OLD COMEDY PLAYED AT THE PRINCESS

Sheridan's "The Critic" Revived by an English Company.

NEW NOW AFTER CENTURY

"The Critic"—At the Princess Theatre.

Dangle	Dallas Anderson
Sneer	Wallis Clark
Sir Fretful Plagiary	Mario Majeroni
Mr. Puff	B. Iden Payne
Mrs. Dangle	Marie Leonhard
Earl of Leicester	Lawrence Grant
Lord Burleigh	Cecil Butler
Sir Walter Raleigh	Whitford Kane
Mr. Hopkins	Thomas Louden
Tilburnia	Emilie Polini
Her Confidante	Saxon Morland
Don Ferolo	Wilfred Seagram

Now that the fun of the theatre is so much in demand it was a stroke of genius on the part of Morris Gest to revive Sheridan's farce "The Critic: or, A Tragedy Rehearsed," which has been for a century the classic of stage fun. B. Iden Payne's company played the piece last night at the Princess Theatre and played it most excellently before an audience which was kept in continuous laughter by the points of the old burlesque—points which, by the way, are quite as true to-day as they ever were. Thus the Princess Theatre lived up to its reputation as the home of all that is rococo in the theatre. It may be the product of the Grand Guignol, the sociology of Bateux or eighteenth century farce which is to be enjoyed on the little stage of this playhouse. But it will never be anything ordinary.

"The Critic" held the boards of the New York theatres for as many years as any other play of its period. Only a year ago it was revived by the industrious stock actors of the Crescent Theatre in Brooklyn. But it was notably done for the last time by Augustin Daly at his own theatre. He loved the farce and at more than one stage of his managerial career placed his popular actors in the well known roles. Veterans at the theatre last night were talking about the versatility of Charles Mathews, who used to play *Puff* and *Sir Fretful* with equal success. Then there were others—they all looked young for their memories—who recalled that in various productions of the play made at Augustin Daly's theatre James Lewis had played *Puff* when this manager made his first revival of the play, and acted *Don Whiskerandos* at the last Daly revival fourteen years later, when John Drew was *Puff*. Ada Rehan acted *Tilburnia*, and associated with her were Effie Shannon, Kitty Cheatham and Isabel Irving. It was *Puff* that was always beloved of the leading man, and just how dashing and handsome Lester Wallack used to be in the part one of the veterans boldly proclaimed last night. And nobody present could dispute his assertion, even in a lobby full of memories.

But more important than its past was the present estate of "The Critic." Last night it provided excellent fun; moreover, it showed how little change there has been in all the century it has lived in the character of the actor, the author and those who furnish theatrical amusement to the public. It also put to confusion those wise and knowing persons who found that the third act of "The Show Shop" was too literal in its use of stage fun to entertain theatregoers contemporarily. The burlesque scenes of Sheridan could not have been more literal than they are, nor more completely glorious in every phrase of this parody on the inflated and artificial tragedy of the eighteenth century. Yet these scenes have amused for a century and are still capable of creating a sincere laugh when their humor is so well set forth as it was yesterday. And the knowing found fault with the third act of "The Show Shop," because it possesses exactly the traits that have imparted such vitality to a work by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The audience had a special patience for the piece last night, as it included many actors who understood the peculiarities of the author and the stage manager, if not their own. How similar is the fun of "The Critic" to its successors! The author's pet lines are ruthlessly eliminated, the actors struggle for preeminence, whatever the sense of their scenes may be; dull assistants spoil the planned effects and it is all the same old humor. But Bernard Shaw did not disdain at least its form, and the play at the Hudson Theatre proves the stage immortality of fun expressed so appropriately for the medium in which it is to be revealed.

Actors always play themselves well. Then the people of this Sheridan play are so eugenic from a technical point of view that actors are sure to make an impression in them. B. Iden Payne as *Puff* and the original incarnation of the press agent, which was ultimately to be seen in this country first in the person of Jerome Eddy, read his lines well and lost none of the keen humor of his speeches. Then he was deft and easy in action. Emilie Polini as *Tilburnia* revealed a humor which she has never before shown so effectively. Her scenes of flirtation from the stage with *Dangle*, gracefully acted by Dallas Anderson after he had finished saluting his friends in a box, were delightfully amusing. Whitford Kane, Thomas Louden, Wilfred Seagram, Saxon Morland, as the confidante with a bad cold, and Lawrence Grant—all the actors in fact labored most amusingly in this welcome revival of the old play.

STUDENTS STAGE "PRUNELLA."

As a part of the curriculum at Hunter College, formerly Normal College, at Sixty-eighth street and Park avenue, the student body last night presented Granville Barker's "Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden," which was written by Mr. Barker in association with Laurence Housman. The play was seen last season at the Little Theatre.

The proceeds from the play, which was staged in the chapel of the college, will be divided equally between the Red Cross and home charities. It was well played, the young women being under the direction fo Mrs. George L. Sargent.

Twenty-two characters were represented, and there was a musical accompaniment. The play will be repeated tonight owing to the large demand for seats in advance.

Plays and Players.

Miss Marguerite Beriza, formerly of the Boston Opera Company, has been engaged to sing in the new Winter Garden show to be produced February 15.

Frances Starr will appear in Edward Knoblauch's play "Marie-Odile" at the Belasco Theatre to-night.

Winthrop Ames has postponed until next season his production of "Otto IX.," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, which he accepted some months ago.

About fifty members of the Daughters of Isabella, the women's chapter of the Knights of Columbus, attended Marie Dressler's performance of "A Mix Up" last night at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

Marcus Loew opened yesterday the New York Theatre with a motion picture policy.

A party of thirty-five deaf students from the New York School for the Hard of Hearing will attend the performance of Otis Skinner in "The Silent Voice" at the Liberty Theatre to-night.

"Mme. Sans-Gene," With Farrar in Title Role, Amato as Napoleon and Martinelli as Lefebvre, Has Its World Premiere at Metropolitan

Book by Renato Simoni Based on Original Sardou Comedy.

GIORDANO'S SCORE NOT ABOVE PREVIOUS LEVEL

"Madame Sans-Gene"—Metropolitan Opera House.

Caterina Hubscher	Geraldine Farrar
Lefebvre	Giovanni Martinelli
Napoleon	Pasquale Amato
Fouque	Andrea de Segurola
Count de Neipperg	Paul Althouse
Queen Carolina	Vera Curtis
Princesa Elisa	Minnie Eggener
Despreaux	Angelo Bada
Gelsonimo	Riccardo Tegani
Leroy	Robert Leonhardt

"Madame Sans-Gene," opera in four acts, the book by Renato Simoni after the comedy by Victorien Sardou and E. Moreau, the music by Umberto Giordano, was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time on any stage. The comedy should be remembered by local theatregoers from its interesting representations with Kathryn Kidder in the title role and from the production in which Mme. Rejane was the principal actor. Umberto Giordano is the composer of "Andrea Chenier," an opera produced at the Academy of Music by the late Col. Mapleson on November 13, 1896; "Fedora," produced by Heinrich Conried at the Metropolitan on December 5, 1906, and "Siberia," produced at the Manhattan Opera House by Oscar Hammerstein on February 5, 1907. Not one of these three operas made any serious impression or effected a lasting occupation of the local stage.

Last evening's production was witnessed by a large and eager audience. The brilliancy of the stage pictures, the swift movement of Sardou's skilfully planned action, the disclosure of Geraldine Farrar's gifts in a new investiture and the new demonstration of a pleasing skill within a limited field of impersonation on the part of Mr. Amato, for which he has few opportunities, all served to hold the interest of the assembly and furnished food for much animated discussion in the entr'actes.

Success Depends on Singers.

But there was no ground for belief that the opera had made any deeper conviction of creative power than its predecessors from the same pen. If the work obtains any vogue it will be entirely due to the achievements of the principal impersonators. And it must be kept in mind that this can confidently be said in spite of the fact that Arturo Toscanini, the foremost opera conductor of the world, has devoted to the interpretation of the work his unique endowments and his inexhaustible energy.

Of the liberties taken with history by Sardou and Moreau in their comedy nothing need now be said. Mr. Simoni has made as good an opera book out of the play as could be expected. He has kept close to his original, and his labor has naturally been chiefly that of omission and condensation in order that the piece might be reduced to practicable proportions. If the libretto is not a great one it can hardly be called the fault of Mr. Simoni.

It is too crowded with incident and action. An ideal opera book would seldom be able to stand performance without the music, because it would be too "talky." The numerous sustained lyric utterances which are the life of an opera are the death of a play. On the other hand a composer cannot work to advantage when he is encumbered with a mass of details of stage business. What he requires for his purposes is a few grand dramatic situations in which the elemental emotions are to be expressed not by doing but by speech which he is to translate into song.

The first opera makers tried to construct this type of poetic drama by carrying on their explanatory dialogue in recitative and publishing their emotional states in arias. Their purpose was defeated by the decadence of their method into a mere stereotyped formula. Later masters sought to reconstruct the form by modifying the large difference between the recitation and the air. Still later composers abolished the conventions of the recitative entirely and wrote their dialogue in a continuous melos, known technically as arioso. When they needed the larger lyric utterance they gave it, but not in any conventional pattern such as that of the eighteenth century aria.

Memorable Great Acts.

But no great operatic masterpiece has ever been created which contains no moments of rapturous melodic song, of pure lyric utterance. Without pausing to search the archives of the mind any operagoer will think of the great third act of "Aida," of *Otello's* farewell to "the pomp, the pride and circumstance of war," of the dialogue of *Pelleas* and *Melisande* beside the fountain, of "O sing' hernieder" and "Mild und leise" in "Tristan," of *Wotan's* farewell, of *Bruennhilde's* immolation. These things are music, great music, and an opera book to be a good one must not only make room for great music but must inspire it.

If the objection be raised that Giordano's work is comedy and we are quoting tragedies, it is necessary only to recall the frequent and beautiful instances of lyric utterance in a baker's dozen of works, among them Rossini's "Barber of Seville," Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," Smetana's "Bartered Bride," Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and Verdi's "Falstaff." Surely Comedy with her smile and her rod of satiric castigation has done as much for music as Tragedy with her grim portents and her agonies.

The book of "Madame Sans-Gene" supplies only a few dramatic points for strong and vital music. The point at which the development of this vivacious comedy calls for the most moving emotional utterance is in the second act, when *Lefebvre* repeats to his wife the Emperor's suggestion of divorce. For the rest there are some delightful bits of comedy in the book and some of them clamor for that style of delicate and fanciful music with which Massenet has delighted our ears and our taste in his "Manon," music which wears the powdered wig, the exaggerated gallantry and the pirouette of Paris of the close of the eighteenth century.

That Giordano has written his score in a workmanlike manner goes almost without saying. The routine of operatic composition is well known to Italian composers. In fact they know more about this than about anything else, and much of the lyric art which emanates from the land of the "drama per musica" discloses its inheritance of the blood of a generation in which one who could write an effective opera finale was called a skilful contrapuntist. Giordano is a competent routinier; he knows how to put an opera score together.

His method has no new features. It is that of the contemporaneous Italian stage. His dialogue is carried on in continuous melody, with rare excursions into the modern type of recitative. His larger dramatic situations he seeks to embody in broader lyric form, but as already said he is too frequently hampered by the nature of the situations themselves.

The melodic flights which do occur disclose no lofty flight of musical invention. They are pretty and pleasing, but they lack the directness, the individuality, the incisiveness essential to the excitement of enthusiasm. Thematic representation is not employed at all in the manner of Wagner or even Puccini's "Tosca," but the older device of fixed ideas and reminiscences is utilized rather baldly and ineffectively. The repetitions of the love melodies are of course obvious; all such repetitions are. The crashing chords of brass which herald Napoleon are mere noise without musical design.

The composer has said that his thought centralized on the Little Corporal. Although he does not appear till the third act everything portends him, foreshadows him, is prologue to him. It is always interesting and instructive to know what are the purposes of an artist; but to measure his achievements by them is frequently disappointing. In the score of Giordano Napoleon is an ante-climax. The composer unwittingly shot his bolt in the second act, and when the third brings the figure of the first Emperor the stage is still dominated by the wilful *Sans-Gene*.

Few Musical Tricks.

The orchestration is on the whole workmanlike. But there are some pages in which it is much overdone, and in the third act at times even the powerful tones of Mr. Amato were inaudible. Musical tricks of the time are not numerous. There are some harp sweeps along the whole tone scale. Stopped trumpets inevitably impart a nasal twang to certain passages. The bass drum wearies itself in futile struggles to indicate the tumult of a troubled historical period.

So much for a swift review of the music in its more immediate revelations. But certain problems larger than those indicated in this examination confronted Giordano. In common with every other writer of opera he had to face the difficulties of characterization. These presented themselves to him in two general phases, of which the more familiar may be discussed first. In "Madame Sans-Gene," as in any other lyric drama, there is an imperative demand for definition of the characters of the protagonists as well as for that broader characterization which creates a style perfectly adapted to the emotional movement of the play.

Both of these requirements Giordano has met but feebly. His assertion that the musical thought of his composition revolves around Napoleon may be true, but there is no individuality in the music of the Emperor. He speaks precisely the same lyric language as the other persons of the comedy and he speaks it with less directness than *Sans-Gene*. Nor can it be said that the general emotional scheme of the play has given the composer any larger inspiration than this historical figure which he believed to ocupy his mind. The music of the whole opera is lamentably deficient in power of characterization.

We are not therefore disapointed when we consider the other phase of characterization which was placed before this musician. He was called upon to make a deeply significant contrast between his first and his second act. The accomplishment of the task would have been a veritable tour de force for even a master and it was quite beyond the powers of Giordano.

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI AS "LEFEBVRE," GERALDINE FARRAR AS "MME SANS-GENE" AND PASQUALE AMATO AS "NAPOLEON"

ANDREA DE SEGUROLA AS "FOUQUE"

In his first act he was asked to find a musical expression for the spirit of the revolution, a historical event portentous even in its outward and pictorial aspects, which the composer tried to seize, and still more momentous in its profounder significance which was not to be published to us merely by echoes of the Marseillaise, the Carmagnole and the "Ca ira." In the second act the composer was invited to embody the unhealthy, overdrawn and even apprehensive ceremonials of a mushroom aristocracy striving to inspire itself with confidence by the exercise of sheer audacity. Into this had to be projected the outspoken thought and untrammelled feelings of a woman of the people rebelling against a society of pretenders. It was a formidable task indeed and it proved to be far beyond the abilities of the composer of "Fedora" and "Siberia."

Having examined the broader requirements of the score, we may now proceed to pass in review some of its salient details as they appear in the several acts. The first act bristles with incidents. The composer has endeavored to give some musical coherence to it by entrusting the principal figuration and movement to the orchestra, which thus provides a well tinted background for animated dialogue. The first real success of the method is found in the scene between *Caterina* and *Fouque*, in which old French melody of rustic type, well suited to suggest *Caterina's* Alsatian origin, is worked up into an extended scherzando which is quite pleasing.

There is a light touch in the music accompanying the entrance of *Lefebvre* and his soldier companions, and the tenor has a respectable bit of semi-declamatory melody beginning with "Ah, perlio fu un travaglio rude." After that all is rapid dialogue, as was most of that which went before, together with the bustle of action, crowds rushing on and off the stage, passing the windows at the rear and battering at the door. The last crowd which passes at the rear just ehfore the curtain falls sings the "Marseillaise," which always was a good tune and still is. At an opportune moment, too, the composer finds a happy use for the Carmagnole, for its thought resounds through the action:

"Le canon vient de resonner:
Guerriers, soyez prets de marcher."

In like manner one hears echoes of the "Ca ira." The composer is quite right in introducing those melodies of the period. They belong to the story, and as all good and true theatregoers know, we must have local color. Any composer who knows his business can get it from the native color shop, and it is not hard to remember that the best tune in Giordano's "Siberia" was "Ay ouchnem," made in Russia.

The second act opens delightfully. It is perhaps one of the curiosities of the lyric drama that three minor characters, a tailor, a dancing master and a valet, have a trio, which is almost the best bit of music in the entire score. The fact that it is wofully wanting in originality affects the matter not in the least, for unoriginal composition is often the happiest product of mediocrity. This trio has grace, charm and elegance of style and aptly expresses the mood of three servants trained under the old nobility and now waiting upon the upstart creations of the Corsican.

The scene between *Caterina* and the dancing master is well written, but there is nothing in the music which discloses more than the familiar technical skill of a professional composer of Italian opera. It is the work of a man who knows his business, but has nothing to demand particular consideration. In the next scene that between *Caterina* and her husband, the composer has the largest opportunity of the entire book, and it is here that he most strikingly reveals the weakness of his invention.

This is the scene in which *Lefebvre*, returning from the Emperor, tells *Caterina* that his Majesty is wearied of her manners and her language and has suggested that her husband divorce her. When she asks him what he answered he says: "What would you have said?" Then the woman pours out her soul in the words with which she would have spurned the royal suggestion and ends with: "So would you have said, if you had a bit of heart."

Splendid Emotion.

One can imagine a Verdi voicing in poignant phrases a splendid emotion like this, or a Montemezzi letting it flame through a clear medium of pure melody. Giordano has done fairly well with it, but it never rises to a thrill. It commands respectful admiration and that is all. *Lefebvre* quietly remarks, "Well, that's what I said to him." *Caterina* runs into his arms, and then it is his turn with, "Questa bocca tua perfumata e pure"—"this, thy mouth, perfumed and pure"—and again the composer writes commendably and without inspiration. A musician scrutinizing these two lyric passages will see that their technical weakness lies in the want of organic relation in their phrases. The development of a melodic climax is thus rendered impossible, and the whole scene is without cohesion.

A little further on in this act there is a well written bit of ensemble for *Caterina*, *Lefebvre* and *Neipperg*, but it is marred by thick orchestration. The entrance of the court ladies gives opportunity for some more music of grace and elegance, sung by the women who surround *Fouque*. But this music, charming as it is, has no more distinction than that of the trio at the beginning of the act. It sounds like Bizet waking from a "Carmen" dream in a Massenet entourage. The rest of the act is action and dialogue, some of the latter heated in character, as in the defiance of the Queen of Naples by *Caterina*. There is little room for great music. What Giordano has made exposes its mechanism plainly and one sees the ancient wheels going around.

In the third act *Caterina* visits the Emperor in obedience to his command and we see *Napoleon* for the first time. But as has already been noted the composer could find no expression for this remarkable personality save a noise of trumpets and trombones. It would be futile to attempt a description of the music of this act. Here indeed and hence to the finish "the play's the thing." No one has anything to sing except declamation, which is frequently shouting rather than speech.

There is one well made passage, to wit, that in which *Caterina* reminds *Napoleon* of a long past visit to his room and how he neglected her proffered love for the study of a war map. This speech, "Che in quel tempo io pensavo," might have given us something movingly tender in its musical expression, but Giordano contrived to miss his opportunity once again through his inability to write firmly organized melody.

From this point to the end of the opera little could be done by such a writer as this and indeed not much even by a master. Yet the observant hearer feels that a musician with ability to create an orchestral utterance would have accompanied with music of delineative force the tense action of *Neipperg's* stolen visit and capture, and of *Napoleon's* attempt to trap his Empress. In the present case one may reasonably doubt that an audience will take note of this music or even be insensibly affected by it.

Miss Farrar's Acting.

Of the production at the Metropolitan little can be said that is not commendatory. Miss Farrar was the chief offender against probability and against good taste, for her *Caterina* was too rude, too vulgar and suddenly too rid of her awkwardness. There was much cleverness in her acting and much that was astonishingly pointless. She sang the music well enough. If there were anything calling for great delicacy of treatment or for an art of deep resource there might be much more to say. But vocally *Caterina* is simple. In the combination of song and action which constitutes an operatic impersonation Miss Farrar made a lively impression on the audience, but just what the various members of that audience will think about it all when at home and not under the immediate influence of the young soprano's magnetic personality may be another matter. However, Miss Farrar usually makes progress in her roles, and may in this one.

Mr. Amato achieved a genuine success with his *Napoleon*. His makeup was good, his rapid walk and energetic action well fitted into the moods of his scenes and his delivery of the lines was intelligent. He presented a well composed character of a type different from anything he has given us before, clearly and firmly drawn and full of interesting personality.

Mr. Martinelli sang the music of *Lefebvre* well and made a manly figure of him. Mr. de Segurola showed his customary histrionic skill in the comparatively small role of *Fouque*. Mr. Bada commanded the warmest possible praise for his admirable character sketch of the dancing master and Mr. Tegani must be mentioned for his neat singing of the music of *Gelsomino*. Mr. Althouse was very vigorous as *Neipperg*, but praise can follow him no further. The scenery was of course all new and excellent, and the costuming of the opera such as Mr. Gatti-Casazza has customarily given us.

Striking Stage Pictures and Skilful Action Hold Hearers.

BRILLIANT AUDIENCE ATTENDS PRODUCTION

"SANS-GENE" DRAWS SOCIETY IN BRILLIANT THRONGS

One of the most brilliant audiences of the season gathered for the premiere of "Sans-Gene" at the Metropolitan last night.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's guests were Mr. and Mrs. William E. Shepherd and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Hillhouse. With Mrs. E. Henry Harriman were Col. and Mrs. William Jay and Mr. and Mrs. Henry White.

Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. W. Adams Delano and Miss Maude Wetmore were in Box 5 and with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James were Mrs. Frederick Pearson, Mrs. Henry S. Redmond, W. Rhinelander Stewart and Franklin A. Plummer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reese Hoyt's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Trimble, Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis and Philip M. Lydig.

Mrs. Richard Gambrill's guests were Mrs. William Post and Mrs. James Lowell Putnam.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brenton Welling, Miss Vera Cravath and Miss Gertrude Welling were in the Morgan box. Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lucius K. Wilmerding and Mr. and Mrs. F. Egerton Webb.

With Adrian Iselin in box 2 were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. William Greenough and Miss Louise Iselin. Miss Jennie Tiffany was with Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont in their box.

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren, and with Mr. and Mrs. William Willis Reese were Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Phelps and Miss Caroline Morgan.

Mrs. Joseph Harriman, Miss Barbara Rutherfurd and T. Markoe Robertson were in W. K. Vanderbilt's box.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clew's guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Magee and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas. Miss Anna Sands was with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hunter Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Oren Root were with Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross Proctor. Mr. and Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell Iselin's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hoffman and Mrs. John E. Alexandre.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis K. Pendleton were with Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies and Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas were with Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kountze.

Among others in the audience were Mrs. George H. Bend, Miss Beatrice Bend, Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, Mrs. Charles Develo Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Bloodgood, Mr. and Mrs. James Cox Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Herbert, John Angus McKay, Dr. Emanuel De Marnay Baruch, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Frelinghuysen, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newbold, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Welldon, Thomas J. Shiell and Robert Van Cortlandt.

PARTNERS

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Perhaps no contract was ever properly lived up to, where the parties could think of nothing finer than the fine-spun technicalities of the law.

THOMPSON-STARRETT COMPANY
Building Construction

"90 IN THE SHADE" OPENS AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

An Alluring Title on a Night of Rather Penetrating Dampness.

ANTIPODAL MUSIC COMEDY

"90 in the Shade"—At the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Hodgins	Ralph Nairn
Madge Splint	Elenor Henry
Bob Mandrake	Ed. Martindel
Willoughby Parker	Richard Carle
Capt. Jerry Carvel	Victor Morley
Judge Splint	Fred Walton
Polly Bainbridge	Marie Cahill
Mozi	Pedro de Cordova
Ooma Estrada	Jean Newcombe

There was at least one comfortable spot along Broadway last night. While theatre crowds were making their wet and windy way an audience was gathering at the Knickerbocker Theatre to see something comfortably warm—to be the first to see a play called "90 in the Shade." The scenes were laid in the Philippine Islands and the whole milieu was tropicl.

Guy Bolton wrote the book and Jerome Kern furnished the score. Daniel V. Arthur produced the piece, with Marie Cahill and Richard Carle as stars and a supporting cast that did credit to itself.

There is intrigue and plenty of it in "90 in the Shade." There is a lot of flirting and love making and there are swarms of lady admirers of the hero of the piece, one of whom on account of her rather explosive nature is dubbed "The Hot Tamale" and she afforded additional spice.

The Plot—Enough, Such as It Is.

The plot, of which there is perhaps enough for a modern musical comedy, tells the story of *Polly*, an American widow engaged to be married to a representative of the Manila Hemp Rope Trust, who before her arrival has on hand numerous flirtations with the ladies of the islands. She arrives earlier than expected and complications follow. The captain of the schooner Double Cross happens along, gets into the mixup and wins the affection of the hero's fiancee, who leaves her lover to "The Hot Tamale." At this juncture, after several other characters have been introduced, along comes *Mosi*, an educated Filipino, who takes it into his head that he would like *Polly* for his wife. But his courtship is altogether one sided and in an effort to press his suit he stirs up an uprising of the nitives.

Comedy Well Received.

"90 in the Shade" appears to be up to if not beyond the average run of musical comedies this season. It is true that it doesn't quite fill every expectation, but Miss Cahill and Mr. Carle, with a kind of humor peculiar to themselves, keep it going. There is good music and there are some catchy songs delivered by an ensemble in which a small but very pretty chorus takes no unimportant part.

The sidelines of humor in the portrayal of some very amusing character sketches between the two principals, with several songs of the Ralph Herz type by Mr. Carle swept the audience at times into gales of laughter.

As *Polly Bainbridge*, Miss Cahill was the demure fiancee and her copartner as *Parker Willoughby*, surrounded by the aforesaid swarms of lady admirers, looked and acted their parts as only Marie Cahill and Richard Carle can and do.

On the whole "90 in the Shade" is a rest to the traditionally tired business man's nerves. Future audiences at the Knickerbocker Theatre will find an evening of wholesome enjoyment free from the slapstick variety of musical comedy so much in vogue, with a certain undefined charm of its own, even if the play in itself is not of striking variety.

FLONZALEY QUARTET HEARD.

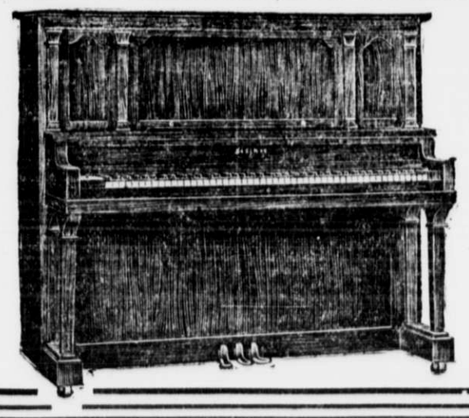
Presents Reger Composition That Is Seldom Offered Here.

The second subscription concert of the Flonzaley Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised the D minor quartet, opus 74, by Max Reger, and the quartet in D major, opus 76, of Haydn. Both of these compositions may be considered as standard works in the repertoire of the Flonzaleys. The latter one they played here not long ago, while the Reger work was a feature at a concert given by them on December 19, 1905, when it had but shortly appeared from the hands of its composer.

The composition is not often heard here. It was written when Reger was a young man, but it bears even then in full the unique stamp of so-called ultramodernism in musical development which he helped to coin. It is very long, with movements marked allegro agitato e vivace, vivace, andante sostenuto semplice, con variazioni and allegro con spirito. The first movement is in the traditional sonata form.

In substance the quartet offers a most remarkable opportunity for skill in delivery in the attempt to unravel the composer's ideas as woven through a maze of harmonic dissonances, but which are studded with many a bit of rare and ravishing consonances. The requirements of this skill are first of all a clarity of phrase and richness of tone. That the players made use of these qualities with a fine distinction it is hardly necessary to say. Their performance was a remarkable showing in the art of ensemble and caused the quartet to be warmly received. Especially liked was the second movement, the scherzo, which contains abundance of captivating rhythms.

The familiar Haydn quartet served, with all its purity of style, as an excellent balance wheel to its more pretentious partner in the bill. It affords the Flonzaleys exceptional scope in the showing of their highly finished style and served well to bring the evening to a happy close.



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