

# BAB AT THE THEATER.

## Makes a Critical Study of Play, Actors and Audience.

The New Yorker is distinctly loyal. He makes for himself certain traditions and adheres to them. Certain streets, certain manners, certain drives, certain stamps of his approval and from that time on are recognized. A first night at one of the approved theaters means, if you are in the audience, the seeing not only of a properly presented play, but a wonderful gathering of people. Probably one of the best first nights of the season is that which introduces the stock company at the Empire theater. In the first place, it is a theater admirably adapted, by its backgrounds and drawings of deep crimson, to bring out the ray costumes and to intensify the bright faces of the fair sex. Women understand this and



VIOLA ALLEN.

underlying everything else there is the consciousness that between the people in the audience and the people on the stage there is a close tie; that we on the other side of the curtain love these stage folk well enough and sincerely enough to wish that they may be successful in their work, and when it is all over and we drift out into the wide corridors and stand chatting and waiting for the carriages it is invariably of the good points that we speak, because we know the clever manager will tomorrow make the



W.M. FAVERSHAM.

accept an invitation to be one of the audience. There is always certain to be present at a first night not only the artistic set as well, but there will be all the classic folk from Kilroy Bell, with his classic face and every hair in a perfect evening get up, down to Willie Winter, with his sad face, "straggled" collure and dowdy appearance. Each one knows that a first night at the Empire will not only be a first night in the history of the theater, but a first night in the history of the city. It has been successful, and his wife, the sister of Charles Wyndham, the English actor, as she talks to him, proves by her animation that he has beside him always an interesting companion. There is David's respect to whom we owe the "Heart of Maryland" and many another good play. He looks like a Catholic priest of Spanish descent and suggests, while he is quiet, the deep student, but when a smile comes over his face one wonders whether, after all, he is not only a happy boy of 23. Another successful playwright certain to be at the Empire's first night is Lucette Laetitia Ryley. Tiny of build, fair of coloring and daintily dressed, she is a living contradiction of the idea that a woman writer must be ordinary to look upon and



IDA CONQUEST.

How the fashionable women are dressed! There is scarcely a bonnet to be seen anywhere. Brilliant bandeaus of jewels flash from beautifully dressed heads, tiny tufts of feathers stand up high in the air, but the big hat is ostracized. Never at any time in the history of dress, since the days of the grand Louis, was there such richness and tonight it seems as if every woman had put on her finest frock, her richest lace, her most elegant furs and then flashed all her jewels upon the eyes of the lookers on so that everything might gain by contrast with them. Soon it is time for the curtain to go up. There is silence for this is a polite audience. There is time to look at the title on the programme, "The Conquerors." What does this mean? Up with a certain solemnity rises the heavy curtain, and there before you is the picture that tells what the name means. Have you seen the picture before? It is the interior of a great French castle. The furniture, belonging to an era gone by, is magnificent in its antiquity. Correct in every detail, all about the room are various bits that tell of the luxury enjoyed by the French. On the walls hang old family portraits, but, alas, though the castle is French, though the pictures on the wall are those of the old French noblesse, yet it is the German conquerors who are the beautiful Frenchmen, a young Frenchman who is singing, not some pretty French chanson, but "Wein, Wein und Brand." The faces on the wall have been made ridiculous by the chalk held in the hands of an angry cat. A French duke holds in his arms an angry cat. A French duke of the time of Mme. De Pompadour is decorated with whiskers and displays a ridiculous smile a tiny parrot. So the night has fallen. After the first act, these rushes on the stage a big, flashing, handsome German to protest because he cannot do as he wants, and he wants to make a playhouse of the French chapel. Not a second elapses before the house is filled with applause. It is to welcome Faversham, the young, distinguished leader man of the company.

MAY IRWIN.

laughing and clapping and smiling a welcome again and again to Ida, Conquest, the clever little southerner who has the wonderful art of never over or under acting her part. There is a deal of enthusiasm kept back, though, in this great audience—this audience which represents all that is best in New York of wealth and brains—and in time the applause that it has been holding for her welcomes a slender bit of a girl who, advancing to protest, with dignity, against the insults shown her family, and who stands confessed to the friendly people before her, not only as Mlle. De Grandpre, but also as Viola Allen, remembered as a little child who has been trained by the best actors who ever have had—Booth and Jefferson—who never makes a mistake, and whose name—and to me and many another this is most beautiful—is as pure and free from the black touch of scandal as the snow when it first falls from the heavens above. The applause surges like the waves of the ocean. The action of the play is stopped, for the New Yorkers know and appreciate not only the clever actress, not only the talented woman, but the charming girl, and it is to her that they are offering their tribute. A little later, when the story is older, there stands upon the stage, a figure clothed in the dress of a Breton peasant girl—that wonderfully picturesque set up. The face is a tragic one, expressive, and with eyes that flash wonderfully as the few words are said that hint of the intense feeling of the woman. A newcomer in this company—yes, but an old New York favorite—handsome Blanche Walsh, a woman in appearance, a girl in years, a child of the city and one whom the theater goes watch with interest as each year's improvement is noticed. Tonight she gets her greeting as do the others, and her greeting seems to say, "We are glad to see you surrounded by good actors in a theater where only good acting is allowed."

And so it goes on, this story of the conquerors and the conquered, and there are the tragedy and the comedy, and the scene of death and the scene of love-making, and, last of all, love triumphs over death. But play strong wherever it is weak and intensely all that which is best. It is good when among hundreds of people so strong a feeling of loyalty toward those who make amusement for them can exist, for it is an evidence that among a nation so fierce in its regard as we are such loyalty is known among the English and the French is growing. It is such loyalty that incites the painter to do better pictures, the writer to do better work and the actor to play his part better. It is this feeling that is going to make the right art triumph over the wrong.

You laugh about there being any right or wrong in the playhouse. Why, look at the right and wrong actions merely among the audience! There are so many things that nothing will excuse. Nothing excuses a loud criticism of the play, especially an unpleasant one. It is true that you may have paid your money, but you can take your choice, and if you do not like the play you can go home.

Nothing excuses the overwhelming of a delicate woman with the strong perfume of cigarettes and possibly of something else. You have a perfect right to smoke and drink whatever you desire, but not fifteen minutes before entering the theater.

Nothing excuses the incommencing of one's neighbor with a big clock and troublesome hat, and nothing excuses news of a sudden death or illness except the going out between the acts.

Nothing excuses the quoting in an actor's voice your acquaintance with an actor. The world at large doesn't care who you know. It only wants you to behave yourself.

Nothing excuses loud yelling for the author or manager or pounding with umbrellas or sticks. Applause, properly given, is due to the artist, but that should be limited to the usual quiet bringing together of the hands.

Nothing excuses gloved hands, veiled faces, untidy toilets or bad manners at the theater, for unless you know just how you should look and just what you should do, home is the best place for you until you have learned the various "manners" of social life. You think I am

hypercritical? No, I am very forgiving, but I know how hard the actor works. I know how eager is the playwright to have every word properly understood and how a badly behaved audience can make the actor's work good for nothing and the writer's words seem as naught. Therefore I never excuse bad manners at the theater. They are counted among the unpardonable sins on the very short list of things unforgiven by BAB.

### GLOVES OF THE SEASON.

And a Little of Their History is Also Given.

White and black suede gloves are deemed the most fashionable hand coverings for evening. The evening gown sleeves are very short, so the gloves have to be very long. White gloves are worn with all light-colored frocks, and black gloves are universally a part of a black costume. Street gloves have the backs stitched and one or two-button lengths are the vogue. Tan is the most desirable. The wearing of gloves is a more ancient custom than it is generally

thought to be. Homer speaks of gloves and tells of one who wore them to protect his hands while working in his garden. The use of some covering for the hands was known to the ancient Persians, and Old Testament writers also mention them. They were in such common use among the Romans that they were worn even by their patron saint. At one time gloves had a certain meaning attached to them, and were chosen to show the character or occupation of the wearer. There are records of gloves being ordered for "grave and spiritual men." About this time, the sixteenth century, gloves made of chicken skin were used by both men and women for whitening the hands, and were worn at night.

### NOVELTIES IN SOFA PILLOWS.

#### Dainty Designs and Materials—The Poster Pillow.

Some distinct novelties in sofa pillow covers have recently been shown in the art embroidery stores, and these will prove a welcome change to the housewife who finds that new covers have to be provided for the pillows which have become faded or worn.

The first of these is the poster pillow. This is especially appropriate for the student corner, for the bachelor apartments or for a reading room. The cover is of a light cream canvas, upon which is printed a poster in two or three colors. Of course, being a poster, the outlines are strong, and there is no shading. As a consequence the meter of finishing it is very simple. The lines of each figure are gone over with one color of embroidery silk, usually black. This is all the work that is to be put upon it. The reverse side of the pillow is of the plain canvas, and the edge



DAQUILA KEMPSTER

is to be finished with a black cord. The pillow is very striking, and if appropriately placed, proves most effective. The dainty pillow of all is an entirely new departure in linen crash covers. The one exhibited in a leading art store was an exhibited in a leading art store was of the blue and white crash in large checks. Five squares made the width. The pillow was made and finished like those which have been so popular for some time past. The ruffled edge was embroidered in feather stitch.

### FOMENTATIONS.

#### How to Prepare Them When No Hot Water is at Hand.

Fomentations of hot or cold water are often very useful, and everyone should know how to give them. A flannel cloth may be folded, wrung out of hot or cold water as is desired, and applied directly to the skin. It is much better after wringing out the flannel as dry as desired to fold in a flannel cloth of one or two thicknesses before applying it to the patient. A little time is required for the heat of the fomentation to penetrate the dry flannel, and thus the skin is allowed an opportunity to acquire tolerance for the heat, and a higher degree of temperature can be borne if the moist cloth is brought directly in contact with the surface. The outer fold of dry flannel will also serve to keep the cloth warm by preventing evaporation.

A hot fomentation is sometimes needed when no hot water is at hand. It is not necessary to wait for the water to be heated in the usual way. Soak the flannel in cold water, wring as dry as desired, fold in a newspaper, and lay upon the stove or wrap it about the stove-pipe. In a few minutes it will be as warm as the patient can bear. The paper keeps the pipe from becoming moistened by the wet flannel, and at the same time prevents the flannel from being soiled by contact with the pipe.

Fomentations thoroughly applied will relieve most of the local pains for which liniments, lotions and poultices are generally applied, and are greatly to be preferred to these remedies, since they are cleaner and aid nature more effectively in restoring the injured parts to a sound condition.

The fomentation may be changed frequently and after it has been removed massage may be given by either the person himself or another, so as to strengthen

# FUN ON THE ICE.

## The Most Popular of Winter Sports for Women.

SKATING is almost unknown in this state, where the winters are so mild, but it is interesting to read of what is going on in less favored climes.

Skating has long been termed the king of winter sports, and who shall deny that the exhilarating pastime—the beautiful, swift, gliding motion over the smooth surface of a lake surrounded by trees covered with snow and frost, and the keen, cold wind, do not make up a delightful outdoor amusement. When these delights is added a companion with a strong arm and skittfulness, surely there are few girls who will not give skating the palm over all winter sports and many summer ones as well.

In these days, when there is no theme of such vital interest to women as physical culture in all its forms, any sport which will give good, healthful exercise is sure to have plenty of followers. Now, the prettiest and most graceful exercise in the list, and the one which doesn't involve any sacrifice in the way of corsets, or heroic in the line of heeled boots and bifurcated garments, health waists, or any of the other mortifications of the flesh, is skating. Women may shine on the ice in her usual belongings, provided the skirt be made of the conventional length. She may glide in single solitude or enter into dual or triple alliances. All that is demanded of her is that she be at home on her skates and have a graceful figure. Then the eyes of every man, and of every woman-in sight will follow her with admiration and in the latter case often with envious glances. What more is needed to make skating popular?

Or if Mother Nature has been unkind and denied that lack of grace of motion that is of greater charm even than fairness of face, the best possible way in the world to acquire it is fearless skating by learning to balance when executing daring and intricate curves and complicated movements.

The girl who skates knows all about this. She found out all about it first by taking just the opposite course and executing headlong plunges and striking unexpected and far from graceful attitudes

on skating with a pleasing eye and taken it up. The fashionable girls in New York and other places, instead of spending all the winter months in the city wishing that Lent were over, nowadays hire themselves to country seats belonging to their parents, taking along a jolly crowd of young people of both sexes, and skating and tobogganing and sleighing parties occupy their time. And as Mrs. Society has smiled on this form of amusement, why, that is the most potent reason of all why women must skate.

Those however, who do not care to go to the country for any period of time or who cannot afford the luxury of a country place, have solved the problem of skating in the city by following the lead of Paris, which for many years has had its Palais de Glace.

The Palais de Glace is simply a circus where ice replaces the sawdust floor, and the walls are paneled with mirrors and painted with scenes from the Mediterranean. Electric light pours down from the chandeliers, gas lamps keep the building at a comfortable temperature, and the chemical fluids flowing through innumerable pipes below the surface of the ice keep it smooth and hard like glass.

Here youth appears in velvet and all the latest frills and fads of fashion, and here mamma crowds on her jewels and gewgaws, and did the ladies of the sixteenth century when they appeared at nocturnal festivals.

The favorite skirt worn by good skaters over there and copied extensively on this side is of corduroy velvet or some heavy cloth trimmed with fur. A rather dark and indefinite tint is usually selected, but the bodice is a gay bit of color, being made of silk, with a jaunty fur tippet about the neck, and if the waist is small a belt of some sparkling bejeweled stuff is often added to emphasize its slenderness.

As an exercise skating is certainly more graceful than dancing. It bestows a grace and poise the other cannot boast. But, best of all, it renders a girl not so dependent on a man as does dancing.

No girl, pretty or plain, need wait at



DAQUILA KEMPSTER

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the edge of the pond, consumed with envy for her more fortunate sister glides past her. Standing lightly poised for a second, to be sure her skates are firmly adjusted, she may glide along the glittering surface with all the grace of a swan without fear or favor of any man.

### Freedom of Burmese Women.

Women in Burmah are probably freer and happier than they are anywhere else in the world. Though Burmah is bordered on one side by China, where women are held in contempt, and on the other by India, where they are kept in the strictest seclusion, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, Burmese women have achieved for themselves and have been permitted by their men to attain a freedom of life and action that has no parallel among Oriental peoples. The secret lies, perhaps, in the fact that the Burmese woman is active and industrious, while the Burmese man is indolent and often a recluse. Becoming, therefore, both from taste and by habit, the money-earner, the bargainer and the financier of the household, she has asserted and obtained for herself the right to hold what she wins and the respect due to one who can and does direct and control.

Things are strangely reversed in Burmah, for here we see man as the religious soul of the nation and woman its brain. Burmese women are born traders, and it is more often the wife than the husband who drives the bargain with the English buyer for the paddy harvest, or, at any rate, she is present on the occasion and helps her easy-going husband to stand firm. So highly is trading esteemed that a daughter of well-to-do parents, and even a young married woman, will set up a booth in the bazaar, and, dressed in a bright silk tunic (skirt) and white jacket, with a flower jauntily stuck into her coiled black tresses, she will start every morning with a tray of sweetmeats, fruit or toys on her head, and with a gayety and grace born of the sunshine and the brightness of the land, will push a brisk trade all through the short and sunny day. The earnings thus made are the woman's own, and cannot be touched by her husband.

### The Apron Front.

The apron front, which includes a yoke on the skirt seems to be much worn at present. It is even carried out in fur, and on a costume of tabac brown cloth there is not only a blouse, sleeves and decollete, of sarcenet, but on the skirt is a short yoke and narrow apron panel of it. The sleeves and yoke on bodices are braided with gold and black. The apron front without the yoke appears on a charming house frock of old turquoise velvet combined with cream lace. The entire blouse is of lace, with the exception of a straight piece of the velvet "blousing" down the front and continuing on the skirt in a panel that widens toward the hem. This is edged and lightly embroidered at the bottom. Trimming the bodice is a yoke of lace through which lavender ribbon is run. The combination of lavender with the peculiar shade of blue known as "old turquoise" is particularly effective.

on her skates. Thus she learned the true meaning of the word poise.

The shining steel blades that the man she likes best—just then—tightens on her snug little feet suddenly seem inspired with diabolical purpose directly she attempts to stand on them. She takes sudden and totally unprepared postures, sitting and other-wise, with the skates waving in a horribly undignified way in the air in a manner never advocated by teachers of Delmarie.

If she only knew whether those skates were going to slide backward or forward, she would manage better, she thinks, with despair.

Then that same nice fellow comes up with a curve as graceful as a swallow, takes both her hands in his and guides her backward as she flows. He talks all the time to her of something or other, looks into her eyes, laughs, makes her blush with a compliment on her coloring, and all at once, if she be the right kind of girl, she is skating and knows more about poise than all the big-waisted physical culturists in the country, though she couldn't explain it to save her life. And that's another reason why girls love skating.

The only scientific way to skate is out of doors on a frozen river or lake, with the dazzling winter sunshine above your head and just enough of the element of danger to keep some one who is very solicitous for your safety and comfort quite near your side. And in the evening, when the smaller boys kindle the big bonfires on the shore, and the little coves and inlets where the smoothest ice has been left lie in shadows like those of a painting by some old master, what finer place in the world to get out of sight of hard-hearted chaperons and give a little pleasure to the big fellow who has been helping you all afternoon, and now guides you hitler with seeming accident, but with his heart beating so you can almost hear it? And what better time to say the things you know he has been on the point of saying many a time, but could not get up the courage to say in a conventional drawing-room under the glare of electric lights?

But perhaps the one thing that will make skating more popular than it could otherwise ever become is the fact that the great and powerful dame, Society, whose magic wand, much as we may claim to ignore it, rules us all, has looked

### CONSOLED.

I almost died when Maud was wed—  
You see I loved her so;  
Her patient hub went fiddling, had,  
And life was naught but woe.

But years have flown, I know she's fat—  
I saw her 't'other day;  
She wore a most atrocious hat—  
Her hair is getting gray.

And, ah! just now I thought I'd die  
In trying not to grin;  
Her patient hub went trotting by,  
In either hand a twin!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DR. J. B. LOUGHARY, Babey building, Special attention given diseases of brain and nervous system.

"SOROSIS" the new shoe for women. Simson Bros., 701 Second avenue, sole agents.