

At The Theaters

"The Little Minister," a beautiful, heart-filling story in the original, which Mr. J. M. Barrie, its author, has successfully transferred to the stage, will be presented by Charles Frohman's company at the Metropolitan opera house tomorrow afternoon and evening, and the entire week.

The comedy ran through an entire season in New York, having exactly 300 performances, every one of which was given to a standing-room audience. Never until "The Little Minister" accomplished it has any play succeeded in attracting, night after night, without missing a single performance, audiences that claimed absolutely the capacity of the house. It has gained its tremendous favor by reason of its pure, charming and simple love story, told in the same fascinating way that the stage that Mr. Barrie told it in the book. Lady Babbie's being and behaving over with mischief and fun, but with a true little heart—is its heroine, and the play presents her as if she had just stepped out of the pages of the novel. All the quaint and picturesque characteristics of the Thrusms elders and their associates are preserved in the mimic panorama of Scotch life, and "The Little Minister" is the veritable, beautiful young gentleman himself, as interesting and sentimental as Lady Babbie found him. The story will be artistically presented by the organization which Mr. Frohman has assembled in the cast, and their performance will make clear at once why the comedy has been such a phenomenal favorite.

The first scene of "The Little Minister" is Caddam woods, where Lady Babbie, in a red gown, with rowan berries in her hair, surprises Gavin Dishart, the little minister. There has been trouble between the weavers of the town and the soldiers, and a signal of warning has been agreed upon which will apprise the offending community of the approach of the red-coats. The signal is the blowing of a horn. Babbie gets the little minister to blow the horn and then follows the conflict with the soldiers in which Babbie figures on one side and Gavin on the other. After a fight Babbie, hooded and cloaked, passes through the line of soldiers, announcing herself as the little minister's wife, and he offering no word of denial. Thus she makes her escape, in spite of a great desire to capture her, and many precautions taken to that end.

Next, Lady Babbie and the minister are found in old Nannie's cottage, which Gavin has gone on a mission. There is tea drinking and considerable discussion, during which it becomes evident to Babbie and the others that the minister is in love with her. Later on when Gavin should be at prayer meeting, he is found following the gypsy girl around and they have further love scenes, not, however, before the fact becomes known that Gavin's parishioners are not favorable to Babbie and that some are very sore at heart, because their minister pays attention to the girl and is evidently making a fool of himself for her.

The third act takes the lovers and all concerned to Lord Rintoul's castle. There Lady Babbie is revealed in her real character as the fine lady. The minister's surprise is great, for he has thought Babbie a gypsy girl. The pair declare their love and the father's consent to a marriage is asked. But he has other plans for his daughter, he wants her to wed somebody else. An interesting dramatic situation ensues here, and the curtain falls on Lady Babbie insisting that Gavin shall acknowledge her to be his wife, as he did that night in Caddam woods to the soldiers. The last act is said to be full of surprises.

It may be well for those who have formed their opinions on the play in advance from the book to expect a considerable divergence from the original story in the dramatization. In the play Babbie is Lord Rintoul's daughter, and the minister, and Capt. Halliwell is a sailor for her hand. With this exception the play and story vary but little up to the second of the second act, which covers the scenes in Nannie's cottage and the meeting of Babbie and the little minister in the Manse garden, where they discover their mutual love.

In the third act of the scene of the play is transferred to Rintoul's castle, where Barbara acknowledges her love for Gavin Dishart. Lord Rintoul and Capt. Halliwell are furious when they learn that on the night the soldiers passed through Caddam wood Gavin has acknowledged a gypsy girl as his wife in the presence of witnesses, which, by Scotch law, constitutes a valid marriage. With this, however, with the fine humor that the author has instilled into the character, feels indignation and declares herself ready to accompany Lord Rintoul and the captain in seeking out witnesses. These are found and under circumstances that add to the humor of the situation recognize in Lady Barbara the gypsy whom the little minister has acknowledged as his wife, thus clinching the Scotch marriage and making her father and her suitor witnesses against their own wishes.

The cast which will present "The Little Minister" is as follows:
 Gavin Dishart Adolph Jackson
 Lord Rintoul William Charles Masson
 Captain Halliwell Walter Townsend
 Lady Babbie, Lord Rintoul's daughter Grace Heyer
 Felice, her maid Marion Converse
 Thwaites, butler Thomas Gibson
 Thomas Whamond, chief clerk B. R. Graham
 Bob Dow Giles Shain
 Miss Nannie Sadie Laurer
 Sneaky Hobart, elder Cecil Kingstone
 Andrew Mealmaker, elder Geo. Forbes
 Silvia Tooh, elder Howard Morgan
 Sergeant Davidson G. B. Bowman
 Joe Cruikshanks, athlete Harry Lillford
 Nannie Webster, Miss Kay's maid Elyck Jean, manse servant Ethel Blaine

ances. When all are gathered the ex- tending lady discovers that the good young man is her fiancée. She is disconcerted for a moment, but finally determines to bluff it out, and disclaims all previous acquaintance, informing him that it is a case of mistaken identity. She interrogates the young man as to his fiancée, and discovers that he is more of a man of the world than he appears. Finally he throws off the cloak and engages as one of the boys and proceeds to enjoy himself. When the fun is at its height the minister and the mother of the young man put in an appearance and there is a terrible scene.

The father comes from his hiding place and denounces the mother for bringing up her son in the wrong path, the ex-



BABBIE, NANNIE AND THE MINISTER, In "The Little Minister," at the Metropolitan.

without much knowledge of the world. The young man goes to New York to select members for a church choir, and the father, who is secretly intending to show the young man a little of the



"HOW DARE YOU PUT A TACK ON YOUR KNEE FOR ME TO SIT ON," In the Grand's Current Attraction.

world. The father falls in with a theatrical manager and lets him into the plot. The manager says he will introduce the son at a private dinner party to a number of chorus girls, telling him they are



SCENE FROM THIRD ACT OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER," At the Metropolitan.

concent singers. To this the father agrees, and to remain concealed to witness the fun. An ex-acting lady of the theater puts in an appearance and tells the manager the story of her life after leaving the stage. The small of the footlights brings back old longings, and the result is that she, too, is invited to the supper party to renew old acquaint-

ances. When all are gathered the ex- tending lady discovers that the good young man is her fiancée. She is disconcerted for a moment, but finally determines to bluff it out, and disclaims all previous acquaintance, informing him that it is a case of mistaken identity. She interrogates the young man as to his fiancée, and discovers that he is more of a man of the world than he appears. Finally he throws off the cloak and engages as one of the boys and proceeds to enjoy himself. When the fun is at its height the minister and the mother of the young man put in an appearance and there is a terrible scene.

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rather surprised at his taste. Almost everybody observed that her hands, while large and white, were remarkably bony. It was the more noticeable because the actress had a habit, when laboring under unusual excitement, of stroking her hair back from her forehead, as though the emotion she was undergoing made her hand her rival. Her husband, her sister and her crying child try to dissuade her; but, heedless of everything, she leaves the house in a jealous rage. On the first night, at the conclusion of this act, the house was in an uproar of applause. Duse and D'Annunzio, their hands tightly clasped, were called before the curtain again, and the powerful actress who had schooled her child to resist the temptations of the stage, made a most magnificent show of emotion—except as she chose to display it in her art, gazed at the happy youth beside her with the love light in her eyes shining through her tears.

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Waiting for the Love of a Dope

Pathetic Romance in Which Eleanor Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio Are the Principals.

Taken by itself there is nothing startling in the mere report that Eleanor Duse has almost decided to retire from the stage and go into a convent. It would be almost consistent with the life of mystery this reclusa of the footlight world has always led.

But there is something decidedly out of the common in the news that such a high priestess of repressed emotions should be contemplating such a step, because she is wearing her heart out with grief for an unrequited love; a hopeless passion for a man very much her junior, and the anti-thesis of all that is in her nature, so far as the world has been given an opportunity to judge it.

That is the story all Paris is talking about just now. Duse is there, living in seclusion with intimate friends, seeing nobody, confiding in no one, seeking consolation in her sorrow only from the church, to which she talks of giving the remainder of her life. Duse, the cold, repellent woman to all who sought her society on this side of the stage lights; whom competent critics in all centers of thought and culture have called the greatest actress of her time; an actress who scorned the make up of the dressing room, showy clothes, brilliant stage coloring or any of the meretricious aids that seem to be indispensable to modern realism. Duse, indifferent to public opinion, not susceptible of flattery, headless of men and woman alike who wanted to lavish love upon her—that woman, written in the popular biographies as one who "learned the gospel of self-restraint at an early age and kept it," should in middle life fall a victim to disappointed love, passeth all understanding.

And the man whom, she says, has broken her heart is a veritable apostle of color and brilliancy; a florid young man of the advanced realistic school who came upon the horizon only about four years ago, and whose erotic poems and novels no publisher has yet been found bold enough to print in their entirety. Even Paris, which can stand Zola and Claude Melles, must take Gabrielle D'Annunzio expurgated.

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rather surprised at his taste. Almost everybody observed that her hands, while large and white, were remarkably bony. It was the more noticeable because the actress had a habit, when laboring under unusual excitement, of stroking her hair back from her forehead, as though the emotion she was undergoing made her hand her rival. Her husband, her sister and her crying child try to dissuade her; but, heedless of everything, she leaves the house in a jealous rage. On the first night, at the conclusion of this act, the house was in an uproar of applause. Duse and D'Annunzio, their hands tightly clasped, were called before the curtain again, and the powerful actress who had schooled her child to resist the temptations of the stage, made a most magnificent show of emotion—except as she chose to display it in her art, gazed at the happy youth beside her with the love light in her eyes shining through her tears.

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the drama to a high artistic plane. It was reported that there was an "angel," an Italian of great wealth, who was willing to advance the money to build a theater where only plays should be produced having a literary and artistic value; where box office receipts were to be of minor consideration, and Art, with a big A, was to reign supreme.

Now all that has ended in smoke. For some reason the author and the actress have had a bitter quarrel, and as usual the breaking off of their friendship has affected her more seriously than it has him. Of the cause of the quarrel nothing is made public, but there appears to be no doubt that it is permanent. One report has it that about three weeks ago D'Annunzio brutally told Duse that he was weary of her—that she was too many years his senior for anything like an abiding affection to exist between them. As a matter of fact D'Annunzio is barely thirty-five. Duse has just turned forty.

After the break the actress went directly to Paris in utter despair over the desertion of the man she loved so dearly. She has become indifferent to her work or her fame. She declares that she has done with the stage, and that religion gives her the only consolation she can find on this earth. It was in Paris that she first met D'Annunzio, and as a matter of sentiment she prefers to live there, surrounded by her earlier associations.

Great actress as she is, Duse will hardly be remembered as one of the ideal beauties of the stage. She has a charm about her peculiarly her own, but it is not the charm of a beautiful woman. She has a lean figure, hardly above the medium height, and a sorrowful, melancholy face. Her eyes are superb. They give her entire countenance a wonderful charm of expression that is irresistible to persons suffering closely in contact with her.

Her dresses are not in the least fashionable, either off the stage or on it. She never makes any attempt to follow the fashion.

Publicity in private life was positively abhorrent to her. She steadfastly resisted all efforts of her managers to gratify the interviewers. She was very frank of speech. Coming here for a second visit in the spring of 1898, she said:

"I do not like either America or Americans and I may as well admit it. I came here a second time because I did not want to break my promise to my manager."

After the customary unctious laid to outwails by foreign "talent," there was something refreshingly truthful in this. Now, what sort of a man did this remarkable woman fall in love with? Gabriele D'Annunzio, the playwright and poet-novelist, is an extreme realist, the writer of greatest promise in Italy today, and



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

one of the most unique figures in contemporary literature.

His appearance is rather foppish, with short, curly black hair, an aggressively curled moustache and a winning smile. His curious dead-white complexion attracts attention once, and a general thing his manner is reserved to strangers, but once interested he converses most brilliantly, and has a charm of address that few women can resist.

About fifteen years ago, when a mere youth in college, he published a volume of poems so daringly erotic that in spite of its merits, readers were scandalized, and publishers were warned to be more careful. After a while a few of his verses were translated into the French magazines, and he began to make a reputation outside of his own country. But it is within five years that he has become an object of interest to the world at large, and a source of heated controversy among critics.

But it is as a novelist that he appeals to the general public. That is his chosen method of expression and is best adapted to reveal his curious personality. He is an enthusiast for color, brilliancy of expression and the persuasive power of externals. He frankly admits that his heroes are largely portraits of himself, endowed with his personal views and characteristics.

In these portraits, which resemble one another like brothers, D'Annunzio can scarcely be said to have flattered himself, even if he has gratified his vanity. All of them are essentially of one type—egotistical, weak, yet undeniably attractive.

D'Annunzio worships the beautiful. His hero is a constant apostle of the arts. He is not only an artist by instinct, but he has a practical acquaintance with it. He is fond of drawing illustrations from favorite works of the masters, and has a special liking for the early Italian painters. It is necessary to thus emphasize the artistic side of his complex character, because it is the key to his individuality. He has made his religion of art and beauty. He says: "I yield obedience to naught save those rules of conduct to which I have submitted my free nature in order to attain my own conception of order and beauty."

Girls, will be seen here at the Grand shortly.

Phillips' German company, one of the great German dramatic organizations of this country, will appear at the Metropolitan opera house in this city four nights and Wednesday matinee, commencing Sunday, Jan. 14, presenting a repertoire of standard German comedies and dramas.

"The Sorrows of Satan," with the same elaborate scenic effects that marked the initial performance at the Boston theater, will be presented at the Grand shortly.

Some critics say that Sarah Truax is a Julia Marlowe. Stuart Robson has found success in "Oliver Goldsmith."

METROPOLITAN

L. N. SCOTT, Lessee and Manager.

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MUSIC and MUSICIANS

Glee songs and singers have filled the bill of music the past week, the artists' series having practically closed the old year, and the new year will open under auspicious circumstances when Theodore Thomas and orchestra will give two programs under the auspices of the Schubert club at the People's church Jan. 22.

The German song recital given by Lewis Shawe, baritone, assisted by Claude Madden, violinist, deserved a larger attendance than it brought out on Wednesday evening. Owing to counter attractions the audience was small, though appreciative. Both artists were at their best, and nothing but praise can be said of their musical efforts.