# At the Theaters

FRANCES STARR IN "THE EASIEST WAY" AT THE BRANDEIS

ANTONIO SCOTTI AT THE BRANDEIS

EVA LANG IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" AT THE BOYD

ANNETTE KELLERMANN AT THE ORPHEUM

MADELINE WINTHROP IN "7 DAYS" AT THE BRANDEIS

HENRI FRENCH AT THE ORPHEUM



MARIE HART AT THE ORPHEUM

HALL AT THE AMERICAN

CHORUS IN HANLON'S "SUPERBA" — AT THE ERUG

PEARL CHARLTON SEWARD AT THE ERUG

EILEEN SHERIDAN AT THE GAIETY

## What Miss Lang Must Memorize

IN THE practical as well as the theoretic life," wrote William James, "the man or woman whose acquisitions stick in memory is the man or woman who is achieving and advancing, whilst his neighbors, spending most of their time in relearning what they once knew but have forgotten, simply hold their own. A. Charlemagne, a Luther, a Leibnitz, a Walter Scott for example, in short any of your quarto or folio editions of mankind, must needs have amazing retentiveness of the purely physiological sort. Men without this retentiveness may excel in the quality of their work at this point or that, but will never do such mighty sums of it, or be influential contemporaneously on such a scale."

These wise words relative to the human memory from the greatest of American psychologists may serve as an introduction to a consideration of the tremendous work devolving upon the memory of actors in general and the leading player in a stock company in particular. The facts indeed are really staggering. Take for example what is required of Miss Eva Lang of the company at the Boyd. Those who saw her charming exposition of the role of Cyprienne in "Divorcons" would say offhand:

"A pretty little part, requiring of course a most deft light comedy touch, but not really involving any great effort upon the part of Miss Lang and her associate players."

In this statement would inhere a measure of truth. One may ignore just now the consideration that is as great an achievement or nearly so at least, to be a brilliant light comedienne as a tragic actress and that it is a not much greater strain to laugh and cry softly than to emote violently, although most people fancy otherwise, but one is deep in the wrong if he imagines it a light task to learn a role like Cyprienne. At that it is not the longest part Miss Lang has mastered in a very few hours' study this season; in fact, it is a mere trifle of ninety "sides" or about 9,000 words. Hark back, Oh Reader, to the days when you were going to school and were required to learn Webster's Reply to Hayne, or perhaps the Curfew selection. Do you remember how long it took you to commit to rote—you may have called it "to heart"—those short passages? Then pause and reflect how long it would take YOU to learn 9,000 words?

When you had learned these 9,000 verbatim and literatim you might amuse yourself learning all the cues involved. Perhaps for the sake of clearness it might be said that a "cue" is the word or phrase spoken by another actor which gives the one waiting in the wings the signal for entrance or for speaking when on the stage. Inasmuch as in most plays a leading player has a good many entrances and exits, it will be readily seen that many cues must be learned.

When all this has sunk into your consciousness your brain may be a trifle tired, but you are not done yet; not nearly. All these words in the several speeches and asides must be learned in relation to what some other actor or actress is saying, and while his or her part does not have to be committed to memory, yet it has to be pretty well grasped. Furthermore, the actress must also remember all the stage directions and all the "business" of the part. By stage directions are meant the crossings, the risings and sittings, the entrances and exits, all rather complicated and of the utmost essentiality to an actor. The business of a part involves the handling of all the properties and whatever a player does aside from actually speaking or rising or sitting. This is of just as much importance as the spoken lines, more so sometimes—AND IT, TOO, MUST ALL BE REMEMBERED.

The tale is not yet done. While Miss Lang is learning one role she is playing another and both must be kept in memory and, of course, one not confused with the other. It is not a new theme, the hours which a player in stock must work in playing eleven performances a week and rehearsing all the rest of the time—that is, all but a few hours for sleep and parts of hours stolen from needed sleep—to study and memorize new parts. But while hours required in a theater are much talked of, it is little considered how much must be remembered, what a task is set to the memory. How well Miss Lang answers this test may be remarked here parenthetically. In Cyprienne last Sunday she was letter perfect at the first performance. Nor is hers, as shall be told later, a particularly good memory, generally speaking, or as human memories go.

Here are a few impressive facts about the requirements she fulfills:

In the first play of this fall, "Love Watches," there were 127 pages or "sides" in the manuscript part of Jacqueline. This means no less than 12,700 words which had to be committed to memory. In "Such a Little Queen" Miss Lang had to learn 11,609 words. In the "Girl of the Golden West," Miss Lang will have to memorize about 8,000 words and in the first act of this play she must handle no less than 122 different "props" and, mind you, must REMEMBER when and in what order and in what connection each is to be handled.

As Phyllis in "Classmates" where the girl's role is really subordinate, Miss Lang had only a little trifle like 5,600 words to learn "by heart." Even relatively to other party this was far from a snap because the role did not altogether appeal to Miss Lang and she found it harder to memorize that, some longer parts have been.

Now many people have a most mistaken idea regarding the faculty of memory. It is a popular delusion that the practise of committing words to memory improves the faculty itself, and that therefore as an actress learns more and more parts her memory grows better and better, and so according to this argument Miss Lang ought now to be enjoying marvelous powers of recollection and recall. This delusion is so widespread and so firmly held that one refuting it may well call to his support the testimony of the experts. The world's greatest psychologists, Wundt at Leipsic, Stumpf at Berlin, James, recently deceased, and Jastrow, another famous American, as well as all the others whose opinion counts, have taken pains to deny that the faculty of memory improves by use. An important qualification to this statement exists which will be set forth in a minute. Now read what James says on this:

"A plausible case (for the incorrect view) is always made out by saying that practice in learning words by heart makes it easier to learn new words in the same way. If this be true then what I have just said is false. But I am disposed to think the alleged facts untrue. I have carefully questioned several mature actors on the point, and all have denied that the practice of learning parts has made any such difference as is alleged. What it has done for them is to improve their power of learning a part systematically. Their mind is now full of precedents in the way of intonation, emphasis and gesticulation; the new words awaken distinct suggestions and decisions, are caught up into a pre-existing network, like the merchant's prices, or the athlete's score of 'records,' and are recollected easier, although the mere native memory is not a whit improved and is usually, in fact, impaired by age. It is a case of better remembering by better thinking."

Now Miss Lang cordially agrees with what the greatest American psychologist said on this subject; agreed with this view before she knew that the most eminent American authority had thus stated the case with his usual lucidity.

"Of course," said Miss Lang, "one improves in the method of studying a part. I get along much better, for instance, by doing my own cueing. But what you call 'actual retentiveness' does not improve a particle. I have learned better how to study a part—that is all. One has not much time to study. Saturday night during an act when I was not on in 'Classmates,' I committed the first act of 'Heidelberg.' Sunday afternoon and evening of course, I playing the first performances of 'Divorcons' and 'Classmates,' had been relegated to memorial limbo. Sunday night after the play I got home at midnight and studied until 3 a. m. Then I took some sleep. Monday afternoon we started in on the first rehearsal of 'Heidelberg.' This was a reading rehearsal and we all read our parts, every one in the cast, thus getting a general idea of his and the others' parts. I studied again Monday night and Tuesday night the same way after two performances that day and Wednesday afternoon at rehearsal I was letter perfect in the whole. Five hours actual study had done the trick."

In order to let the reader get an idea of what is involved in one speech only, in "Divorcons," one of the longer declarations by Cyprienne is appended. It covers about fifty-five typewritten lines and is therefore about 720 words long. Take a day off today and memorize it! It is only one speech, by the way. Says Cyprienne in the course of the first act:

"No, that is unprecedented—it is the complacency of the man. Oh you have well arranged things for your own convenience, Messieurs—it is charming—the social laws you have made, charming for you. They are young—they cut a dash—they frisk—amuse yourself, my son," says the mother. "It is your privilege." "Satisfy your appetite, my son," says papa. "It is for your health." And monsieur flits from blonde to brunette, to the auburn, and then when he is knocked out, exhausted—"Oh, I will marry." They throw in his arms a poor young girl—all trembling, all innocent—who has always hidden behind her mother's skirts—who knows nothing of life that is forbidden—of nature that is hidden—and of love, that which she can only imagine. And monsieur says to her when pressing her wearily in his tired arms: "Are you sufficiently happy to fall in the arms of a gay boy like me—no one loves more than I love, you—no embraces more energetically than I embrace you." And the poor young woman, who finds the embrace a little lukewarm, says in sighing: "What! only that? There is nothing better? I thought—that's droll however." The idiot is convinced, (she rises and crosses in front of the table to the left center) but the woman, the real woman, like me, Monsieur, says to herself: "What a farce! There is better than that. It is not for so little that one is in passion, exalted to folly, to crime; that one poisons oneself; that one kills, for one would never have exposed himself for such slight embraces, to a broken back and falling from a fourth floor, nor Leander to drowning in a stormy sea—for that sort of thing. The game would not be worth the candle. There is something else and much better." And that woman, Monsieur, looks, questions, studies, informs herself and after a thorough search and long study she is fitted to say plainly: "Come, come, you are a rogue and I have been cheated." (In front of ottoman, going right) I have been cheated, Monsieur, that is all. I have been cheated. Besides, it has to be so, it is like that everywhere. Marriage, what does it mean to veterans? For us it is an entrance to the campaign. At the convent I dreamed as an innocent girl of a marriage that realized a husband who would be at the same time a hero and my lover. I saw you, young, handsome, slight, elegant, all at once: by turn tender and fierce, slave and despot, and only ceasing to grovel at my feet, to bound upon me like a tiger and to bruise me in his crushing embrace. Instead of these exquisite things—nothing, never anything. The dull solitude, a swamp, the water flat and stagnant, the regular de-tac of the domestic cuckoo, the monotonous bubble of the conjugal broth which simmers gently on a low fire, and which I consume with ennui and indifferent appetite. Never the spice, never the biting acid. I make appeals to your heart. I cry to it. In the name of Heaven, Monsieur, I beg you for a few truffles, some champagne, some spice. You reply, "No, Madame. No! Only the millet, the world is really flooded. I suppose oatmeal would answer. If you please some spinach and some herbes (She throws herself upon the arm of a chair upon extreme right).

### Versatility.

It was a story, understand, for men with red blood in their veins, and the inevitable American in it was seemingly cornered.

"You have bitten off more than you can chew!" sneered the villain, with a strong Parisian accent.

The American's presence of mind did not desert him for a single solitary moment, however.

"Know that none of my race is unable to swallow without chewing!" he retorted, and, suiting the action to the word, he snatched victory from the jaws of defeat!—Puck.

## Swims Into Beauty and Robust Health

FROM a poor little weakling, listless and forbidding, to champion swimmer and diver and "perfect woman," is the life story of Annette Kellermann.

Miss Kellermann's career has been a remarkable one. Starting as a virtual cripple, at the age of 15 she was champion woman swimmer of Australia. Today she is the champion woman swimmer of the world in every class up to the twenty-six-mile fast swim. She has carried away every swimming honor in most of the countries of the world. At Melbourne she established a record when she swam two and a quarter miles in forty-six minutes. Later on she did five miles at an average of twenty-one minutes per mile. Going to England she won fame by swimming thirteen miles down the Thames river in three and a half hours. She was the first woman to attempt to swim the English channel. She did not succeed in crossing the channel, but made a record that stands today unbroken. For ten and a half hours she struggled against the ever-changing currents of the treacherous English channel.

When Miss Kellermann was 10 years of age she wore iron braces to keep her legs straight. After consulting various doctors and experts, her mother, who, by the way, discovered Mme. Melba, thought it would be a good idea to try nature's methods; so she put her daughter through a system of exercise. Five years later Miss Kellermann weighed forty pounds more. She grew to be a strong, healthy girl. She retires at 12:30 each night, is never seen in restaurants and is always accompanied by an aunt and companion. She has not varied one pound in weight during the last three and one half years.

Miss Kellermann is athletic and yet does not believe in athleticism that destroys womanly charm. She drives her own motor car, plays an excellent game of tennis, is a diabolo expert and clever fencer. She is now 22 years of age and has been in professional life six years.

As for swimming, she states that in her native land it is just the nursing bottle, then swimming and then school books. She attributes her health and physique to swimming and dancing. She is an ardent and enthusiastic practitioner of all that she preaches. Whatever she does, she does well. Her present ambition is to fence as well as she can swim and dive.

Swimming is, however, nearest the heart of this young woman. She insists that if more men and women would swim there would be less complaints about aches and pains in legs, arms and body. She urges the establishment of public swimming places in every city, with competent instructors in attendance. She scouts at the American idea of bathing suits.

"Over here they seem to think a woman must wear a skirt, shoes and stockings, while in Europe all swimmers wear regulation racing suits and never seem to think anything about it," she recently stated. She adds that in Europe the regulation bathing suit is a one-piece garment—a union suit—worn by men and women. She declares that Australia has the best swimmers because the public school officials take cognisance of swimming as part of the education of the young.

Dieting and exercise for women are favorite subjects with Miss Kellermann. She eschews meat almost entirely, but she adds with a wink, that when she does eat it she chews it vigorously. She eats her first meal at noon and eats much fish. Some wag has asked her whether her piscatorial diet has anything to do with her aquatic predelection. She advocates lemon and water in the morning, which prevents biliousness.

Next to swimming, Miss Kellarmann believes dancing is beneficial for women. She is a clever toe dancer herself.

Next to swimming, Miss Kellermann hates "states," aside from the coin and currency she is gathering, is ice cream. She actually recommends ice cream for all daughters of Eve.

As for Miss Kellermann's dives—she knows all of them and then a few. Her favorite is "the Australian splosh," which she describes for the benefit of Omaha women who may want to go to Carter lake, Y. W. C. A. pool or Lake Manawa:

"Jump straight out from the springboard, quickly double the legs under you and snap your arms around them. Don't try this if the springboard is more than ten feet above the water. Strike the water all doubled up, and, believe me, it's fine."

Back in Australia Miss Kellermann used to dive from points as high as seventy-five feet over the water, but in recent years she has given up the high dives.

Another word from Miss Kellermann to Omaha women:

"The habit of women smoking cigarettes is growing all over the world. I advise against it because the tissues of a woman's throat and lungs are too fine to withstand the constant effect of the most deadly of all poisons, nicotine."

It may be stated that Miss Kellermann is 22 years of age, weighs 137 pounds and is 5 feet, 3¾ inches in height. Her aunt, who is her constant companion, is much larger than the fair swimmer.

### Active Woman Labor Commissioner.

Mrs. Blanche H. Mason of Seattle, Wash., is assistant labor commissioner in a department for women and children in her state, and it is owing to her work that women in stores have seats, that the ten-hour law is not violated, and that winter she will try to have enacted an eight-hour law and the messenger service law re-enacted that provides that no boy under 18 years of age be allowed such work.

SAM J. CURTIS AND CO. AT THE AMERICAN

## Hopwood Strong for Fresh Air

NOT for three years has Avery Hopwood, the playwright, spent a night indoors. He sleeps in the open. Not only does he spend his night in the free air, but most of his days, too, and every bit of his writing is done out of doors. Mr. Hopwood's share of "Seven Days" was written in a tent.

Mr. Hopwood relates that when two years ago last spring it came to getting down to work on "Seven Days," he was especially in need of bracing up, having had a particularly trying winter. There was no time for a holiday in the mountains, and anyway the author lived in the country, his preference in that respect resembling that of many writers and artists. His home is a farm at Croton-on-Hudson. Here he maintains a bachelor establishment. He purchased the farm because it combined many features necessary to the dramatist—country and nearness to New York, his market place.

Making the best of necessity, Mr. Hopwood determined to bring the mountain air to himself. It was all about his farm, coming from the glorious heights of the Hudson, so all he had to do was to get out in it.

He set up a big tent in the orchard where the ground fell gently to a brook. Mr. Hopwood was not courting hardship, therefore he put a comfortable bed in his tent. Not a cot, but a bed with good springs and mattress. Also he had a board floor. A writing table was made of a plank on uprights, or horses, and there were arrangements for hanging clothes. Thus equipped Mr. Hopwood moved out of the house and into the tent. It was early spring and the nights were chilly, but he didn't mind. His first trouble was from a different source. The singing of the birds in the morning awakened him too early, but soon he grew accustomed to that melody. Not once was the flap of the tent closed. Gale or calm, rain or sunshine, the tent was open to the weather except overhead.

Up at 6 o'clock every morning, a barefoot run to a nearby pool for a plunge, a two-mile jaunt, breakfast, four hours of work, luncheon, two hours more of work, then canoeing, dinner, motoring through the Hudson valley, over the hills, and bed, was Mr. Hopwood's routine all summer. He enjoyed the life greatly, and was benefited by it, so when winter came he still kept in the tent, and did not even put in a stove, but warmly clad he worked there as formerly, sometimes with the snow blowing over his paper as he wrote.

From the time Mr. Hopwood took possession of the tent the only purpose his farm house has served is as a dining room. He takes his meals in the house.

"And when I am away from home," says the writer of clever plays, "I sleep on the roof, be it an hotel roof or another, the only stipulation being that it does not slope too steeply."

Mr. Hopwood recommends out of door living and sleeping for every one, and judging from the freshness and brightness and wholesomeness of "Seven Days" it is an excellent way for writers to live.


### Babies Strangled

by croup, coughs or colds are instantly relieved and quickly cured with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and $1.00. For sale by Beaton Drug Co.