DRAMATIC

THAT very gifted little woman, Olga Nethersole, winds up her Salt Lake season tonight with a production of Hervieu's "Labyrinth." Not many people know that Miss Nethersole's gifts extend to literature as well as the stage. "The Awakening" is her own adaptation from the French, and the English in which it is narrated, tells unmistakably of her gifts as a writer. Miss Nethersole has a very high opinion of M. Paul Hervieu. He is one of the forty "immortals" of France, but has written comparatively little for the stage as yet, compared with some of his brethren. Most of his works have been introduced to the English speaking public by Miss Nethersole herself. In speaking of the part of the elder prince in "The Awakening," she said that its immense opportunities had so struck the famous French tragedian Mounet Sully, that he had decided to appear in it, and it was only the second instance in his long career where he had attempted anything in the line of modern drama.

Miss Nethersole is a keen manager and business woman, as well as a distinguished actress and a capable adapter. She takes a very considerable hand in the management of her tours and her stage productions and invests her own money, her brother Louis Nethersole, acting as her manager, and working in entire harmony with her. Mr. Nethersole, by the way, spent some time in Salt Lake as manager of Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, at the time they were rehearsing here.

* * *

"The Vanderbilt Cup," which first made Elsie Janis famous, and which she later returned the compliment to, comes to Salt Lake to fill in the fair and conference week, opening Monday. As everyone knows, it is built around and upon a race of 1,000 automobiles, and the scenic and mechanical effects are said to be something along the line of the wonderful. The electric marvels, especially are claimed never to have been duplicated in any stage presentation in Salt Lake. Miss Janis is, of course, not with the company, but we are assured that the crowd of singers, actors and chorus people are all of high grade.

Manager Pyper counts on doing a record breaking business, as both town and country folk will be eager to see a piece which has had such widespread advertising as "The Vanderbilt Cup."

* * *

The Orpheum people are ending with a strong announcement for fair and conference week. As headliner comes Julie Herne in a playlet entitled "Between Acts," written by Miss Herne, who is a daughter of Angelique Morosco and playwright James A. Herne. The playlet is laid in the dressing room of a New York theater, and the story is about a young actress who is in love with a successful author. Lew Hawkins, known as "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy" is billed second, and will delight audiences as of old. Then there is Leona Thurber, and her pickaninnies. This act is said to be one of the really clever turns on the vaudeville stage. Scott and Wilson are a couple of acrobatic comedians whose work has won kind and favorable mention wherever they have appeared. The Balzers are styled original acrobats and have just completed a successful professional tour of Europe. In Thomas Carey, a novelty banjoist, the management claim to have an artist who will perform on the banjo in an entirely original and unique manner. The kinodrome will fill its usual place on the program, and the Orpheum orchestra, under Mr. Weihe will render popular numbers.

* * *

The Grand Theater announces for fair and conference week the play of "The Holy City," the same scenic production, star and cast as that with which it was given last year. The thrilling story, covering the birth of Christianity and the career of St. John the Baptist, allows ample opportunity both to the playwright and the scenic artist, and the management feel confident this particular play will strongly appeal to the audiences which will assemble next week. Miss Morey again heads the cast and the company is said to be entirely capable throughout. This is the fourth season of "The Holy City" and its success is said to be as strong as during any previous year.

Our old friend, James O'Neill of "Monte Cristo" fame, has ventured into New York at last, and with a production of "Virginius." Being called before the curtain for a speech, he made the following remarks:

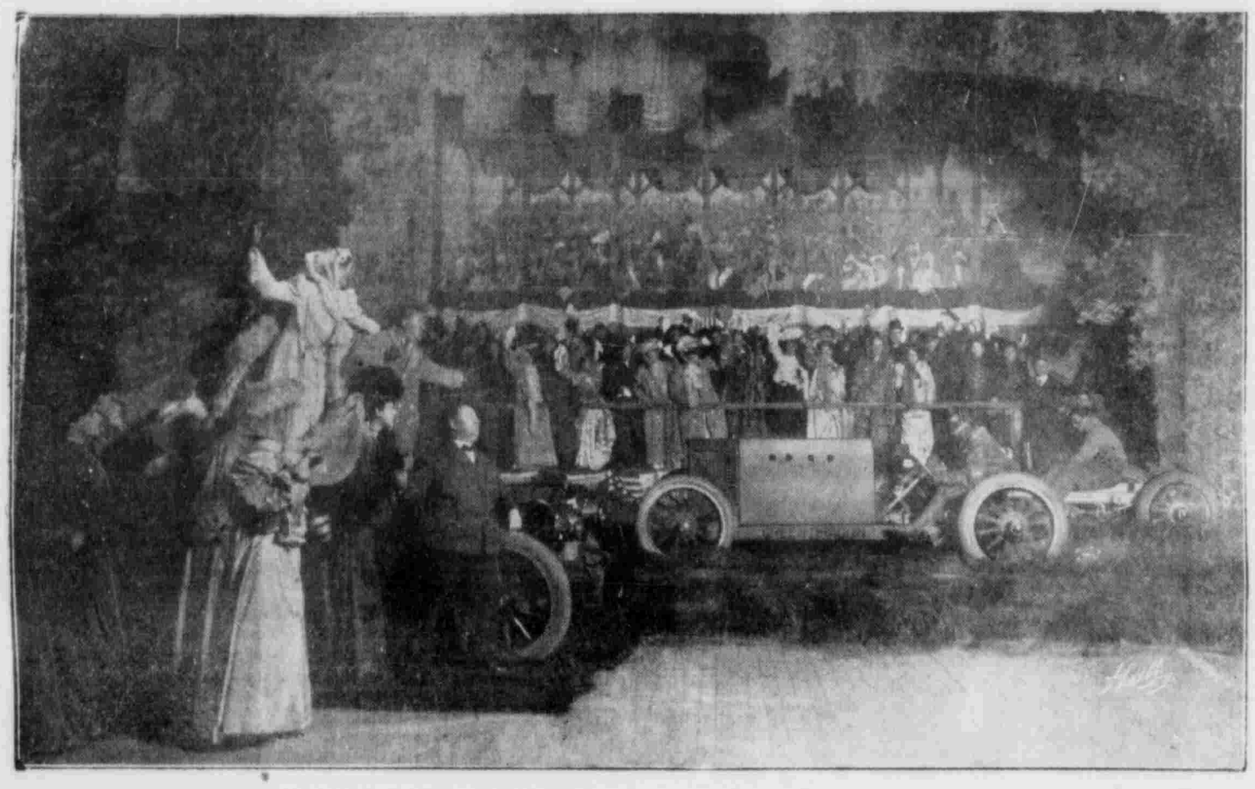
"I thank you," he said, "for your generous appreciation. Though for the last thirty years I have occupied a somewhat conspicuous position on the stage, I have seldom visited New York. I am sure I don't know why. I am no worse than other actors.

"Tonight's greeting encourages me to say that I intend to be back among you every year of the few years that are still left to me, playing something of this sort, and when I depart for that bourn from which no traveler returns I trust you may be able to say of me—

"'Ah, well, he could do something else than act dear old Monte Cristo.'"

John Hare, the English actor, has announced his intention to retire from the stage within a year. In September he will begin a farewell tour of the provinces and then give his last performance in London. Mr. Hare is 63 years old, and retires from the footlights with a long and brilliant theatrical career behind him. He played at the Prince of Wales' Theater for 19 years, and then assumed the management of the Court Theater, which he retained from 1875 to 1879. During the next nine years he managed the St. James' Theater with the Kendals. In 1888 W. S. Gilbert built the Garrick Theater for him, which he leased for a period. He took the management of the Globe in 1898, where he produced Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," a play with which he subsequently toured Great Britain and the United States. On March 4 of last year he opened the Duke of York Theater with "The Great Conspiracy," playing the title-role. Although Mr. Hare visited the United States many times, he never met with the same financial success as some other English actors of less ability.

The report comes from London that Irishman the following conundrum: "Now, Mike, suppose that Lucifer was sure of us both. Which would he take first, do you think?" The Irishman looked thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "Yer honor, I think he'd take me." "Why?" I asked, "Bennuse he's always sure of you."



BARNEY OLDFIELD'S GREAT RACING SCENE.

In "THE VANDERBILT CUP," The Great New York Broadway Theater Musical Comedy Success.

Ned Royle's New Play Produced in New York.

Thursday night of this week saw the first New York production of Ned Royle's new morality play entitled "The Struggle Everlasting." The New York correspondent of the "News" wired last night that the critics' opinions were somewhat mixed, but the general tone seemed to be that the American stage had witnessed a distinct departure in the way of dramatic creations, and that the piece would ride to success. The report adds: "The New York Times gives it the best verdict and says: 'It is a curiously interesting play, despite some crudities of construction, and its third act spins threads of material existence into woof of tragedy. There is only time now for a few words in regard to the acting, but Miss Florence Roberts is to be credited with a highly impressive performance of the role of "Body." Mr. Arthur Byron who assumed the part of "Mind" gives a very admirable expression of the role. Robert Peyton Carter and Joseph Adelman were especially effective. The play will be talked about and it deserves to be. It is one of the most important works that an American dramatist has yet produced in that it attempts to vitalize, through the medium of the stage, our public conscience.' The Tribune and Sun's estimates are less encouraging."

Mr. Royle's family in this city had received no word from him, but had a letter from Mrs. Royle, who wrote after a dress rehearsal out of town, that the performance promised exceedingly well. Dr. Sinclair Royle, brother of the author, wired after the performance Thursday night that it was a big success. The New York Herald of Sunday last, in foreshadowing the production said:

"Mr. Royle's work would seem to invite comparison with its ancient prototype, "Everyman," which achieved success here as presented by Mr. Ben Greet's company; but that remains to be seen. Its chief characters are Mind, played by Mr. Byron; Body, which Miss Roberts will impersonate, and Soul, which first appears as a baby and then in the person of Mr. De Witt Jennings.

Obvious as the allegory may be, the fact that the characters wear the garb of today, are placed in a modern environment and illustrate a story of modern conditions, piques the curiosity. The advance announcements are that its locale of the play is "within ourselves," although scenically it is in a wilderness, in a university, in the world and "beyond." "One day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day" is the chief text. Thus Mr. Royle himself describes it:

"In all ages men have resorted to symbolism, parable, fable, allegory, to express universal truth, so I have employed symbolism to outline bodily the struggle always going on within ourselves between the physical, mental and spiritual in our natures. But I have tried to make the truth real, of today and now. To me truth is more impressive under a derby hat than under a plumed helmet. You are respectfully requested to believe in eternity, and as mind is akin to soul I have taken the liberty of making them brothers."

Miss Roberts last season came practically unknown to Broadway and appeared in "The Strength of the Weak." It is well remembered and will insure her a respectful hearing this time."

THEATER GOSSIP

Lionel Barrymore, who has been spending 18 months in Paris as an art student, returned to New York on Sept. 7.

Julia Marlowe is now traveling in Switzerland and expects to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land before returning to begin her season in November.

William Faversham returned to New York last Tuesday from his English country home at Childingfold, Surrey. He left Wednesday afternoon to join "The Squaw Man" company at Duluth, Minn. He will appear in a new western drama next March.

Mrs. Fiske has returned to New York from her vacation in California. She was recently benefitted by the rest following her 18,000 miles tour of the United States and Canada, which did not end until the middle of July. Mrs. Fiske's next season will open at Norfolk, Va., on Oct. 18.

Klaw & Erlanger will produce Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "The Chilliean's Victory," in the Knickerbocker theater, Monday, Sept. 30. In the cast will be Howard Kyle, W. H. Crompton, Fred Thorne, Miss Edith Taliaferro and Davenport Seymour.

Joseph Brooks will present Lillian Russell in her new racing drama, "Wildfire," at the Grand Opera house in Cincinnati Monday evening, Sept. 30. The scenes of the new piece are laid in Hempstead, Long Island, and the plot hinges on the trials of a pretty young widow who has inherited a racing stable from her first husband.

Klaw & Erlanger's production of Eugene B. Presbrey's dramatic version of Sir Gilbert Parker's widely read novel, "The Right of Way," will be presented at His Majesty's theater in Montreal Monday evening, Oct. 7. The production will be one of the most conspicuous of the season and will receive its New York premier at a Broadway theater in November. Guy Standing will play the role of Charley Steele and Theodore Roberts, Joe Portugais.

Chauncey Olcott tells this good story: American travelers in Ireland make a point of extracting spontaneous Irish wit and often are rewarded. I once stopped a peasant to make inquiries about Blarney castle. Receiving the information, I gave the

MARGARET ILLINGTON IN "THE THIEF."

Margaret Illington, who is Mrs. Daniel Frohman in private life, is playing in New York in support of Kyrle Bellew in "The Thief," a play offering from Paris by Henri Bernstein. Miss Illington gives a splendid rendition of the part of the guilty wife, Mme. Voysin, in this rather unusual play and in the passages where great emotion is called for rises finely to the task set for her. She is an actress of great magnetism, the possessor of a charming personality and gifted with the rare accomplishment of feeling the character she represents.

LUELLA MOREY,

As Salome in "The Holy City," Grand Theater, week starting Sept. 29th.

WHY AMERICAN PLAYS FAIL IN LONDON.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the famous playwright, now in New York, gives the following as the reason why American successes may not succeed in London:

"I am persuaded that there is no conscious spirit of unfriendliness among English playgoers toward American actors and plays. This season 'Brewster's Millions' and 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' have been warmly received in London. A play that has been a great success in America may be a failure in London for one of the following reasons:

"First—If it deals with a phase of life or with characters that are unfamiliar or uninteresting to a cockney audience. If there are creatures on Mars we could scarcely take any interest in their affairs on the stage, except that of mere curiosity. I saw 'The Cenci' rapturously received on the stage of a London theater. But the audience was the entire Shelley society and their friends. Outside that particular audience it would probably be received with coldness and dislike and it certainly would not run a week.

"Second—If it is played by actors and actresses that are unknown to the London playgoer, who looks down the cast in the newspaper and does not see the name of his favorites.

"Third—If it is produced at an unlucky or unsuitable theater, or at the wrong time of the year.

"Fourth—If it is a serious play. A piece of fun or bright nonsense is far more likely to capture London audiences than a play that demands from them sustained thought and attention. A year or two ago I showed that not a single serious play of modern English life had been a pecuniary success on the London stage for some four or five years. Have matters been much better during the last season? Let those of your readers answer who have recently visited the London theaters.

"Failure on the London stage need not imply anything except that London theatergoers are careless about the drama. A fine revival of 'Othello' by Mr. Lewis Waller only ran three weeks last season. After that neither American nor English playwrights need feel themselves slighted.

"I think, however, that American playgoers may claim that they show far greater generosity and alertness toward foreign work than do London playgoers. And I believe that this wise spirit of tolerance and appreciation which American playgoers are showing and which none can more gratefully acknowledge than I—I believe that this wise receptivity will indirectly aid the development of the American drama."

IN LONDON THEATERS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Possibly the present theatrical season in London, like its immediate predecessor, will go down to history as essentially an "American" one. At any rate, the new year in the playgoing world here has opened with the Transatlantic influence strongly marked. The first new play to be given was a Transatlantic winner—Jones' "Hypocrites," and in another fortnight we shall have "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Haymarket. Moreover of the two important productions of the present week, one has an American star in the person of Maxine Elliott, while the other boasts a heroine from the land of the dollar.

The last mentioned piece is Seymour Hicks' new offering, "The Gay Gordons," and most people who are familiar with the author's methods confidently expected that in addition to its Transatlantic central figure, the piece would be supplied with several of the latest American songs, renamed, slightly rewritten and interpolated without the slightest acknowledgment to their authors. But this time Hicks appears to have resisted temptation, for, so far as my knowledge goes, there is not a single stolen American ditty in "The Gay Gordons." With this actor, however, one never is certain, for I remember being assured by an American friend that his "Mr. Chamberlain" song in "The Beauty of Bath," which everyone here supposed had been written by Hicks, actually came from America, like "Cheyenne," which was utilized in the same piece, and originally eulogized some popular idol at home.

Perhaps he erred in being virtuous this time, for what "The Gay Gordons" badly needs, at present, is a few of exactly the kind of songs that the American authors upon whom Hicks generally battens have the trick of writing. Evidently Guy Jones, who has set the new piece to music, is not another Ivan Caryll or a Lionel Monckton, and lilting melodies are "to seek" in his score. But apart from this defect—which can easily be remedied when the piece crosses the Atlantic—"The Gay Gordons" really is capital and will crowd Frohman's Aldwych theater for a long time to come.

True, it is the old bag of tricks which has been reopened at the Aldwych. But this time Hicks has made the time-worn materials serve him uncommonly well and deserves full credit for deft work as author, producer and actor. Let us be grateful to him, likewise, for an American heroine who is just a lovable girl (without even much of an accent) instead of the monstrosity which commonly results when a British writer attempts to draw a Yankee damsel or an English actress essays to represent one. Hicks' wife (Ellaline Terriss) plays the part of Peggy Quainton of New York, and makes this American heiress quite charming, while William Lugg, who takes the part of her millionaire father, is likewise unobjectionable, limiting his "Americanism" to a broad-brimmed hat and an occasional "bully" or "gee."

But talk about impersonation! This favorite device of the musical comedy writer is pushed to its uttermost limits in "The Gay Gordons," the hero, heroine, and practically all the other important characters having masqueraded as someone else before the end is reached. Peggy Quainton, the American girl, begins it by swapping clothes with a gipsy and making the latter impersonate her at a big party which her father, Andrew Quainton, who has leased "Meltrose castle," is giving that evening. This action of Peggy's is taken with a view of discovering the motives of several young aristocrats who are to be at the ball, but who have not yet been presented to her; for the Yankee heiress dreads fortune hunters. In fact, she "bars" all titles so far as matrimony is concerned, and declares that she will return to New York "either as Miss or plain Mrs."

You will not need to be told that her act has unexpected results. Nor will you be surprised to learn that there is an unknown heir to the Meltrose estate lurking about in the person of Angus Graeme, a private in "The Gay Gordons," and that he falls in love with Peggy, whom he supposes to be a gipsy. But all this is very charmingly managed and the first act ends with Graeme discovering that he is the real Earl of Meltrose and rich to goodness knows how many thousands of pounds per annum. Now, however, there is the American girl's insuperable prejudice against a title to be dealt with. It really is a terrible thing, this prejudice, and most of the second act is taken up with the young earl's attempts to conceal his rank from his fiance until he can marry her.

To this end he changes uniform with one of the officers of his regiment, and Peggy who has discovered the trick, to punish him dresses up as her own brother and reads him a lecture, and there is all kinds of bother. Finally, however, Peggy discovers that Angus didn't know he was an earl when he first made love to her, and this makes all the difference and so there is a "Scotch marriage" in the gloaming, and—curtain! When the curtain is raised again the stage is quite deserted save for a little cupid, seated, victorious, on the castle steps.

You will enjoy "The Gay Gordons," I think. At the Aldwych, Hicks, who revels in this sort of thing, piles on the sentiment to an extent that few American audiences would stand for. But London likes that, too. However, he has written uncommonly good parts for Ellaline Terriss and himself, in which American players will be able to shine. And though the scene is Scotland, there isn't a "hoot" or a "laddie" from start to finish!

* * *

Oddly enough there is quite a curious similarity between "The Gay Gordons" and H. V. Esmond's "Under the Greenwood Tree," produced this week at the Lyric theater with Maxine Elliott in the principal part. No one, not even the actors, knew quite what to make of the piece, but everybody manifestly enjoyed it, and enjoyed the stately beauty of the American actress. The play seems to have been written around her and nicely calculated to show off her beauty, and she takes full advantage of it. She is pictured as a millionaire orphan, pestered to distraction with demands for charity, and proposals of matrimony. She flees from it all and buys a gipsy's van and lives in the woods with her sarcastic secretary, rhapsodizing over the flowers and the birdies, following the simple life on sardines and lobster, and arrayed in gipsy clothes when she isn't in a particularly chic Parisian bathing costume. The young squire on whose lands she trespasses comes to drive off the interloper and remains to adore. He is knocked on the head by tramps, who tie the beauteous orphan to a tree and steal the solid silver accessories of her simple life. She is rescued by her secretary, nurses the wounded squire and before the curtain falls, has promised to marry him.

Unless Miss Elliott misinterpreted Esmond's intention, it would appear that he was in earnest when he wrote her part, and that he had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote the other parts, especially that of the secretary, which is full of witty satire. It is rather puzzling when a play is irresponsibly fantastic and impossible and mocking at one moment, and mild realistic melodrama the next moment. Mary Jerrold who, I believe, is a granddaughter of that distinguished man of letters, Douglas Jerrold, and who has been practically unknown to the London stage hitherto, made a marked success of the part of the secretary.

CURTIS BROWN.

TABOOMANIA.

English Journal Suggests Phrases Which Must Not Be Used.

Mr. Punch is so powerfully impressed by the action of the lord chamberlain in suppressing all performances of the "Mikado" (and thereby throwing into confusion a large number of provincial theatrical engagements) that he is moved to follow suit, says London Punch. He, therefore, forbids his readers, all and several, and the British public at large, to continue the laceration of national and foreign susceptibilities by the employment in speech, writing, singing, grammaphoning, or marconigram of any expressions appearing in the subjoined list.

"To take French leave."

"Made in Germany."

"Castles in Spain."

"He is full of Dutch courage."

"Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar."

"He's a regular Turk."

"Spoiling the Egyptians."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"

"Lo, the poor Indian!"

"For ways that are dark, the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

"Go to Jerico!"

"They didn't know everything down in Judee."

"Caledonia, stern and wild."

"How very Hibernian!"

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!"

"To behave like a boor."

John Bull has so many ententes on hand just now that Mr. Punch is living in momentary terror lest any of them should be imperiled by some chance and indiscret illusion dropped at a little Peddington penny-reading. What if the republic of Haiti, say, should get wind of the same! He feels, in fact, that the thoughtless whistling of a Peckham schoolboy may precipitate an international conflict, in the present electrical state of the political atmosphere, and is therefore, constrained to appoint himself censor-in-chief.

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