A NEW PORTIA

Photo by White

Miss Elsie Ferguson as "Portia". Appearing with Sir Herbert Tree at the New Amsterdam in the "Merchant of Venice", on Monday, May 8th.

By LAWRENCE REAMER.

THE plan of the Drama Society to make future productions on a basis less extravagant than that of the commercial theatre deserves encouragement. Waste is of course the most important factor with which managers have to deal. The expense of productions is far more than any mere layman can ever understand in view of the general tastelessness and tawdriness of most theatrical performances. Then after a play has failed the scenery and costumes are for some inscrutable reason equally without value after the run of a failure which may have been acted for only a few nights. Managers compute that every play which fails must cost somebody $15,000.

Any plan which will diminish the cost of producing the worthless stuff which is placed before the public will be welcome. Just why so much of it is selected it is not easy to decide. Especially in the domain of American farce do the efforts of American managers seem misguided. The knowing have explained that there is less of a gamble in farce since the running expenses are less heavy than in most plays. Thus the rewards are greater when there is a success. But there seem to be precious few successes to observe the way in which many of these plays crumple up after a forced run on New York. There is a splendidly stimulating atmosphere of Missouri about "the road." It does put the pretentious plays so well into their places.

After all the public is in many cases altogether oblivious of the points in a production which may have cost so much money. They are often very proud, these Crummels, over details which the general public takes no heed of. But the cost is there. Any means of production which may diminish these useless expenditures is bound to have artistic results. The Drama Society has made "The Tempest" interesting with all its simplicity of performance and it ought to find other plays equally worth its activities. But when there is another drama of Shakespeare to be given there should be considerably more attention paid to the manner in which the verse is spoken. That is the chief essential according to the present view of lovers of Shakespeare. It is just that particular in which the current production is least satisfactory.

Perhaps it is their inability to act the old plays in anything like the traditional manner that has led to the abandonment of the usual "all star" revival of an old play this spring. "The Great Pursuit" at the Shubert Theatre could not possibly have been called the revival of a well known play since neither as "The Idler" nor in its latest incarnation was there anything famous about Haddon Chambers's play. Arnold Daly is the only star in "Beau Brummel" and he has evidently attempted nothing more than a competent performance. There has been this year nothing that might be called an "all star revival" of a famous play.

The acting in these pieces has usually been unsatisfactory. This was not merely due to the struggles of the actors to play for "points" rather than the general effect, but to their lack of the grand style which is so necessary to impart any of the essential spirit of these old plays. Then the number of them is comparatively small.

Singularly enough, even the dramas of d'Ennery, which have seemed to retain their interest longer than most of the others, are much less absorbing as they advance from scene to scene. "A Celebrated Case" dwindles in interest from the prologue. Then the audiences of the day have little patience with the absurdities of these old pieces which might have some chance of popularity were they rewritten. But it is scarcely worth the time of any playwright to put these old pieces into form for the brief term of their use.

There are not of course such pieces as "Trilby" to be found often. They are rare. The number of dramas suited to such performance is limited. It is not probable that the custom of dusting off these rococo masterpieces will again be regarded with favor. The list of them has practically been exhausted by the few years in which the custom flourished. It will be necessary for another crop to develop before there is enough of them to make such revivals popular again.

Indeed "Beau Brummel" would have been further consecrated possibly by the delay of a decade or more. "A Woman of No Importance" is played by only two actors who could by a stretch of the imagination be called as "important" as the heroine. Why David Belasco should have abandoned the revival set down for him has not been announced. It was probably due to the loss of confidence in the few plays that remain available for such performances.

It is interesting to observe that three of the financial successes of the season were plays that have been accessible for years. "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion" was not new here, although it served to close Miss George's season in a particularly brilliant manner. "Justice" and "Major Barbara" have long been available, although no manager would have thought of touching them—until they had been made triumphantly successful by Mr. Williams and Miss George. Of course there are still plays by Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy to be had by managers who think them worth experimenting with. But it is dubious if even with all the imitative faculty of these gentlemen they will desert their false gods.

As a dramatist no writer seems to "draw" as Bernard Shaw. Arthur Pinero never had any such following even in his prime. But he was not of course so widely known to those who had learned of his work as other than a playwright. He has left few fields of human activity unexplored. So the announcement of his name interests a part of the public which ordinarily finds little diversion in the theatre. In the case of Henrik Ibsen the situation used to be the same. The plays of Ibsen were known because they had travelled far in book form. But they were never found attractive in stage form to those who had read them. The result was an entire indifference to these pieces when they were offered on the stage. But the English speaking world is just now interested in the work of Bernard Shaw in whatever form he may choose to express himself.

There are several other plays than "Justice" which Charles Frohman brought out through his Repertory Theatre which ought to be valuable to managers courageous enough to produce them. There are fashions in the theatre. Just now it appears to be the play with a theme that interests the public more than anything else that the stage has to offer. There ought to be plenty of material to be found in England even if it might be necessary to get hold of it quickly unless it be too old when the managers import it—or at all events as old as, say, "Rio Grande."

It is easy to understand why no playwright of importance has made any success as a scenario writer for the moving pictures. Dramatists who have learned their craft and respect its conventions are as sparing as possible with their material. Their method is, like every art, a process of selection. They must content themselves with the essentials. They are not allowed to use all the material they would like, since there is a limit to the time and space at their disposal. These limitations are imposed by the rules of their craft.

On the other hand, the scenario writer for the moving picture plays is practically limited in no way. He may enjoy the privilege of boundless latitude so far as his field of action is concerned. He may wander to the end of the world and back. His usefulness to the manager is indeed largely the result of just the degree of imagination which he brings to bear on his work. Anything like the concentration and economy of the dramatist are unknown to him.

The result is the most "extravagant and erring" action on the part of the characters. Of every ten moving picture plays constructed by the famous scenario writers seven are incomprehensible to the intelligent spectators. They of course serve their purpose perfectly for those who wander in to watch something passing before their eyes from which they may be seeking only a temporary sensation. Anything like connected or reasonable plot or story is out of the question. A professional playwright with any respect for his craft would be incapable of turning out what the scenario writers are expected to provide.

So there is no difficulty in understanding why the well known dramatists have not taken a place among the scenario writers.

Virginia Hammond, in "If I Were King."
Photo by Ira L. Hills Studio

Fania Marinoff, in The Tempest.
Photo by Underwood & Underwood Studios.

Marie Tempest, in "A Lady's Name."
Photo. by White

THE PLAYS THAT LAST.

The plays that continue in New York are "A Lady's Name" at the Comedy Theatre, "Ramona" at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, "Rio Grande" at the Empire Theatre, "The Heart of Wetona" at the Lyceum Theatre, "The Boomerang" at the Belasco Theatre, "Common Clay" at the Republic Theatre, "A Woman of No Importance" at the Fulton Theatre, "Hit the Trail Holliday" at the Harris Theatre, "Just a Woman" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, "The Cinderella Man" at the Hudson Theatre, "Treasure Island" at the Punch and Judy Theatre, "The Melody of Youth" at the Criterion Theatre, "The Great Lover" at the Longacre Theatre, "The Co-respondent" at the Booth Theatre, "Erstwhile Susan" at the Gaiety Theatre, "Fair and Warmer" at the Eltinge Theatre, "Beau Brummel" at the Cort Theatre, "The Merchant of Venice" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, "A King of Nowhere" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre and the Washington Square Players at the Bandbox Theatre.

The musical plays are "Very Good Eddie" at the Princess Theatre, "Pom-Pom" at the Cohan Theatre, "Katinka" at the Lyric Theatre, "Come to Bohemia" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino Theatre, "Sybil" at the Liberty Theatre, "The Cohan Revue 1916" at the Astor Theatre and "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," at the Winter Garden.

The Hippodrome is open with Sousa's Band, "Hip Hip Hooray" and "Flirting at St. Moritz," a big spectacular offering.

THE NEW PLAYS.

Maeterlinck, Shakespeare and Others to Be Heard From.

Interesting may be the dress rehearsal of Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette," which the Washington Square Players are to give at the Bandbox Theatre this evening. The subscribing members of the theatre have been invited and the play will have but the one production, as the players return to-morrow night to the current bill of one act plays. With the exception of Margaret Mower, who is to play the part of *Selysette*, the cast is made up of those who have been with the Washington Square Players since their organization and appeared in every bill. Miss Mower joined the players this year, appearing first in Wedekind's "The Tenor," and on the present bill has made a great success as *Petronella* in "The Magical City." The part of *Aglavaine* will be played by Helen Westley, *Meligrane* by Josephine A. Meyer, *Yassaline* by Florence Enright and *Meleander* by Ralph Roeder, who translated and adapted the play. The stage sets are by Robert Lawson and the play is produced under the direction of Philip Moeller.

On Monday Sir Herbert Tree's second Shakespearian revival will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice" at the New Amsterdam. Interest will be divided between his portrayal of *Shylock* and Elsie Ferguson's first appearance in Shakespeare in the important role of *Portia*. Lyn Harding will be *Antonio*. They will be supported by Auriol Lee as *Jessica*, Nell Compton as *Nerissa*, Julian L'Estrange as *Bassanio*, Schuyler Ladd as *Gratiano*, Henry Herbert as *Tubal* and Cecil King as *Launcelot Cobb*.

"The Merchant of Venice" will only be played for a limited number of performances, as Sir Herbert Tree wishes to keep faith with the public and give them an opportunity of seeing his *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" before the termination of his season.

Marie Tempest in "A Lady's Name," a new comedy by Cyril Harcourt, author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," will be seen at the Comedy Theatre on Monday of next week under the direction of the Shuberts. The comedy is in three acts, and for the first time in many years Miss Tempest will not be seen in a drawing room.

In "A Lady's Name" Miss Tempest will assume the role of *Mabel Vere*, a novelist, who occupies quarters with an ardent suffragette by the name of *Maud Bray*, who is also somewhat of a man hater. In order to obtain material for a new book which she is writing *Miss Vere* advertises for a husband, notwithstanding the fact that she is already engaged to a man by the name of *Wuniage*. Among those who present themselves as candidates for *Miss Vere's* husband are *Noel Corkoran*, a well to do explorer, and his valet and butler.

The butler, appealing to *Miss Vere's* predilection for adventure, invites her with some other servants to a tea the following afternoon. The tea is held in the kitchen of *Corkoran's* apartments and in the midst of it he invades the kitchen to discover the lady who advertised for a husband acting as cook. He attempts to have her join him with the other guests in the dining room, but she cleverly eludes him and flees to her own rooms. Meanwhile the club members, to which her fiance belongs, have placed bets on the morals of the lady advertising for a husband. When he discovers two of his club fellows closeted with the lady he promptly gives her her freedom, which leaves the way open for *Corkoran*, who has fallen in love with the fair adventurer.

In the cast supporting Miss Tempest are Graham Browne, Lilian Cavanagh, Daisy Belmore, Sybil Frisbee, Ruth Draper, Beryl Mercer, Malcolm Dunn, Rex MacDougall, Harry Lambert and Algernon Grieg.

A WAR PLAY SEEN IN PARIS.

And the Public Proved to Be Not Indifferent to the New Drama.

PARIS, April 12.—A recent editorial in THE SUN commented on the scarcity of plays in France dealing with the war and spoke of the distaste shown for the use of the war at this time as a theme for dramatic writing. The accuracy of the writer's observation has since been again shown by the limited appreciation which a new war play, "1914—1937," has met since its production at Rejane's Theatre.

It is a serious play, somewhat of a melodrama, well written, with all its leading characters well drawn and well acted, but the truth seems to be that the limited Parisian public which goes to the theatre at the present time goes to forget the war for a few moments and has no wish to have any of its real problems presented to it.

The scene is laid in a Swiss hotel in the year 1937. Admiral Lemiere, his sister, Mme. Lemiere, and the latter's son, Jean, a French family, are staying there, and Jean has fallen in love with a charming Swiss girl, Elsa Schwob, who, with her mother, is also a guest. Mr. Schwob, a business man, is not there. Mme. Lemiere would have preferred her son to marry a French girl, but will not stand in the way of her son's happiness. From loyalty of soul (and partly in hope that the confession may prevent the engagement) she tells Mme. Schwob that her son is an illegitimate child, that his father was her fiance, a French officer killed in 1914. Mme. Schwob is of a highly sentimental nature and is only pleased at such a romance. As Mme. Lemiere kisses the girl who is to be her daughter-in-law she sees a miniature on the girl's neck, the portrait of the absent father. That absent father she recognizes as a Uhlan officer, who in 1914 entered Lille, where Mme. Lemiere lived, and lodged in the house where Mme. Lemiere lived. She became the victim of his brutality, and her son's father was in truth the Uhlan officer. The marriage between the boy and girl who had the same father becomes impossible. Mme. Lemiere cannot convince her son of such impossibility without revealing the whole story, which she does to him and to her brother, the Admiral.

So Jean Lemiere puts the young girl out of his mind and thinks only of revenge. In the third act he makes his mother accompany him to Mr. Schwob's room. Mr. Schwob, who has just returned from a business trip to Paris, is forced to admit that he is only a naturalized Swiss, naturalized after the war "because it was so difficult for a German to do any business abroad." He scouts the idea that he or any Prussian officer violated any French girl. "There was no need for that," he declares with a sneer, but the mother having recognized him as her betrayer, the son seizes him by the throat and attempts to drag him to his knees to demand the mother's forgiveness. The boy uses such force that his father is strangled, and the curtain falls on the Admiral's entrance and his assertion that he will take the consequences of the act on his own shoulders.

The play is by no means as cheaply melodramatic as a short summary makes it appear, but it has received a cold welcome from critics as well as the public.

THE WEEK'S PLAYS.

SUNDAY—Bandbox Theatre—Private rehearsal of Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette" by the Washington Square Players for their subscribers.

MONDAY—New Amsterdam Theatre—Sir Herbert Tree will revive "The Merchant of Venice," with Elsie Ferguson, Lyn Harding and a large company.

LESSON OF THEATRE'S YEAR.

Views of Lee Shubert as to the Conditions at Present.

Lee Shubert stated yesterday that, having taken account of the business during the first half of the present dramatic season, the theatrical business in New York and in the principal cities of the country was more prosperous than it had been in several years. "There has not been a time in my recollection," said Mr. Shubert, "when there have been so many successes in the theatres in New York. I think that I am well within the fact in stating that there are over twenty plays now being presented in this city—each a substantial success. Such a thing has not been known heretofore in the dramatic history of this city.

"The fact is that the spoken drama has, after a season of more or less neglect, in consequence in greater part of the inroads of the silent drama, again come into its own. I do not mean to say that the moving picture has deteriorated or that the public has lost interest in it, but that it has become as critical of pictures as it has always been of the spoken drama. Meritorious pictures will continue, as do meritorious plays, to attract the public. Not in my memory have there been so many high grade plays as at this time. This applies to musical comedy as well as to drama.

"Three years ago it appeared that the moving picture had come as a blight to the spoken drama and that the latter would vanish from the face of the earth. In New York several of the more important theatres were given over to this new form of entertainment, and the same is true of playhouses in all of the important cities of the country. That dramatic producers were disconcerted and alarmed is to state the case mildly. Not only did it appear that the moving picture would occupy all our leading theatres, but that the public, delighted with the new sensation, had lost all interest in the spoken drama. At that time the public had not had time to discriminate as to the value of the pictures presented, but with the introduction of several really important feature films it grew weary of the less artistic products. When the public took time to think its only interest was in the big picture play with merit. In short the moving picture had to go through the same fire of criticism that has been accorded the spoken drama. Even the exhibitor has become critical of the wares offered him by picture producers. Nowadays an exhibitor will not even take a picture for which he has contracted which does not come up to his ideas of what his patrons would like.

"And it seems to me that the acting of our time has been much enriched by the introduction of very many newcomers in consequence of the competition offered by moving pictures.

"In this particular the moving picture has been of enormous value to the younger players of our time. With the introduction of the feature film the directors, in order to enjoy the advantage of names made famous in the spoken drama, employed a vast number of people at two or three times the salaries they had heretofore enjoyed. I have in mind a case of a leading lady who received, $300 a week who in the pictures was paid $1,200, and of a leading man who received $1,250. Having been in the pictures these players have been unwilling to accept the old salaries, or even parts of the importance which they formerly played. Having been in the pictures these players will accept no role except one which, as they say, 'gives them an opportunity to score.' So it is that the manager is compelled to seek some other actor or actress to fill the role.

"I have a recent case in mind. The producer, casting a modern drama, found it well nigh impossible to find two capable players for two important roles. The actress liked the part, but refused to accept it for the reason that the leading man held the stage at the end of the play. Otherwise, the actress had an opportunity to score all through the play, but the fact that she was not the important personage at the end led to her refusal to appear in the drama. Another actor, having been featured in a picture, refused to play a part offered him next to the star role, and for the reason that 'the leading lady had too much to do.' It is curiously the case that the two performers who were secured for these roles—players who had not yet achieved great reputations or who had been seen in pictures—made signal successes.

"A while ago everybody was crying that there were too many theatres in this city. This may have been the truth three years ago, but the point is that so many plays have scored successes that there are a great number of plays on tour waiting their turn. It will, doubtless, be many months before many of these will have a New York opening. A while ago managers were on the lookout for attractions; now they have more than they can take care of."

THE WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT.

The Share They Have Playwriting To-day in New York.

It would appear that the dear old wheeze "How many women dramatists are there?" Answer: "There are none," would have to be revised. And this is for several reasons, chief of which is that the feminine contingent is mastering the art, and managers no longer fear that dread old dictum that a woman can't write a play. The latest candidates are Alice Leal Pollock and Rita Weiman, the authors of "The Co-respondent," which served to introduce Irene Fenwick as a star. Evidently the Shuberts have no dread of stage superstitions. While "The Corespondent" is by women authors, a part of the play is laid in a newspaper office, which, of course, makes it a "newspaper play." Now it is one of the superstitions of the stage that a newspaper play cannot succeed, even though written by newspaper women.

Mrs. Pollock and Miss Weiman are far from being the only members of the fair sex who are now drawing royalties for plays on the boards in New York. Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) has won a distinct success with her play, "The Fear Market," which is on view at the Comedy, and curiously, like "The Corespondent," "The Fear Market" is a newspaper play. Lou-Tellegen's play, "A King of Nowhere," has a woman as one of its authors, the play having been written by a brother and sister, J. and L. du Rocher Macpherson. In the case of "The Great Lover" we have again femininity dividing the honors of authorship, only in this case it is a man and wife who wrote the play—Frederic and Fanny Hatton. And, too, one of the musical successes of the town was written by a woman. This is "Pom-Pom." The women have nothing to complain of in the way of managerial courtesy in the production of their plays or public patronage.

The most important moving picture of our day is from a novel by a woman, Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." In the case of "Erstwhile Susan" we have a triple combination. The feminine star, Mrs. Fiske, is in a play from a novel that was dramatized by a woman, Marian de Forest.

Mrs. Pollock and Miss Weiman, the authors of "The Corespondent," on view at the Booth Theatre, are not novices in playwriting. While this is their first full fledged play, each has written a number of successful dramatic sketches used in vaudeville. Mrs. Pollock has written in all a dozen successful vaudeville sketches. Some of the most successful of these have been "Wireless," "The Steel Pigeon," in which Edwin Arnold and Ann Sutherland appeared, and "All at Sea," in which Douglas Fairbanks and Patricia Collinge appeared. Miss Weiman, Mrs. Pollock's collaboratoress, has also been successful in writing vaudeville sketches. For Mary Nash she wrote "The Watch Dog," a sketch which has won great success in England, the same being presented by Auriol Lee, who appeared in "Milestones" two season ago. She has also written a sketch for Burr McIntosh, called "The King of the Klondike." Besides these adventures into the realm of short plays Mrs. Pollock and Miss Weiman have been prolific writers of short stories for magazines. Miss Weiman has to her credit one full sized novel, called "Playing the Game."

IMITATING SOUSA.

A Popular Indoor Sport With the Mimics for Years.

No one man has been imitated more than the March King, John Philip Sousa. There is hardly a country or a town, great or little, that has escaped a Sousa imitation, as it has been one of the great assets of vaudeville performers for twenty years. As the world knows, Sousa is one of the most original of conductors. His characteristic gestures seem to sketch the composition he is conducting; he paints with the movements of his baton the swaying waltz or the stirring march. The up and down pump handle gesture with which he marks the rhythm of a Sousa march is as characteristic and as famous as the clicking of the Rooseveltian teeth. But the important feature of the Sousa gestures is the fact that they are perfectly natural and unstudied, and Sousa could no more help conducting thus than he could avoid writing a march when the spirit moved him.

The first public imitation of the Sousa conducting was given by Walter Jones in the Lederer revue, "In Gay New York," at the Casino. Jones had been playing in revivals of the old Rice shows at Manhattan Beach, where Sousa gave daily concerts. Jones was a great admirer of the bandmaster and attended these concerts regularly, and his active sense of comedy urged him to attempt to reproduce the Sousa gestures for the amusement of his friends. Shortly after "In Gay New York" had started its successful career at the Casino a newspaper man suggested to Walter Jones that he introduce his Sousa imitation in the play some night. Jones fell in with the idea, had a wig made and borrowed a bandman's coat for the occasion. It was kept a secret from every one, except the orchestra, which of course had to be rehearsed. Sousa had been invited to the performance, but was kept in ignorance of the surprise to follow. Just before the second act Jones came on the stage completely made up as the bandmaster, with pointed beard, curled mustaches and eyeglasses.

Sousa, in his box, gasped with amazement, and the audience roared approval as the actor climbed down into the orchestra pit, took up the baton and led the orchestra through the mazes of the "Washington Post March." Enthusiastic applause and laughter proclaimed a merited hit and as Sousa beamed good naturedly at the successful joke George Lederer hurried back on the stage and told Jones to keep the Sousa imitation in the show. This was the beginning of the worldwide craze for Sousa imitations. The Great Lafayette, the vaudeville artist who was burned to death a few years ago in Edinburgh, was the next Sousa imitator. His was a most laughable caricature of the Sousa mannerisms, while Jones gave an absolute impersonation of the bandmaster in action.

On the Continent the first Sousa imitator was Willy Zimmerman, who took up the act immediately after Sousa had made his great success in Berlin in 1900. But it was not until the following year in London that the craze became worldwide. At one time in the autumn of 1901 there were no less than fifteen imitations of Sousa presented simultaneously in the London theatres and music halls. Since then performers of all nationalities have burlesqued or imitated the March King. He has been done in black face and by pretty soubrettes, by a giant in Russia and by a midget in Paris. The Sousa imitation has invaded every form of entertainment except tragedy and grand opera and it is being done in wholesale in Mr. Cohan's new revue at the present time. Through it all Sousa has smiled contentedly.

HERE ARE ART AND BUSINESS.

They Unite in the Person of This Actor.

Edward H. Robins, who is playing the lawyer in "Erstwhile Susan" with Mrs. Fiske at the Gaiety Theatre, is not only an actor of standing but a manager who has been successful in a business way in the theatre. Then he is a contradiction of the usual idea that an actor is not a good business man.

Although he is a Pennsylvania "Dutchman" of the locality about which "Erstwhile Susan" is written, his business success has been in Toronto. There he was manager and star in a "feature film" company which has now ten "features" playing throughout the British Empire and in this country. He was also producing manager and owner of the Robins Players, which last summer did the most successful summer stock season in Canada at the Royal Alexandra in Toronto.

Robins's faith in the theatre is strong and he believes, from his own experience, that the stock companies, which are rapidly returning to high popular favor, are the schools of the theatre from which is always turned out the personnel of our most thoroughly good actors and actresses.

"The stock company," says Mr. Robins, "is the open hearth furnace out of which one must expect to be turned the finished artists of the dramatic stage, and from no other place. Dramatic schools are only a beginning. It is true that one will find that stock has had a sort of monotonizing effect on some one actor or actress in an occasional instance. This happens rarely, however, and only to those whose abilities are not of a high standard, just as a college course will spoil a man whose mental capabilities were never intended for any greater effort than that of laying ties or digging fence post holes.

"Stock training is discipline, and art without discipline is hopeless. In no form of artistic expression is it more necessary than in the drama, where the subjection of one's own self to the requirements of a part is absolutely essential to notable achievement.

"The return of the movies to their proper sphere in the world of plays as a particular form of entertainment which is not considered in competition with the drama in any greater sense than is opera or vaudeville gets dramatic matters back to an ordered condition both financially and artistically. For a while it seemed as though the popular clamor for movies was going to upset the entire machinery of the theatre. The inborn human love for real people on a real stage living in the flesh before one's eyes the dramatic story of some play has, however, effectually stamped the spoken drama as still its first and dearest love, holding the movies in the same relation to it as is the photograph of a friend to the friend himself.

"The movies are developing a certain kind of acting for their own requirements. Experience has now proved that dramatic experience is not altogether the thing for the screen; and it is certain that a person who has had only experience before the camera is hopeless for the stage.

"We must depend then, as before, upon our stock companies throughout the country for the talent which will develop into genius for the metropolitan stage."

THE HIPPODROME.

Anna Pavlowa comes to the Hippodrome to-night, before departing from America. Alexandre Volinine, who was unable to appear here previously this season with Mlle. Pavlowa, has recovered from his indisposition and will assist in several of her divertissements. In the early part of the programme a number of singers will appear. Among these will be Haruko Onuki, the Japanese prima donna; Julia Hill, the young American soprano, and Arthur Aldridge, the tenor. Pavlowa's programme will be made up of her favorite dances and request numbers.

WHERE TO DANCE.

It is said that more than fifty thousand persons have been in the Hawaiian room at Reisenweber's during the season. As this is called "The Four Hundred Room," it is needless to say they were not all there simultaneously. Doralinda still dances, and there is "How Are You?" in the grill.

This is the sixteenth week of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Just how many hours during all this time the play has kept citizens of New York out of bed it would take an expert accountant to discover. But they seem to like it and are still sitting up.

There is a nightly fashion show now in connection with the "Midnight Revue" on the roof of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. Tempest and Sunshine, O'Brien and Harris and a large chorus are there as well as the skaters.

"At Montmartre at Midnight" begins late, but its attractions are sufficient to keep the patrons up. Among them are Samya and Robert, Lucette Valsy, Eva Prout and her Leap Year Girls.