

THE SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL REACHES WASHINGTON

A Review Reviewed

"Du Barry" in the New Light of a Second View—A "Vice" Play After All. "Twelfth Night" as an Answer.

THE attitude of the dramatic critic is frequently puzzling to everyone else. Often this is a consequence of the critic's mental condition; for similar theatrical conditions frequently appeal to the same mind in different ways. But more often the apparent inconsistency depends upon the hard limitations of space, and the other conditions which govern every critique, wherever printed.

These observations are suggested by comment on The Times' Review last Tuesday of the Belasco-Carter performance of "Du Barry." Various critics of the critic made this point: that The Times had scored "Iris" vigorously for the immorality of its substance; that "Du Barry" dealt almost exactly with the same subject, and that the only difference between the two lay in the fact that "Du Barry" portrayed gilded vice while "Iris" presented vice almost entirely without gilt. The Times is today in unaffected doubt whether to plead "Guiltily" or "Not guilty." Perhaps a review of the ground will clear the air, so to speak.

Du Barry was distinguished locally for two things—a sumptuous investiture and the acting of Mrs. Carter. The patronage was unquestionably notable for numbers, and both mounting and interpretation were manifestly indorsed; but, with comparatively equal certainty, Mr. Belasco's play made a distinctly lesser impression.

Brevity is the S. O. W.

These points were all considered in The Times, except that a review already too long was not continued to include a discussion of the subject matter with which Mr. Belasco dealt. The scenery and costumes were described as rich and accurate. Mrs. Carter was designated as unquestionably a foremost figure on the stage to the great body of her patrons. Mr. Belasco's composition was denoted a fair employment of the dramatic opportunities afforded by a wonderful period and a remarkably dramatic life. With this and a suggestion that for the thoughtful spectator the moral pointed to pure lives and earnest purposes the review closed.

Two considerations, therefore, prohibited a full discussion of the moral problems involved in Du Barry. The one was that the review was already long enough and The Times is not noted for the brevity of its reviews; the other was that, whereas "Iris" depended almost entirely on the morals or immorals involved in its plot, the morals or immorals of "Du Barry" were subordinate.

In two or three respects The Times is glad to revise its review. A second view of Mr. Carter's merit is impending to retract the estimate that she is a good product of talented teaching rather than the talented pupil of a good teacher. A second view lifted the play into a greater prominence. And, finally, this second view aroused anew in the mind of the critic all the opposition which followed the local performance of "Iris."

In Doubtful Company.

Competent judges have insisted that Mrs. Carter's enactment of Zaza established her with Mrs. Campbell and Olga Nethersole. This may or may not be true; but it is certain this performance of "Du Barry" merits no such claim.

Yet it is still true the enactment indicated a power entirely beyond the limits of any acting by rote. Those who have given Mrs. Campbell all the credit are undoubtedly mistaken. The long speech in which La Du Barry arraigns her own weakness and explains to her sweetheart her apprehension that, being once his wife, she must still wander on in search of novelty, was marked by a fire which belongs alone to talent. Personality, perception, and sensibility to the qualities of art are all necessary supplements to good teaching before such a speech can thrill the audiences which heard Mrs. Carter last week.

It still remains for her to prove, however, that she ranks with Mrs. Campbell in these very qualities. It is to be doubted whether any of the competent critics mentioned would say calmly that she does. Yet if this were not true, if she were as attractive as intellectual, and as artistic as Mrs. Campbell, she would still lack a role worthy of rank with that of Beata in "The Joy of Living."

As for Miss Nethersole, her plays are so bad and her art so questionable that to surpass her should occasion no beating of cymbals in the Carter camp. Some interest may still lurk, however, in the judgment of The Times, that in Mrs. Carter's chosen field—the delineation of strumpetry, by whatever name such life may be called—Miss Nethersole still acts with an effect which Mrs. Carter only partly attains.

"The delineation of strumpetry, by whatever name such life may be called." This is a fair appraisal of such plays as "Iris" and "Du Barry." Whatever period they concern, whether their characters are historical or fanciful, in their last resolve these studies of women "with a past"—to use Mrs. Carter's phrase—are only sketches in strumpetry.

"Vice" Plays and Art.

The Times has covered this ground so often that a reiteration of the "brief" against the vice play seems unfair. But the criticism outlined at the head of this article is sufficient justification. The question, stripped of all the pretensions given it by such moralists as Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Nethersole is this:

"Is there a sufficient field for the employment of great histrionic talent without the portrayal of indecent lives?" If anyone thinks this a misstatement of the case let him read the article in The Times, the interviews Mrs. Campbell published recently in the "New York Herald," and the argument set forth by Miss Nethersole in the last holiday number of the "Dramatic Mirror." Their contention is just that and nothing more—that lives of moral purity are too vacuous for their talents. Parthenia, Cordelia, Portia, and Juliet are insufficient; their abilities require Mrs.

Bellamy, Mrs. Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebb-smith, and Camille.

Further argument is superfluous. Yet what is to be said of the presentation of vice in the garb of attractiveness, as Lord Macaulay has expressed it? Of the discussion of vice before thousands of minds incapable of comprehending anything but its temptations? Of the utter failure to express or uphold worthy ideals? And of the responsibility which rests with everyone connected with an institution of unlimited didactic influence like the modern stage?

The Beauty of "Twelfth Night."

Art is not and never can be the glorification of "human life" or "nature." Favorite phrases with these exponents of the corrupt drama. It is instead an imitation or delineation of nature for the expression of an ideal. Art can never glorify vice. It is a study of the beauty of life and not its ugliness.

A curious coincidence opposes to Mrs. Carter and "Du Barry" Shakespeare's beautiful comedy, "Twelfth Night." Here, indeed, is a play which requires talent. Here is a play which reflects nature. Yet from the wonderfully poetic lines with which it begins—"It music be the food of love, play on"—to the fanciful and philosophic song with which it ends it breathes the spirit of purity and is lit with the glow of beauty. If any answer is needed to the pretensions of those women like Mrs. Carter it is to be found here. "Twelfth Night" needs no defense from plays like "Du Barry." A. D. A.

At the Theaters.

National—Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night."

What promises to be one of the most delightful entertainments seen in the local playhouses in many a year will be the appearance here this week of Viola Allen as Viola in "Twelfth Night" at the National Theater. Of Shakespeare's comedies there is not one the peer of "Twelfth Night." Halliwell, the famous Shakespearean scholar, was so enthusiastic, saying of this delightful play that it is the "perfection of English comedy, and the most fascinating in the language." This is rather high praise, but it is not a whit short of the drama's true value. The play is one which calls for superb acting, and Miss Allen is said to have given it a production that would have gladdened the heart of Shakespeare. The great scene, of course, is Olivia's garden. The design for this production was made by Prof. George W. Dawson, of the University of Pennsylvania, and an expert in formal Italian gardens. It is said to be a magnificent scene. Altogether, the production and company to present "Twelfth Night" promise to be one of the best seen in recent time. It requires no lively stretch of the imagination to conjure up Miss Allen as a most charming Viola, and one long to linger in the memory of the theatergoer. Miss Allen's supporting companies and productions have, since becoming a "star," been of the first order of excellence.

Columbia—"A Girl From Dixie."

"A Girl From Dixie," the bill at the Columbia this week, is a new musical comedy from the pen of Harry B. Smith, and is said to be among the bright and humorous productions.

There is said to be nothing coarse in the lines, and while the plot is simplicity itself, there is real humor in the situations and parts.

Irene Bentley, who sings and plays



IRENE BENTLEY AND FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK In "The Girl From Dixie."

the chief role, Kitty Calvert, has a fine voice of grace and beauty. There is an underlying theme—"Dixie"—through the entire comedy. As the title suggests, the story of "A Girl From Dixie" has to do with the adventures of those impulsive, lovable girls, born south of the Mason-Dixon line, a type that is amply expressed in the phrase, "you know she's Southern." Kitty Calvert came of stock that relished the land in ante-bellum days, and at the time of her introduction to the pub-



VIOLA ALLEN, in "Twelfth Night."

lic is attending the district school at Tamarack, Md. Her cousin, Nick Calvert, inherits an estate that by an error is made over to Kitty. The right owner, though aware of the mistake, permits Kitty to retain possession. Her supposed good fortune is celebrated in true Southern style, with Jack Randolph, "the professor of everything in the grammar school," as the presiding genius of festivities.

To Tamarack comes Lord Dunsmere, who falls in love with Kitty. Kitty is next in New York visiting some of her old friends. Here the discovery is made that Kitty is not the

well-known artists as Ferdinand Gottschalk, Albert Hart, George Schiller, Wilmer Bentley, D. L. Don, Charles Bowers, Charles French, Charles Sheffer, Lou Middleton, Adela Sharp, Esther Lyons, and a chorus of fifty.

Chase—Vaudeville. Marcel's living art masterpieces are announced as the chief attraction for Chase's Theater this week. They are reproductions in "dust and blood" of famous paintings, works of statuary, and of historic bas-reliefs by ancient and modern masters of brush and chisel. Twenty-five models, selected for their physical beauty and their proficiency in the profession, form the pictures. Many in the audience are inclined to believe the reproductions of paintings are genuine canvases, and that those of the marble groups, and bas-reliefs are real plastic models, until the illusion is dissolved by the figures springing into life. These Marcel art studies proved a sensation in London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and New York, and it is expected they will create an equally profound impression in the National Capital, where so many artists have their studios.

The supplemental central feature of the program will be the James O. Barrows-John Lancaster company, which enjoys high favor here, as both stars have won approbation many times before in stock work and touring productions. They will be seen in "A Chip of the Old Block," Tom Lewis and Sam Ryan will present a farcical novelty entitled, "The Wireless Telephone." The English comedian and whistler, Charles Mildred, will be seen for the first time here, as this is his first tour of America. Josephine Sabel is expected to add to the favor with which she has been received in the past. George C. Davis, with an "extra dry" monologue, will offer an interesting footlight melange. Johnnie Baker and Louie Lynn, in "The Electric Boy," and the American Vitagraph are the other features on the bill.

Lafayette—"Mr. Pipp."

Charles Grapewin and a large supporting company will open a week's engagement at the Lafayette tomorrow night in "Mr. Pipp," a musical farce. The piece is an elaboration of a sketch which has been used by Mr. Grapewin and Miss Chance on the vaudeville boards, and is from the pen of George Tait Smith and Mr. Grapewin.

"Mr. Pipp" has far more in store for its audiences than its title would indicate. It is said to be bright, unfeeling, and full of good comedy. Some of the airs, such as "Dinah, the Moon Am Shining," and "Dumbeebies," have been heard before, but in their new dress of words and accompanying business they promise to continue in favor.

One of the most attractive bits of the performance is the song and dance, "Poppy and Golden Rod." Sallie Stenbier has several excellent songs which are always well received. In the vaudeville favorites will be recognized. Among these are the Rief Brothers, and Jules and George. Al. W. Maddox is another entertainer. Mr. Grapewin shines strongest in the second act, and Miss Chance is said to be excellent in her representation of the young wife of the gay "Pipp."

Academy—"For Her Children's Sake."

The author of "For Her Children's Sake," the new modern melodrama to be seen at the Academy this week, is Theodore Kremer, author of "The Fatal Wedding." The new play is said to be even more daring and sensational than its predecessor. The title alone compels attention, and will appeal to women and children, and to the heads of homes and families alike. The plot is woven around the love affair of a motherless daughter, extending over a period of years wherein are centered all the joys and sorrows that go to make up life's whole,

chief of which I could get a copy, either in the photograph or in the plaster. The result of my experiments is that my marbles are the most successful of the lot.

Never Changes Models.

"I keep the same models always. I could not afford to make changes. They must have, in a way, the artistic temperament, and must be imbued with a love of their work. I could not get such perfect results if I changed my people. They also use the dumbbells and Indian clubs. I direct their food, also, that they may be in perfect condition, physically, or they could not hold the pose steadily and naturally.

"I have twenty-five trained models, besides stage carpenters, property men, electricians, etc., as well as the help furnished me by Manager Chase, which amounts to ten more.

Art of Posing Difficult.

"It is difficult, this art of posing. One must be at it for years before he can have the command of muscles and of breath. And it must be done gently, too. Here in America there is too much of physical culture.

"You have good models here, though, especially among the women. But not so many. There is no demand. America is young in art. You people are not apt to study. They use our models. But when the time comes the American model will not be wanting. Your girls are finer than ours for heroic subjects. Ours are dainty and petite. Yours are heavier and on nobler outlines."

In Musical Comedy.

A World of Light Hearts for the Heavy Hearted.

By FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.

The question, "How do you like being in musical comedy?" has been put to me several times recently. To judge from that it might be supposed that it was an entire novelty to me. This is not the case.

I made my first appearance in musical comedy in Toronto in 1887, with the late Rosina Vokes. The play was "The Double Leman." A large proportion of the plays forming her triple bills were musical comedies, for instance "The Pantomime Rehearsal," "The Circus Rider," "Maid Marion," "My Lord in Livery," and "Wigs and Gowns," in all of which I appeared. It is true I did not sing in any of them, and I only one was I guilty of dancing. Later, when I played in "Campano" on tour in England with Arthur Roberts, I was guilty of both singing and dancing, probably because my contract expressly stipulated that I was not to do either. Luckily it was not a solo or a "pas seul;" the crime was deftly hidden in a quartet. After the death of Miss Vokes and until now my work has been in other dramatic fields.

For the Light-Hearted.

My impression, after experience in other work, is that musical comedy can be played in a more light-hearted or less mentally-strenuous way than, say, high comedy. Garrick said: "Comedy is serious business." On the other hand, I think the physical work of singing and dancing is greater, but probably not so great as the work in melodrama.

The mental point of view is a little different, too. I may describe it, I think, by saying that in pure comedy one presents the probable in a humorous way; musical comedy lies half-way between comedy and farce, wherein one pre-

Special attention has been paid to the scenic effects in the production of "The Night Before Christmas," which comes to the Empire Theater this week. One of the more notable scenes shows the interior of the old Covenant Church at Carlisle, Ohio, with pipe organ, pulpit, and stained glass windows, while outside is seen the graveyard, bathed in the soft glow of the full moon. Another setting is the court room scene. Every detail in keeping with the solemn legal function in the trial scene is minutely carried out, and the almost breathless interest of audiences is sustained from beginning to end of this scene.

The play has been seen in Washington before, and may be classed among the popular favorites. The company includes Jack Drummer, Fred Anderson, Robert Goodman, Joseph Graham, Amanda Hendrix, Julia Hurley, Marie Glover Clifton, and the popular Clifton children.

Lyceum—"The Brigadiers."

"The Brigadiers" will be the attraction at the Lyceum Theater this week. Local burlesque patrons are familiar with the entertainment provided by this organization. The performance includes two burlesques—"At Newport" and "Seeing New York"—in addition to which there is to be a series of vaudeville features. The chorus is said to be well drilled, and the bill promises to be quite as interesting as that heretofore given by this company.

Marcel on Posing.

Living-Picture Master Likes Our Models.

Jean Marcel, whose living art reproductions will be presented at Chase's this week, has spent the past week in this city supervising the preparations involved in the proper presentation of his art works. M. Marcel has the following to say of his pictures:

"First I get a copy of the picture I want to present, and then I choose the people for it. I then show it to them, and if it is a historical one, the story of which I do not know, I get the books and read to them all about it. I try to make them understand the distinguishing traits of the men and women they are to represent, and what they were thinking of at the moment the picture was made. When I have accomplished that and they are thoroughly impressed, I show them each pose and we practice it until it is perfect."

Studied French Methods.

"How did I come to think of it? Well, I used to see what you call 'living pictures' in the French theaters, but they were not perfect—not artistic. I was an artist, a painter of pictures, and also somewhat of a sculptor. One day the idea occurred to me that I could improve upon the method then in vogue. I engaged models, and began.

"I did the simplest groups only, taking those paintings where modern people were not perfect—not artistic. I was a long time before I tried marble grouping, and longer still before I ventured to produce the bas-reliefs. I began with a single statue and then larger groups, until finally I took any bas re-

would seem that musical comedies are giving to thousands of people mental rest.

No greater boon, excepting perhaps sleep, can be conferred by a friend, a doctor, or a creed. In this country, as in all hard-working communities, amusement is a necessity. It is the proper relaxation from work. Some go to the theater to see good plays, some to see good acting, some to be interested, some to be moved, some to be taught, some to be thrilled, but the great paying public that works hard wants amusement. In musical comedy they get the highest form of it, at their prices, their time and place—they get it more often and in greater quantities than any other form of entertainment on the map.

The Player and Fame.

His Art Is Transient, But His Reward Is Great.

By VIOLA ALLEN.

Deep in every heart there is a longing for fame, which is nothing else than a recognition of excellence. It is the goal for which all toilers in letters, art, music, and science strive. It is the elixir of hope and ambition's spur. It is not then the actor alone who yearns for the world's applause, yet despite the universal desire when fame does come to him, it usually arrives as unlooked for as a thief in the night, or as unexpected as a comet in the sky. Until then he usually oscillates between the pleasures of hope and the terrors of despair. It matters not what misfortunes may deter him on his journey, the will-o'-the-wisp of success ever beckons him on. It matters not how meager his talent, he is encouraged to keep up the struggle and pursue the winsome deity of the retreating skirts and coquettish smiles of whom he has been told that "although possession be the undoubted view, to seize is far less pleasant than pursue."

If this be true it is a very sad commentary upon the lady in question, for does it not imply that to have her is not worth the pains which she has received into wanting her a very much greater delight than all that princely imaginations have painted her as capable of supplying? Surely if she is such a one she deserves the record of having played false with many woeful.

A Brief Reputation Which Is Not Brief.

Often the painter, like the writer, masterpiece is neglected by his contemporaries and its merit not discovered until too late to be of benefit to its creator, but the actor enjoys the exultation of success immediately upon the execution of his effort. The neglected artist or writer may, however, lay the flattering unction to his soul that a future generation will place the stamp of approval upon his exertions. It is otherwise with the actor. He lives on a pedestal when alive, but never has a statue when dead. The trumpet blasts of fame must ring in the actor's ears, else they are sounded for him not at all. Should his name be heard in the future it will be naught else than the echo of the plaudits and applause which greeted his efforts while at the height of his renown.

Despite the fact that the actor, when denied the joys of recognition during life has not the same chance for posthumous fame that is meted out to his brother artists of the pen and brush, when we come to examine the records of the past we find that those actors who, during their brief hour upon the stage knew the elation of success, now illumine the records with considerable radiance. Indeed, the actor has little to complain about on this score. Take for example, the Roman player, Quintus Roscius, the Roman player, for example, while Roscius occupies a position in the Temple of Fame, who hears anything of his renowned contemporary, Hircanius, the soldier? So, too, are remembered the names of Colley Cibber, Ann Oldfield, Peg Woffington, Thomas Betterton, Mrs. Brace Girdle, and Thomas Dogget.

Garrick and Johnson. When "Little David Garrick" went up to London, coincident with the coming of that "rag and dust mountain," Dr. Johnson, his tutor and friend, he was unknown and without money. It is generally—aye, almost—a blessing for genius to be without money and friends. These absentees create the occasion for a supreme effort, for a desperate assault upon the temple of fame.

This reminds us that Thomas Erskine in one day and by one legal argument sprang into the front rank of his new profession, the law. When asked how he, the unknown, dared to face Lord Mansfield so boldly on that brilliant day which won him fame, he said: "I thought of my children tugging at my robe, and saying, 'Now, father, is the chance to get us bread.'"

As to "Little David," it was little wonder that he (armed as few actors ever were) should have put to flight the guard of mediocrities that slept and fattened there. To his splendid talents the gate opened unbarred, falling down as it were, at the consciousness of a new and great conqueror. But the struggles of talent for recognition—now a sudden pitched battle gained, now campaign after campaign fought without apparent result—has a like history in all time and climes, in all professions.

Nature and Art.

Yet, while David Garrick had grasped the golden keys of reputation and wealth with almost magic swiftness, his companion had started in upon that long battle against poverty and disappointment, which constitutes one of the most pathetic series of chapters in the history of a richly endowed intellect. Little wonder that in memory of hungry days and bedless nights, he should open the bitter lines:

"There mark what ill the scholar's life Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

Why did not fame smile sooner on Johnson? There would seem to be some reason for it—and this reason after all is not far to seek—it is from the difference in the two men. Johnson's genius was imitative, it was that of the age. It was classic and conventional. There was no note of hope or the future in its strains. It echoed the past in worn music that had already lost half its audience. It was not patterned after nature, but after the most stiff and conventional forms with which English literature has ever been hampered and dwarfed. Johnson finally won his way, but by the brutal force and brawn of his intelligence.

Garrick's genius and its expression was not that of the age, it was of the type that gains audience in all ages—or it was a revelation of nature's own



MR. GOTTSCHALK, As a Singing Lord.

sents the merely possible in a humorous way.

Some enthusiasts of the higher drama lament the present vogue of musical comedy—a demand creates a supply. There are lovers of light music who find concerts too dull. There are lovers of amusement who find plays too dull. The happy medium is supplied by the musical comedy.

It comes as a relief to the brain—too tired by a plot or a serious concert, and too fastidious for a variety show. The plot of a musical comedy arouses thought enough to interest without fatiguing while the eye is gratified, the brain lulled through the air by the music.

Laughter and Rest.

Most important of all, the brain is emptied by laughter; that emptying of the brain is as refreshing as sleep. Laughter does it, for no brain is capable of effort or creative thought during laughter. It can, at most, appreciate. Appreciation is restful; therefore, it