights and more, enjoyed a prosperous life on the road, and has since been listed in a national repertory as one of our most original and striking character studies; but if it had been produced on any other night its slow success would probably have been an immediate triumph.

Mr. Weber felt confident that his new offering would prove as popular as it was novel and, as he declared in his invitation to his critics, had decided, with the approval of Mr. Victor Herbert who wrote the music, to let it stand for itself without the aid of the usual pumped up first night enthusiasm. The trial was even more severe than in the case of a Parisian *représentation générale*, for with the exception of a scattering of newspaper men in the tier of boxes the house was empty and cold; but the result was such a sendoff as no Weberfield production has received in years. The astute Broadway manager will do well to sit up and take notice.

The success was well merited on the score both of novelty and of excellence. There is a story in the play, and at least an attempt to catch and fix local atmosphere. The first act represents a decaying Long Island farm, the haunt of summer boarders, with the advent of a real estate speculator unfolding a plan for the founding of a city to rival the metropolis. The farmer, *Dinglebender*, a lazy and bibulous Dutchman, falls asleep in his chair on the lawn, under the influence of home made wine and the dope pipe of the agent, and his dream of the future constitutes the second act, which includes a Pipedream City production of "Lohengrin."

The sketching of local types does not go very far beyond the familiar. Mr. Weber as the farmer, Lillian Lee as his henpecking wife, Cecilia Loftus as his daughter, Madelyn Marshall as the help, Otis Harlan as the real estate boomer, and Will T. Hodge as the village hackman and corner grocery oracle, all appear in their long familiar rôles, first as the real thing and then under the influence of the prosperity *Dinglebender* imagines. But they are all capable comedians and are fortunate in having good material to work with. Miss Loftus is especially fortunate, and has never been seen to better advantage than in her burlesques of current popular favorites. Her mimicry of Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," a marvel of minute fidelity and broad humor, is quite the most laughable performance of her career.

Probably the most successful novelty of the production is the travesty of "Lohengrin." If Mr. Herbert's intention had been to make a mere study in psychology he could not have been happier in representing the result of this *Dinglebender*—Weber's dream reminiscence of grand opera. A Wagnerian aria heightens and kindles into a Weberfield chorus ballet. "Du susser Schwan!" sings Maurice Farkoa as a falsetto *Lohengrin*, and Otis Harlan as a henpecked bass *Frederick* replies in the vernacular of Long Island "Quack, quack!"

The *Elsa* is none other than Lillian Blauvelt, and in addition to the birdlike sweetness and purity of her voice she reveals a full sense of the burlesque humor of her rôle. To the new question between grand opera à la Hammerstein and grand opera à la Conried a newest question is added, and it is a safe go that a popular majority will be for grand opera à la *Dinglebender*.

The pipes of *Peter Pan* are playing again on Broadway with a whole new tune, as delightful as the rest, and Miss Maude Adams has lost no jot of the grace and buoyancy of her supremely whimsical and poetic impersonation. The programme calls the new scene "Marooner's Rock, or the Mermaid's Lagoon," and obligingly assures us that it represents a typical day's adventure in Never-Never-Never Land.

At the rise of the curtain mermaids are singing on the rocks, with the tropical sea surging about them and the tropical sun dancing in their hair. Fine ladies, if they only could, would make it the fashion to wear fishy tails. That, at least, is the burden of the mermaid's song. *Peter* and his crew come swimming out to the rock, stealthily bent on catching a mermaiden. But the mermaids toboggan down the rocks and with a lashing of those modish tails escape into the cool depths of the ocean.

Then *Smee* and *Starkey* come in a boat to maroon *Tiger Lily*, and *Peter*, imitating the voice of *Hook*, saves her with orders delivered in so gruff a tone that for a moment you would think Miss Adams a basso profundo. Then the pirate captain comes *in propria persona* and in mortal combat wounds *Peter* with his hook in the shoulder. *Peter* escapes at last, but cannot fly, and *Wendy* is so weakened by the adventure that she can't fly either. But *Tootles's* kite comes floating by and *Peter* saves *Wendy* by hitching her to the tail. Then he escapes himself by sailing away in the nest of a bird which the programme, mindful perhaps of "The Little White Bird," calls a thrush, but which looks very much like a pelican. Life is busy in the Three Nevers Land.

It is all very delightful and Barriesque, and the scenic illusion of rocks and water is very artfully contrived. *Peter* and his comrades swim in a way that makes you fell positively drenched. Even in the frost of December it seems a delightful thing to glide through the waters of a tropical sea. If anything is lacking to the illusion it is in the matter of lighting. Who Mr. Frohman's stage manager is I don't know, but in a memory of his productions dating many years back I do not recall a single one that succeeded in giving any fine sensation of reality. Here, in spite of the cleverness of the acting and the mechanism, there is no true illusion of sea, sky or water. It is all so much canvas and gauze. Somebody has neglected to read a certain important leaf in the book of Belasco.

As for Barrie's fantasy of childhood, every seeing of it, and I have now seen it some half a dozen times, makes me the more certain that it is a work of a very high order of genius, and of a genius that is quite as truly poetic as it is satirical and whimsical. I recall once venturing on that most dangerous of propositions, a universal negative, to the effect that the present is not a poetical age and need not expect a revival of the poetic drama. Then, as so often happens to those who provoke the fates, Rostand and Phillips appeared to confound me. That they have finally put me down I do not admit, for of recent years the new poetic revival has deplorably aged. The voice of doubt persists. Quite lately I have come upon a passage in "The Renascence of the English Drama" in which Henry Arthur Jones anticipated my gloomy prediction a good dozen years; and as he made known in his recent visit to us, he is still among the doubters. On the whole I am inclined to think that this little play for boys and girls of whatever age goes further toward the creation of a modern poetic drama than all the works of Rostand and Phillips; and I am only strengthened in my conviction by the fact that, mingled inextricably with its tenderness, its divination and its fancy, there is so much of the spirit of self-conscious satire which, while it is fatal to the bolder flights of imagination, is the very essence of modernity.

I am even tempted to offer a footnote for the benefit of future generations who will witness the play, as Shakespearian editors comment on the details of Elizabethan folklore, though I am well aware that in so doing I shall be as likely, in the familiar manner of commentators, to afford more evidence of ignorance than of learning. Do you know the origin of the scene in which *Peter* routs and slays the lion? There is a boyish superstition, unknown to the benighted fellows of my block, that you can strike terror to the fiercest beast that goes, not by looking him manfully in the eye, oh no, but by looking at him boyishly between your legs. That failing, my informant adds, the last desperate remedy is to fork your fingers and spit at him.

Again the problem of "The Great Divide." Mr. Howells once told of a youthful admirer who assured him with a disciple's fervor that he had defended him against whole roomfuls of his enemies. If Mr. Moody will pardon me, I speak from a similar plight. One recalcitrant says that *Ruth's* refusal to become reconciled to *Stephen* is preposterous. All women, even those who have not been especially taken with the men they marry, become much more closely bound in affection after the honeymoon. *Ruth* was spoiling for her unfinished man. You could see that by the way she leaned against the doorjamb and apostrophised moonlight and the unfinished male. When she got what she wanted it was sheer idiocy, as well as black ingratitude, to treat him as if he were to blame. This attack on *Ruth*, by the way, is from an unrepentant spinster.

In fine contrast is an attack upon *Stephen*, apparently from the other sex, though the signature leaves the question open to a doubt:

The opening act is incomplete. It is a half way measure. The bad results of this are twofold: The man forfeits his claim to our full sympathy and never really obtains it, while the woman appears lacking either in sincerity or intelligence.

The man does not achieve his purpose before his first wave of passion subsides. He cools down and then takes the second step deliberately. I don't refer to the short change of mood during the first act—though I don't like that, either—but to the long delay after the marriage. This delay is fatal. We can understand, and excuse if excuse be needed, many things done at fever heat which it is impossible to forgive when done in cold blood—and *Stephen* finally acts in cold blood. His act is innately vicious. It is all very well to talk about nature, but a play is about men, and *Stephen* is, at first, on the brute level, and he is a perverted brute at that, for a normal brute does not commit rape, and that is what *Stephen's* act, marriage or no marriage, amounts to. Rape, drunk and boiling, where such a man as *Stephen* would be but a straw in the storm, is conceivable; but sober and deliberate and in cold blood—it is beyond the pale! Then there is not the remotest connection between a masterful man, such as the woman pictured, and a ravisher. A refined woman might love the former; all women instinctively loathe the latter. The one is, after all, in tune with nature; the other is a criminal against nature. I say *Stephen* was at first on the brute level, though as a matter of fact the *Stephen* of the first act never develops into the *Stephen* of the latter part of the play. There are two *Stephens*, not in the sense of "two natures struggling within" him, but two distinct individuals.

Now, if *Stephen* had forced through the marriage and possessed himself of the woman all in the first wave of passions and then when he became sober and some manly stirring of gentleness and delicacy toward her developed, as it would, had refrained from continuing to force his will on her, it seems to me the procedure would be more in accord with nature, on the human level, and therefore more appealing to the sympathies, even of Broadway.

This handling of the material would also, it seems to me, be more convincing in regard to the woman. Even a New England conscience would not let that kind of mock marriage stand in the way of freedom, if she really desired it. A stronger reason is needed. The final act of possession on the part of the man would afford this reason.

The most significant feature of these opinions is that they so finely and completely contradict each other. *Ruth* ought to have been satisfied because she got just what she wanted—and *Ruth* was absolved from all loyalty to her bargain because the crime against her placed *Stephen* beyond the pale. The case of the woman who voluntarily enters wedlock with the man of her choice is radically different from that of the Sabine woman. All analogies between them break down. And, on the other hand, the notion that *Stephen's* offence was committed in cold blood is grotesquely at variance with the facts of life and of the play. There are certain phases of experience which are not easily undergone in cold blood, and nothing is clearer than that *Stephen* was deeply and passionately in love with *Ruth* from the moment he saw her. There is, in fact, something grotesquely, irreclaimably virginal about both of these views.

The prime source of difficulty, I suspect, arises from the fact that to most folks the case appears less complicated, less subtle, than Mr. Moody pictures it. The development of character and circumstance is as intricate and varied as the initial scene is striking. *Ruth* did get what she wanted, more or less; but in her puritanical narrowness was revolted by the guise in which it came, and she learned to recognize it only through deep suffering. *Stephen* committed a sin of the blood, brutal as conceived, but human as accomplished, and his suffering for it raised him to the true stature of a man. Side by side the two characters react on each other throughout, maturing equally, step by step, toward the final consummation of harmonious affection.

The essential of a love story is two people who are destined by nature for each other, but separated by an obstacle. When the obstacle lies in their own innate character, the love story becomes a true drama. Mr. Moody's play is true drama, and it speaks well for the popular sympathy with passion that it has succeeded as it has.

JOHN CORBIN.

VAUDEVILLE BILLS.

Grace Van Studdiford heads the bill at Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. The rest of the programme will include Edwards Davis in "The Unmasking," Hassan Ben Ali's Arabs, Raffin's monkeys, Elmer Tenley, Hawthorne and Burt and Gallagher and Barrett.

At the Harlem Opera House the novelty of the bill will be Joseph Hart's production of "Polly Pickle's Pets in Petland." Other features are Volta, who plays with electricity; Bessie Wynn, the Kauffman troupel of cyclists, Avery and Ethel Hoag and Smirl and Kessner.

This will be the fourth week of George Evans at the Union Square. The Bellong Brothers, cyclists; Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur, "Christmas on the Island." Edwin Stevens and Matthews and Ashley are others on the list.

Rose Coghlan in "The Ace of Trumps" is the feature at the Keith & Proctor Twenty-third street house, where the bill also includes Smith and Campbell, the Four Merkel Sisters, the Olivotti Troubadours and Foy and Clark.

At the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre Cliff Berzac's Circus, Lewis McCord and company, the Quigley Brothers, Bartholdi's Birds, Lew Sully and Stanley and Leonard are the chief entertainers.

The bill at the Keith & Proctor Jersey City house includes Clayton White and Marie Stuart in "Paris," Manning's Entertainers, Elizabeth Murray, Cameron and Flanagan, Cotton's donkeys, Barry and Halvers, Fitzgerald and Gilday and the Alpha Trio.

Marie Dressler will be the headliner at the Colonial this week, presenting a sketch, "O! Mr. Belasco," in which she burlesques Mrs. Carter. Others in the list are Henry Lee, Jewel's Mannikin company, George Mozart and Tom Nawn and company.

The Alhambra's headliner will be Benjamin Chapin in his Abraham Lincoln sketch. The rest of the bill includes George Felix, Lydia Barry and company, Alcide Capitaine, Binns, Binns and Binns, Rawson and June and Mr. and Mrs. Adelman.

At Hammerstein's this excellent bill has been arranged for New Year's week: Maud Raymond, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Ryan and Richfield, "That Quartet," Raymond and Caverly and the Mason-Keeler company.

These are Tony Pastor's chief entertainers: Monroe, Mack and Lawrence in a new skit, the Chadwick Trio, the Two Pucks, Jeanee Ardelle and her picks and Ascot and Eddie.

This is the fifth week of the "Wine, Woman and Song" company at the Circle.

"The Cherry Blossoms" will be at the Dewey.

The Gotham will have "The Jolly Girls."

Hurtig & Seamon announce for their music hall "The Golden Crook" extravaganza company.

New cinematograph pictures are announced for the Eden Musée

Dolado and his trained sheep are the headline attraction at Huber's.

Sunday Amusements.

Maurice Levi and his new band will give their first concert to-night at the Hippodrome. Elfie Fay will help Mr. Levi in one number and there will be other novelties.

At the twelfth French soirée concert at the Bijou J. McCloskey, a Pittsburg tenor, will make his début.

The usual Sunday concerts will be given at the Proctor houses, Hammerstein's, the American, the West End, the Grand Opera House, the Yorkville, the New Star, the Colonial, the Alhambra, Hurtig & Seamon's, Dixon's Third Avenue and the Metropolis, the New Circle, Dewey and Gotham theatres

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The bill of fare for the coming week at the Metropolitan Opera House is as follows: Monday, "Faust;" Miss Farrar, Mr. Rouselière, Mr. Stracciari and Mr. Plançon; Wednesday, "Tosca," Mme. Eames, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti; Friday, "Fedora," with the usual cast; Saturday afternoon, "Lakme," with the same cast as on Friday night; Saturday night, "Siegfried," with the cast heard yesterday afternoon. On Tuesday afternoon there will be a special performance of "Haensel und Gretel."

At the Manhattan Opera House next week the list will be this: Monday, "Aida," with the same cast as heretofore; Tuesday, extra performance, "Il Trovatore," Mmes. Russ and de Cisneros, Messrs. Dalmores and Sevelihac; Wednesday, "La Traviata," Mme. Melba, Messrs. Bassi and Renaud; Friday, "Carmen," with the usual cast, Mr Ancona singing *Escamillo*; Saturday afternoon, "L'Elisir d'Amore," Mme. Pinkert, Messrs. Bonci, Gilibert and Sevelihac.

The Kneisel Quartet's next concert will take place on January 8. The programme will embrace Mozart's A major quartet, opus 464, Beethoven's trio in E flat, and Tschaikowsky's quartet in F, opus 22.

Herbert Witherspoon will introduce several novelties in his forthcoming song recital in Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday afternoon, January 10. Chief of these will be a Bach caniata which has not been sung here, and another a group of songs by a new composer, Miss Branscombe, who is a member of the faculty of the Chicago College of Music and who is coming to this city to accompany Mr. Witherspoon in this number. The balance of the programme will be played by Arthur Rosenstein.

Petschnikoff is now playing in the West and will not return until January 5. On the 6th he will be heard in an orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall, and on January 16 he will give his first recital in Mendelssohn Hall, when he will be assisted by Mrs. Petschnikoff, also a violiniste of distinction, and André Benoist, pianist.

Rosenthal's appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House this Sunday evening will be the last he will make here until after the middle of April. Commencing on Wednesday next, when he will play two concerts on that day, one in Baltimore and the other in Washington, both with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Rosenthal will travel westward, going as far as the Pacific coast. January and February will be devoted to the middle West and March to the Pacific coast.

Wassily Safonoff will be heard at the next concerts of the Philharmonic Society to be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Carnegie Hall as an interpreter of Liszt's music for the first time here. He will conduct the orchestra in two episodes from Lenau's "Faust," "Ein Naechtlicher Zug" and "Tanz auf der Dorfschenke," or "Mephisto Waltz." Wagner's "Eine Faust Overture" and Beethoven's fourth symphony will also be played. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, will make his first New York appearance in several years at these concerts. He will play Tschaikowsky's concerto in B flat minor.

Following his recent appearance with the Russian Symphony Society, Alexander Scriabine, the distinguished Russian composer pianist, will extend the opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with his art at a recital devoted to his own compositions, which he will give at Mendelssohn Hall on the afternoon of Thursday, January 3.

NEW PLAYS FOR THE NEW YEAR

"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY" AT THE HERALD SQUARE.

Edward Abeles to Make His Bow as a Star in "Brewster's Millions"—William Collier in a New Farce of Which He Is Co-Author—"Matilda" New Music Play.

There will be no lack of novelty for the theatregoer this week—dream plays, music plays and farces, all these we shall see and in one we shall hail a new star.

The dream play is "The Road to Yesterday," which will be produced at the Herald Square to-morrow night. It is the work of Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Dix and tells a story of a little girl who is carried back to Elizabethan England, there to struggle with superstition and ignorance of the days of good Queen Bess. The first act and the last occur in an artist's studio in London, the others in England in 1603. The Shuberts have engaged a competent cast for the production.

The new star of the week is Edward Abeles, who will appear in "Brewster's Millions" at the New Amsterdam. Incidentally the play marks the début of Thompson & Dundy as producers of everyday drama. Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley joined hands in dramatizing the McCutcheon book, which tells of a young man's efforts to get rid of a million in a year. In the supporting cast are Mary Ryan, George Probert, Emily Lytton and Jack Devereux.

William Collier, always a well liked actor of farce in New York, will be seen at the Garrick to-morrow night in "Caught in the Rain," by himself and Grant Stewart. *Dick Crawford* (Mr. Collier) takes refuge under an awning in a shower and there meets *Muriel Mason* (Nanette Comstock). His mistake as to her identity and his natural bashfulness start a series of complications which it takes three acts to straighten out. In Mr. Collier's company are George Nash, Wallace Eddinger, Grant Stewart, Jane Laurel and Louise Drew.

The new musical play of the week is "Matilda," which Frank N. Lawrence will present at the Lincoln Square Theatre to-morrow night. The late I. N. Morris wrote the farce to which George H. Gartlan has added music and Everett Ruskay the lyrics. The plot has to do with a young actress condemned to marry a man in order to obtain a fortune. To escape it she persuades a male friend to impersonate her. Alfred Hickman is the friend and the chief funmaker of the cast, which includes Amy Ricard, Maude Fulton and Katherine Emmett.

This is the last week of Hattie Williams and "The Little Cherub" at the Criterion. Next week Clara Bloodgood will appear in Clyde Fitch's "The Truth."

Sam Bernard is in his third month at Wallack's in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer."

At the Empire Maude Adams is apparently as popular in "Peter Pan" as she was last year when the play was first presented here.

"The Hypocrites," the Henry Arthur Jones play, has been at the Hudson for six months, and bids fair to stay for some time longer.

"Colombe's Birthday," by Robert Browning, will be given at the Hudson Theatre next Friday afternoon, with Miss Grace Elliston as *Colombe*. The performance is for the benefit of the Virginia Day Nursery, which cares for the children of poor working women.

"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days" begin their sixth week at the Hippodrome to-morrow night.

"The Student King" at the Garden Theatre ranks among the best of the many Savage productions of light opera.

In "Dream City" and "The Magic Knight" Joe Weber has apparently found the best successes his theatre has had in some years.

At the Savoy "The Man of the Hour" is finding many who are interested in its up to date story of city politics.

Wilton Lackaye's acting of *Jean Valjean* in "The Law and the Man" at the Manhattan has won praise for him.

Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company continue their successful run at the Lyric Theatre in Langdon Mitchell's comedy of society, "The New York Idea."

"The Belle of Mayfair" enters on the second month of its engagement at Daly's Theatre to-morrow night. The management announces that seats can now be secured eight weeks in advance.

Manager Walter N. Lawrence announces that "The Three of Us," in which Carlotta Nillson is starring, will continue at the Madison Square Theatre until June.

"The Lion and the Mouse" is now in the fifteenth month of its run at the Lyceum Theatre.

Charles Klein's latest success, "The Daughters of Men," will begin the last week of its run at the Astor Theatre on Monday night.

Miss Rose Stahl will shortly celebrate at the Hackett Theatre the 200th performance in New York of James Forbes's comedy, "The Chorus Lady."

Anna Held begins the sixth week of her engagement at the Broadway Theatre to-morrow evening in "The Parisian Model."

"The Great Divide" has passed its 100th performance at the Princess. At this theatre also Alla Nazimova continues her daily matinées.

Harry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard" is demonstrating that the play's usefulness in New York had not been worn out.

This is the last week of James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon" at the Casino.

Lew Dockstader and his minstrel company will begin their last week at the New York Theatre to-morrow evening, and will be followed Monday, January 7, by Elsie Janis in "The Vanderbilt Cup."

"The Red Mill" will have its 133d performance Monday night.

At the Liberty Eleanor Robson is still playing Clyde Fitch's "The Girl Who Has Everything."

At the Belasco "The Rose of the Rancho" is adding new laurels to the authors and to the chief actress, Miss Frances Starr.

Henri de Vries in "The Double Life" is the attraction at the Bijou.

At the Irving Place Theatre Annie Dirkens and Willi Thaller continue in "Wie mann Maenner fesselt." On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons there will be special children's matinées of "Dornroeschen."

The Yorkville will have the Hanlons' "Fantasma."

Blanche Bates begins to-morrow at the Academy of Music a four weeks engagement in "The Girl of the Golden West."

The Keith & Proctor stock company will produce "Zira," Margaret Anglin's success, at the 125th Street Theatre.

Yorke and Adams in "Bankers and Brokers" will be at the Metropolis.

Fay Templeton in the George M. Cohan show, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," comes to the Grand Opera House.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," a new Al Woods melodrama, is the attraction at the West End.

The weekly change of bill brings to the American "The Phantom Detective."

The Fourteenth Street Theatre will have "A Marked Woman."

"Chinatown Charlie" comes to the New Star.

A Theodore Kremer melodrama, "A Race for Life," will be at the Thalia.

THE BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Joe Cawthorn and Camille D'Arville in Comic Operas.

Joe Cawthorn, in the Sousa comic opera, "The Free Lance," will be at the New Montauk this week. Harry B. Smith wrote the book of the piece, which was produced at the New Amsterdam last season. In Mr. Cawthorn's support are Nella Bergen, Jeannette Lowrie and Albert Hart.

At the Shubert "The Belle of London Town," with Camille d'Arville as the star, will be the attraction. Stanislaus Stange wrote the book and Julian Edwards the music. In the cast are Carl Stahl, William Rothbecker, Ruth Peebles and Belle Thorne.

Georgie Mack in "Ruled off the Turf," a racing melodrama, will be at the Grand Opera House.

The Folly Theatre will have John and Emma Ray in "Down the Pike."

Hyde & Behman's will have "The Futurity Winner," McWatters, Tyson and company in "Vaudeville," Le Roy and Clayton, the Duffin-Redcay troupe, Fields and Ward and others.

Willie Edouin heads at the Orpheum a bill which includes also Schitzonyi's Hungarian Boys' Band, Herrmann the Great, "The Sunny South," Meno, Welsh and Melrose, Stuart Barnes, Netta Vesta and others.

Harry Vokes and Margaret Daly Vokes will present a sketch, "The Halfback Tavern," at Keeney's. Others are Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, Billy Gaston and Ethel Green and the Pantzer trio.

At the Gayety Fred Irwin's big show will be the attraction.

"Paris by Night" will be at the Star.

AMUSEMENTS.

CARNEGIE HALL.
PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY of New York.
FRIDAY, JAN. 4th, AT 2:30 P. M.
SATURDAY, JAN. 5th, AT 8:15 P. M.
CONDUCTOR
Wassily Safonoff
Soloist Cabrilowitsch Piano
PROGRAM:
Symphony No. 4 ..... Beethoven
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