At the Theaters

Daphne Glenn
in "The Dollar Princess" at the Brandeis

MLLE RENEE at the Orpheum

EVA LANG in "Under Two Flags" at the Boyd

RICHARD CARLE in "JUMPING JUPITER" at the BRANDEIS

One of the FOUR PIANOS at the ORPHEUM

MME. ANNA PAVLOWA COMING AT THE BRANDEIS

MARIE STONE AT THE ORPHEUM

FAY COURTNEY AT THE KRUG

Edward Lynch
New Leading Man at the Boyd

WINNIFRED GREENE AT THE GAYETY

Mr Raymond Paine at the Krug

Miss Lang as an Actress of Diverse Roles

Several changes in the personnel of the Eva Lang company at the Boyd go into effect today and the departure of a number of players and the advent of their successors may serve as the occasion for a review of the stock season so far as it has advanced. Miss Lang and her associates have given twelve plays since Sunday, August 21, when the season of 1910-11 began with "Love Watches" as the first offering.

Since then the plays acted have been the following: "Such a Little Queen," "Caught in the Rain," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Christian," "The Late Mr. Jones," "Classmates," "Divorcons," "Old Heidelberg," "The Girl of the Golden West," "A Woman's Way" and "The Milk White Flag."

Five of these are light comedies, or they can be described as comedies of manners, the five being "Love Watches," "Such a Little Queen," "Caught in the Rain," "Divorcons," and "A Woman's Way." Two farces have been given, "The Late Mr. Jones" and the Hoyt play, just over. One offering, "Old Heidelberg," is commonly billed as a "comedy;" it is a romantic drama. "Classmates" is also catalogued on play bills as a "comedy;" it is a melodrama and so are "The Christian," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Girl of the Golden West." The list to date, therefore, has included five comedies, four melodramas, two farces and one romantic drama. Two more romantic dramas are to immediate prospect, "Under Two Flags," this week, and "The Squawman," beginning next Sunday.

The first of these, at least, should strictly speaking, be classified as melodrama, it being understood that no reflection is meant, although in the popular mind "melodrama" erroneously connotes the tank drama, the buzz-saw, the hopelessly improbable or impossible coincidence, the burning steamboat, or the wrecked railroad train.

Miss Lang has most often played charming young girl or young matron parts this season owing to a preponderance of comedies of manners. Such characters were Jacqueline and Cyprienne in the two plays of French architecture; Mrs. Stanton in the charming Thompson-Buchanan comedy, the heiress in the William Collier light comedy and also, though somewhat different, Queen Anne in the story of the expatriated sovereign which Channing Pollock created.

In this connection it may be noted that all five of these somewhat similar young women were differentiated one from another as characterized by Miss Lang. They were traits in common. They must needs have, because they are all of the same social order. Even the ex-queen of Herzegovinia is not unlike the others in respect to certain little matters of breeding. Queens do not handle a knife and fork—to use a homely illustration—a whit differently from a well-bred French girl or differently from the culinary technique of a New York society belle. There is a difference between all these in this and other respects from some other girls of France, America and other countries.

Now a stock actor or actress has great difficulty in making people see that her similar characters are really several different and differing people. The average spectator is not at the play house to look for so fine a point as this. He or she is there often for much the same reason as the Tired Business Man of theater page fame—to be amused. His or her critical and analytical faculties, if such the average spectator has, are in abeyance. He left 'em on the piano at home or checked them in the cloak room.

Furthermore the average and regular spectator has become pretty well acquainted with the faces of the actors in front of him. When he looks at the people on the stage he tends to see them, not to see the characters they are creating. If the actor or actress is playing a pronounced character part in which much makeup and false hair or the like has been used, he is still even striving to see the real person beneath. Such is the attitude or tendency.

So when an actress like Miss Lang is nearly all the time engaged in playing straight parts with no adventitious aid of makeup and artificial feature, the average spectator inclines to see just Miss Lang. True, an actress as good as Miss Lang soon has the spectator in her grip of illusion and is quickly convincing her whole audience; but even so the audience is seeing a physical woman identically like the physical woman whom they have seen often before and there is a failure to observe how different Jacqueline is from Cyprienne and the rich wife of the Buchanan play from Anne of Herzegovinia. That Miss Lang does differentiate all these like characters is an unquestioned fact, and the skeptic has only to pay particular attention to this point and he, too, will be convinced that Miss Lang's Jacqueline is one girl, her Cyprienne another.

It is commonly asserted that Miss Lang plays such a part better than any other. The assertion is at least open to question. All of us take sides in a theater for or against a character. Characters like these charming young girls or young wives we are all "for," just as we are all "against" the villain person and the adventuress. Consequently when a character is presented of the kind we naturally like best, when such a character is as charmingly presented as by Miss Lang, we are apt to think that this is her best work because we approve most highly of the finished product. In so thinking we are not deciding by absolute standards at all, but merely voting our personal liking. It is not much more than an individual whim, because it is not a critical judgment based on analysis or referred to aesthetic principles. Most popular verdicts with respect to plays and acting are in the same category. Judging Miss Lang's society girls and women by deeper measures, the popular verdict is to be re-echoed so far as it praises her playing such characters, but when the popular verdict says she is then at her best, or in any way then reaching her limit, the facts of the case should be scrutinized.

Passing by the two farces which afforded her no opportunity, nor the other actors much, for that matter, one may consider Miss Lang's exposition of types of more lowly life. Take, for instance, the peasant girl in "Old Heidelberg," the Salomy Jane sort of part in the "Golden West" play, and, to go back a season, to her acting of the title part of "Merely Mary Anne," which is one of the best things Miss Lang has ever done.

In these and other depictions of girls of humble class Miss Lang has hit the bull's-eye as accurately as when playing daughters of the well-to-do, for in these characters, as in all others she plays, she conceives the character not only with fidelity to the facts, but she conceives it sympathetically, and by sympathetically one means not with compassion, but in the literal sense of the word, which means "feeling with." Miss Lang, in other words, understands the feelings and emotions of the character and then portrays them. "Temperament," as the word is sometimes used, is just a synonym for "sympathy" in this original usage of the word.

A good many other aspects of Miss Lang's acting suggest themselves. One might comment on her technique, vocal, facial or gesticulatory. This is more commonly appreciated by her spectators and thus needs less to be expounded. With reference to the kinds of characters played by the leading woman of the Boyd Stock company, it is in order here to say that she will undertake this week and next two more exotics. Beginning today Miss Lang plays Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," a poor, wild, young thing who gives the last price one can pay, her life, for the object of her love. Next week another supreme sacrifice by another untutored soul, Nat-U-Rich, the Indian girl in "The Squawman." Both characters will afford test of her ability, and as such are gladly welcomed by her.

Mr. Harris last night played his last time with the Eva Lang company. He has been a decided success here, but he has preferred to sever his connection with the company and to go back to New York. His passing is sincerely regretted, but the outlook is excellent that his successor, Mr. Lynch, will fill the vacancy in admirable style. Mr. Harris has done some notable acting since his connection with the Boyd began. His John Storm in "The Christian" was a veritable tour-de-force and his playing of the princeling in "Old Heidelberg" a characterization to hold in grateful memory.

Lloyd Ingraham has also sung his swan song as a member of the company, for he is now interested in other dramatic work, a school, and will not act publicly for a long time, he hopes. Mr. Ingraham has not this fall duplicated his memorable success in "The Devil," but his playing in character parts has cemented the admiration which many have had for a long time for his acting. Occasionally he has been forced out of his metier into straight parts and he has got away with these pretty well, although such assignment is rather stiff for a character actor.

Mr. Selman, Mr. Evans, Miss Dubois and Miss Valentine remain with the company. Mr. Selman's best opportunity came in "The Lion and the Mouse," but he has done many smaller parts than the high financier with like credit. In "A Woman's Way" he gave a notably easy and smooth light comedy portrayal of a rich old boy and he was like the real thing, and neither a lay figure as many an actor would have been in the part, nor yet did he give a conventional characterization. Mr. Evans' acting was recently described at some length in these columns and he may be dismissed by saying that he is one of the most deservedly popular actors of the company. Miss Dubois, who in real life is Mrs. Selman, also had her best chance in the Buchanan play and achieved recognized success in the unsympathetic role of the gay widow.

Miss Valentine has had no chance to shine this season as brightly as she did when she played Wendy in "Peter Pan," but she never misses the mark whether she is playing big parts or just bits. She is a rare theatrical bird, an ingenue who always characterizes. Mostly they play themselves and themselves only.

Of the other members of the company young Mr. Withers comes to mind. He is comparatively a novice and is yet chiefly assigned to telepathic parts like butlers and footmen. But when he gets a line he sends it over and in "Such a Little Queen" had a brief minute, a tiny chance, but in which his acting was so good that it will remain in the memory of spectators after almost all the rest of the play has gone into memorial limbo. Mr. Fox distinguished himself in "A Woman's Way," playing the reporter as a stage reporter is almost never played—something like a real newspaper man.

Adam and Eve.

"I hope this expulsion of ours is not going to injure our social position," said Eve, ruefully.

"I guess not," replied Adam. "They can't stop us from being one of the very first families, whatever they do."

"I don't find our names here in the Social Register," said Eve, looking the volume over.

"Look under Dilatory Domiciles, my love," said Adam, as he went out and named the jackass after himself.—Harper's Weekly.

Four Fords Form Family Fairly Fleet-Footed

The Four Fords innocently furnish illustration of the old "wolf" story which appeared in McGuffey's Fourth Reader—or perchance the Fifth Reader—one's memory grows a little uncertain. But most people will remember about the boy who cried "wolf" for a joke and how the wolves really came at last and made a choice meal of him. Vaudeville teams have so long been calling themselves "brothers" or "sisters" that it is no wonder the public has grown skeptical and is now slow to believe that these two young men and two pretty girls are all own brothers and sisters, all offspring of the same father and mother. They really are, and if you do not believe it, and if you are an adventurous soul, why hunt up Mrs. Ford, the mother of all, the next time the quartet appears at the Orpheum, and ask her about it. Her rejoinder may be tart, but it will be explicit, and it will have an air of ringing finality.

The Four Fords are interesting young people in many ways; interesting because markedly ambitious for vaudevillians and a most praiseworthy example to others who do not "change their act" year by year or every two or three years, even; interesting again because they are admittedly at the top of the somewhat miscellaneous and diverse vaudeville heap, at the top as respects clog dancing and backing and winging; interesting because they are not content to stay there, resting on past laurels; and interesting in an ethnological way.

This last because they are the children of one parent of Irish extraction and the other of Jewish. This cross is declared to produce the best prize fighters in the world; seemingly, also, it makes for a rather different sort of success, terpsichorean grace. It is curious to note that one brother and one sister most resemble one parent and the other girl and young man "take after" the other ancestor. "Comparisons," says Percy Hammond, "are odious, but in the interest of information they must be made." The two children who have the more Jewish cast of countenance are the best two dancers, while the other two have the best figures and the best carriage. The law of compensation and of balance was at work here.

Miss Dora Ford is the handsome, dark-haired girl, and Mabel is the pretty blonde. The men are respectively named Max and Edwin and the former is the husband of lovely little Josie Heather, the English character song singer, who is also on the Orpheum circuit.

Go back seeking an interview with the Fords and look first for the men, and whichever one is found will say:

"If you don't mind, would you as lief talk to my sisters? They talk better than we do."

Also it may be said in passing that, being girls, they are easier to look at, but the noteworthy fact here is that the male part of the family is eager that the feminine half shall be the part exploited by publicity rather than itself.

When the Misses Ford determined to attempt a Greek dance this season they spent many weeks during the summer studying at the University of California at Berkeley, and in the Greek theater, where Margaret Anglin recently gave "Elektra," they studied with a grave and reverend professor. Thus they inspired atmosphere as well as concrete erudition, and thus they made themselves ready for an archaeologically correct interpretation of Nausicaa's scene with her maidens just before Ulysses hid behind the mulberry bush.

Dora and Mabel Ford are now working on another classical dance, which will give hint of Ceres and Pomona and the fecundity of mother earth. They are at this with the same care, even the scholarship with which they approached the Nausicaa theme, and the result will be as artistic and as veristic as the Odyssey dance. One wishes them well. They are better than graceful, better than pretty; they are in earnest.

MME. HOMER MODEL MOTHER

Grand Opera Singer Fittingly Cast in Gluck's "Armide" at the Metropolitan.

It seems fitting that Mme. Louise Homer, the American contralto, who was so superb in last year's revival of Gluck's "Orfeo and Eurydice," should figure prominently in the revival of the same composer's "Armide."

It is one thing to see Mme. Homer on the stage in all the voluptuous beauty of Amneris in "Aida," as the evil old witch in "Hansel and Gretel," as the godlike Orfeo and the weather-beaten Azucena, and quite another to see her as the Mme. Homer of every-day life—womanly, gracious, sympathetic and interested in many things that lie outside the sphere of a prima donna.

In her own drawing room, which is essentially a singer's salon, with big spaces through which a voice may ring unhampered by excessive draperies and the listener may hear undisturbed by petty bric-a-brac or frivolous decoration. Mme. Homer is a charming hostess, who speaks of herself with commendable modesty and reluctance.

"The preparation for 'Armide' has been delightful," she said in response to inquiries about the new opera. "My own role is brief—that of Hate—but it is by no means an easy role to portray. In fact, all of the principal roles present difficulties, which may account for the infrequency with which the opera is presented. "For instance, the barytone role of Hidraot, the magician and king of Damascus, is a cruel role to sing. Mr. Amato sings it beautifully, but I cannot think that the frequency of the high E's and F's will make it a comfortable performance to sing often. My own music lies mostly in the upper part of the voice. Really, it sounds more like a role for soprano than a contralto.

"But 'Armide,' like all of Gluck's music, is very beautiful. He is a composer to whom I, and all operatic contraltos, owe a debt of gratitude, for he gave us in Orfeo a leading role and one, moreover, that is sympathetic throughout. One unfortunate thing for a contralto is that she must so often appear as an evil character or as a secondary one.

"Another leading role for contralto is Delilah in the Saint-Saens opera. I hope some time to have an opportunity to appear in that character in New York. With two such roles for contralto I think modern composers may be inspired to write leading roles for the same voice."

And the portrait of Gluck hanging above the grand piano seemed to smile approval from his frame.

"One learns to be humble in approaching a master work like 'Armide,'" Mme. Homer continued. "We talk much about the modern symbolists and the modern psychological school, sometimes as though we were the first to comprehend such things. And then we take up an opera more than a century old to find passions like love and hate symbolized in human form, and are led still further back to the fabulous east or to the ancient Greek world, where such things were matters of every day understanding. As the poet Yeats says: 'All the august sorrowful persons of literature, Cassandra and Helen and Dithdre and Lear and Tristan, have come out of legends and are indeed but the images of the primitive imagination mirrored in the litle looking glass of the modern and classic imagination.'"

And the introduction of Yeats into Mme. Homer's talk also brings in her husband, Sidney Homer, the composer, who has been setting some of the Yeats poems. Mme. Homer speaks with enthusiasm of her husband's songs, and it is easy to see that she has inspired many of them and has helped him in his selection of those remarkable poems by modern writers in which he has been so successful and which she sang for the MacDowell club last year.

"Mr. Homer lets his songs get into print very slowly. I remember one in particular which I thought complete years ago, but he is not satisfied with it even now, and holds it back for further revision. It was written—let me see—six, no, seven years ago. Yes, it must be seven, because Louise was 5 years old at that time, and she is now 12."

It is a picturesque way for a prima donna to count time. Not by her debut or her many operatic triumphs does Mme. Homer reckon, but by more tender and womanly associations. Events in her Homer household date from the day when the twins were a year old, or when the second baby came. The general idea of prima donnas, who live to make advantageous marriages of a commercial sort, or who appraise belted earls in language more forcible than polite, must be revised in the light of Mme. Homer's arithmetic.

At that moment the domestic local color is deepened by a glimpse through the portieres of the Homen man servant trundling a double baby carriage through the hall, that the Homer twins, the youngest of the singer's four children, may have their daily outing.

Mme. Homer is led to talk of American singers, and again shows her sympathetic nature:

"Mr. Homer and I, on our way to catch the steamer for home last summer, stopped overnight at Cologne, where we saw 'Tristan und Isolde' billed. So we spent the evening listening to one of our favorite operas, on the principle of the engineer who, when he had a day to himself, went around to see other engineers.

"The performance was not very interesting until King Mark made his appearance. Then we sat up. He was a tall, dignified singer, with a superb voice. Never had we heard the role sung better. I looked at the program. It read 'Koenig Mark—Robert Parker.'

"'Why, he is surely an American,' I said. 'Let us go back on the stage and tell him how much we enjoyed his performance.'"

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

Pavlova's Trip to Coast is Stellar Affair

When Pavlova and Murdkine come to the Brandeis December 5 they will be supported by a company of eighty people. The Queen of the Dance and her masculine compatriot and co-star could easily pack the house by themselves, but the other eighty people are thrown in for extra good measure.

The tour of these world-renowned Russian dancers, premiere and premier, respectively, of the Imperial St. Petersburg and Moscow ballets, is a theatrical jaunt which would be in a class by itself this year were it not for the trip of the illustrious French actress who is now playing in America. But even if the divine Sarah is traversing the country, the trip of these two Russians is in no wise eclipsed.

Pavlova has incited dramatic reviewers to throw even more rhapsodical and ecstatical throes than they threw over Genee, while Isadora Duncan and Maude Allen are relegated to the background. Omaha gets Pavlova only one night, and though many will be unable to secure seats who would like to attend, yet Omaha may count itself lucky that we have even a fugitive one-night peep at these marvels of the dancing art.

The supporting company and the orchestra are reputed, probably with truth, to be worthy of accompanying Pavlova. This little Russian dancer took New York by storm when she appeared at the Metropolitan grand opera in New York last spring and reduced a $100,000 prospective deficit on the opera season into a golden sum on the credit side of the opera ledger. New York went mad about her, as St. Petersburg did before New York, Omaha is more than likely to join in the furore.

Pavlova dances here this one night en route to the Pacific coast. Not many cities between Chicago and San Francisco are included, but Omaha is one of these.

Hash.

Hash has been maligned for many years. Hash and prunes have been worked into jests and gibes until the world laughs at the thought of them. Prunes are taking their rightful place in our social economy, because the prune growers have manfully defended them.

But, as to hash, heretofore there has been none so poor as to do it reverence.

Hash is one of the real delicacies of life, when properly made. Only people who have been misled by reading malicious jokes about it think it is something which can be concocted of all the odds and ends about the house. In some families, when anything is lost, from a pair of scissors to an overshoe, they look for it in the hash.

Real hash is a dish fit for a king. Real hash, composed of deftly combined meat, diced potatoes, sliced onions and maybe a sprinkling of carrot, secures a flavor that will lure a man to his home no matter how strong the uring to remain downtown for dinner.

One reason there are so many unhappy marriages now is that the young women have been led to believe that hash is a rude, indelible food.

More hash, more happiness, brethren and sisters.—Chicago Post.