The Monk who Went Into the World and Then Renounced It.

Lived and Loved after Leaving the Monastery but Ultimately Returned.

Mary Anderson.

At the Theatres This Week

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, matinee and night, "Bought and Paid For." Thursday, Friday ,Saturday, matinee and night, "The Garden of Allah."

BIJOU THEATRE.
"The Common Law," all the week, matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

COLONIAL THEATRE.
Vaudeville.

EMPIRE THEATRE.
Miniature Musical Comedy.

ORPHEUM THEATRE.
Pictures.

LITTLE THEATRE.
Pictures.

"Bought and Paid For."

William A. Brady's great play, "Bought and Paid For" will be seen at the Academy for three days starting to-morrow night. The fame of the noted Broadhurst play has preceded its arrival here, and the engagement has been greatly anticipated. It has been endorsed as America's most popular comedy-drama produced in a score of years. New Yorkers flocked to the Playhouse, New York, to witness this "so dieffrent" play, which enjoyed a record run of 476 performances, followed by an engagement of more than 150 performances at the Playhouse, Chicago. The attraction has been meeting with phenomenal success on tour, especially through the Southern States, and after the engagement in Richmond and Norfolk will be sent to Boston, where it will begin its second engagement, which, no doubt will run through the entire summer.

The story of "Bought and Paid For" is simple, natural and contains unusual heart interest, skillfully interspersed by comedy of a most delightful sort. A telephone girl marries a millionaire, not because she cannot live without him, but because she feels that it will enable her to be happier and to help her sister and her intended, who is a $14 a week shipping clerk. They are married, her sister marries "Jimmy" Gilley, who is given a position by the millionaire. Two years after the wealthy financier and his wife separate, "Jimmy" is fired and is obliged to accept a $13 a week job, and move into a cheaper flat in Harlem. He soon tires of this cheap way of living, and concocts a scheme to get the husband and wife into each other's arms. Though somewhat nervy, the plan works, they are re-united, "Jimmy" gets his fat job back again, moves to a better flat and everything ends happily. In the cast to be seen here are Evelyn Weilding, Dorothy Davies, Gertrude Rudd, Hobart Cavanaugh, Chester DeVonde, Adrian Rosley and Arthur Wood. The production is very elaborate and complete in every respect.

"The Garden of Allah."

This is a day of practicalities. Human beings are but cogs in a machine. Skepticism has romance by the throat. The tales that thrilled our fathers twist our lips in an indulgent smile. And yet, at the very kernel, there are some things that hold true. There are some emotions that sway the man in the street even as they gripped his people before him. One of these is the sense of mystery and awe with which the world at large regards these men and women who renounce it, who foreswear all those indulgences and touches of home and friends that seem a recompense for the hardships of life. The nun within the convent walls, the monk praying in his cell, stir the imagination and emotions of the members of every race and creed. Here, then, is the fascination of "The Garden of Allah"—the story of a monk who went into the world and then renounced it, who took one deep draught from the cup of life and then put it aside to resume the vows that he had rashly broken. "The Garden of Allah" comes to the Academy on Thursday for four performances.

How this story grew in the mind of Robert Hitchens from a chance remark let fall by a Trappist monk at the monastery on the border of the Sahara desert in Algeria is recounted by the author. It was years ago, when he was taking one of his many trips through Northern Africa, that he visited the monastery called La Trappe de Staouville. This is the order where almost perpetual silence is maintained by the brothers, though of necessity some few words must be spoken. Mr. Hitchens found the place so restful that he told the lay brother who was appointed to hold converse with visitors that he wished he might live there a while.

"We take guests," the monk answered. "We shall be glad to have you, if you don't mind living very simply."

For three weeks Mr. Hitchens lived with the monks, sleeping in one of the small bare cells and having his meals in a room reserved for guests. At the time there was another visitor—a Frenchman, who was a slave to the morphine habit. The monks did not interfere with him, and Mr. Hitchens soon realized that his case was hopeless. During the three weeks he remained in the monastery, this man's rapid decline left an indelible impression on Mr. Hitchen's mind, making the whole experience one that could never be wiped out.

It was in this period that the idea of building a novel in such a setting took root with the author. The inciting incident is recalled by Mr. Hitchens as follows:

"I had occasion to ask one of the monks, who had been there for forty years, if he had ever heard of a monk leaving the monastery. He said he knew of only one case, that of a monk who had been in the monastery for twenty years. He stole away one night and was never seen again. Living as I was, under the spell of the silence and restraint, I found myself wondering how this monk would act after so many years away from the world, were he suddenly set down in the heart of a city. It was inevitable after this, I suppose, that I should work up something out of the experience.

"When I left the monastery, I went into the desert, guided by an Arab poet, who, in the play, is named Batouch. One evening, as we stood gazing across the limitless waste of sand a chance phrase from Batouch gave me what I might call the motif of my story., 'This is the Garden of Oblivion,' he said. 'In the desert one forgets everything, even the desire of one's soul.'

"The memory of the prison-like monastery, with its silent, austere inhabitants, seemed welded to the thought of the desert, the Garden of Allah, from then on. I pictured the brother who had stolen forth from these walls out into the desert, into the Garden of Oblivion, where he sought to forget his vows and his hopes. Would he be willing to lose his soul for the love of a woman? This was the idea that had taken hold of me. Yet it was five years before I began to write and two years more before the work was finished."

Here, then, was the idea; the leading character and the setting with which the plot must be interwoven. How deeply this experience cut may be gathered from the graphic descriptions and the refinement of passion which suffuse the story. Boris Androvsky is the renegade monk who flees from the monastery, determined to seize on all the sensations and joys of life, which he persuades himself belong to a man by right. At the beginning of the tale the identity of this myaterious figure, who moves with shuffling step and speaks haltingly, is concealed. In the oasis city of Beni-Mora, he meets a woman who has left the aristocratic circles of continental society to seek seclusion in the desert. Some magnetic harmony of soul draws them together. Eventually Boris is swept out of himself by the love he has conceived for Domini, and they marry. The inevitable revelation of his infidelity to the church comes some months later, when they are dwelling in the desert, living only for each other. Follows the renunciation of the world by Boris with Domini, consoled by her memories of several months of complete happiness and the child, who remains an angelic emblem of their love.

How large a part the desert plays in the tale can scarcely be realized by one who has not read the story or seen the play. And no one who read "The Garden of Allah" but entertained the ambition of some day visiting the desert and seeing with his own eyes the lurid sunsets and dawns, the infinite wonder of the Sahara under the light of the moon and stars. When the book was first issued, every theatrical manager sighed at the impossibility of ever translating its pictures to the stage. One manager did more, George C. Tyler, the general manager of the Liebler Company, approached the

Continued on Seventh Page.

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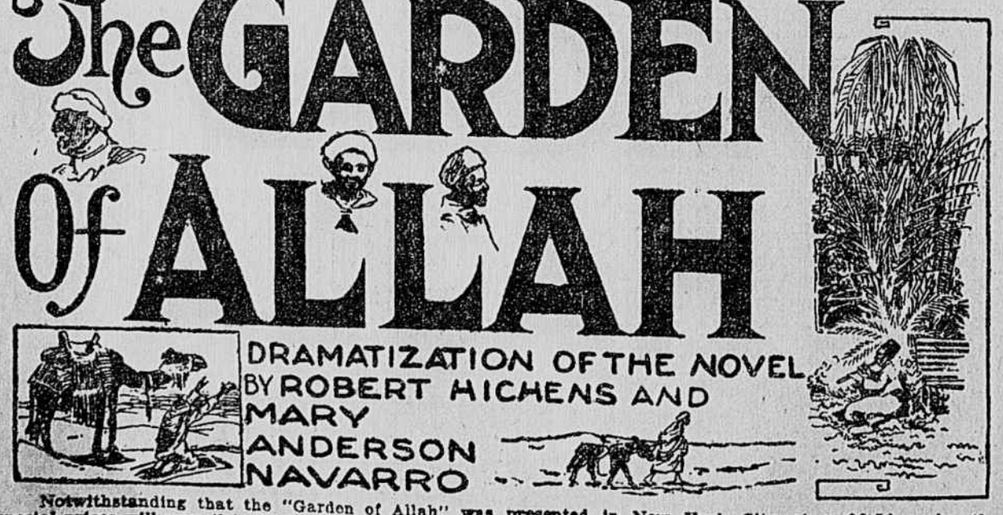

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