

At the Theaters



EDITH ALLEN AT THE ORPHEUM



MISS DORIS MITCHELL IN 'THE SPENDTHRIFT' AT THE BRANDEIS



MABEL FORD AT THE ORPHEUM



MISS BETTY DELNO AT THE ORPHEUM



JAMES J. CORBETT WITH 'GEO. EVANS KINSTRELS' AT THE BRANDEIS



LUCY DALY AT THE KRUG



ENVILLE ALDERSON AT THE BOYD



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER COINCIDING IN 'JUMPING JUPITER' AT THE BRANDEIS



WARD AND VOKES AT THE KRUG

Marie Doro Finds New Girl Type

MARIE DORO has shaken hands with a new type of American girl. She has made great friends with her, has had an hospitable clash of mind to mind with her, and now Miss Doro is busying herself day and night making known her new girl friend to all her old girl friends.

Wherever you see Marie Doro, in the theater or at home, you are most likely to find her arm in arm with the newest development of the newest kind of an American girl. Everybody's mind's eye carries a picture of Miss Doro—an armful of mental and spiritual animation, with eyes so luminous and hungry that in looking at their owner one does not see the rest of the face—not even the perfectly outlined nose nor the finely turned oval contour that ends in a sensitive artist's chin.

The American girl, that often sits beside her—the new type that is soon destined to command all eyes in woman's horizon—is not unlike Miss Doro nor yet altogether like her. She only resembles Miss Doro to the extent that there is always some of ourselves in everybody whom we discover. Like the surprisingly sensible little philosopher that she is, Miss Doro's happiness in discovering a new specimen of feminine juvenility, right here in America, is far greater than any joy that she could feel from the achievement of any stage triumph for herself, however great.

As she delightfully presents her new friend—her whom all keen-minded Americans will soon recognize as the ultimate development of their finer selves—she accompanies the introduction with the most judicious comment that it is a thousand times better to find out another example of girl genius than to become one yourself—because, don't you see, you can become only one at best, but you may bring others to light in numbers.

All the while Miss Doro's friend stands by as the third member of the introduction—as yet talking, not even visible in form, but distinctly present, thanks to Miss Doro's vivid description of her.

"I call her the super-girl. She is to the average American girl what Nietzsche's super-man is to the ordinary man. Her path through life is straight through the road of fullest expression that leads to the palace of wisdom.

"She easily gives full bent to every square inch of her brain, realizing that youth is the period of formation. She refuses to become grov, set or rigidly conventional—knowing that blind adherence to convention ends either in ossified development or in utter stagnation. She has a face stamped with the happiness of a child, she has the sprightliness of a beam of light, the conversational brilliancy of a cosmopolite, but she is an innocent as a life itself. She is silly; she is serious; now she talks cheerfully, now gloomily, she expresses as many sides of her nature as there are sides to life. The only thing that she never is—is dull. She never tries to be consistent because she knows that only the dead are consistent."

"Can you name any living example of the super-girl?" asked the interviewer.

"Yes, Emeline Twimbley—or rather, Emeline Twimbley is her forerunner. I know many Emeline Twimbleys right here in New York. They are not necessarily the girls who have been ahead, but they possess a breadth, a range of expression; they articulate themselves with a fitness freedom and variety that may come of much travel, rubbing elbows with many strange people in short, multiplying one's finest emotions with life."



MABEL LESLIE AT THE GAYETY

"That's a good phrase, Miss Doro. Does that epitomize your idea of the American super-girl?"

"No, it doesn't, but thank you just the same," was the answer. "It is only an approach to what I mean. Because, you see, the super-girl in her fullest development is only approaching our American life. She is blazing out a path for herself, but she is not yet quite acclimated by her sisters—any more than was Nietzsche's super-man grasped by the world until Bernard Shaw appropriated the idea. She breathed the breath of life into a super-man instead of talking about super-men, but the character on the stage, and at once we all loved him."

"Then you think that we must look to the stage for the revelation of the super-girl?"

"Not for the revelation, but for the representation of her. Social conditions will produce her and the stage will reproduce her. You just wait a bit. Some playwright will build upon Mr. Gillette's 'Electricity' and every tongue in the land will be discussing the super-girl as once we were all talking of the super-man."

"But I don't quite see yet how she will differ from any other bright, adventuresome American girl," interjected the interviewer, feeling himself ever so stupid, but with his curiosity quickened.

"But how could you after any amount of explaining?" said Miss Doro sympathetically, leaning very far forward from the edge of her dressing room chair. "I don't expect you to; when she comes you will know her; you won't need explanations. You will say to yourself—in chorus with everybody else—'Here is something new under the sun.' But not until then. Do you suppose any amount of explaining or illustration would have pictured the modern college bred, out-of-door loving American girl to the white capped, primly dressed, shoeing and thonging Puritan lassies of early New England days? No; the wheel of humanity turns, and although the potter always uses pretty much the same clay, the images he makes change with the changing years."

"Styles change as frequently in individual types as in the dresses of individuals. Our average American man today is of a totally different caliber from the average American of, say, the civil war period. You can see it in a single glance at old war time photographs. Take an American today and an American of thirty years ago; both are Americans; but what was American then is not American today. By the same evolution the typical American girl today will not be at all the typical American girl of five years from now. She will not be so conscious of her sex or of herself; she will not feel herself necessarily reminded that she is 'just a woman'; she will find herself greatly emancipated—not by the exercises of the voice, but by the exercise of her fullest responsibilities—as men do—and carry them through. But above all she will be thoroughly feminine—but she will have a fuller, more rounded life than the girl of today, because she will have a greater zest for life. Expression of her best self will be her watchword—"

Evans Tells His Stage Story

A PITTSBURGH traveling man was signing his name on the register of a little hotel in Madison Court house, Orange county, Virginia.

"Any show here tonight?" he inquired of the clerk.

"I don't know that you're rightly call it a show," replied the hotel man. "There's two young fellows, who allow they're college students, who've got the proprietor to let 'em have the parlors and give what they call Shakespearean readings. I'll bet it's a bum show."

Failing to find other employment the commercial traveler half unwillingly joined that evening a company of twenty or twenty-one people who assembled in the parlors of the hotel. Afterwards he described the evening as follows:

"The first part wasn't so bad. A young fellow came on and did a Dutch monologue that was a scream, but the second guy was a citron sure. What do you think he gave us? A line of lingo from Hamlet or some other of those sad shows, and then he did another line of talk just as bad and just as sad about 'mercy'."

"They had a dog with them that did some tricks and this was fair, too, but that second fellow! Every time I see the name of Shakespeare in print it makes me think of him. And, say! you ought to have seen the two of them then morning. Hauled back to school by a deputy sheriff in a wagon. They had run away and the school people got wind of where they were and wired to have 'em arrested."

This narrative is a truthful account of the initial dramatic essay of Edwin Evans of the Eva Lang company at the Boyd. He was the second man of the troupe which consisted of the other student, the dog and Mr. Evans. It played an engagement of three nights at three different hotels and his Mr. Jeffries it never came back. Mr. Evans is the sole survivor. His companion was drowned some years later and the dog died of disgust.

Returning to school in this heroic fashion, Evans stayed a student—a courtesy title, he says—for six months. Then he left for Washington and "went into the business regular," as the same traveling man would have said. In Washington he secured a place in the Berger Stock company of which Percy Haswell and Eugene Ormande were the bright particular luminaries.

Next came an engagement with a repertory company which met the usual end. Then Evans secured a place in the George Fawcett Stock company in Baltimore, and here his real theatrical career began. He worked up to playing leading juveniles and parts like Carlos in "Othello" and that gay Mercutio whose line he quotes.

An interlude followed. It might be called a scholastic intermission, for Mr. Evans now went for two and a half years to William and Mary college at Williamsburg. In this the second oldest college in the United States, he followed the Roger Bacon tradition rather than the Jefferson-Madison hard study example. It was two and one-half years of foot ball playing, and managing college dramatics and playing parts in

these plays, rather than grinding away at the Latin and Greek and higher mathematics to which William and Mary reverently and tenaciously clings.

One day during a lull in athletics and when no play was in prospect it all rather bored him, his nostrils became hungry for the smell of grease paint and his soul hungered for the balm of applause. So Mr. Evans once more shook the campus for the stage. He reached Baltimore unheralded and arriving at the Fawcett company theater, walked in and announced, "I've come for a job."

Two years more here and then a try at New York. Mr. Evans was fortunate enough to get a start with Harrison Fleke and his first New York part was in Bertha Kalich's production of "Fedora." When this ended he spent a few weeks with the Manhattan company when Mrs. Fleke and her husband staged "Salvation Nell." In this Mr. Evans played the ambulance interne and understudied the man who played the high bred lover, not of course, the role of Jim in which Holbrook Blinn shone.

The other day in Mr. Evans' dressing room two other men were talking of Mrs. Fleke and one of these—an objectionable person—had to murmur something about Mrs. Fleke's "distinct enunciation."

Mr. Evans interrupted.

"Once," said he. "Mrs. Fleke said to me, 'you did that very nicely.' Now I understood that perfectly. I hold her enunciation quite clear and distinct."

Mr. Evans did not stay with the Manhattan company after it left New York that year, and he was not in the cast when "Salvation Nell" was given at the Burwood season before last. After this Mr. Evans played about two years with the J. H. H. well stock company at Columbus, and might have been there now if Howall had not given up stock production. Last summer he took a dash into musical comedy and played at Dayton and Springfield, O., in the Red Musical Comedy company, a summer stock affair.

Coming to Omaha, his first assignment was a stiff one. He had to negotiate Ernest, the book worm lover in "Love Watches." It is a Sol Smith Russell sort of part and not at all like that for which a leading juvenile is usually called upon. Since then he has had a variety of roles, mostly more in his line and he has rung the bell at every show, as he did, for that matter in the "Love Watches" part.

Mr. Evans is the son of a clergyman of the Episcopal church and is a native of Virginia, where his ancestors used to flirt with Pocahontas. His father would have rather seen him in holy orders than on the stage, but has quite reconciled himself to the departure from orthodox F. F. V. behavior.

Like many other actors, most of them perhaps, Mr. Evans has been occasionally hurled by the bumps in the road. But generally he has found a softer bed than that of the first night when he and the other fellow ran away from school. This first night they spent on the roadside, with their heads under a fence.

"This barb wire pillow is the limit," murmured the companion.

"Oh, say not so," urged Evans. "I'm a lovely hairbored hedge masted man."

Even the dog barked at this. This dog has since been replaced. "The new one is a lineal descendant of the wolf-dog which nursed Komulus and Remus," says his master. "If you don't believe it, come see him eat spaghetti."

Comes Pavlova, Queen of Dance

PAVLOVA of the Twinkling Toss, Pavlova, Queen of the Dance, is coming to Omaha. She and Michael Mordkina, will dance together on the Brandeis stage the evening of December 8.

Omaha has the Imperial Russian dancers but one evening. She created such a furore as New York had not known in a long time. A season of financial failures at the opera was turned into a golden success, although Anna Pavlova received \$1,000 for each night when she hovered like a fay across the Metropolitan stage.

Since then other entertainment providers have been scouring Russia to see if any other Russian dancers, even remotely approaching her and Norkine, could be found. Recently Pavlova appeared in Chicago, and not all the rhapsodic utterances which there greets and appreciates Sarah

Bernhardt, surpasses the fervid rhetoric in which pean on pean of praise was sung for Pavlova.

Merely to read of her dancing, together with Mordkina's, is to tempt one into verbal excess. To see her must be adjective-exhausting. Read a paragraph or two from one of the more conservative writers about her dancing:

"Pavlova, greatest artist of them all, fairly talks pastoriously. There are longness in her toes, in her legs, in her feet. The ends of those artistically turned fingers flash messages; though she is vocally silent, her whole being speaks. At times when she is at the climax of her dazzling dances, she appears a sort of fairy of mood, suddenly bounding through space as does the athlete; with toes a-twinkle and skirts swirling in the flash of shadowy legs, she comes a marvelous artist, a Russian creature who soars—Pavlova, Queen of the Dance."

The same writer, Pierre Van Henslaer Key, in the Cosmopolitan, thus describes her dancing with Mordkina:

"Supreme though she is in her soles, it is with Mordkina, premier of the Imperial Opera at Moscow, that Pavlova has gained immeasurable triumphs."



SARAH BERNHARDT OF 'THE LITTLE GIRL HE FORGOT' AT THE KRUG

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH. New York, November 2.