MARY GARDEN IN "SALOME"

THE STRAUSS OPERA AT THE MANHATTAN.

The Prima Donna Displays Her Charms and Does an Isadora Duncan Dance—The Work Admirably Mounted—The Interpretation Generally Gallic.

There really is no sound reason for public excitement about Richard Strauss's "Salome," even though Oscar Hammerstein has clothed it in a gorgeous scenic garment and Mary Garden, almost without garment, has danced a dance. Wise men have for some time past been wagging their heads and vowing that it would all come to this *pas de seul* and that the town would hasten to see the unwonted spectacle of a prima donna turned ballerina and writhing through the unmoral mazes of the "Dance of the Seven Veils." The wise men were right. "Salome" was revived last night at the Manhattan Opera House and it was demonstrated beyond peradventure that Miss Garden had ascended into a new realm of dramatic expression.

Most persons acquainted with operatic doings in this town will recall that this opera was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House two years ago by another apostle of high art, Heinrich Conried, and that a prudish board of directors demanded its transfer to the refuse heap. After one semi-public rehearsal and one entirely public performance the creation of the arch juggler of Munich disappeared. Mr. Hammerstein, seeking for more merely unmoral women to add to the répertoire of his Franco-Scotch prima donna, seized upon this odoriferous masterpiece of psychologic art and prepared a spectacular production of it.

It is not at all likely that the eruption of 1907 will be repeated. Mr Hammerstein has no board of prudish directors and he does not crane at small fences himself. Miss Garden has a singularly interesting personality, especially when it is properly displayed. And the community, with the kindly aid of Mrs. Glyn, Eugene Walter and a few other promulgators of ethical sweetness and light, has put away many childish ideas about morals and immorals. There will probably be no general objection to "Salome" on ethical or æsthetic grounds. Matrons of well advertised sanctity of character will sit through it and gravely discuss it at their dinners and free born youths of spotless social standing will escort girdled maidens to the enlightening exhibition.

"Salome" is given in French at the Manhattan. Everything is French—the text, the impersonations, the scenic attire, the action, the musical treatment, the reading of the score by Mr. Campanini. This fact will have to be taken into account by all who attended either the semi-public or the public performance at the Metropolitan. At the latter house we had a German *Salome*, a creature strange, inexplicable, complex, psychic, but singing from her entrance to her death above the organ point of Faith. At the Manhattan we have a French *Salome*, volatile, sinuous of mind and body, quivering with emotions that lie upon the pearly surface of her flesh, a throbbing yet contemplative explorer of physical reservations, a creature who, like her sister Faustine, "could do all things but be good or chaste of mien."

This creature hurls herself hopelessly in a paroxysm of carnality against a *Jokanaan*, not the petrified and appalling image of moral law, but a shocked and pained celibate, outraged by the public disclosure of a young woman's lamentable inclinations. Even *Herod*, the Tetrarch of this production, never ruled in Judea, but sat in solemn judgment in some little mediæval barony in the shadow of the Pyrenees, where the Arabian color found its way into his face even as Moorish lines crept into his architecture.

"Salome" in French is French to the core, and it serves to satisfy us that the Gallic text and manner are nearer the chaste and elegant ideals of Oscar Wilde than German treatment could ever come. Presented, then, in the true Gallic manner "Salome" offers only two or three points of interest. The wooing of *Jokanaan* by the abnormal daughter of *Herodias*, the dance before *Herod* and the fondling of the severed head are the incidents which compose the play. The rest is padding, very poor padding at that, and in solemn truth a prodigious bore.

Last night without question the important thing was the dance. "Salome" with Mary Garden as the heroine is a dance with commentary, for the plain truth must be admitted that Miss Garden cannot sing a phrase of Strauss's music. Before last night's performance there was no scarcity of persons ready to say that this music need not be sung.

Well and good, but *Salome's* words must be projected into the auditorium somehow. Miss Garden succeeded best with the lines which she deliberately spoke. For all dramatic effect it made the rest might as well have been silence.

But it will signify naught, for there still remains the dance. Miss Garden begins the rôle of *Salome* with very little clothing. In the dance she wears still less. But this we must regard as a mistake. A less generous exhibition of neck, shoulders and back and locomotive apparatus at the beginning would lend more realistic color to the excitement of *Herod* over the frank disrobing of the dance, when Miss Garden offers abundant opportunities to artists who wish to study her suitability as a model. A sheet of gauze gently intervenes in behalf of the imagination.

The dance is of the sort of which we have had a surfeit of late. We are authoritatively told that this kind of dance is "classic," but it is less a product of classic times perhaps than of a period when licentious Romans gorged themselves in a Hebrew fortress on the borders of the Dead Sea. Flaubert wrote a Salome dance.

She danced like the priestesses of Isis, like the Nubians of the cataracts or like the Bacchantes of Lydia. She whirled about like a flower blown by the tempest. The jewels in her ears sparkled, her swift movements made the colors of her draperies appear to run into one another. Her arms, her feet, her clothing even, seemed to emit streams of magnetism that set the spectators' blood on fire.

No, it was no such Loie Fuller conflagration as that. Nor was it the true dance of the seven veils depicting the descent of Ishtar into Hades and the stripping of her exquisite body by the warders of the seven gates. Nor was it the present day dance of the seven veils which is danced in the cafés of Cairo and in that part of darkest Africa lying over against the Mediterranean.

No, it was none of these, but just plain Isadora Duncanese—posings, leaps, turnings and prancings. To give Miss Garden her due, she attitudinized and stalked very well, and some of her poses were almost worth the advanced price of admission. One thing is sure: she dances much better than she sings.

For the rest, her impersonation of *Salome* consisted of some picturesque and really delineative gesticulations and general bodily movements. Persons who stoutly maintain a faith in realism on the stage will find something to their fancy in the wooing scene, when there is a frequent and alarming but never wholly indiscreet juxtaposition of *Salome's* bare left shoulder and *Jokanaan's* bare right one.

The scene of the fondling of the severed head, which furnishes pleasure to perverted tastes, is performed less graphically than it was at the Metropolitan, but it is still a spectacle to make one qualmish. Delicate stomachs should be kept at home. Even the *Herod* of Mr. Dalmores, a most bestial looking creature, shudders at this exhibition of degeneracy.

There is little more to be said. Dalmores made a clear enough figure of *Herod*, but there was no convincing denotement of the paranoiac state of the man. Dufranne sang the music of *Jokanaan* splendidly and acted him competently, as already indicated, from the French point of view. Mme. Doria as *Herodias* stolidly gave the necessary cues to *Herod* and *Salome*. Valles reduced *Narraboth* to a nonentity, but De Segurola, always an intelligent actor, made a living picture of the aged Nazarene.

Messrs. Crabbe and Reschiglian were equal to the requirements of the two Roman soldiers, though they made no addition to them. The quarrelling Hebrews were very indifferently done, and their little scene which reveals Strauss in the act of making fun of his own music fell short of its possibilities.

The setting provided for the opera is most picturesque. It has Oriental luxury of color combined with a certain fantastic feeling altogether suitable to the action. The artist has availed himself of the liberty accorded by art history and combined Assyrian and Arabian ideas in a singularly felicitous picture. The costumes are new and effective and the stage management excellent.

Mr. Campanini accomplished much, as he usually does. His orchestra emitted a solid and sonorous but not generally noisy tone. Indeed he seemed to have effaced not a little of the characteristic harshness of Strauss, an achievement for which the composer would hardly thank him. But we other poor mortals, whose ears retain something of their humanity, bless him for his manifold mercies and blame him not at all that he has polished Teutonic barbarism to a Parisian finish.

However there was sufficient volume of sound emitted by the orchestra to satisfy people who are not accustomed to listen to music in houses much larger than the Manhattan. Mr. Campanini and his orchestra ought to receive general praise for their achievement last night.

A GERMAN MORALITY PLAY.

Grolier Club Roves Back to Fifteenth Century and the First Printers.

The members of the Grolier Club gave the "Decosidio Cornuti Typographici," a morality play from the German of the fifteenth century, last night at 24 East Thirty-second street.

It was a compliment to the understanding of the small and select audience that they were able to speed back on the high road to a yesterday of several centuries ago and appreciate what was going on. For there was a prologue, an ancient scene extraordinary, a workman's rhyme all present tried to sing standing and ended by sitting down, and an epilogue that was a trifle complicated.

The stage lights shone first on *Prologus*, a worthy person who delivered an oration upon the importance of printing. Then *Deposior* came on, called his servant *Tigia* and asked the meaning of the decoration of the room. The varlet professed ignorance and fetched *Cornutus*, who was fantastically dressed. Master and man plied him with questions, and at last, tired of delicate wit, vented their ill humor upon him with plane, axe and saw until he begged for mercy in an antique manner. *Cornutus* finally was baptised in the name of Venus, Ceres and Bacchus, and the audience was thanked for staying by a young workman appareled quaintly as *Typographus*.

The characters were assumed by Henry McMahon Painter, Henry Watson Kent, Ingalls Kimball, William M. Ivins, Jr., Howard Mansfield and Paul B. Haviland.

The French Quartet Concert.

The French Quartet is the name of an organization which gave its first concert yesterday afternoon in Mendelssohn Hall. The members of this quartet are Joseph Alard, pianist; Ferdinand Pinel, violin; Daniel Ladoux, violin, and Armand Ladoux, cello. Yesterday's programme consisted of Boelmann's trio, opus 19; a sonata by César Franck for piano and violin, and Fauré's piano quartet in C minor, opus 15. A small audience observed the modest proceedings of the quartet, which dreamed its way gently through the programme and then faded into the failing light of a winter afternoon.

Mischa Elman's Violin Recital.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon before a large audience. His principal numbers were Bruch's G minor concerto, Corelli's "La Follia" and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque." The Bruch concerto gave him opportunity to display the fullest beauties of his tone, while Corelli's composition called forth the resources of skill as a virtuoso. Elman's success with the public is great and it has been earned by solid merit. He is a remarkable violinist.

SALE OF OLD FURNITURE.

The Talbot Taylor Collection Goes Under the Hammer.

Furniture of the Louis Seize period, French, German and Flemish wood carvings of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and an assortment of church vessels and crucifixes from the collection of Emile Zola, were the chief features of the first day's sale of the Talbot Taylor collection at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries.

A Louis Seize divan of carved oak with festoons around the lower rail and loose cushions of old red cut velour brought the top price of the afternoon. It went to P. Armour Valentine for $375.

R. S. Knight paid only $170 for a commode of tulip wood and marqueterie with ormolu mounts, which the auctioneer said was worth $2,000, and Worthington Whitehouse was the successful bidder for a Louis Seize boudoir suit of walnut with carved seats and back. It cost him $180.

Another commode, of the Louis Quinze period, went to Mrs. H. S. Phillips for $110, and Mrs. C. D. Dickey purchased a Louis Quinze sofa in a caned, gilded and painted frame, with loose cushions in old brocade, with two armchairs and three side chairs to match, in separate lots for $295.

Miss Hamilton paid $187.50 for a Louis Seize carved walnut side chair upholstered in old Flemish tapestry, and a Louis Treize armchair with shaped walnut frame brought $130. It went to L. W. Sprague.

Among those in the gallery were Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Hudson, Rashford Dean, Albert Gallatin and Cooper Hewitt. The total amount of the sale was $5,421. The sale will be continued to-day and to-morrow.

POETS FREE AT THE THEATRE

ADMITTED TO "THE VAMPIRE" ON NON-EXACTING PROOF.

Le Gallienne and Markham There and Each Is Asked to Tell "Is 'The Vampire' True?"—Mr. Markham Makes a Speech on "The Unconquerable Soul."

The curtain had not been up on the first act at the Hackett Theatre more than five minutes yesterday afternoon when Mr. Algernon St. James McGillicuddy of Dunellen, N. J., appeared at the box office and demanded admission upon the ground that he was a poet.

"Prove it," said the box office man.

"I don't have to," retorted Mr. McGillicuddy with a touch of excusable asperity. "The fact is well known. Besides, I admit it. I once had a piece printed in a regular magazine called *The Every Other Friday in Lent*."

But the box office man was stubborn and demanded visible proof. He acknowledged that long hair, an overworked collar and a hunted look about the eyes constituted corroborative evidence—but not enough. Whereupon Mr. McGillicuddy produced a stub of a pencil and after some thought wrote upon the back of a "declined with the editor's thanks" envelope the following stave:

Out on the mystic Far Beyond
I gaze with hopeless eyes—
With eyes that wonder where, oh, where,
The fabled pathway lies.
Within my heart's red crucible
Is seething all——

"Hold! Enough!" said the box office man. "Beat it inside for yours, quick. Accept A1 and 2 with the thanks of a grateful management."

So Mr. McGillicuddy passed inside, where a poet's matinée performance of the play called "The Vampire" was in progress. Now the chief character in this play is a sort of intellectual vacuum cleaner. He just sucks ideas out of other folk's brains and appropriates them to his own use. The play was written by a Columbia University dramatist named Woolf and a young man named Viereck, who, like Mr. McGillicuddy of Dunellen, N. J., admits that he is a poet. Consequently it was thought fitting that a special matinée should be given to which all the poets whose names Mr. Viereck and the press agent could think of should be invited. Some of them came, too.

Every person who entered the theatre received a pale pink slip on which was printed the query: "Do you think 'The Vampire' is true?" Among others Mr. Viereck handed himself one of these slips, read it thoughtfully, then unhesitatingly wrote upon it "Yes, I do," signed his name in bold characters and handed it back to himself. Mr. Woolf made no reply to the inquiry of the pale pink slip, but his is said to be a cautious nature.

There were a goodly number of persons present who not only said they were poets but who looked the part. Conspicuous among these, with Virgilian front and ambrosial hair, was Dickie Le Gallienne. Mr. Le Gallienne, it will perhaps be remembered, is the young man who thought so little of the FitzGerald version of Omar Khayyám that some years ago he essayed to publish a new rendering of those famous stanzas just to show how the thing ought to be done.

And then he went and hitched Pegasus to the water wagon and last summer he went up to East Aurora where Dr. Munyon and Elbert Hubbard enlighten the Philistines and took to the simple life and lived in an inexpensive tent, at the same time composing an up to date version of Omar in which the Bard is represented as repenting of his views regarding the virtues of Booze.

In this version the Bard is described as sitting in Raines law life saving station in New York and reasoning with a young man who is attached to the Grape. To this one Omar says that the Demon Rum will surely get him if he doesn't watch out, and that in fact the water wagon is the only vehicle worthy of being enshrined in verse or conduct.

This being established, let us pass on to the next person resembling a poet, this being no less than Edwin Markham, who sat in an upper box and repeated to himself reflectively the opening lines of "The Man With the Hoe." And Elsa Barker was there too, whose works have long been great favorites with the makeup men in the magazine printing shops. Nobody who has never made up a magazine can have any idea of what a relief it is to have plenty of these four, eight, twelve or sixteen line poems to stick in at the bottom of pages that haven't got enough prose in them to come out even. And there too one saw Ella Wheeler Wilcox, of whose poems what can one say except that they are beyond criticism? One saw, perhaps two saw, though this is not certain, but one certainly saw and said he saw Charles Hanson Towne, who has before now been publicly called a poet without resenting it.

After the second act the actor who does the vampiring in the play announced somewhat sourly that Mr. Markham would make a speech. In this the actor was not in error. Mr. Markham arose in his box and peering through his whiskers said a number of things. He said, for one thing, that personally he was a great believer in the unconquerable soul. The conclusion to which he was irresistibly led was that anybody who had an unconquerable soul could not be conquered. When Mr. Markham sat down, which he ultimately did, all the other poets applauded.

When the curtain fell after the last act the actor who had vampired so skilfully all afternoon again appeared. There were a number of cries of "Author! Author!" but Mr. Viereck subsequently denied that he had uttered them. But the actor, disregarding these cries, consulted a card in his hand and after studying the name upon it for a while announced, even more sourly than before, that Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Leonard—Leonard—Van—Noppen would make a speech. Mr. Van Noppen did. In behalf of the assembled poets he thanked the authors and the management for this interesting afternoon. In the words so soulfully put forth by Walt Whitman——. The orchestra, with whose members extra matinées are not popular, at this point cut Mr. Van Noppen's remarks short by hitting it up with the strains of that immortal lyric entitled "Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Honey Dear."

There was a good deal of important hair in the theatre, in addition to that displayed by Mr. Markham and Mr. Le Gallienne, but it was impossible to identify most of it owing to the diffidence of its possessors.

However, all the poets who did appear got away safely. One of them took a taxicab. He has a job reading plays on the side.

Shadman-Doyle.

The marriage of Dr. Alonzo J. Shadman of Boston and Miss Grace Parker Doyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Doyle, was celebrated at 8:30 o'clock last night at the home of the bride's parents, in the St. Remo, Seventy-fourth street and Central Park West. The Rev. Dr. J. F. Knotts of Lynn, Mass., performed the ceremony. Miss Doyle, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a white satin gown, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and her tulle veil was caught with a spray of orange blossoms. Mrs. Curtis Metzler was the matron of honor, and William Garfield Shadman, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the St. Remo. Dr. Shadman is a graduate of the Boston Medical School and is attached to the Emerson Hospital at West Roxbury, Mass. Alexander Doyle, father of the bride, is a well known sculptor. Dr. Shadman and his bride will live in West Roxbury.

Foley—Pierce.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 28.—Sheriff Charles F. Foley, former Assemblyman, and Miss M. Eugenie Pierce of Buffalo were married at St. Patrick's rectory by Mgr. Cannon this morning at 9 o'clock. They were accompanied by William L. Pierce of Buffalo and Miss Ida Foley of Lockport. The Sheriff tried to steal a march on his friends, and the ceremony had been performed several hours before they learned of it.

HISTORIAN FERRERO SAILS.

Took a Heroic Dose of America and Will Assimilate It at Leisure.

Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian, who believes that much history of the classical periods is fiction, sailed yesterday for his home by the French liner La Lorraine with somewhat confused sentiments about America.

He said he would have to wait until he had digested the contents of four suitcases containing nothing but books, newspapers and documents before he would be able to say exactly what he did think of the people and the country. He had no doubt that he would be able after recovering from the whirl of the strenuous land and getting some leisure for the contemplation of his experiences and his sensations to form a clear impression of the country and the people.

He had learned much in the ten weeks he had been here, had met almost everybody worth meeting, had delivered thirty-seven lectures and addresses in three languages and had had a good time. American ideals were not essentially different, Signor Ferrero said, from European ideals. But the Americans were more optimistic; their life was more serene than life in Europe and their rivalries were not so bitter.

EX-SENATOR KEHOE DEAD.

Was a Prominent Figure in Red Hook Politics.

Ex-Senator James J. Kehoe of Brooklyn, who figured prominently in the stormy Democratic politics in the Red Hook district in the closing period of the late Senator Michael J. Coffey's career, died on Wednesday night of pneumonia at his home, 108 Pioneer street, in his forty-sixth year. His home had always been in the Twelfth ward, and from a teamster, his first occupation, he became the manager of a big contracting firm. He became active in politics early and was one of Senator Coffey's chief lieutenants. After serving three terms in the Assembly he had a break with Coffey after the latter became involved in a bitter factional quarrel with Senator McCarren.

He was nominated for Senator in 1904 after one of the most turbulent Democratic conventions ever held in Brooklyn, but had to go to the Court of Appeals before he could get his name on the ballot. He was elected, but before the close of his term he lost the leadership of his district, and since his return from Albany had not been active in politics.

He is survived by his wife, two sons and two daughters.

Obituary Notes.

Major Abram B. Garner, formerly second vice-president and treasurer of the Murphy Varnish Company of Newark, died in his home, 1007 Broad street, in that city, yesterday. He was 71 years old, and had been ailing for several years. Born in Philadelphia, Mr. Garner was educated there, and at the age of 20 joined the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served throughout the civil war. After that he held offices in several railroads as freight agent and general manager and later became purchasing agent for the Denver and Rio Grande road. In 1884 he became affiliated with the Murphy company as manager of the Chicago office. Later he was made head of the sales department in New York, and in 1888 became resident manager of the Newark office. In 1905 he was chosen second vice-president and treasurer. He held that place until last April, when he retired on account of poor health. For years Major Garner was a member of the Peddie Memorial First Baptist Church. At one time he was superintendent of the Sunday school.

Leander Remington Peck of Providence, a wool merchant and president of the Asa Peck Company, died yesterday at the Parade Street Hospital. He was taken there Saturday for an operation for appendicitis. He was born in Barrington, February 12, 1843. He was engaged in many enterprises of a public character and identified with many industrial corporations. He was president of the Lawton Spinning Company and was on many directorates. He was vice-president of the Providence Union Trust Company, resigning at the time of reorganization. He was a member of the Pomham, West Side and Providence Central clubs. Mr. Peck is survived by his wife and two children, Frederick S. Peck of Barrington and Mrs. Frank N. Phillips of Providence.

John Fergg, head of a Newark brewery, died of Bright's disease yesterday at his home, 103 Springfield avenue, that city. Mr. Fergg had been in the brewery business since he was 16 years old. He was born at Kempten, Bavaria, sixty-one years ago, and came to this country in 1868. Fifteen years later he went to Newark and became brewmaster of the old William Hill Brewery, now the Union Brewing Company, where he was employed ten years. He then bought out the Citizens Brewing Company, which then became the John Fergg Brewing Company. He was a member of a number of fraternal organizations and singing societies. He is survived by his wife, two sons and a daughter.

Nathaniel P. Wardwell, 62 years old, president of the Watertown National Bank and one of the best known citizens of Watertown, N. Y., dropped dead at his home yesterday afternoon. Mr. Wardwell was born in Watertown and had been in the banking business most of his life, being a director in several other banks. For twenty-one years and up to six years ago, when elected president, he served as cashier of the Watertown National Bank. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Garrett A. Van Allen, a well known insurance man, died at his home in Albany yesterday. He was an organizer of the Commerce Insurance Company, which was formed in 1850. He also was formerly President for many years of the First National Bank of Albany.

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GERMAN CHARITY BALL.

Annual Gathering of the Bachelor Circles of the Clubs at the Waldorf.

The nineteenth annual German Charity Ball took place last night at the Waldorf-Astoria. The ball was given under the auspices of the Bachelor Circles of the Liederkranz, Arion and Beethoven singing societies and was largely attended. The large ballroom, the Myrtle Room and the Astor Gallery were used for the dancing.

Frank's Twelfth Regiment Band played the promenade music and a Hungarian band played in the Astor Gallery.

The ball was opened at 10:30 o'clock by the president, Harry T. Eschwege, who led the grand march with Mrs. Francis Draz. Others in the promenade were the presidents of the various bachelor associations, the committee of arrangements and the reception committee.

Among the patronesses of the ball were Mrs. Emil L. Boas, Mrs. Philip Dugro, Mrs. Jacob Ruppert, Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. C. G. Hupfel, Mrs. George C. Schaefer, Mrs. C. A. L. Amend and Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer.

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