

News of the Theaters, Music,

All communications and cuts intended for use in this department must be in the office of "The Republican" not later than 5:30 p. m. on Thursday.
Dramatic Editor.

By MAITLAND DAVIES
As an example of journalistic enterprise, the recent feature of the New York Times in having Sir James Mathew Barrie's new play, "Der Tag" (The Day) cabled in full from England and published in the Times the day before it was produced in London, stands out as one of the most notable achievements of recent times. That "Der Tag" proved to be a disappointment to the managers of Barrie was no fault of the Times, but the fact remains that had it been accredited to any other author neither the Times nor any other paper would have considered it worth fifty cents a word.

"Der Tag," as everybody knows, has been the toast of the German army for a long time. They have been drinking to "The Day," the day of war, in fulsome expectation for these many moons.

The scene of Mr. Barrie's play is laid in a tavern of a village—presumably a single candle, in which an emperor, presumably the Kaiser, and his advisers are seated about a table discussing the final completion of

long years of preparation for war. Every minute detail has been attended to, the invasion of France has been decided upon, and it remains only to decide whether the invasion shall be made through Alsace or Belgium and to have the emperor sign the declaration of war.

He says that they cannot go through Belgium, as it is sacred through treaty, but his officers urge him to go that way and sign the declaration. He asks to be left alone that he may consider, and his ministers leave him.

Alone in the tavern, visions of the great Napoleon rise before him and he imagines himself one even greater than he. He falls asleep and troubled dreams possess his mind. "Culture" appears before him and pictures the grief and misery, the horrors of war. He shudders and decides not to sign. Then in his dream he thinks he awakens. "Culture" disappears and he hears the roar of cannon, the clash of arms and the hoarse shouting of men. "Culture" wounded and bruised and bleeding, reappears, screaming with pain, a sight to tear the heart of man and God. Now really awake, he jumps to his feet and brushes away the horrid sight from before his eyes, calls in his men, signs the declaration, and the candle goes out, leaving the stage in utter darkness, on which the curtain descends.

"Children of Earth"
Most interesting of the events of the week in New York was the first production of "Children of Earth," the \$10,000 prize play, at the Booth theater on Thursday night. This is the play which was chosen as the best of those submitted in the famous contest for the \$10,000 offered by Winthrop Ames for the best play by an American author. It was written by Alice Brown, whose only other contributions to the field of drama are "Joint Owners in Spain," a one-act drama done by Maurice Brown at his Little Theater in Chicago, and another called "The Web," which was done by Mrs. Clement in Boston.

It is a purely American play, with all its scenes laid in New England, and two of the notable features of the production are the stage settings and properties, for which old, out-of-the-way places throughout New England have been ransacked with remarkable results. The collection of pewter alone would delight the heart of an antiquarian.

Just what New York thinks about it will not be known here for some days, as the reviews have not had time to travel so far west.

Lou-Tellegen and Bernhardt
Unlike many players, Lou-Tellegen, who is playing in "Secret Strings" in New York, is both loyal and appreciative of the mind that is responsible for his present high position. He says it is due to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt that he is anything whatever today and that anything that is good in him is but the reflection of the great actress.

"In all the artistry which Mme. Bernhardt has shown to the world, and apart from all the bizarre stories which are printed about her great career," said Mr. Lou-Tellegen, "she never misses an opportunity to do a service for the theater or one of its players. When I first came to this country it was simply as a member of her company. We began our season in Chicago on a Monday night. My personal success with the audience was flattering to me, an unknown actor in this country. The next day Mme. Bernhardt ordered my name displayed with hers on all announcements, and by the end of the week she began to consider me as a co-star. The honor of such a position with so eminent a player would have been enough to make any actor famous, but Mme. Bernhardt was not satisfied. She said I had talent, and for that reason devoted hours and hours every week to the perfection of every detail in every scene I had with her. We continued to play together for three seasons, and the summer before last our pleasant association had to come to an end.

"Madame had accepted a play in which the juvenile part did not suit me, but that did not deter her from showering more favors upon my head. With a splendid schooling in every trick of the stage which I had learned from her, with the knowledge that she had unbounded faith in my ability, and with the flattering compliment that she liked my personality and appearance, the great French actress paid me the highest tribute

which she could bestow upon any actor. I was invited to occupy her playhouse in Paris—the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt—and there appear as a star and direct the plays for the season before the most critical of all playgoers, a Parisian audience.

"During all of our visits to this country I was importuned by many members of the press, friends and managers to become an English-speaking actor, and it was again Mme. Bernhardt who spurred me on to accomplish the task. With six months in which to prove it could be done, I had a tutor with me constantly, and then I produced in English under my own management a play called 'Dorian Gray.' It was a failure. Still Mme. Bernhardt lent her encouragement. She made me go to New York—it was there that the idea of becoming identified with an English-speaking part took root. So armed with dozens of letters of introduction from Madame, I set sail, and just a year ago made my debut in the role of Ramon in 'Maria Rosa.'"

"No one," concluded Mr. Lou-Tellegen, "can quite understand what it means to a foreigner in a strange land, before a strange audience, in a strange language, to go through such a first night. That is, no one who has not had the terrible experience of feeling that to falter in one word or syllable might spell failure. My nerves were working overtime throughout every rehearsal, and just as I was about to leave my hotel for the theater on that first night in New York, a boy handed me a cable message. It was from Mme. Bernhardt, spurring me on to do those things in English which she herself had taught me to do so well in French. She had timed her message carefully, for I surely believe I might have failed.

"American audiences," said Mr. Lou-Tellegen, "have been very kind to me. I am preparing to become a

has just looked out that he has been married—married at 62 to a blushing bride of 30 years, and he refuses to confirm or deny the fact. When a reporter asked him about the license, which was reported to have been issued to him and Mrs. Swift, wife of Julian Swift, a grandson of the founder of the famous packing house, Oscar said:

"You can have me single. You can have me married. I don't care. It's perfectly satisfactory to me. But have you heard about the new opera house I'm going to build, and how I'm going to have the greatest cast of foreign singers that ever—"

"Always" at this time of the year they have me married," continued Oscar. "It seems to be a case of 10 January this Oscar's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. License? License? It might be a license for divorce. It might be a license for an automobile, or a pushcart!"

"I won't admit anything, and I won't deny anything. The papers have had me married, oh, so many times that I'm already a bachelor!"

The other members of the Hammerstein family, besides Oscar, were much interested in the reported marriage.

"Hi! December 30? Why, that was the night before New Year's eve, wasn't it? I'm sure it was," said Arthur, enthusiastically.

"What! Not really?" cried Stella through the telephone. "Why, how do you expect me to know anything about father? I haven't talked to him since the disagreement over the stock. But, say, what did he put down his age as? I'm terribly interested in that. I'd just love to know."

Miss Stella and the whole world may know that Oscar gave his age as 62. He said his first wife, Mrs. Margine Jassly Hammerstein, was dead. The records in Jersey City also show that Mrs. Swift got a di-

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"Music one," said Mr. Collier, who was standing in the doorway. "Music one, Professor, please play that lovely little ballad entitled 'On a Thursday Afternoon.'"

"Maybe," replied Mr. Collier, "maybe you think George is kidding, but he isn't. He'll write that song tonight, and by next week two million copies will be on the counters of every five and ten-cent store in the country."

When the interviewer suggested that if Mr. Collier ever ran out of material for his "revue" he could do worse than to incorporate some of these dressing room conversations, intimating that it would make better comedy than Broadway has seen this season, Collier agreed.

"Say," said that gentleman, "if George Collier ever runs out of material, I can fix him up all right. There may be some sort of a show every night, but in the anxiety and worry and great care needed to key myself up to the part I am playing now I can't just think what it was. Why, but for me Gilbert and Sullivan never would have been heard of in this country. Fact! When 'Pinafore' was first produced by children's companies here, the managers looked around for a real star. Someone suggested Willie Collier and called Gilbert and Sullivan. I don't remember whether it was Sullivan or Gilbert who replied, but one of them called back, 'Get Collier at any cost.' And they did—at \$10 a week."

"With 'Pinafore' on its feet, I finally left Gilbert and Sullivan flat. Augustin Daly was straggling along at that time trying to get a foothold on Broadway and I decided to help him. So I joined the Daly company at Daly's theater. I see, by the way, it is to be turned into a burlesque house. Shades of the great Augustin! Some one had better slip out and put a ten-ton monument on his grave to keep him down."

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naturalized citizen of this country, 1912. I hope some day to be finally enough established here to be able to begin in a modest way the building of a school for young men and women who wish to go on the stage, which will eventually become the rival of the great conservatories in continental Europe. I shall invite members of the theatrical profession in this country to spend half an hour each week and become a member of a faculty. But that is another story. I have been assured of sufficient capital from various philanthropically inclined New Yorkers to insure a start for my idea—the balance depends upon myself and conferees."

Once Again—Hammerstein
It is a barren year that brings no novelty from Oscar Hammerstein, New York's own institution. His treat is a veritable surprise. He has just been married—or, rather, it

theaters in the country because the managers can't get enough plays to fill them? Why not let George Collier write all the shows? He can give them a drama and a musical comedy every week, with a grand opera thrown in every rainy Thursday afternoon."

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