

CABARET SHOW HAS ITS CLUTCH ON BROADWAY

Food Is Dressed With Words and Music and Skirts Swish in the Witching Post-Supper Supper Hour

PERHAPS it's just as well that the very proper young lady and her dignified aunt who sat at "our" table in a Broadway restaurant one night during the last week did not hear all the comments on cabaret performances made by the large gentleman and his wife at the next table.

Some of the large gentleman's very best thoughts were lost to the girl and her aunt because just when the large person was about to speak his wife would select that moment to eat celery ostentatiously. Enough was heard, however, and enough was seen to enable one safely to bet that the large gentleman, despite a disguise of evening clothes trimmed with velvet cuffs and collar, was a retired policeman, probably a captain at least, that he had saved his Salary and then Made Money on Long Island Real Estate; that the still larger lady eating the celery orally, who was dressed like the grand entry of Barnum's circus and a gambler's wife all rolled into one, was his spouse; and finally that the large person knows Manhattan and The Bronx and the Broadway places where both kinds of cocktails are in vogue and sold.

"Cabaret!" the large gentleman muttered in disgust. "Sure, the only reason we used to pinch Billy McGlory in the old days thirty year ago in his Army Hall down in Hester street was for giving shows better than these at the same hours but without the trimmings."

"But," his wife protested as she daintily speared a roll with a fork,

"Bella Donna" maybe from the "Milestones," something like that. Do they want straight again the bang-bang-bang vaudeville? No, just maybe the song, to see Maurice dance, and then to dance themselves. But all the time the restaurant man does not know this and he gives them much too much cabaret. There are diners who say Maurice

find a typical "man about town," finally is struck by a motor car, rushed to the hospital the next morning and reading the newspaper account of his own accident finds that the newspaper article concludes in effect that the unknown victim of the motor car "seemed to be a typical man about town."

He likes the quiet grill of the Astor. He hunts up places that the acute Broadway rarely thinks of—the musicless restaurants of the Algonquin, of Keen's and Brown's chop houses, where he never is in danger of picking up the snare drum by mistake for his finger bowl.

To almost every mother's son of this kind of restaurant diner—they're play-

Is the Habit to Last?—Authorities Recall New York's Original Cabarets and Make Prediction

Acres Square, where she must stop at the biggest group of the Shanley brothers' restaurants, which is not to be confused with the cabaret restaurant of another group of the Shanley brothers in Forty-second street near Sixth avenue, nor with still another crate of the Shanley brothers' cabaret restaurant near Twenty-ninth street, nor with the younger Shanley brothers' cabaret restaurant in Sixth avenue above Twenty-third street.

While motoring from Shanley to Shanley also the girl must meet up with the ever so gorgeous Murrys and the mad, mad Mlle. Looie Martin's, both equipped with pretentious ballrooms; and, two or three blocks further south, the festive Maxims' and the Bustanoby's and the Kaiserhof, all whirling simultaneously like 89 cent alarm clocks. We point with pride to the completeness of the list.

Back in the Billy McGlory days the cabaret of sordid dress went on its nifty and never weakening way before audiences that loved and understood the art of an uppercut delivered between outbursts of the art of the Caruso of Flatbush; and, as at the present cabaret, where the spectators watch Maurice glide through the tango between tables and immediately want to get up and do themselves, the Billy McGlory drinking audiences, after watching a couple of boxing bout exhibitions, wanted to get up and do it themselves. And they did so, but they kept at it too long after hours, and the word went out to close up Billy and his like and they do it." For a generation after those closing days of the dives the height of restaurant hilarity up along Broadway was reached only on extraordinary

cabaret seven nights a week," he volunteered in boyish fashion. "After I was graduated from Tulane University, I did church work in New Orleans, singing, I mean, but it didn't pay well. So I came up here where I could stand under" [here he mentioned the grand name and asked that neither the teacher's nor his own name be printed] "and I got the insurance job to help while I'm studying for the concert stage."

"Mr. , my teacher, doesn't know I'm singing here. He told me to go away with my voice, but I need the money. Every night I tell mamma and papa that I have night work to do for the insurance company, and then I come over here and sing six or seven songs altogether. But I don't know how long I can keep on fooling papa and mamma and my teacher. No, thank you, I won't have anything to drink—it doesn't help my throat."

But there is an optimist, a girl who sings not only the national air of cabaret, "Row, Row, Row," but other idyls quite as delicately dewy as Maxims', who believes the cabaret is here to stay. She made a place for the visitor at the big round table in front of the orchestra, a table big enough to hold most of the dozen or so performers while the one whose turn it is to sing prances down the aisles, carrying the song and the spotlight shining down from the balcony to favored bald heads where playful love taps are bestowed. The girl who is optimistic had to make a bluff of joining in the choruses, to fool the boss," she said. Also she asked to be quoted exactly and in full or not at all. So here's her very words: "There always was some kind of



MAURICE DANCING AT MARTIN'S.



THE WHIRL OF THE CABARET GIRL.

talks true talk, but these persons who go into the psychology of the thing are diners, not supper parties, remember. And then there comes the witching post supper supper hour when there is no thought at all devoted to psychological things, while the assembled multitudes concentrate upon solids instead. And at that moment it doesn't make much difference to New York, especially to visiting New York, whether or not the gay girls in the restaurant balcony who have been pelting the bald head reclining on a table below with cornflowers and confetti suddenly decide to change the ammunition to cauliflower and spaghetti. For the morning, particularly on Sunday mornings, is dawning on the generally conceded proposition that "everything goes."

One hopes that the retired police captain's Lizzie also has retired before this hour arrives. Usually Miss Lizzie has, for it is a rule, with exceptions as in every rule, that your real New Yorker as the Tenderloin knows the term visits, "drops in," at the cabaret when the occasional or acute New Yorker is about to go home or has gone. And the Miss Lizzies, despite the fact that they probably were born in Manhattan and since father made his money in real estate have "gone around a good deal," are not considered real New Yorkers from the Long Acre Square viewpoint at all. But the man about town,

Now, not so fast. There is too, such an animal! It has merely become the habit to deny that he exists, that's all. The late O. Henry himself was only following the fashion in a delicious way when he devoted an entire short story plot to the inquisitive student of Broadway who for many paces spends a night in an unsuccessful attempt to

The man about town, then, does not take two important meals of the day—night, rather—in the cabaret restaurants, but dines before the theatre and takes his supper about midnight where there is not even an orchestra. The cabaret—oh, that's a place to "drop in" to watch professionals perform or to sit at the edge of the ballroom floor adjoining and watch the skirts swish by, and maybe, if he isn't too rheumatic or giddy, to take a spin himself around the waxen floor.

But during the serious hours of 7 o'clock to 8 and from 11:30 o'clock until an hour or more after midnight if you see him at dinner or supper where the food is dressed with words and music you may depend upon it that whether he lives in Manhattan or is a visitor he is only an acute, not a chronic, Broadwayite. Perhaps he has been dragged to the musical parts of the restaurant because a guest or two, acutes, want their dinner orchestrated by Victor Herbert.

But on the very first night after the visitors have gone back home you will find him, several of him, often accompanied by his own wife, eating sea food and trimmings during the dinner hour at Jack's, where there isn't even a mechanical piano. If he chooses Rector's he avoids the carpeted flight of steps leading aloft to gorgeousness and grand opera and goes down a few steps below the street level, where the only dinner accompaniment is the song of the seltzer siphon. At the Kneckerbocker he turns not to the left toward rose rooms and "The Rosary" but to the right and on to the white room, where the merciful clatter of dishes and small talk wards off the faint sounds of the distant orchestra far to the east.

wrights, theatre owners, writers, business or professional men of theatrical tendencies, artists, composers, writers of lyrics, or all these activities rolled into one, as in the case of George M. Cohan—the only "home" dining room he has is the Broadway restaurant. He has to dine in a restaurant every night.

Now suppose you lack home folk could afford to have a little platform erected near the black walnut sideboard in your own dining room in your Main street house and just as the second maid each night brings forth the canned tomato soup would you, supposing again you could afford it, every night at a lyric artist as the wondrous Mme. Maggie Cline herself step out upon your home made platform just beneath the framed lithograph of "Spearhead Salmon on the Columbus" that Aunt Clara gave us and listen to the great Mme. Cline shouting, "Throw 'em Down, McClusky!" from soup to bread pudding? Your interest in this home cabaret would continue nightly, would it not? Yes, it would not. And Broadway's real New Yorker, whose only private dining room is the public restaurant, lives silence and a whole lot of it at meals too.

Fortunately for the cash account of the cabaret restaurateur the chronic Broadwayite are a handful; the girl from back home is legion, and of course she does not troop into the restaurants unaccompanied. No quiet, below stairs, musicless grill of Rector pere for her, but one flight up, where the brasses crash and the trumpets bray.

Or she races northward in a taxicab to the restaurant of Rector fils, where day begins when night falls and the cabaret hurrahs from street floor to third floor ceilings until the sun comes over the park across the way and night is beginning to dawn. Or the taxi may cushion across these times to the right and once to the left, according to traffic regulations, around the green lamps and police ropes out in the Circle and land her at the door of Reisenweber's, where a troupe numbering variously from eight to a dozen play and sing in the main dining room, while in the grill a negro quartet, a piano and a pianist, all ebony instrument and music, make music and later on toward the stank of the evening in the ballroom on the third floor an ebony string band tunes up and detonates harmony for those who want to dance.

Miles and miles to the north at Pabst's in 125th street a glorious soprano with liquid amber eyes, crowned with fuzzy hair of red is singing from a central platform that rises from a sea of folk who in turn rise from and raise high, a sea of liquid amber crowned with fuzzy white foam suds. And other miles down Broadway at the sign of the farthest Shanley brother to the farthest south of the Tenderloin the luscious corn beef that yesterday was served to a medley of "The Irish Airs" now finds that even the cabbage must take second place to the cabaret.

Between these north and south poles Tom Healy, too, has so elaborated on the simple "Irish Airs" that last week nothing would do Tom but to try to outdo Durland's riding academy, half a block to the east, by leading onto the Healy cabaret platform a singing sourette astride a real live horse. Could art go further? And while the girl from Back Home is cruising in her low neck taxi from the Pabst pole on the north to the southerly Shanley brothers' south pole, not only are the Rectors, pere and fils, and the Reisenwebers ablaze on either side of the asphalt course, but there are the Garden, where tenor and baritone "rag" prey; Churchill's, where once Capt. Jim Churchill offered Victor Herbert a weekly salary that would have exceeded a yearly total of more than \$75,000 to lead a small orchestra in his restaurant, and furthermore offered Caruso \$4,000 to sing four songs on the night the new Churchill's was opened—both offers being received with polite acknowledgment and also politely refused.

A stone's throw away, still headed south, ex-Capt. O'Conner, who has opened the Frolic, with a big cabaret and a speech by Sheriff Julius Harburger to the supper crowd as the opening night's bill! Three sober jumps across Broadway is the Pekin, with its balcony suggesting the ruddy last act "set" of a musical comedy Paris by Night.

Still going strong, but showing a lack of training, the Girl from Back Home



WINE, WOMAN AND SONG AT CHURCHILL'S.

"The people in those—those—"
"Dives, joints. Are they a wait, here?"
"In those dives used to holler and sing loud songs all the night, Joe, till the morning."
"Like they do here," said her husband complacently. "Only at Billy McGlory's, like I said, there was less fluff and more stuff. And so it was at the other cabaret shows of those days, at the Allen's place in Bleeker street and Hester Irving's Empire Garden uptown, in them days, at Sixth avenue and Thirtieth, and Tom Gould's in Thirty-second near Broadway, and Mike Callahan's in Chatham square—them's the places back in the 80's where these here cabarets started."

"But these Broadway fellows that are now making an imitation of Billy McGlory's old place at one-four-four Hester, do they have talent like Jim Thornton on their show programmes?"
"They do not. Many's the time I heard Jim down at Billy's, and Bonnie Thornton played with him at other cabarets with him then, too. And between songs there was good fighting lads who for 50 cents a bout would lamn other good fighting lads, and grand dancing turns—real dancing, not these turkey trots—with may be Danny Murphy, the greatest tenor in all Flatbush, coming over to sing 'White Wings, They Never Grow Weary' or 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie,' between the fights so there wouldn't be too much of one kind drama on the programme."

"And they sang late and they drank after hours, just like they do in some of these swell places now. But the papers began calling Billy McGlory 'the wickedest man in New York,' and the word went out to close up Billy and his like, and we done it."

"But," suggested the wife, evidently bent upon convincing at least herself that what she was doing at the moment and what the patrons of Billy McGlory did at the old Army Hall essentially were different, "think of the low kind of folks, Joe, that used to go to those places."

"Her husband sighed as he snapped his fingers for his waiter, "Billy McGlory's shows was like this place in that too. Would you know who the little dark man in the full dress suit, except he's got a black necktie on, is sitting over there near the palm tree in the corner? That's Black Mike. He's a deep sea diver—ocean gambler. He says he is, anyway, but from what a stow at his record he's boasting. And the tall, slim girl sitting with him, she—"

"She's dressed grand!" the wife said with admiration. "That's a real Irish face coat she has on, Joe, and it cost maybe \$100."

"Sure it did," ex-Capt. Joe agreed



JINGLING BELL AT MARTIN'S.

look. It takes a year or two at college before a young man learns how to look. The crooks, lacking the advantages of college training, are the quietest people in the world. They're here on their own business and paying strict attention to it. So why bother?"

Especially why bother with thoughts like these, says the Girl from Back Home, who is seeing New York for a week—ranging from shop to shop all forenoon, to theatres many afternoons and every evening and then watching a cabaret show after the theatre until an hour that the folk of Back Home never heard of, not even on the nights when the Back Home High School Alumni give their annual festival and dance. And when at the end of her seeing New York trip she drags herself Back Home she often suffers a relapse of weariness from her constant efforts to repeat again and again that good old classic bromidion.

"Yes, New York is just dandy for a few days, but I shouldn't care to live there. Gracious, how do they ever stand it?"

They don't. Also in the opinion of the Morkin of the cabaret, the ex-quisito Maurice himself, exponent and his "La Brazilian" that he has just flashed on early morning audiences, the cabaret show itself will not be able to stand it much longer unless the restaurant men throw the programme to a second or third speed.

"Listen to Maurice, Maurice knows everything," said Maurice with proper humility over a restaurant table a few nights ago. "Here is Maurice's really answer: 'The cabaret won't last. The turkey trot and the tango, yes, because New York now is crazy about dancing. But New York now wants to do its own dancing and not watch others do song and dancing.'

"Here in your country," continued Maurice, who was born, by the way, where the Pennsylvania terminal stands in Seventh avenue now, but was taken abroad when a child, "here in your country the cabaret show is too much, and it is too much too fast. A song, it should be, and then a long wait for another song. With the long wait between the songs everybody has time to drink much, and that is good for the restaurant man who pays the singers and the dancers who have followed Maurice and Maurice's wife, Florence Walton. And of course they want to Maurice and Florence Walton dance between the tables, but then they want to hurry to the ballroom and try to do exactly what Maurice and Florence have done. Which is impossible."

"But now in your country the restaurant man makes the cabaret programme go bang-bang-bang-bang! The people they come, maybe they

music whenever—and then he'd row, row-o-ow,' 'way up the river—and wherever our ancestors from the day that the Tammanies or whatever brand of Indians it were that traded our ancestors' island of Manhattan ova to Christoph Columbus for a plugged dollar and a high wheeled bicycle—his hub now and then, she would tell him when—and there was some kind of music to accompany the Tammanies afloat the sale when they sat down to put the nose bag on around the camp fish—drop both his oars, take a few moah encores (bang!) and—so, to re-sume, I say there always was and always is music with oah victuals, and always will be, so there!—and then he'd row! Ho-o-ow! Ro-o-o-ow!"

And maybe she's right at that.

THE WEEK AT THE OPERA.

Mme. Frieda Hempel, who is due to arrive in New York on the steamship George Washington to-day, is announced by Gatti-Casazza to make her American debut at the Metropolitan Opera House as the Queen in the revival of "The Huguenots" on Friday evening of next week. With Mme. Hempel will appear Mme. Emily Destain as *Valentine*, Mr. Caruso as *Roi*, Mme. Allen as the *Page*, Mr. Scotti as the *Verger*, Mr. Rothier as *Saint Bris* and Mr. Bidur as *Marsel*. Others in the cast will be Mme. Mattfeld and Messrs. Bada, Audisio, Begue, Annan and Rossi. The ballet, an important feature of the third act, will have Mlle. Pezzanti and Miss Eva Swan as premieres. Giorgio Polacco will conduct the performance.

"Madama Butterfly" will open the seventh week on Monday evening with Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mmes. Fornia and Mapleson and Messrs. Martin, Scotti, Bada and Begue. Mr. Toscanini will conduct, this opera for the first time this season.

Christmas afternoon a special popular price performance of "Hansel and Gretel," followed by the first act of the ballet "Coppelia" with Miss Adeline Gense and Mr. Volinno will be given. The opera will be sung by Mmes. Allen, Mattfeld, Case, De Mette and Robeson and Messrs. Bada and Goritz, Mr. Morgenstern conducting.

"Faust" will be the Christmas night opera with Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mmes. Fornia and Maubourg and Messrs. Slezak and Messrs. Burian, Well and Bursdorf. Mr. Hertz will conduct.

Orfeo ed Euridice will be given at next week's Saturday matinee with Mrs. Bappold, Homer, Sparkes and Case, Mr. Hertz conducting.

Of next week of next week "The Magic Flute" will be given for the benefit of the German Press Club. Mme. Gaudin will sing the role of Pamina. Otherwise the cast will be the same as heretofore. Mr. Hertz will conduct.