



COUNTESS THAMARA DE SWIRSKY - AT THE BRANDELS



SARROW AT THE ORPHEUM



ANN TASKER LOTTIE KENDALL IN MADAME SHERRY AT THE BRANDELS

# At Theaters

### Here is Maude Adams as "Chantecler"

MAUDE ADAMS was given a hearty welcome by New Yorkers when she made her appearance as the hero of Rostand's "Chantecler." Here in the way the World tells of the premiere at the Knickerbocker on Tuesday.

Rostand's cock at last has crowded in America. At the Knickerbocker theater last night and before another of those eagerly expectant and indulgent throngs which always gather when Miss Maude Adams is to appear in a new role, Charles Frohman made the first production in the English language of the French poet's curious symbolical play, "Chantecler," in a translation by Louis N. Parker, slightly altered to remove the purely Gallic application of the work.

For months the play has been anticipated as the event of the dramatic season and the rush to see it was prodigious. Long before the curtain rose the theater was filled and the sidewalks and lobbies were blocked by disappointed crowds that could not secure even standing room. From the moment the prologue was spoken the applause began for the frail, feminine little star who was attempting an aggressive and gigantic masculine role. The curtain was lifted again and again in response to the uproar, lengthening the drama far beyond the time actually needed for its performance.

This acclaim for Miss Adams does not necessarily mean that she typified to her audience the valiant cock of Rostand's strange barnyard or that she could realize the full significance of the role in its application to the theme of the play. Her reception was largely of a personal nature; it would have been the same had she been impersonating Little Eva in a new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As to the play itself it will awaken unbounded curiosity, and it will surely call for great admiration as a spectacle. Whether it will be so strong in its appeal on its dramatic side is a matter which is by no means certain. The settings, four in number and of great beauty, are exaggerated so that the relation of their size to the stature of the barnyard fowls of Rostand's fable is preserved. Nevertheless, they are very realistic, and they furnish the desired illusion. As a spectacle alone "Chantecler" should attract the town, while its philosophy and symbolism will give rise to no end of argument and discussion.

The play requires the largest cast that Charles Frohman has organized for a production since the days of "L'Aiglon."

So great in Europe has been the zeal to dig into "Chantecler" for hidden meanings that the one essential fact—that, after all, it is a play and, as a play, it must stand or fall—has been generally forgotten. One at least is not responsible for all this nonsense. He is the author, Edmund Rostand. He has clearly stated that "Chantecler" is only what is indicated on its surface—a drama of human endeavor in its struggle against the obstacles, disappointments and disillusionments of life—the human will in conflict with the heart, if you please, and that his humans have been represented as birds and beasts in order that they may better be suited in the poetic treatment of his theme. Therefore, dismissing all the high-sounding butcombe of the commentators, let us get at the kernel of "Chantecler" by finding out what it expresses in spectacle and action on its surface as a play. There is a prologue spoken by the only human who appears as such in the work. It is skillfully



FRANK BEMISH AT THE BOY

destined to kindle the imagination of the audience and create the desired atmosphere before the curtain rises. Sounds from the stage indicate the departure of a farmer and his family for the day. The rustling of trees, buzzing of bees and calls of domestic animals indicate a barnyard scene, and then the picture itself comes into view. It is a wicker-covered house, with dog kennel, farming implements, baskets and general farmyard paraphernalia, all hugely exaggerated against a background of country landscape.

All kinds of barnyard fowl appear, busy with the usual traffic of the domestic menagerie, except that they express their sentiments in the language of humans. A cat does lastly on the wall, and within his kennel the voice of Patou, the watchdog, is soon heard. Presently the call of Chantecler resounds, chanting his "Ode to the Sun," which is one of the poetic glories of the play. He then merges and the drama is actually under way.

Chantecler is the egotist, the idealist, the enthusiast, imbued with a great mission and filled with unbounded faith in the supreme importance of his work. Fired with the illusions of youth, he believes it is his vocation to dispel darkness by making the sun to rise each day in obedience to his song. Most of the feathered world bow in admiration of his greatness, but there are a few, the Blackbird and Turkey among them, who are sceptical of his powers and pretensions.

For a time things run smoothly. Chantecler dominates kindly over the inhabitants of the barnyard, sending his harem of hens and progeny of chicks about their duties. But soon he is warned by his faithful friend, Patou, the dog who stands for the plain, simple philosopher—and the Blackbird, a pert, insouciant and shallow quibbler—the traditional Parisian boulevardier and café wit—that invidious influences are at work against him.

Suddenly the Phœnix, the Hen Phœnix, takes refuge in the barnyard. Her entrance into Chantecler's life begins the conflict which is to end with his disillusionment and fall from self-appointed supremacy. It is perfectly clear that Rostand means the Hen Phœnix to typify the modern woman in all her virtues and also in her defects. She is beautiful, high-minded, honest, yet jealous of man's appointed tasks and covets to control his whole affection and interest. Chantecler is quickly impressed with her, yet at first he will not admit it, even to himself. Thus the cock's day ends in safety, but the gathering night reveals his ominous creature of darkness—the Owl, the Cat, with the treacherous Blackbird—symbolical of hatred and all that is inimical to good— who meet to plot Chantecler's downfall.

It is now the second act. The scene is a hillside overlooking a valley. The round, lustrous moon, the stars, the faint outlines of their bodies show in the darkness. A conspiracy against Chantecler is formed. But the Owl is not able to overcome him alone. So they decide to enlist hired assassins, the aggressive Game Cocks, secured by the Peacock, who disposes of the Owl's body. The victim at the Gulena Hen's reception of the morrow. The diabolical Chantecler has at first declined to go to the function, but he is yielding under the persuasion of the Hen Phœnix.

Dawn is about to break. The Hen Phœnix has worked upon Chantecler's egotism to persuade him to tell her the secret of his mission and to give her a practical demonstration of his power. The self-deluded awakes of the world, wilds, and in a splendidly imagined and eloquently written passage he summons back the dawn with his clarion call. Then, spent by his mighty effort, he falls exhausted at her side. The Hen Phœnix is impressed. Only the sceptical Blackbird looks on and doubts. The third act brings the reception given by the vain, parvenue Guinea fowl in a



VIOLA SHELDON AT THE GAYETY

corner of the kitchen garden with gigantic vegetables and flowers littered about. The Guinea Hen's application to him is too easy to detect. She is the snob and tuft hunter, the gossiping busybody of the fowls. Her guests arrive in all the varieties of the poultry world, and the play for the moment drifts into caustic but undramatic social satire with side things at fads and follies in literature and art. Then, announced by the solemn Maggie, the Game Cocks of all breeds and in their gaudy, bedizened raiment appear. At last Chantecler is seen approaching by the watchful Patou. "Pray simply say 'THE COCK,'" he remarks to the obsequious Maggie.

As the function proceeds, Chantecler cannot conceal his contempt for the aggressive game cocks, who taunt and sneer at his airs. At length one of them insults the Rose. Chantecler retorts. The White Pyle with the razor spurs takes up his challenge and instantly the battle is on. The champion is beaten back. The sun begins to fall. Defeat is before him when suddenly an ominous shadow spreads over the throng. It is the dreaded Hawk. Instantly all the feathered tribe of the barnyard dash to their natural protector and their faith renews his strength and courage. With the passing of the Hawk there is an episode of true dramatic value—the battle is renewed and Chantecler comes off victorious. But now he observes that, with danger past, all his supposed friends except Patou are false at heart. In despair he listens to the pleading of the Hen Phœnix and resolves to go with her into the wider world where she came.

This brings the play to the forest scene of the final act and to the disillusionment of Chantecler. He still struggles to fulfill his mission, but his phœnix spouse, jealous of his love of duty, will allow him only one song each morning. The sun, though, rises as majestically and promptly as before. She taunts him that the song of the Nightingale is more beautiful than his. He ruefully admits it. A hunter shoots the Nightingale and another rises to take its place. He even begins to doubt his own omniscience, and then the Hen Phœnix takes his head under her wing and with her blandishments keeps it there until the sun appears. And this time he has not crowded even once! Disillusioned now, he faces the tragedy of his life, but his will is still strong. He resolves to rise superior to his disillusionment. His recompense will be in performing a humbler mission well. His call will henceforth serve to arouse the sleeping world after the day, which is not of his making, shall have dawned. He will be steadfast to his lesser task, even though it cost him the Phœnix's love.

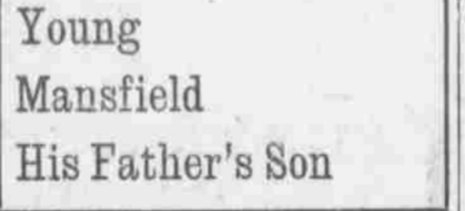
Thus the moral of the play: Find through trial and disappointment your rightful place in the economy of life. Be faithful to your duty even though it be less important than, in the illusion of your inexperience, you had first supposed.

### PRIDE GOETH BEFORE FALL

#### What Happened to the Superintendent Who Helped the Teacher.

"Do not sneer at the juvenile intellect," said John J. Chickering, district superintendent of schools of Cincinnati. "Sometimes a boy can ask questions that a man can't answer." And he went on to tell of an experience he had when he was principal of one of the New York schools. He was called on by a teacher to come to her aid.

"It's all right," said she, "until natural history hour comes. Sammy Jones lives about natural history than the man that invented it. He keeps asking me questions—and if I answer them Sammy laughs, and if I don't the children do. Discipline is simply gone to pot. The children would give up their recess if I would lengthen the natural history hour by five minutes." "So," said Mr. Chickering, "in the pride of my manhood I told her I would come to her rescue. 'One short, sharp answer will denote to Sammy that the matinee is over.' The teacher welcomed my aid. That afternoon I dropped in and took charge of the exercises. I told the children I would allow just one question each. And Sammy stamped me. I had hardly made the announcement before his hand was up. 'What is it, Sammy?' I asked. 'Has a duck eyebrows?' asked Sammy."—Cincinnati Times-Star.



Young Mansfield His Father's Son

James O'Donnell Bennett writes thus of George Gibbs Mansfield, the son of the late Richard Mansfield: When a boy of 12 years, who has never appeared before the public, is given half a dozen pages in an influential and judiciously edited magazine his destiny manifestly is the stage. Such command at so tender an age of the sources of publicity settles his fate. No manager will overlook so precocious a practitioner in the difficult art of getting known.

They used to say that Richard Mansfield had a genius for publicity. In the later years of his life he used to resent the imputation. But, granting that he had a very keen appreciation of the value of headlines and half-tones and used them valiantly as a convenient means to his large ends, his most florid conception of publicity pales before the achievement that crowns the twelfth year of his son, George Gibbs Mansfield.

This youth, not long since a school boy at Vevey, the town in the canton of Vaud where Rousseau laid the scene of "La Nouvelle Heloise," is not in the least precocious about what the world is thinking of him, though by all accounts he thinks a great deal about the world. He is an exceptionally alert child, imaginative, highly gifted, quick to learn, willful, proud, tender, impulsive and intensely temperamental.

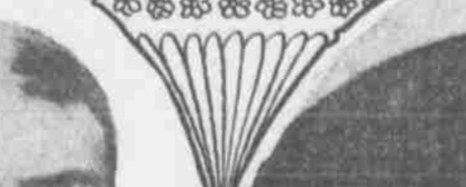
If he were the heir apparent to a throne in America, his magazine could not present him more intimately or with more distinguished consideration than it does in the six pages—including a full-page portrait—that it gives him in its number for February.

Gibbs' volunteer press agent is Miss Anna H. Branch, an intimate of the Mansfield family, who not only loves the boy and has upon occasion been ruled and hectored and entranced by him just as his father loved and hectored and entranced people he ruled.

Miss Branch has known Gibbs Mansfield since he was a baby. When he was 5 years old she happened to see him in the "Apostrophe." "Must you go?" he said to her, when she, a guest at the Mansfields, was about to leave what she calls "that enchanted threshold." "Then dear Anna, if you must go, I will throw this rug before you that you going may be easy."

"The 6-year-old Raleigh proceeded to do, while I progressed in glory. Truly, this child has the bearing of a Beau Brummel." And again: "Gibbs, what time does the party begin?" "When you come, Anna, the party will begin," he replied, in his deep and ineffably courteous voice.

"That grave and gracious base! Did ever any child possess so marvelous an organ?" For seven years he has been composing little dramas and acting in them. He can sketch well enough to make graceful illustrations for his letters, plays the violin and reads everything he can lay his hands on. Delicate as a little boy, he has grown tall and rugged. His countenance has the delicacy of his mother's. Otherwise he is all his father's boy. Detail after detail that Miss Branch gives reads almost unaccountably to those who know that peasant and original genius. At the school in Vevey they called Gibbs Don Quixote because of his ardor in convincing himself that wholly fanciful adventures were terribly or beautifully real, as the case might be. Spies lurked in the shadows of the pastry shop and beneath the stones in the passageway beyond secret treasures was buried. He would not pass the place without a sledge. He would sing the Jungle Book songs in "a deep, unchildlike voice," songs that he had set to "an eerie music" of his own. In the evening he would dramatize the events of the day or again would enact bits out of Shakespeare. "I remember," says Miss Branch, "one strange drama composed and acted by himself when he was 15, in which he was a pilgrim struggling to the promised land. I remember his lamentation and unchildlike cries to heaven. The room was dark with winter twilight and it was really thrilling when, as he flung himself in prayer before the gate still closed, he cleverly turned on



ANN TASKER



LOTTIE KENDALL



ALEXANDER VOLININE



CARRIE JACOBS-BOND



LOTTE MAYER



FELIX BOROWSKI



YOUNG MANSFIELD



MABEL MONTGOMERY



LOTTE MAYER



LOTTE MAYER



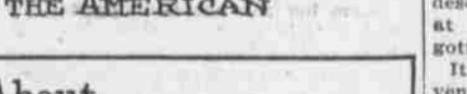
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### About Shakespeare and Dramatic Music

Felix Borowski takes a topic that is of passing interest at present and treats of it in this fashion:

A reader interested in the subjects of art discussed in these columns has written to this department to state that his attention was aroused by some assertions concerning the association of the plays of William Shakespeare with operatic compositions which were contained in a review of Verdi's "Otello," as performed by the Chicago opera company last Wednesday week.

"I am," he says, "a lover of the works of Shakespeare and a lover of opera as well. In reading your remarks about the fatality which has overtaken the operas founded on dramas by the immortal English writer it occurred to me that not only Verdi but a host of musical readers would be interested to know why Shakespeare and music should have been so unsuccessful a combination, and also to what extent the plays have been used for operatic treatment." While it would be a pleasure—and to composers it would certainly be a boon—to be able to point out precisely why so large a majority of all the operas founded upon Shakespearean dramas have failed to survive, or, in most cases, to obtain even a fair measure of success, an investigation would, we believe, leave the investigator at the end not much nearer a solution of the problem than he had been at the beginning.

Operas have often come to a disastrous end because their stories and their texts have been childish. Schubert's "Rosamunde" and Weber's "Euryanthe" are examples of these; but no such reason can be given for the failure of Shakespearean operas. There have been many operas which have left their hearers cold by reason of a lack of dramatic vigor in their action; none will attribute such a thing to the action of Shakespeare's plays. Operas which have put forward characters that are characterless have often invited the oblivion which has been their eventual lot; but is Otello colorless, flaccid, personage? Or is Lady Macbeth, or Falstaff, or Henry VIII, or Hamlet, or Cleopatra, or Coriolanus?

Far easier is it to set forth the association between composers and the works of the great master of the stage than to account for the failure of their operas. There is not, we believe, any production of the operatic stage—with the exception of Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—which, founded on the adventures of Falstaff, is given practical proofs of enthusiasm by the public in general. We mention this particular subject because Verdi's contribution to the Falstaffian literature is, in the estimation of those who know, one of the most beautiful and one of the most masterly operas that has been set down in the course of the last 150 years. It has been systematically rejected by the opera-going public, and when "Falstaff" was given by the Metropolitan Opera company at the Auditorium in 1908 with Toscanini as director, only a handful of listeners were present to receive the work. But Verdi's opera, despised as it would seem to be, has not yet marched as far down the road to oblivion as have some other works concerned with the hero of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Long before has been the "Falstaff" of Antonio Salieri—who was believed to have poisoned Mozart—who brought out his opera at Vienna in 1796. There were even earlier contributions

### GIRLS WHO WORK SHOULD KNOW THIS

Writing on beauty topics for the Philadelphia Inquirer, Mrs. Mae Martin says: "Liquid preparations are fast supplanting face powders, as it is found their continued use has a tendency to clog the pores, causing blackheads and other blemishes. 'I find,' she says, 'when face powders are taboed and a liquid is used, the muddy condition soon disappears and the skin takes on a pink glow of health. 'One of the best and most popular lotions is made by dissolving a ounce of sorbax in a pint of hot water, then adding 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine. 'This is much easier to apply than powder, and so simple and inexpensive to make that every woman should have it on her dressing table, while its use will be found invaluable for rough or blotchy skins.'—Adv.

than this. Peter Ritter produced his "Merry Wives of Windsor" at Mannheim in 1794 and Von Dittersdorf his at Vienna two years later. Both have been long forgotten, as also has Papavoine's "Le Vieux Coquet," produced in Paris in 1770. Nor have the more modern Falstaffs clutched more successfully at life. Balfe put his "Falstaff" on the boards of Her Majesty's Theater, London, in 1855, and fate soon took it off. Adolphus Adam also tempted the gods with a "Falstaff" brought out at Paris in 1856, but the death of the production was not even lingering. Under the name of "La Gioventù di Enrico V." or of "La Jeunesse de Henri Quint" operas composed of course, with the youth of the monarch who sat for Shakespeare's picture of Falstaff—there have been written operas by Mosca, Herold, Curtini, Pacini, Morlacchi, Del Puolo, Garcia, Mercadante. All have descended into the tomb in which are laid at rest the works that have been forgotten and despised.

It would seem that an opera on the adventures of Macbeth should provide much that would be of power and intensity. Yet although operas have been written on this subject none have survived. The great Verdi, whose luck with "Otello" and "Falstaff" was so far as popular approval is concerned, not of obvious magnitude, was not more fortunate with his "Macbeth," brought out at Florence in 1847. The three-act opera "Macbeth" by Chelard, produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, in 1871—its text by Rouget de Lisle—met as disastrous a fate, as also did the "Macbeth" of 1872 by Giuseppe Verdi, as performed by the English writer of a former generation, W. H. Ware, but the opera is as dead as its creator.

In reviewing the performance of "Otello," previously referred to, we took occasion to say that Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" was at least one Shakespearian opera that holds its place. But where are the works on the same subjects by Marchese, Mercadante, Pons, Zingarelli, Vaccai, Steibelt, Crescentini, Schwanberg, Von Humling, Garcia, Bellini, Guglielmi, Marchetti and not a few other writers? What has become of the "Otello" of Rossini, produced at the Fondo, Naples, in 1817? What will become of the "Otello" of Giuseppe Verdi? The lay public will perhaps be surprised that a drama so notable as "Hamlet" should not exist in operatic form today. It has existed, for there was a "Hamlet" composed as early as 1762 by Gasparini, who set it before the ears of all people at Rome, and there have been since then "Hamlets" by Scarlatti, Carcano, Caruso—a distinguished name!—Androsini, Mercadante, Buzzola, Moroni and Pacco. The text of the "Hamlet" by the last named writer was the work of Arrigo Botto, the author of the texts of Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff." These Italian "Hamlets" are dead and long forgotten; dead, too, are the "Hamlets" of Hienard, Marceci, Stadler, and almost lifeless is the "Hamlet" created by Ambrose Thomas to a text founded on Shakespeare's play by Curra and Farber.

It would be interesting to point out the efforts that have been made to wring success out of the composition of operas to other works by Shakespeare. Many have been the operas written to "Coriolanus," which even in the seventeenth century was popular with composers for the stage. Not even the names of their writers are remembered by people living now. Not a single setting of "The Tempest" has come down to modern days, nor are there any existing successful settings of "King Lear," although that drama was treated operatically by Kreutzer, Cagnoni, Reynaud, Semelada, Solloway and others. "A Winter's Tale," under this title or under the title of "Hermione," has inspired even composers of modern renown—Flotow, the composer of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—which, founded on the adventures of Falstaff, is given practical proofs of enthusiasm by the public in general. We mention this particular subject because Verdi's contribution to the Falstaffian literature is, in the estimation of those who know, one of the most beautiful and one of the most masterly operas that has been set down in the course of the last 150 years. It has been systematically rejected by the opera-going public, and when "Falstaff" was given by the Metropolitan Opera company at the Auditorium in 1908 with Toscanini as director, only a handful of listeners were present to receive the work. But Verdi's opera, despised as it would seem to be, has not yet marched as far down the road to oblivion as have some other works concerned with the hero of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Long before has been the "Falstaff" of Antonio Salieri—who was believed to have poisoned Mozart—who brought out his opera at Vienna in 1796. There were even earlier contributions

Last Words of Famous Men. "Well, so long!"—Methuselah. "Man with the Iron Mask." "Here is where I yield up my last gasp!"—Benjamin Franklin. "Yes, these are my last words!"—Noah Webster. "I wish you all well."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.—Chicago Tribune. The Key to the Situation—See Want Ads.