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The DRAMA

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

59 EAST VAN BUREN STREET
CHICAGO

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Volume 12

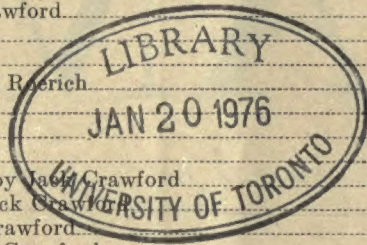
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T H E D R A M A

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

Editor, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

Associate Editors:

WALTER PRICHARD EATON GRANVILLE BARKER
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 JACK CRAWFORD

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Prologue

or, An Excuse to Indulge in Personalities Regarding our Contributors.

Messieurs et Mesdames:

I COME before the curtain this time to tell you that we are offering you a better bill than we have ever given you before.

First we are showing you a picture of Miss Eva Le Gallienne, not as Julie in *Liliom*, but as her very charming self. You should know that Miss Le Gallienne is the daughter of the celebrated poet, Richard Le Gallienne, from whom she has inherited a feeling for beauty and a sense of art. In "The Peasant in Drama," Miss Adrienne Battey will tell you what Miss Le Gallienne's views on the subject are.

Alexander Dean, the author and presenter of *Just Neighborly*, which we think an excellent piece of work, is an instructor of English in the University of Montana and is a pioneer in taking the university players to give their performances in every part of the state. He has promised us an act later which will tell of his barnstorming experiences.

How much less year by year Broadway is representing the drama life of the country is proved by both Mr. Zilboorg and Mr. Koch. When a foreigner, trained in the spirit of the Russian Art Theatre finds material for commendation in our Chautauqua drama movement, we may feel that we have made strides. Such strides are shown to be actualities by the proofs offered in Mr. Koch's survey of college drama conditions.

Our feature number this time is the fall book show. In this you will see again how the public likes drama of the right sort and how every one is trying to write or produce it. Ten years ago a book of or on the drama was a rarity. Now we have—the stage manager tells me it is time for me to get off the stage and let the show begin, but as I'm leaving I'll wait long enough, in spite of him, to say that I hope you like our current bill.



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Rehearsal

or What is Taking Place Behind the Scenes Prior to Coming Performances.

ALTHOUGH I was shushed off the stage before I had a chance to say all I intended to in my Prologue, nobody can prevent my telling you what we are going to have at our next performance.

* * *

All the old favorites will be present, including Jack Crawford who has come back home from his visit to London. He has two homes, which sounds scandalous but isn't, his real home being in New Haven and his other one on Broadway—I seem to be making matters worse. What I mean to say is that Mr. Crawford lives in New Haven, but like other residents of that city goes to New York whenever he can get away from his duties at Yale University. On our next bill, Mr. Crawford is scheduled to tell you all that is worthwhile telling about the current Broadway plays.

On our screen will be shown a picture of Charles Gilpin, the distinguished negro artist who is doing so much to make Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* the success it deserves to be, and as a compliment to this picture, we will have a sketch about a possible negro theatre of the future. The performer of this act, Benjamin Ladson, is himself a leader among the negroes.

One of the star performers will be Vida Ravenscroft Sutton who will present an exquisite religious drama suited to production in churches on Christmas or other religious days. Designs for settings and costumes will be contributed by Dugald Walker.

"Does the Popular Represent Public Taste," is the title of a monologue which will be given by Katherine Metcalf Roof, who is already well known to our audiences.



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Miss Eva Le Gallienne

Whose artistry in "Liliom" is winning for her eminence in the theatre world.

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1921

NUMBERS 1-2

The Peasant in Drama

Eva Le Gallienne Interprets Psychic Character

By ADRIENNE BATTEY

THE way of a man with a maid has ceased to cause wonder and comment but the luck of women with men will be discussed as long as the salt of the earth admit affinity for the riff-raff of creation, and live unhappy ever after, while the mediocre accept what chance throws in their way and reap all the benefits of middle-class content. It is hardly discreet for Mrs. Grundy to wonder aloud what Mr. Smith's wife ever saw in him, or how that little Jones girl did so well, but anyone who has seen *Liliom* is free to tell her neighbor over the fire-escape next day exactly what she thinks of Julie's plight and fate's partiality for Marie. These Hungarian servant girls are two of the absorbing character studies in the Franz Molnar legend (produced by the Theatre Guild) which exploits human nature in the raw and X-rays the heart of a Judy O'Grady to bare the emotions of womankind.

Julie, played by Eva LeGallienne, is one of the terrible meek who eventually inherit the earth but must content themselves meanwhile with the want and woe that humble flesh is heir to. It may be nature's disregard for the individual in her anxiety for the race, the necessity for leveling extremes to prevent the survival of giant or pigmy that precipitates Julie toward *Liliom* when the law of attraction compels. This willing martyr casts in her lot with a notorious roughneck, a barker and bouncer by trade. All she gets out of it is the satisfaction of knowing she has something all the girls wanted, including herself, and what woman will deny this is balm in Gilead? She knew it wasn't worth wanting, but have it she would and did.

EVA LE GALLIENNE who is featured, with Joseph Schildkraut, at the head of an admirable cast, brings to the leading woman's role a fine intelligence and sensitive appreciation of its nuances. She is peculiarly qualified to interpret the peasant nature, having acquired an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of these patient toilers during her life in foreign lands. As the unrecorded folk-songs of Russia, which constitute the noblest musical expression of that people have been

handed down from generation to generation through the ages, so the peasant in this and other European countries has a source of culture quite apart from books or institutions of learning.

"Especially in Russia, Denmark and Sweden," Miss LeGallienne says, "I found that the peasant character achieves a positive distinction through naturalness. It is the greatness of simplicity. They are unhampered by the petty hypocrisies of a more effete society and their minds work on direct, simple lines. There is no surface politeness, no waste of words. It is idle to ask them a question if you don't want an honest reply. And they make surprisingly profound statements at times. It is purely instinctive, not a matter of education or mentality. I cannot account for it except by the ancient civilization back of them. Knut Hamsun has pictured these people in *The Growth of the Soil* as they impressed me. He conveys this spiritual quality I've been talking about in a description of Isak: 'He read no books, but his thoughts were often with God; it was natural, coming of simplicity and awe. The stars in the sky, the wind in the trees, the solitude and the wide-spreading snow, the might of earth and over earth filled him many times a day with a deep earnestness.'"

The two girl friends of the Molnar play, each an interesting example of her type, had little in common except their station in life. Julie was straightforward and frank with her lover, affecting none of the coqueteries of her sex. Marie practised feminine wiles, in a charmingly naïve fashion, as witness her recital of Wolf's courtship: "He wanted to hold my hand, but I wouldn't let him, and then, after a while, I let him." In exchanging a confidence, Julie was drolly consistent: "I couldn't tell him not to put his arm around me when it was already there." Julie was the kind who give all and ask nothing. Marie didn't ask much but insisted upon that little. Both chose dust of the road, but Julie's was the dust with a spark of fire in it—and for that difference she paid the price. Marie in her complacent married state led the contented life of a tomato plant, but her friend had

visions beyond a vegetable existence.

In the midst of superlative praise for her interpretation of Julie, the young actress has heard a dissenting note voicing the opinion that she is too refined in the part.

"I am still working on that phase of it," she explains. "You know a role is never finished until we have perfected it. However, I try to establish definitely in the first act the caste and characteristics of the servant girl. As a matter of fact, Julie is not meant to be like all the others. It is this quality in her, a certain difference from her kind, that attracts the philandering Liliom and holds him. She appeals to a side of him that has never been touched before."

Asked to analyze Julie's mental processes and reactions, as she conceives the character, Miss LeGallienne replied unhesitatingly, for she has studied the subject from every angle: "Julie is an illustration of that greatness I mentioned before. She was psychic without knowing it. She had premonitions, and seemed able to gauge her own powers in advance of the crises in her life. You recall her saying when she first met Liliom: 'If I ever loved a man, I'd stick by him no matter what happened.' The day he set out to commit the crime she tried to prevent his leaving the house, without in the least knowing why she did it. The time she confessed to Marie that Liliom had beaten her, she stumbled upon a truth, little realizing its significance. The line was: 'He's worried because he hasn't any work. That's really why he beat me.' You may be sure she reached that conclusion through no cerebral process, but by sheer intuition. It is just one instance of the strange faculty of divination one encounters among the so-called ignorant classes abroad. As H. G. Wells said of them, these peasants are a triumph of creative understanding."

The actress agrees that a little of Marie's spirit would have accomplished more than all of Julie's spirituality in handling Liliom. Her combativeness was a language he understood. Julie's habit of turning the other cheek increased his fury, patience being no virtue but a weakness in his eyes. She even contributed to his delinquency according to the popular theory that the other person is guilty if he hits you once, but you are to blame if he hits you twice. When Liliom struck Julie it lessened his self-respect (since there is honor, why not self-respect, among thieves?) and this reacted in another blow. Her silent presence accused him. He could not bear her stricken look. In touching on this point Miss LeGallienne cited a parallel case in Tolstoi's *Redemption* and quoted the line: "It's your sad face that makes me want to strike you."

REFERRING to the scene where Liliom's body rests on its rude bier, she outlined something of her mood in playing the bereaved Julie. When the sympathetic neighbors come rushing in, one with the suggestion that she is better off now, and another, acting as proxy

with a marriage offer, they do not find the widow conventionally dissolved in tears.

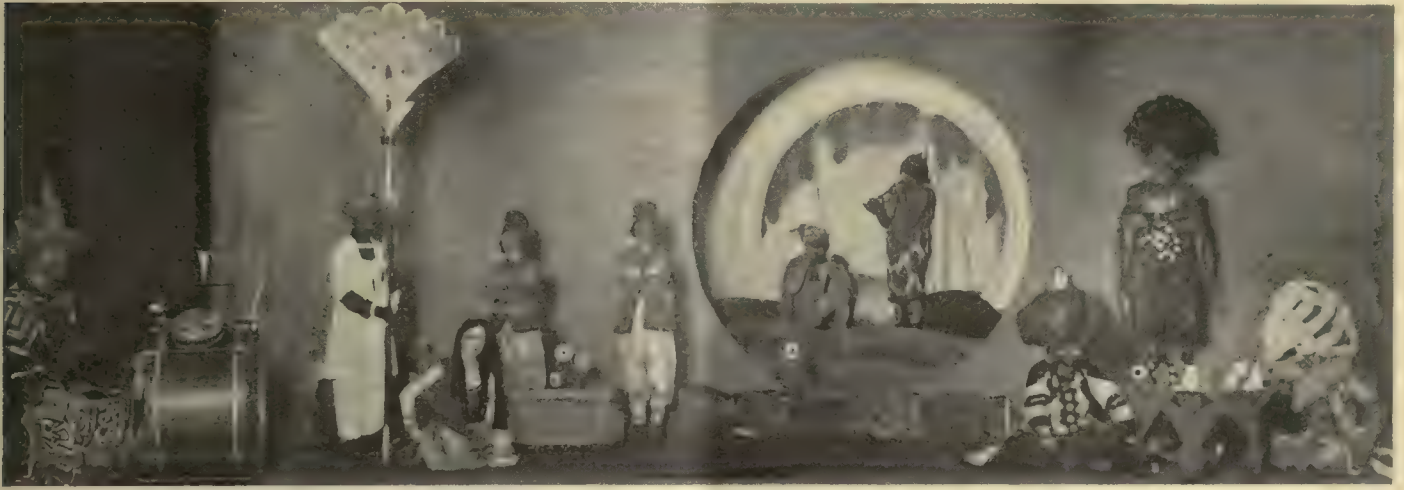
"From the moment the doctor says: 'Your husband is dead, my good woman,' I have a dazed sensation," she explains, "a kind of mist surrounds me through which only one face is visible. The others are not real to me. I answer their questions mechanically, agreeing with whatever they say because the central fact has not yet penetrated my consciousness. As is usual when a person is dazed, irrelevant impressions are the only ones that register. When Wolf comes to offer his help I am aware only of his red cap and that it is the badge of a porter."

When Julie is rid of the well-meaning friends she tries, still absent-minded, to arouse Liliom but his hand falls from her tender clasp and she realizes that it will never be raised against her again. Then her long silence is broken. She becomes articulate and for the first time has a heart-to-heart talk with this man who had shared her life, accepted her dog-like devotion but never knew her true opinion of him. Ere the wayward youth is brought before the heavenly magistrate, she hales her lover into the court of her individual judgment. He was no hero in her eyes, but she could find no severer indictment than this: "You thoughtless, wicked, cruel dear!"

"To me the play is a tragedy of two dumb people," Eva LeGallienne continued. "They didn't talk. How could they reach a mutual understanding without speech? Their good impulses always missed each other. It would have made all the difference in the world if Liliom had told Julie it was because he loved her and didn't want her to starve that he was going out to steal. When he is dying he tries to ask forgiveness and begins: 'Those times I struck you, Julie,' but the old dumbness comes over him and he ends: 'I was right.' In the last act, when Julie hurries out, eager to overtake Liliom and call him back, she sees no one and thinks he has gone. The audience, knowing he stands within three feet of her, his face turned remorsefully to the wall, must feel more poignantly than before the pathos of their situation. They were never far apart, and never together."

ON the assumption that souls evolve in different cycles according to their respective stages of development, Miss LeGallienne described Julie as a much older soul than Liliom, having far outdistanced him in spiritual progress. Speculation among playgoers as to Liliom's final verdict in the heavenly court centers about the exquisite bit of acting between the father (Joseph Schildkraut) and the child (Evelyn Chard) when Liliom apparently fails to do the one good deed for which he returned to earth, and slaps his daughter instead. Miss LeGallienne believes he accomplished his true mission by demonstrating to the child that a blow, clumsily administered by love, may feel "just like a kiss." Julie had vaguely sensed this truth before, for she answered dully "No," when Marie asked if Liliom's blows had

(Continued on page 40.)



IN the production of Holland Hudson's *The Shepherd in the Distance*, at the Portland School of Decorative Design, Mr. Herman Rosse followed out methods nearly approaching those of the 15th century guild days, and the then existing relation between pupil and master craftsman.

The costumes and scenery were sketched out and the methods of execution dictated by the instructor, the students working out details for themselves.

In this way the scenery was painted, the costumes were cut, applique patterns and stencil elaboration were used to decorate them, the masks were built up and painted and the properties constructed, while at the same time Mrs. Dent Mowry, who had charge of the training of the actors, rehearsed other groups in other parts of the building. By organiz-



ing the work in this manner, it became possible to give an amusing if not entirely finished production after five days of preparation. The enthusiasm of everybody connected with the performance, not being the least item to contribute to the success.

One of the most grotesque and entertaining items of the mise en-scene was a result of the lack of male participants in the performance; the vizier being played by a little girl of eighteen, seemed to have hands the size of a baby and no doubt it was through similar absurd effects, that the effect of the acting was almost as good as might have been expected from a professional company.

The platforms were built from material left over from previous productions, but the scenery as well as the costumes was made new for about \$170.

Just Neighborly*

By ALEXANDER DEAN

It is the kitchen sitting-room of the CARR'S on the Norwich Road. If you do not already imagine this snug room, if you do not instantly hear the loud, monotonous ticking of the clock and the intermittent and hollow sound of the chopping of wood out-of-doors, then no words of mine can draw the picture for you. It differs not at all from other gray New England homes except that a small silver cup shines conspicuously on the mantelshelf and seems to be in determined rivalry to the brilliant, red tablecloth. Nearby this snug treasure a faded daguerreotype is so placed that we know it is of equal importance.

It is true that there are doors and windows, but indeed I have forgotten their number and location. When the outer door is open you will see the distant mountains, but if you cannot discover them, it is of no consequence, for you will soon know that this is the hill-country where humans are scarce and "sich few there be"—well, when this neighbor has had her say, you'll concur with me that neighbors are not confined to the corners where the occasional postman alone braves the mud-rutted roads.

Here some one hunts, for a double-barrelled gun hangs on the wall. Here someone cooks, for we smell the doughnuts frying on the stove. These two are EZRA and ADNA CARR. Here they have lived and toiled and grown old, thirty years of it, and unvaried, commonplace, deadening, but for them a sufficient existence. Tall, spare, slightly bent, his active usefulness nearly outgrown, EZRA still remains the hard and domineering master of his household by a naturally quick and irritable temper. For many years ADNA has been his sole companion, and her meek and forbearing acquiescence has exaggerated his consciousness of his own importance and ability. But why should I describe him further, you will know him in a moment quite as thoroughly as I. One word of ADNA. She is quite the antithesis of her husband—a tiny, sweet-faced, loveable mother. The only qualities they share in common are ignorance and simplicity. Now these folks with the neighbor and a—late-comer—can best speak for themselves, so to them I leave the boards.

It is late afternoon about the middle of September, 1901. The house is empty, but soon ADNA struggles in with a great basket which she sets by the door. She hurries to the stove, forks out the few doughnuts remaining in the hot fat, and then lifts the heavy kettle to the sink. The back-door is kicked. She hastens to open it, and EZRA lugs in a great armful of wood. He drops a piece, and characteristically the wife picks it up. As EZRA stoops to deposit the load, he groans, lets fall the wood on the floor, puts his hands on the small of his back and staggers to the rocking chair.

EZRA: Oh-oh oh! My back! It aches me so!

ADNA: Set a mite, Ezra, catch yer wind.

EZRA: This ain't no work fur a man above seventy years of age anyway.

ADNA: Well I'm five year the younger, but my work's made me feel a good sight the oldest, yet I don't complain.

EZRA: It's a dog's life.

ADNA: It's all the leadin' o' Providence.

EZRA: Ef we'd found gold lyin' right out in our pastures like them New Yorkers, we'd hav our coach an' four, too.

ADNA: We was born on a Sat'day.

EZRA: There ain't no need of our workin', sech as we be with money in the bank.

ADNA: Ezra, you stop.

EZRA [*Yelling in a quick temper*]: I've stopped long enough. You think more o' yer money in the bank than you do o' me.

ADNA: Now, Ezra, you know that ain't true; but nobody's goin' ter touch that money till we're flat on our backs with ailments. Ef it warn't fur me a takin' stiddy ter my knittin' o' nights; an' a-gatherin' herbs and simples; an savin', and savin', and savin', there wouldn't be no sum laid aside. After all my years of toil, I ain't goin', in some flighty spell, ter touch it, and hev it spent an' past like this summer. I ain't, an you ain't, nor nobody ain't.

EZRA: We'll die afore we get the good o' it.

ADNA: Then it'll pay fur our coffins. We ain't got nobody else to do it fur us—now.

EZRA [*Yelling*]: There you go, a-slurrin' at me. You allus do that. Why don't you tell me it's all my fault, we ain't got our boy with us now, that I drove him out o' my house into the night, an' him only twelve years old. Tell me that I hit him. Carry on like I didn't know it. What are yer waitin' for? That's just like you.

ADNA: It's just like you, Ezra, ter boil over so. You go along a pace with no starch in you, an' then git flashy an' het up over some little trifle. I didn't say nothin' about Vyron an' you. I don't talk 'bout him comin' back ter help. Why, from plowin' ter ice-cuttin' and between times, too, you want him here ter work. My lot is plain an' hard workin', and I long fur my boy. But a woman's heart is different. A mother

loves her son. She jest wants him 'round. I try not to think on him, but fur thirty years them feelings hev come back an' come back as sure as spring comes with the year.

EZRA: You said it was my fault he warn't here ter pay fur our coffins.

ADNA: No sech a thing. It was his fault, too. He was jest like you. Go along as sweet as milk an' then explode all of a sudden like. Both was that way, the night he run away. [*She crosses to the window.*] I wouldn't care anythin' 'bout the past if he'd only come home to me now, ef he'd only come home. Our life is just like that plain, rocky garden there, now that the season's 'bout past. We're the poor few o' late stalks that's left combattin' the wind. [*She stands silently looking out of the window. He is mute as he sits in the rocking chair, thinking. Outside a woman's loud laugh is heard in the descending scale. This brings the husband and wife to consciousness.*]

ADNA: I do believe there's Neighbor Webb comin' out o' Maria Sharp's.

EZRA: She's dreadful good company. Let's ask her in.

ADNA: She's kind o' worldly, Rhoda is, but she's a good friend. [*Calling out of the door.*] Mis' Webb, Mis' Webb. Jest a minute.

RHODA [*A cheery voice outside*]: All right.

EZRA: She knows more news than all the papers this side o' Springfield.

ADNA: She's real gifted in that line, a-comin' from a most respectable family. My lan's, this dirty apron—tain't decent ter be seen by nobody. I'll be right back.

[*She hastens off. RHODA WEBB, a dark-haired and dark-skinned woman, good looking but vixenish, stands in the door. She wears country clothes of an antiquated style, but of brilliant color. Under her arm, she carries a market basket covered with a red cloth.*]

RHODA: Evenin'.

EZRA [*Without moving*]: Come right along in.

RHODA: What do you think? Pres'dent McKinley was shot three days ago come eight o'clock tonight.

EZRA: I want ter know.

RHODA [*Spying the doughnuts, and crossing to the stove*]: My cousin's husband, Ike Hen Snow, was ter Lebanon yes'ter, and the news came in while he was there. He drove home this

afternoon, and I was the fust ter hear 'bout it. [*Looking first at EZRA and then at the doughnuts*] You see— [*She takes a doughnut and slips it into the basket.*] you see—they live in t'other half o' my house [*Basketing two more doughnuts.*]. The party walls in the kitchen has a crack where the house is settling.

EZRA [*Helping her out*]: Course you can't help seein' and hearin' all the carryin's on.

RHODA: Who could?

EZRA [*Not offering to part with the rocker*]: Hev a chair.

RHODA: Thanks [*Taking a doughnut.*] But I prefer standin'. [*Taking a sixth.*] Don't know why. They've been after me—Heavens knows how long—ter hev it fixed. But somehow I don't seem ter git round ter it. [*By this time she has taken her goodly number and goes to the table.*]

EZRA: I shouldn't go ter all that work. You wouldn't do nobody no harm. [*ADNA returns.*]

RHODA: I was jest a tellin' Ezra, Pres'dent McKinley was shot.

ADNA: What's goin' ter become of us now?

EZRA: Any particulars?

RHODA: No—Y-e-s—well, he was way out West.

EZRA: He ought to know better'n to go out o' civilization.

RHODA: And—and—fifty— [*Seeing she has her audience with her.*] no—one hundred and fifty furriners attacked him. An' he was killed plumb dead!

ADNA: What terrible times we be livin' in. I wouldn't feel safe nowhere's outside o' Norwich.

RHODA [*Sitting at the table*]: You won't feel secure even ter home when I get thru tellin' yer all I know.

EZRA: Can't be wus than losin' our President.

RHODA: No. I s'pose not, but it's nearer home.

ADNA: What can it be!

RHODA: A bank ter St. Johnsbury's been robbed!

ADNA [*Quickly and worried*]: What bank?

RHODA: The Champlaign National.

ADNA [*Relieved*]: Oh-h.

RHODA: It's not the bank you've got your money in, Adna. Lan's no.

ADNA: How'd you know I've got money in the bank.

RHODA: Oh, I know lots an' lots o' things I don't talk 'bout. Well, the most interestin' part of it all is, that the Reverend Faulkner of the Methodist Episcopal preached a sermon las' Sunday 'bout the wickedness of automobiles. He said them godless instruments are only for the unpious, an' the friends of Satan an' the Devil hissell.

EZRA: That's what I allus said.

RHODA: An' then the very next night four of 'em come right along the turnpike into town. They carried them fiends that robbed the Champlaign National.

EZRA: Didn't the sheriff an' constable s'pect 'em when they see 'em come?

RHODA: No. Nobody did.

EZRA: Well, I wouldn't trust nobody that rides in automobiles.

RHODA: They couldn't find 'em the next day, for everyone of them ungodly horseless carriages had gone a different one of the four roads which lead out er the city.

EZRA: It's their own fault. I'd known better.

RHODA: Well, that ain't all. One of 'em has took the "come back" road an' everyone's scared that they'll clean up Norwich or sleep o' nights in our barns, an' burn 'em when they're through or murder us in our beds. Maria Sharp, she ain't locked her back dor fur eighteen year, but since I told her, she's goin' ter do it, not only at night, but in the late afternoon when it gets sort of crawlish out like it is now. Lor! Adna, what you so silent 'bout? You look like you was puttin' up a sort o' silent 'jaculation.

ADNA: I was just a-meditatin'.

RHODA: 'Bout what?

ADNA: How'd you know I've got money in the Institution fer Savin's?

RHODA: You poor little dear, you've been worryin' 'bout that all this while. Well, I seen how anxious you be when I told you, so I know'd you hed money in the bank, and then you was so relieved when it was the Champlaign National that I know'd your bank must be t'other one. Don't give yourself another thought 'bout it. I won't tell nobody.

EZRA: How did you hear all this?

RHODA [*With a nervous laugh*]: Fan Rundlet hed a comfunication from her brother-in-law's aunt who lives there. She wouldn't acquaint me with the news. She held it back jest from spite, an' I vowed she wouldn't get the best o' me, so when she was outter the room, I investigated the contents for myself. You think I done right, don't you, Ezra?

EZRA: It's all right fur you women folks.

[*ADNA who has been too upset to listen to this and who is still worrying, goes to the mantle, takes the silver cup and daguerreotype, crosses to the sink. From the cupboard she takes a covered kettle. In this she deposits these tokens, replaces the cover, then the kettle, and finally shuts the cupboard carefully.*]

RHODA [*Speaking while ADNA is busied*]: Not that I cared what was in it—but

EZRA: Did they get much of a hawl?

RHODA: Most five thousand dollars. Why what's Adna doin'?

ADNA: There's two things in this house that nobody's goin' ter get. That's my boy's picture, and his silver cup, my sister Lizzie give him when he was born. Jest them two saved, and they can take anything in this house. [*A noise outside of a tin box opening is heard.*] What's that?

EZRA: Now don't get excited, Adna. Ef anybody tries to enter this 'ere house, I'll fix 'em. [*With a look at his gun.*] Don't you worry with me here.

RHODA: Ain't it nice ter hev a smart man like Ezra ter protect yer? My land o' Liberty! It ain't nothin' but the afternoon post.

ADNA: You go, Ezra, will you? [*For the first time EZRA moves his hulk and goes out.*] What kin it be? We ain't had a letter since my sister Harriet was took with "near pneumonia." [*With a startled cry.*] Oh-h-h, who has took my doughnuts?

RHODA: Don't look to me. You know ef I touch my lips with a morsel o'nights, I wouldn't sleep a wink.

ADNA: Yes, I know you wouldn't rest well.

RHODA: Must hev been Ezra. Men hev such stomics!

[*EZRA returns with great excitement, holding a letter. He hastens to the rocker and sits.*]

EZRA: Somethin' fur me.

ADNA: What kin it be?

RHODA: I do hope it's interestin'. [*She leans over the back of the chair, ready to read it for herself. EZRA tears the envelope open, then sees her intention. He looks at her, and holds the gaze, then moves the envelope from her sight. She catches the significance, and withdraws herself, much disappointed. He, taking his time, produces his spectacles, and placing them on reads the letter. During which RHODA is suffering from intense excitement and curiosity, keeping her distance, trying to approach sufficiently near to read for herself.*]

EZRA [*Excited*]: He's comin' home, he's comin'! Vyron's comin' back!

ADNA: What's that you're—

EZRA [*Reading*]: "I'm returning ter take care of you."

ADNA: "Take care of you."

EZRA: Yes ter do the plowin' fur me, an' the hayin'. Comin' home soon, he says, tomorrow or the next day.

ADNA: Vyron, my son, Vyron comin'! Comin' ter his mother, after all these years!

RHODA: My! What grand news! [*EZRA continues to scan the letter. RHODA'S inquisitiveness has overcome her and she is back of the chair earnestly reading over his shoulder.*]

EZRA [*Removing the letter from her vision*]: Just you keep your eyes ter home.

RHODA: What else'd he say?

EZRA: This letter's mine, not yourn. [RHODA, *keenly disappointed, and angry, withdraws.*]

ADNA: What else'd he say, Ezra, tell me, please tell yer wife!

EZRA: Nothin', but I ain't goin' ter hev her an' the country-side know it. [*But RHODA is nursing her anger with spiteful, contemptuous glances. EZRA rises.*] Now le's see. It's too late now fur the noon train. He won't be here till the one from Lebanon gits in at eight-thirty.

ADNA: My son, come back! Dear God, I thank thee!

EZRA: Cut yer prayin', Adna; I've got a lot ter do fur preparation. You jes' set the teakettle on, an' drop in a good han'ful o' chips. [*He begins to pack the wood-box with the wood he dropped.*]

RHODA [*Caustically*]: Yes, you don't suppose he's hed a mite o' supper, do you?

ADNA: The poor boy! I s'pose he don't get a good meal o' vi'tuals real often. [*She "builds up" the fire, and puts the kettle on.*]

RHODA [*By the center table*]: Now what kin Neighbor Webb do? Do let me help. What kin I do fur—fur—[*She stops short, changing her tone to excited mystery—as an idea flashes across her imaginative mind.*] Could it be—I do believe—

EZRA: I'll fetch up a bottle of our dandelion wine.

RHODA [*Spitefully*]: My sakes, you'd better bring up two. This—this—this that's a-comin is a man o' the world an' they like twice a mug better'n once a mug. You watch an' see.

ADNA [*Unheeding RHODA*]: I'd better make up the bed in the best room, too.

RHODA: Seems ter me yer beginning ter take ter him rather soon, ain't yer?

ADNA [*She starts, looks at RHODA, and then too happy to stop to fully comprehend, she goes to the cupboard and takes out the silver cup and the daguerreotype*]: My son, Vyron, a-comin' back to his mother after thirty-two years. [*Placing the silver cup and the daguerreotype back on the shelf. Then she sets a place at the table for him. EZRA is piling wood still. The neighbor gives her wild, tantalizing laugh.*]

RHODA [*With contempt*]: I allus thought, Adna, you cared fur yer son, but now ye leave yer only token of him right where a stranger can help himself to it, I—I—

ADNA [*Bewildered*]: Stranger?

RHODA [*Cruelly*]: Oh, you think this is really your son that's a-comin'. 'Seuse me, I forgot.

ADNA: Well, he is.

RHODA: Why, sure it's him. And jest you see how fond he is of that silver cup. He'll remember that as a-bein' his.

ADNA [*Undisturbed*]: I don't know what you're drivin' at. But I'm as happy as the robins in the spring. [*She goes about her work, and RHODA, seeing ADNA and EZRA with their backs to her, steps lightly to the table and takes the letter from the envelope. She is just unfolding the letter when EZRA turns and sees her.*]

EZRA: Wall?

RHODA [*Stammering*]: I—I—I—You said I done right to inspect Fad Rundlet's.

EZRA: That's a mite different from your investigatin' mine.

RHODA [*Greedily scanning the envelope*]: Where's this letter come from? [*EZRA rises and grabs the envelope from her and examines it. She retreats several steps, abashed, angry, bitter in her disappointment.*]

EZRA: St. Johnsbury.

RHODA: Oh! St. Johnsbury.

EZRA: Why yer askin'?

RHODA: I was jest a-thinkin'.

EZRA: What yer thinkin' on?

RHODA: I didn't know he'd been livin' there.

ADNA: No. No. Course he ain't.

EZRA: He must hev gone there afor he started for his home here.

RHODA: Oh yes. Why didn't I understand afore. Course

he'd go way up north fust, instead of comin' right here direct, through Lebanon.

EZRA: He would ef he wanted to.

RHODA: And then he'd take the fourth road outter the city, the "come back" road ter Norwich.

ADNA: How else would he be comin'?

RHODA: I guess it's jest as well Maria Sharp's lockin' her door.

EZRA: What's that you're mutterin'?

RHODA: Nothin'.

EZRA: I heard you sputter.

RHODA: Well, I was reckonin' when he must o' left St. Johnsbury. Course he didn't leave there Monday night, or he'd been here long afore this evenin'.

ADNA: That warn't what you parleyed, Rhoda. You said as how Mis' Sharp was lockin' her door.

RHODA: Did I? Well, I don't know what's the matter with me o' late.

ADNA: I don't see what Ria Sharp's got ter do with my son's comin'. I don't understand what you're drivin' at. S'pose Vyron was to St. Johnsbury on Monday. What then?

EZRA: Yes. What then? He can travel where and when he likes, my son can. I bet he has his own buggy an' span.

RHODA: Oh fancy!

EZRA: Fancy! He's earned lots o' money, he has.

RHODA: Lots o' money. It's commonly the way with them kind. And they'll show it to you, too. But ain't that nice.

ADNA: The just Lord has made my boy a good man, and smart, and rich. And he's comin' home.

RHODA: Indeed?

EZRA: Indeed! It's aggravatin', you are. [*He turns and goes to the back of the room.*]

RHODA: Then he won't hev no need of your savin's, Mis' Carr, need he? [*She crosses to the mantel.*]

ADNA: Oh, Ezra. [*Going to her husband.*] What's she doin'?' I'm almost dizzy. She's upset me so.

EZRA [*To RHODA*]: No. He won't.

RHODA: Yes. He won't hev no need of your savin's in the Institution. That's jest what I said, ain't it?

EZRA: Say! But look how you're a-sayin' it.

RHODA: Well, how?

EZRA [*Yelling*]: You're tellin' us how this ain't our Vyron. You're tellin' us he's one of them fien's that was ter St. Johnsbury ter steal, and is now a-comin' ter take ourn.

RHODA: Why, Ezra Carr! How can you! I never said nothin' of the kind. You made that all up out o' whole stuff. You know you ain't tellin' the truth, jest now. Did I say all that, Adna?

ADNA [*Who is between EZRA and RHODA*]: N-n-n-no, but somehow—

RHODA [*To EZRA*]: There you see. Even your wife says I didn't say nothin' like that.

ADNA: But somehow—

RHODA: She admits it right here afore you. She knows I love her. Don't I, Adna?

ADNA: Yes, but—

RHODA: Look how I allus take the trouble ter go out of my way ter drop in an' tell you all the news.

EZRA [*Yelling*]: You've told too much this time.

RHODA: Dear me, after all I've done fur you! I never thought I'd live ter see the day when I was called a liar.

EZRA [*Louder*]: You told me jes' now, this warn't my son, Vyron, that was a-comin'. I don't know the parlance you employed, but you told me.

RHODA [*Weeping at the table*]: I've allus been a real good neighbor, I have, and thought you cared fur me, but now look how yer treatin' an' thankin' me when all's I done was ter tell you in so many straight words that yer want ter be sure it's him by a-testin' an' a-questionin' him.

EZRA: You never said nothin' of the kind.

(Continued on page 56.)

The moon—which gets no full-face recognition in this picture—was the real hero, or heroine, of the exquisite production of "Prunella" given in the garden of Jens Jensen by the Drama League of Chicago. It never missed a cue and shone with special splendor when the lines called for shining.

Here are Virginia Fitz-Hugh as Pierrelle, Lawrence Raugh as Pierrol. The costumes were designed by Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong; the director, Oliver Hinsdell.



Photograph by Eugene Hutchinson

A London Letter from a Broadway Critic

By JACK CRAWFORD

THE early autumn in the London theatres is as dull as the corresponding season on Broadway.

I have, therefore, no startling new plays to chronicle but only a humdrum diary of routine matters. I went to the South Kensington museum to see the exhibition on theatre art. It contains some interesting designs beginning with costume plates for court masques of the seventeenth century and ending with the present day work of the late C. Lovat Fraser. The museum authorities might easily have made the exhibition larger; we must, however, feel grateful that they have recognized the theatres at all.

I saw two plays which merit notice—one a high-brow product, the other belonging to what is called over here "the thick ear" school. I enjoyed them both. The first and more important is Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement* which has now been running for five months. As this has been one of the most talked about plays of the season, a word of comment from a Broadway point of view may be worth making. In England, as far as I can gather, it is looked upon as a rather daring problem play—"All about divorce, you know, and that sort of thing." I confess that as a problem it neither excited nor thrilled me, but as a play I thought it a skillfully done piece of work, particularly in the first act. The plot is a variant upon that of *Enoch Arden*, with modern trimmings.

IT appears that some Royal or Parliamentary commission recommended the granting of divorces in case one of the parties was incurably insane. The author, Clemence Dane, has laid the scene of her play a few years on and imagined that this recommendation is now English law. We see a household consisting of a mother, a seventeen-year old daughter, and an aunt, belonging to the pre-war generation. It has been sixteen years since the husband and father was shut up as incurably insane in an asylum. Meanwhile the wife has secured a divorce and has fallen in love again. She is to be married in a week. The daughter urges her mother to seize her new happiness, while the aunt pulls in the opposite direction—remarriage is, in her eyes, mortal sin.

This is the situation in the first act when news comes that the husband has recovered his senses and escaped. He was about to be released as sane by the doctors and he has, therefore, anticipated their decision merely by a few hours. He returns expecting to find everything as he left it sixteen years ago. The intervening time is as if it had not been. His wife, in her weakness, is unable to tell him the truth in the face of his pathetic joy over his return and the discovery of his daughter.

But his former wife does not love him; she loves the other man to whom she is engaged. Her weak nature

and sentimental pity tear her both ways: not to yield, and at last to tell the truth. It is the daughter who saves her. Since there is insanity in the family, the daughter resolves not to marry, dismisses her sweetheart, and plans to give her life to making her father happy. She likewise sends her mother away with the other man.

Now for the life of me I can't see where the problem comes in except for the fact that *Enoch Arden* was always an inconvenient sort of fellow. If one divorced for these reasons, and if the reasons were afterwards no reasons at all—why of course it would be a knotty question. But I feel it is one of those worries that it is no good worrying about. *Enoch Arden* is a rare visitor at best, and when he does happen along he is such an exceptional case that I refuse to believe he needs special attention.

On the other hand the play was so well acted, especially by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Meggie Albanesi that I was quite convinced it was all true, during the first act at least. The dialogue is real and has a human quality without being sentimental. Sharp characterization is always in evidence in Clemence Dane's writing. Of course the naturalness of the scenes helped the acting.

THE "thick ear" play I referred to is *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*. I have to admit that I laughed until laughter became pain, over the facial expressions of Mr. Charles Hawtrey in this melodramatic farce. The whole play just misses being a supreme triumph of the absurd. As it is, it is a good evening's entertainment.

Mr. Applejohn is a country gentleman who longs for adventure. He has placed his country place in the hands of a versatile estate agent and the latter has, unknown to Mr. Applejohn, advertised it as known to contain buried treasure. Thus, as the owner is sitting before his study fire longing for the spacious days when romance flourished, crooks on the trail of the buried treasure begin to arrive. The first is a beautiful woman in evening dress who convinces Applejohn she is a Russian princess escaping from a bolshevist spy and murderer, one Borolsky. Just at this moment the butler announces "Mr. Borolsky." A night of alarms and excursions ensues and in the midst of it, Applejohn falls asleep to dream that he was a pirate and sea-rover called Applejack. The second act shows us him as the redoubtable cut-throat Applejack on board his pirate ship.

In the third act, Applejohn, awake as himself once more, triumphs over all the crooks as he did over his pirate crew and he ends with having had enough adventure on that one evening to last the rest of his life. No account of the plot, however, can indicate in the slightest the absurd air with which Mr. Hawtrey plays

the country gentleman of forty as a hero of romance. As I have said, one laughed one's self speechless.

I WAS at the first night of the revival of Sir James Barrie's *Quality Street*, in which Miss Fay Compton is now playing Phoebe of the ringlets. The audience received the play with its accustomed fervor and Miss Compton achieved a great personal triumph. At present she is one of the most popular and admired of London actresses. There is no denying her charm but I am heretic enough to say that I was a little disappointed in the technical skill of her acting.

In my first week in London I had little opportunity to pick and choose my theatres because London, like New York, is a hospitable place and I went where I was kindly taken. Thus it happened that I missed Galsworthy's *A Family Man* for in my ignorance I thought it would run the summer out. All I can say about it is that an intelligent friend described it as "light, amusing and very well balanced." You must make the most of that. What the phrase "very well balanced" means, I don't know.

I did see one play almost after my own heart—please note the "almost." Lord Dunsany's three-act comedy, *If*, is the one to which I refer. It had almost everything—once more "almost" will intrude. The comedy was played by Henry Ainley and Miss Gladys Cooper, two really skilled artists, and the production by my brother-in-law, the late C. Lovat Fraser, was one of his last pieces of work before his sudden and unexpected death. But I must return to the "almost."

IF I tell you the plot, you will better understand what I mean. Imagine the platform of a suburban railway station where every morning a certain clerk in the city catches a certain train. Only on the occasion of the first scene in Lord Dunsany's play, he just misses it. The gateman shuts the gate in the traveler's face although the train has not yet pulled out. The clerk leaves, vowing vengeance for the missed train. Here is an excellent start since the most hardened play-goer can not possibly imagine what is to follow from this prologue.

In the second scene, ten years later, we are shown the interior of the tawdry little villa in which the clerk resides with his affectionate but tawdry little wife. The household is as prosaic and routine an affair as one could possibly imagine. It seems that the clerk, who sits on the sofa telling his wife over again the story of the missed train, had at one time befriended an oriental. The old theatrical war-horses in the audience were heard snorting and pawing their programs at this trumpet call of the oncoming plot. "If I had caught that train," murmurs the clerk, and at this very moment the oriental is announced as a caller.

The oriental forces upon his rather reluctant friend, the clerk, a gift of potent charm whose virtue is that it enables its possessor to go back again to any period in his life and do over again the thing which he later

feels he should have done differently. The clerk is skeptical but after the oriental has gone, remarks "By Jove! I wish I had caught that train!"

The third scene is identical with the first save at this time the clerk catches his train. It is ten years back in his life and he finds himself sitting in a second-class railway compartment with a charming blonde young lady. After a little preliminary skirmishing, the couple enter into conversation. It appears that the young woman has a valuable property in the far east and needs a man of determination to look after it for her. The clerk hesitates, thinking of the simple women at the villa he has left, but romance and yellow hair overcome him as they have overcome so many brave spirits in this world, and he pledges himself to the fantastic guest.

It is here that the "almost" begins to come in. It is one thing to get off to this glorious start, but quite another thing to keep going after one reaches the Orient. I confess that the Orient never seems plausible to me on the stage. I have a strong suspicion that the Orient, like the rest of the world, is peopled with human beings. Indeed, I go so far as to disbelieve that it is like a cigarette advertisement. But on the stage it is all Allah and salaams and mystery. The clerk gets into an oriental intrigue, the lady joins him, and her ambitions lead him on to assassinate the high Djinn, or whatever the ruler of a theatrical oriental state is called, and the clerk and the lady succeed to the throne.

So far I followed along, keeping the "almost" out of it because I had been so excited and delighted by the first three scenes I was eager to concede points to the author. But there were more oriental scenes to come and they had to be invented. The lady gets herself another lover and begins to plot against the life of her train-catching clerk. A faithful servant warns him in time and he escapes back to the front door of the little villa in the suburbs of London.

In the last scene he is seen asleep on the sofa, his real wife enters, he wakes up and exclaims "By Jove! I dreamt I did catch that train!" That final curtain line brings the play back to the high level of the beginning. It is a splendid idea for the story Robert Louis Stevenson describes in "A Gossip on Romance" and as such I welcomed it with thrills of delight. If only the oriental part of the story had been better instead of "almost!"

The costumes and settings were delightful, as was the playing of Mr. Ainley as the clerk who missed and caught the train, and Miss Cooper in the role of the unscrupulous blonde.

BESIDES *If*, I saw *The Beggar's Opera* with the original company at the Lyric; Karsavina in her new ballets; the first night of Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* in its revival at the old Lyceum; Grock and Little Tich, two inimitable comedians; and a frivolous show which shall not be dignified by being mentioned in this letter. And, in the classic words of Mr. Pepys, "so to bed."



A tent production of "The Bohemian Girl" by the Swarthmore Chautauquas

Chautauqua and the Drama

Impressions of a Traveling Stranger

Theatre Soliloquies, VI

By GREGORY ZILBOORG

THE reader who does me the honor of following my articles in these columns undoubtedly has noticed my utter disbelief in and distrust of the American big city civilization in things theatrical. In countries that are economically and industrially backward, like Russia, the city is not only actually but morally the recognized leader of artistic achievement. There the small town with almost no railroads and few telegraph wires to connect it with the big city, feels itself isolated, apart from the rest of the world and thrown into the dull valley of intellectual and spiritual shadow. The country doctor, the village school teacher, the learned farmer-reformer soon feel themselves devoured by the "small village virus," so pathetically described by Sinclair Lewis in his "Main Street." Under such circumstances the city begins to possess an exceptional luring power, while the village virus slowly but surely undermines the vitality and the striving energy of mind and heart. Those who remain a prey of the village virus are doomed. Those who escape succeed in forming great artistic centers in the big cities. This was the case of Russia. At first Ostrovski and later Chekhov brought to the Russian theatre the dramas of those lonely souls who were oppressed and smothered by the intolerable dullness, inertia and stagnation of outlived traditions or the slow "crawling from one day into another" of the Russian Gopher Prairie. Maria, always wearing black and drinking (*The Seagull*), Dr. Astrov or Vania (*Uncle Vania*) were familiar pathetic figures. The Russian theatre took its material mainly from the kingdom of the village virus and transformed it creatively in its city laboratory of artistic achievements.

The case of America is different. Marvelous railroads, a perfect telegraph system, long distance telephones, bring the city's mind and its activities closer to the Gopher Prairie. The

latter being weaker and less aggressive is overpowered by the buoyant and swaggering city energy. The lonely souls, eaten by the village virus, are lost to the unsearching eye of the city. They are left to their loneliness and sorrows and slow sinking into the twilight of the small town oblivion. The city dominates, and its lure, natural and strong as it always is, sucks out of the small town its vitality, swallows its "gray human beings" and grinds them up between the millstones of rushing urbane life. The city thus because of a marvelous system of communication and power brings about an extremely paradoxical result; it isolates morally and spiritually the small town from the "center of civilization." Who cares in Washington about Carol Kennickott? Nobody. She either goes back to Gopher Prairie or loses herself in the bigness and rush of the city. The city, overmechanized, overcommercialized, naturally looks for something else; it welcomes Eric Valborg and puts him on the "silver sheet" of automatic art.

HENCE the continuous growth of the city dictatorship and of the moral and spiritual isolation of the small town, which is as it always was, the bearer and the moulder of a nation's soul and its artistic material. The American novel, it seems to me, is the first to feel this. And a certain "away from the city" protest rings distinctly in the recent novels of American writers; the success of "Main Street" is both an illustration of what I mean and a marked advance toward artistic achievement, that takes its clay from its real source:—the small town, the lonely souls, the victims and slaves of the village virus, which in America is nothing but a product and servant of the city dictatorship.

That is why the process of bringing about an American theatre, as I pointed out more than once in my previous writings, should

begin from the small town as a protest, should begin with the disintegration of the illusory unity that exists in the interests in different parts of the country. In Russia the city had a unifying power that created the theatre; in America the city has a dominating power that kills it. In Russia the theatre was created by centralizing the creative activity in the city; in America the theatre could and must be created by decentralization, because it is the only way by which new and free activities could be released from the poison of the village virus and from the claws of the city monster.

In Russia, as well as in the rest of Europe, as soon as the "miniature" theatre and the cinema began to develop, a new movement was born: that of the studios, *kammerspiele*, "popular theatres" in small industrial towns, and the like.

This movement was a characteristic act of self-defense against the all conquering and ever aggressive theatrical commercialism and its spiritual child—the cinema. The little theatre movement in America thus stands out not only as the most normal, but as the surest and best process of revolt, and is a constructive effort towards building up a theatre.

BUT the American task is more difficult and more complicated. It will require more devotion, more self-sacrifice, more spiritual sturdiness and more creative initiative, than the European. Europe tries mainly to prevent an old and glorious institution from breaking down; America must build an absolutely new thing, because as I told in one of my first articles, America has not as yet had a theatre. America has many dangerous obstacles in its way. I shall point out a few:

(1) The little theatre is too small both in form and scope. If we go too far, the movement may tend to mince the theatre into small bits, to make it too small, too "one-act" so to speak.

(2) Due to special American conditions, it may become too provincial, too local, for there is a general localizing tendency in American life as a whole. The Californian, the Southerner, the New Yorker betray too often what the Russian calls "patriotism toward one's own church tower."

(3) As a result of this, the theatre may tend to increase the isolation of its different forces and thus never be able to destroy the bastille of the city autocracy.

Thinking along these lines, I often have tried to think out for myself some new method, some new vigorous way for preventing this isolation and for broadening the scope of the new movement. The problem, I confess, is so complicated and the task so formidable that in many respects I find myself at a loss as to the most suitable and promising procedure.

RECENTLY I came in contact with the most American and most original organization of which one could conceive—namely, the Chautauqua. The fact that the Chautauqua is a guest every summer of nearly 10,000 American towns and that it spreads all over the continent from Arizona to Nova Scotia and from California to Delaware is in itself a proof of the vitality and tremendous influence of the system.

Now, Chautauqua belongs to the small town. It is not of the city. It is not sedentary either in its taste or vision. It is nomadic. It goes from town to town, from village to village; it cannot limit itself to the propagation of provincialism or localism, for now it is in Texas, tomorrow in Tennessee and after tomorrow in Ohio. Its activity (to succeed) must be at once of local and general character. It must unify instead of breaking and isolating. Chautauqua has another advantageous power: it reaches the masses in their own homes; it comes to them regularly; it is an institution and not a casual visitor as the traveling theatrical troupe is. Moreover, it possesses one trait that is perhaps the most precious of all: it does not come unbidden, it does not impose itself on the community. It comes because the community itself arranged for its coming; the com-

munity knows it is coming, it awaits, it expects, it likes it. Chautauqua thus acquires a peculiar artistic and intellectual authority before the small town community. It is therefore better able to mould the taste of the crowds and to exercise a moral power of conviction that no "play on the road" or other salesman of theatrical goods could ever exercise.

Therefore it was borne in upon me that Chautauqua or a similar type of organization might be one of the best channels and one of the most powerful forces through and by which the theatre as an artistic national institution might be introduced into the small town, i. e., into the very place where the American Theatre (with a big T) must be born if at all.

THIS season I visited nearly one hundred towns with the Chautauqua tent, beginning with North Carolina through the Virginias and Pennsylvania to New York State. The Swarthmore Chautauqua with which I traveled has in all about eight hundred towns and it undertook to present at least one drama or comedy and one opera in every town. The number of people who visited the tent during the play or opera showed always forty or fifty percent increase over the normal attendance during other entertainments or lectures. The number of spectators for the play in all towns amounted approximately to 750,000. As many visited the opera, this brings the figure of general attendance to one and a half millions. If you will take into consideration the fact that a town with a population of four or five thousand people provided at times an audience of one thousand you will easily realize how popular purely theatrical performances are as compared with other types of entertainment. Potentially every small town is a tremendous theatrical artistic force. When I met, while traveling through North Carolina, the Carolina Players who happened to come to the same towns as the Chautauqua, though at different times, I thought to myself, "The idea of the Carolina Players is sound and promises a great step forward in the development of American theatre. All they need is the moral authority for bringing their ideas home to the inhabitants of the numerous Gopher Prairies and the possibility of bringing Carolina to Pennsylvania and Maryland to Illinois." I do not know whether anybody but Chautauqua possesses at the present moment all these qualifications and advantages. Moreover it possesses a great gift of adaptability. Despite the atmosphere of a camp, despite the tottering rostrum, despite its frequent dependence upon the whim of the weather, the Swarthmore Chautauqua for instance succeeded in producing a few plays and operas with the maximum of artistry that is possible under the circumstances.

The hanging of the scenery, which is very susceptible to the vibration of the air, the limited resources for fast resetting of the stage were overcome most satisfactorily. At any rate, the theatrical illusion was not inferior, and at times it was superior to many hurried and semi-conventionalized productions that I saw in some little theatres. I have not seen other Chautauquas, but the idea of Dr. Paul M. Pearson, director of the Swarthmore Chautauqua, of making the Chautauqua rostrum not only a lecture platform, but a propagator of good theatre, is beyond doubt great and fruitful.

THERE are however some points that need elimination. To place great hopes in Chautauqua in general as a theatre builder would be to hope too much. There are two different kinds of Chautauquas. One is a commercial organization. No matter how closely it follows the idealistic traditions of the original Chautauqua, its main aim, however, is making a certain profit. Such an organization must inevitably tend to meet the popular taste; it cannot be expected, that a purely commercial Chautauqua should do very much in building and shaping better taste in the masses. Jazz and rag-time, made so popular through the victrolas and player-pianos, could not possibly be avoided in such cases. There is another type of Chautauqua, the non-profit



"Nothing but the Truth" as presented by the Swarthmore Chautauquas

making kind. Its principles are (1) not to be endowed by anybody; (2) to use all the net income for the development of the organization itself for the betterment of its artistic and intellectual quality. Fortunately, my experience was with some of the non-profitmaking, morally and intellectually independent organizations. When the commercial element is eliminated, when the spirit of an institution is service, we have all the premise requisite for the development of an independent artistic undertaking.

On the other hand there is the eternal problem of the American attitude toward the theatre. In one of my previous articles I made more or less clear that *pleasure* which the theatre, as any other artistic expression gives, is very often confounded with *amusement*. The theatre is looked upon from a utilitarian and hedonistic standpoint. It is appreciated as an activity that amuses, that "gives a good laugh." The literary or purely dramatic qualities of a play are either not considered at all, or are considered at the most as a minor matter. It would be therefore unnatural if Chautauqua, whose principles and ideas are not confined to theatre and whose theatrical activities are comparatively new, should not reflect the general hedonistic attitude. Therefore the plays given on the Chautauqua rostrum do not belong to the literary or artistic masterpieces. Still they are much cleaner and artistically more earnest than many "legitimate" Broadway productions.

During this summer, the Swarthmore Chautauqua produced *Nothing but the Truth*, *It Pays to Advertise* and the light opera *The Bohemian Girl*. All these are light, simple, artistically naive and not original, it is true. Yet the production of these pieces was commendable rather than condemnable because they mark an artistic and thoughtful, inspired effort. *Nothing but the Truth* and *The Bohemian Girl* filled up two evenings of a whole week. Three evenings were filled up with lectures. There remained little or no place for vaudeville, or banality of jazz. True all this is far from Chekhov, or O'Neill, or Susan Glaspell, but it has a tremendous educative power. It is a step toward the travelling little theatre with all its advantages and almost with none of the disadvantages which I have mentioned.

WE must not forget that these plays and operas have a two-fold significance: they stimulate the potential dramatic taste and stabilize it, for Chautauqua visits the same towns more or less regularly year after year. There are veteran Chautauqua towns. The towns thus get the habit of having at least once a year a worthy theatrical performance. There are trained junior coaches who work all week with the children and there is a special children's pageant-play that cultivates to a certain local extent the local junior talent. One step further and we would not be far from having an adult play produced by local grown-up talent under the direction and supervision of the Chautauqua.

The second important factor generated by the Chautauqua plays is that for a week at least, or for the evening of the play at any rate, the town crowds do not hesitate to show their preference; they go to the tent rather than to the movies. They are being actively reminded, if not trained on the idea that drama is drama and not a silver sheet platitude. This explains the oft-times expressed hostility of the local movie-man to Chautauqua.

In view of all these considerations it will hardly be an exaggeration to say that Chautauqua is perhaps the most powerful apparatus and the most stimulating idea for the regeneration of the American theatre. I do not hide from myself the practical difficulty of the problem, nor the menace that the Chautauqua rostrum may be invaded by the "popular" disrespect of theatre as the bearer of serious artistic values, but the possibilities, the potential power of Chautauqua, are beyond doubt. The people who busy themselves with the problem of the American theatre must not fail to notice and to utilize these possibilities.

Chautauqua was born as a religious and educational institution. It possibly does not yet realize completely the part it could play in the advancement of the cause of the American artistic stage. It is neither experienced in nor well informed about this field. Herein lies a great hope and a great danger. It may fail to grasp its missionary possibilities in the development of the theatre and follow the steps of the hedonistic traditions of Broadway. In this case it will use the theatre only as an attraction

(Continued on page 40.)

BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

AFTER reading *Six Short Plays*, by John Galsworthy (Scribner's Sons.) I turned with relief to the *Ten One-Act Plays*, by Alice Gerstenberg (Brentano's). Mr. Galsworthy's plays may be passed on by a brief comment which is that the least bad is *Hall-Marked*. Whether the others were written in moments of madness or of idleness, I do not know, but I am sure that if they had been written by a less distinguished man than the author of *Justice*, *The Skin Game*, *Strife*, *The Fugitive*, and other notable dramas, he would have found difficulty in finding a publisher. As an admirer of Mr. Galsworthy in his better moods, I can say only that I hope his *Six Short Plays* will not be read by those who do not know his real merit.

Miss Gerstenberg, on the other hand, is a progressive young playwright, possibly the best-known and most widely be-played by amateur groups in America. Her plays are proof that she will never arrive because when she gets to a given destination, she will go on to another, and so on *ad infinitum*. You feel in reading her plays that she will try to make her next one better; that she will not, as Galsworthy apparently has done, go to "sleep on the job," relying on past encomia for present recognition. When I say that Alice Gerstenberg will never "arrive" I mean that she has already arrived at various stations on the playwright's highway, but is, as Johnnie Walker of blessed memory was, "still going." *Overtones* the best known of Miss Gerstenberg's one-act plays, has been presented on the professional stage and by many small theatre groups, and is the best work that she has done. In it she begins to show an interest in the mystic which is developed in *Beyond*, a dramatic monologue, one of the best plays in the volume, in *Attuned* and in *The Unseen*. In *Fourteen*, published originally in *THE DRAMA*, not because of which fact I put myself on record as saying it belongs in the "a" class of her plays; *The Potboiler*, an amusing satire on temperament as applied to actors, author, and manager in rehearsal; *Hearts*, a character study of four women of fashion at a bridge table—I need not say more—; and *He Said and She Said*, Miss Gerstenberg gives proof however that she is not bound around with the woolen string of mysticism. If *The Illuminati in Drama Libre*, the last play in the book, were not captioned "a satire on futurist and cubist painting," I would say that it was as bad as Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons*, or Alfred Kreymborg's *Lima Beans*, but Miss Gerstenberg's designation of the skit as a satire precludes this criticism, although I think it is not up to the standard of her best work.

Ada Sterling has given us another *Mary, Queen of Scots* (Oxford University Press). The more or less lamented Mary Stuart was recently exhumed by Mr. Drinkwater, who felt, apparently that any widow, who could dispose of her second and third husbands,—and in the meantime shake off a few lovers—, spend eighteen years behind barred doors, and still retain her girlish beauty and be able to walk to the scaffold with firm step and head unbowed, was worthy of consideration. Mary has been and probably will continue to be one of the most fascinating world figures. Miss Sterling would lead us to believe or have us go on believing as we did in our youth, that Mary was a martyr.

As a matter of fact, if Mary had had the swinging of the axe, she would have said to the lord high executioner when confronted by Elizabeth, "Off with her head." The Virgin Elizabeth and the much-married Mary were truly sisters under the skin although only half-sisters by birth. Miss Sterling's telling of the story is supposedly in blank verse. It is not, however, rhythmic as a whole although in the first episode, which has to do with Mary's widowhood after the death of Francois, has some feeling for rhythm. In the later episodes which deal with the murder of Rizzio; Mary's imprisonment in Scotland; her imprisonment in Fotheringay in England eighteen years later; Elizabeth and her so-called counsellors; the garden scene in which Mary politely tells Elizabeth who and what she is—the scene of the play in which Miss Sterling lost her opportunity, a scene which she says in her foreword is a reconstruction of the Schiller

version; Elizabeth and her counsellors again; and, in the words of Weber and Field, "the merry queen of Scots" going to her execution, Miss Sterling evidently became so absorbed in the story that she forgot she was writing blank verse; her lines after the first episode read much better as prose.

Although endeavoring to cover the entire story of Mary's life Miss Sterling has left gapping hiatuses between her episodes. In the first episode, for example, Mary is in France and her followers are trying to devise a way for her to get to Scotland without spending a week-end in London. There is interest here as the curtain falls. It's melodrama. You feel that in the next scene there is going to be something exciting. There is, but your ardour is cooled when you find, in this next scene, Mary Queen of Scots, ruling at Holyrood. How did she get there? You will want to know and will have to consult your histories to find the answer. This is true of the other hiatuses. In summing up the play, I would say that Miss Sterling had her best scenes played off-stage.



Miss Alice Gerstenberg

A favorite dramatist in the little theatres and not unknown on Broadway

Photograph by Drake Studios, Chicago

*My little old man and I fell out
And I'll tell you what 'twas ail about—
I had money and he had none
And that's the way the noise begun.*



“The Way the Noise Began”*

By DON and BEATRICE KNOWLTON

SHE, a large, hefty woman with red hair, is sweeping the floor when HE, a little, thin old man in an old-fashioned tailed coat and silk hat, comes in.

HE: And how is your rheumatism today, my dear? Don't you think that work is a bit hard for you?

SHE: Rheumatism or no rheumatism, the sweeping and the dusting and the cooking and the washing and the ironing and the baking and the mending and all the rest of it has got to be done.

[She sweeps vigorously.]

HE *[Smiling]:* It can't be so bad today. You look as fresh as a daisy, my dear, a daisy, indeed.

SHE: A daisy, is it? And if I'm a daisy, pray what are you?

HE: Me? Oh I'm an iron weed, the strong, vigorous iron weed that grows up beside the dear little daisy.

[*He chucks her under the chin.*]

SHE: Iron weed, eh? Well now that I look at you, you do look rusty like. Comes from lying around idle, the same as junk.

HE: And who could help being idle with you around. I stay at home, my dear, just to be able to feast my eyes on you, my dear little violet.

SHE: Well, if feasting your eyes was all that you wanted, why didn't you say so long ago. I would have saved a pile of victuals.

HE: The best cook in the world, my dear, better even than my mother.

SHE: I do pride myself that there ain't many in the county that can set a man down to a better meal than I can.

HE: County! Yes, my dear, and would you object if I should go to the fair this afternoon?

SHE: Not a bit of it. I'd be glad to have you out of the way the whiles I sweep. The Lord knows you're under foot most of the time. The less rubbish around, the better pleased am I. [*She plies her broom toward him.*] All's trash that goes before the broom.

[*There occurs a long pause during which he is obviously trying to muster courage to speak.*]

SHE: Wear your muffler and your gloves. I've no time to be waiting on the sick.

[*He still fidgets around.*]

SHE: And what are you waiting for? Do you expect the governor's carriage to roll up and call for you?

HE: Remember the dollar that I gave to you last week Thursday? The dollar that I earned carrying the Creighton young 'uns to the barber?

SHE: Last week! Last month! I'm not so young as I once was and my memory hardly harks back to the time when you last earned a dollar.

HE: It was last week Thursday, if you recall carefully and I carried the Creighton young 'uns to the barber. Jennie had the toothache and the Mrs. sent down to ask me to take the both of them and to see that young James had a haircut so as to be ready for the winter. And when I came back I said, "Here, my dear, will you keep this dollar for me until—"

SHE: Keep it for you! And when you came back you tossed it to me and said, "Here old lady take this and buy yourself a new cap."

HE: I was wondering—

SHE: You can keep right on wondering.

HE: But I thought that seeing that you didn't get the new cap, I might swap this dollar for the next one that I earn.

SHE: The next one! I'd have a cold in my nose for a year, if I waited to buy a new cap until you turn up another dollar.

HE: Well, I ask you, Mrs. Cruikshanks, how can a man go to the fair lacking even a dollar?

SHE: On his own two legs. Your eyes are both good and you can rest one of them while you peer through a knot-hole with the other.

HE: A fine position for a decent man to be seen in. You are not wishing a self-respecting man to be seen looking through a knot-hole are you?

SHE: No, I can't say as I am, not a self-respecting man. If you want amusement, I should advise you to mow the dooryard. The grass is so high that I'm afraid you'll be lost on your way from the gate to the house and I'll have to organize a posse to search you out. That is a fine position for a self-respecting man. Swinging the scythe will set you up and develop the muscles on your withered arms. And if it's animals you're looking for, let me suggest, Mr. Cruikshanks, that you go out to the barn and have a look at your cow. Her stall is so dirty

and the old cow is so bad off, that she has scratched the hair off her flanks until she looks like the top of your head. And if it's victuals and cakes you're after looking at, let me advise you to stay at home some nights and look at the meals your wife sets out for you, while you loaf around the store and roll your eyes at the Widow Green that can't set a sponge of bread to rise. And if you had wanted to see some fine victuals at the fair, you might have stayed at home and split some wood so that your wife might have baked. It would have been good for your spindling calves. If it's acrobatics you're looking for, try standing on the limb of an apple tree and tossing the apples into a basket. They're laying rotting now so that the ground under the trees is the color of your dried up old skin. We can have a fair of our own right here on our own place, and if you think you need a ring leader, I know a woman that can do a good job at cracking the whip.

HE: Enough, Mrs. Cruikshanks, enough! You are insulting, positively insulting. Now let me tell you that because of your violent temper you have lost your husband, your good, indulgent husband.

SHE: Such luck never came into this house.

HE: If you will tell me where to find my carpet bag, I will trouble you no more.

SHE: It is in the cupboard in the spare room, and the heavens be praised for their kindness.

HE: I am going to follow the fairs. Mr. Barrowdale, this morning, asked me to take his cow to other fairs. I told him I could not leave my wife, my devoted wife, but since you prefer it—

[*He goes out and a noise is heard as of doors opening and drawers being pulled out.*]

SHE: Mr. Cruikshanks, what are you doing?

HE: Merely searching for my Sunday breeches, my dear, and where are the stockings that go with them?

SHE: In the top drawer of the high-boy where they always stay on week days.

[*There is more noise, as she continues to sweep.*]

SHE: What are you looking for now, Mr. Cruikshanks?

HE: My razor, my dear, a man in the public must shave often.

[*He appears with his bag.*]

HE: Well, Mrs. Cruikshanks?

SHE: And are you going to leave me, a poor defenseless woman all alone? Nobody to mow the lawn and look after the cow!

[*She throws herself in his arms.*]

HE: It was you who prayed to heaven—

SHE: Would you go and leave your little daisy to bloom all alone? Leave me in my old age when my rheumatism keeps me from the simplest tasks, you a big strong man that I need to get in the wood. How will I ever get in the wood?

HE: There, there, my dear, if it grieves you so, I'll stay, I'll stay. The big iron weed will protect his little daisy.

[*She rolls up her skirt and takes from her stocking a roll of money, peels off a dollar bill which she hands to him and returns the rest to her stocking.*]

SHE: And when you get home I'll have killed a pullet and fried it for our supper. Go and enjoy the fair.

[*They embrace enthusiastically.*]

SHE: Good-bye, my big, strong protector.

HE: Farewell, my little wild rose.

[*He has dropped his carpet bag. After he goes out she looks after him and then picks up the bag. She opens it, turns it upside down and finds it empty. She seizes the broom and rushes after him.*]

Broadway Redivivus

THE early autumn season in New York is no worse than usual, which sounds like damning with faint praise, but, in truth, the optimist is thankful to avoid calamity. The number of plays tried out and sent to Mr. Kahn's well-known morgue has been, and always will be, great. A first-nighter becomes more and more at sea as to the standards of producers. The demand for first class new plays is undoubtedly greater than the supply, yet the wildest demand would not explain the expenditure for Broadway production of one-third of the new plays of August and September.

One decision is inevitable: a play suggesting not too flagrantly popular scenes in past successes is likely to gain the attention of some of the managers.

A second decision is that in spite of the opportunity left by the managers for the success of more daring and less commercial groups in plays of originality and imagination, such as *The Emporer Jones* and *Liliom*, these managers are still afraid of originality and imagination. Only such fear and such devotion to the past explain the silly *Only 38*; the trite Jewish comedy, *Two Blocks Away*, in which Barney Bernard is appearing; and the over-used lingerie displayed in a thing called *Getting Gertie's Garter*.

And by imagination I do not mean the uncontrolled fancy of the flimsy *The Blue Lagoon* with its Marie Odile-like heroine, or the ridiculous *Tarsan of the Apes*. Rather I refer to plays which grip one beneath the skin; which point beauty and give a rich wonder at least to the moment.

IN spite of the foregoing deductions, Broadway offers real entertainment to the patron who looks before he leaps to the box-office. The melodrama, *The Green Goddess*, Mr. Archer's play with Geroge Arliss as the arch villain, is still on the boards, and as good melodrama, well acted, is rare the play continues to be one of the successes of Broadway. *Liliom*, one of the great successes of last year, reviewed extensively in THE DRAMA of June, 1921, is still playing at the Fulton Theatre. *Dulcy*, which was reviewed in this magazine by my Chicago confrere during its long run in that city, eventually reached New York where its western success is being duplicated. Not an exceptional play in itself, it is made wholly worth-while by the clever work of Miss Lynn Fontanne in the title role. *Dulcy* utters bromides so glibly that their name should be changed to dulcyides.

Of the new plays of note, *The Circle*, by Somerset Maugham and *The White-headed Boy*, by Lennox Robinson, are undoubtedly dominating the interest of the more intelligent audience. Maugham, as he proved most clearly in *Our Betters*, is a master of clever and at the same time natural dialogue, an artist at characterization, and a finished technician. The play deals with the refusal of young potential elopers to consider the disastrous example furnished them by similar adventures thirty years before. An interesting feature of the performance to me, and apparently to the audience, was the re-appearance on our stage, of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who although not always a great artist is always a great actress. To me she is in comparison with Mrs. Fiske, as Bernhardt is in comparison with Duse. John Drew also received much acclaim on his re-appearance. The cast surrounding Mrs. Carter and Mr. Drew is of brilliant ability, including as it does Estelle Winwood, who made Mr. Maugham's *Too Many Husbands*, a joy forever, and Ernest Lawford.

The White-headed Boy brings back to us those well-beloved Irish players, Arthur Sinclair and Marie O'Neill. A jollier contraption of Irish village life has not reached our stage. It is the best thing Mr. Robinson has done and that is high praise, for *The Patriot*, and *The Lost Leader*, though too national for full American appreciation, were worthy drama. The situations arising from the family efforts to ship their weak-sister son to

America without admitting his weakness, are deftly handled and the pungent dialogue from the tongue of the Irish actors is a rare treat.

OTHER plays repaying an evening's attention, are the two comedies of real life of today: *The First Year*, which give truthful significance to its stodgy, though humorous, details, details of the life of a newly wed couple; and *Nice People*, a pointed discussion of our younger generation. More farcical but not the less worth-while if one's mood is right are *March Hares*, and *Six Cylinder Love*, the latter with Ernest Truex, whose name suggests the type of play to a host of followers.

The Hero is attracting more attention than its technique or its logic merits. In this play it is the daring theme that holds the interest: is the war hero who becomes a rotter at home, more to be admired than the hard-working self-effacing stay-at-home who could not enter the war because of family responsibilities. In the face of recent war patriotism as distinguished from peace patriotism, the fact that the author brings up the theme indicates his bias and colors the attitude of the audience. In marshalling his arguments within the play itself, he attempts absolute fairness to both sides. The fallacy lies in the unfairness of the assumption that the cases are typical. By no means were all of the stay-at-homes forced by duty to remain safely in America, and by no means are all of the returned heroes beyond the pale of respect in their civilian life. If we are not to consider these two men types, we are not to consider the theme seriously, and if this play is not worth-while for its theme, it is a poor play.

AN interesting but not too successful venture is that of the Greenwich Village Theatre in presenting *Launcelot and Guinevere*, a play by Edwin Milton Royle, based largely upon the Tennyson poem. Mr. Royle, formerly an actor, deserted the stage after the success of his play *The Squaw Man*. William Faversham, who played *The Squaw Man* for several years, thereby introducing himself to a wide public which had not known him, is at the present time adding leaves to his laurel wreath by his presentation of *The Silver Fox*. With the possible exception of Mr. Drew, "Favvy" as he is affectionately called by his admirers, has kept his stance in the affections of the New York public, longer than any other actor of his period.

Swords, by Sidney Howard, seems to contradict one of my opening statements, for it is a romantic tragedy of considerable power, written in a free blank verse form new to the American stage. Settings of great beauty and vigor are supplied by Robert Edmond Jones.

TWO helpful play lists have recently appeared. The American Library Association through Miss Alice Hazeltine of the St. Louis Public Library, assisted by Miss Cora Mel Patten of the Drama League of America, has compiled an extensive annotated edition of plays for children. It contains one hundred and eight pages of play notes and lists of plays for special days and cites reference books and works on folk dances and singing games. One is surprised that so much good material is available. Every elementary school and every worker in drama for children should have access to it.

The H. W. Wilson Company has issued a list of plays for amateurs, prepared by the little theatre department of the New York Drama League. The plays are well selected and the list is up to date. The lists for women and for men are especially well chosen. Other divisions are of one-act and full-length plays suited to school use are starred. The pamphlet is in an expensive paper form.



The Wharf Theatre at Provincetown Where Eugene O'Neill's Plays Were First Produced

The Playwrights' Theatre

By LUCIE R. SAYLER

With a Sketch by the Author

MANY and various aims have brought little theatres into being through the length and breadth of America—a cultural interest in the drama as it already exists or a desire to revolutionize it into new form, a longing for self-expression on the part of amateurs of the stage, an attempt to replace the vanishing one-night stands of Broadway road companies, or perhaps a vaguely defined combination of such purposes. The Chicago Little Theatre, the Washington Square Players, and a few others, have had their brilliant day in the sun, but none has held so long or so consistently to a definitely and constructively experimental ideal as the Provincetown Players, whose productions of Eugene G. O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* and *Diff'rent* last season focussed on them the spotlights of Broadway and the attention of the theatre-loving public. A group of writers in the beginning, and largely so still, they gathered together spontaneously for the purpose of "writing, producing and acting their own plays." Their impelling desire

was to establish a stage where playwrights of sincere, poetic, literary and dramatic purpose could see their plays in action, and superintend their production without submitting to the professional manager's interpretation of public taste. While they have afforded an opportunity for equally free experiment to actor and scenic artist, working always toward simplicity in settings, their self-given title, "The Playwrights' Theatre," expresses their dominant motive. To give variety to their programs and make it possible to continue presenting their own plays without too much boresome repetition, they reached out and drew other playwrights into their circle, a method which has kept them within the field of American drama, both in material and in spirit. This interest in our native drama, although it has always been incidental to their interest in their own plays, is gradually deepening into a fuller realization of their responsibility and opportunity in a larger way as a clearing-house for the work of the untried American playwright.

Disapproval of some of the policies of the Washington Square Players in the early spring of 1915 brought about the first gathering of the Provincetowners the following summer in the quaint fishing village and artists' colony in Massachusetts from which they take their name. True to the spirit of this Greenwich Village on a holiday and its atmosphere of spontaneous experiment and free self-expression, they have kept few records of those early days. The first plays were *Suppressed Desires*, by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell, and *Constancy*, by Neith Boyce Haggood, presented at the latter's house on a bluff overlooking the bay. For *Constancy* the porch was used as stage with the sea as background and Long Point Light at the tip of Cape Cod on the horizon. To this setting Robert Edmond Jones added shaded lamps and a couch with flaming cushions, and thereby made his debut in the theatre as scenic artist. For *Suppressed Desires* the audience right-about-faced toward a stage in an inner room.

Following this successful performance they rented the lower floor of Margaret Steele's barn-like studio on a rickety wharf—since converted into a cabaret, "Sixes and Sevens," run by a group of young painters, with a studio above and another in the leaning shack beside it. There a room twenty-five feet square was divided between stage and auditorium, with a door at the rear of the stage through which further use of the sea and the distant lighthouse as backdrop was possible. Contributions of five dollars each by the players paid for alterations superintended by George Cram Cook as head carpenter. To reviews of the first bill were added *Change Your Style*, a satire by Mr. Cook on the various art schools represented at Provincetown, and *Contemporaries*, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. On returning to New York in the fall they gave *Suppressed Desires*, and Rollo Peters' *The Seven Daughters of the King* at the Liberal Club, and repeated the former in Ira Remsen's studio, now a Greenwich Village restaurant. Finally George Cram Cook, with Jack Reed, Lucian Cary, and Floyd Dell, organized the group into definite form with a view to a permanent theatre in New York in the rather distant future, and incidentally planned the next Provincetown season.

THAT summer of 1916 saw many developments. The thirty active members decided to offer a subscription membership at two dollars and a half entitling the holder to two admissions to each of the four bills of short plays. They obtained eighty-seven subscribers and made the proceeds cover the installation of electric lights, stage, curtain, and built-in seats at the Wharf Theatre, besides current expenses for scenery and costumes. Some idea of their creative ingenuity may be learned from the fact that their most expensive production cost less than thirteen dollars! The season began inauspiciously with a fire which carried away the end of the wharf and part of the stage and curtain five days before the scheduled first night. But the troupe turned carpenter and the opening was not

postponed. Besides two revivals from the previous summer eleven original one-act plays, written, staged and acted by members of the group had their premieres. In many cases the authors appeared before the footlights in their own plays. Among these additions to the repertory were Jack Reed's *Freedom*; Neith Boyse Haggood's *Winter's Night*; Louise Bryant's *The Game*; Wilbur Daniel Steele's *Not Smart*; and Susan Glaspell's *Trifles*. Their productions of *Bound East for Cardiff* and *Thirst* at this time mark the first appearance on the stage of the work of Eugene O'Neill, who has been so great a factor in their success, and so distinctive a leader in their program from the "Moon of the Caribbees" series to *The Emperor Jones*.

By fall the enterprise had outgrown the limitations of a vacation season and the Players adopted a constitution and by-law and prepared to meet the greater difficulties of continuing their work and play in the city. They made eighty dollars by performance of a review bill—*The Game*, *Bound East for Cardiff* and *Suppressed Desires*. Eight of the group contributed thirty dollars each to the ambitious adventure, and the Stage Society gave \$1600 for two evenings of each program. Sixty-four of their subscribers were New Yorkers and formed the nucleus of a mailing list which brought in four hundred and fifty associate members in the course of the first winter.

The old house at 139 Macdougal Street afforded a suitable Greenwich village habitat and atmosphere for theatrical experiment, the front room serving as auditorium and the back room as stage with a steel girder costing sixty percent of their capital over the proscenium opening between. Ten bills were announced at a subscription price of four dollars, on a schedule of nine days for rehearsals and five performances of each bill. Attendance was limited to members in order to avoid the complications of the building laws and the interference of any board of censors

And critics were barred. The Building Department closed the playhouse temporarily on a technicality after nine bills had been presented, but the Players had won enough success and recognition to reopen in the autumn for a season of seven bills.

Nine of the Provincetowners were in service in 1918, but the remainder of the group carried on their work in a spirit which kept them intact through the war and has put them on a firm footing each succeeding year—a spirit expressed thus in the prospectus of that season: "It is now often said that theatrical entertainment in general is socially justified in this dark time as a means of relaxing the strain of reality, and thus helping to keep us sane. This may be true, but if more were not true—if we felt no deeper value in dramatic art than entertainment—we would hardly have the heart for it now. One faculty, we know, is going to be of vast importance to the half-destroyed world—indispensable for its rebuilding: the faculty of creative imagination. That spark of it which has given this group of ours such life and meaning as we have is not so insignificant, the



Susan Glaspell
(Mrs. George Cram Cook)

we should now let it die. The social justification which we feel to be valid now for makers and players of plays is that they shall help keep alive in the world the light of imagination. Without it the wreck of the world that was cannot be cleared away and the new world shaped."

WITH this characteristic optimism they moved into their present quarters in the ex-livery-stable at 133 Macdougall Street and raised their membership to five dollars. Through all these seasons George Cram Cook continued to direct the productions but in the fall of 1919 he stayed behind in Provincetown leaving the leadership to James Light who had joined the group—and played his first role—two years before. Under Light six bills were made to constitute a season, the performance of each lasting two weeks to accommodate the growing membership of nearly two thousand, and the subscription rate raised a time or two more to meet the increasing cost of production and the increasing desire for more varied stagecraft.

During these years of continuous progress from an amateur company toward an art theatre many new plays from the pens of Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, Floyd Dell, and others of the original group have upheld and strengthened the tradition of individuality and sincere freedom of thought which characterized the earlier programs, while the works of new playwrights have been taken from outside into the widening scope of the repertory. Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo*; Alfred Kreymborg's *Vote the New Moon*; David Pinski's *The Dollar*; and Wallace Stephens' Chinese fantasy *Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise* have stood out among many plays of similar genre, and the names of B. O. Nordfeldt, Rita Wellman, and Irwin Granich appear often in the seasons' chronicles. Other contributing poets and playwrights have been Harlda Chapin, Maxwell Bodenheimer, and Harry Kemp, while Otto K. Liveright, Bosworth Crocker, Djuna Barnes, and Edna Ferber have been among more occasional writers for the Provincetown stage. Only once has the custom of presenting American plays exclusively been broken, when they gave Schnitzler's *Last Masks* during the unproductive post-war year of 1919.

The outstanding fact that all their performances prior to last season consisted of one-act plays would seem to indicate a definite intention to specialize in one type of dramatic expression, following some principle or theory, but according to the Players themselves, they have limited their choice only to material which they felt to be more surely within their range of interpretation. The success of their more ambitious efforts this past year—the carefully balanced performances of three full length plays, George Cram Cook's *The Spring*; Evelyn Scott's *Love*, and Susan Glaspell's *Inheritors*, and their brilliant presentations of *The Emperor Jones* and *Diff'rent*, which are almost full length, is indication that they are becoming masters of the art they love.

BESIDES the writers, and working with them, a few actors form an integral part of the group, while most of the artists of the Village have lent a hand and a bit of imagination to their productions at one time or another. Ida Rauh has appeared regularly on the Provincetowners' stage beginning with the first cast, and Jasper Deeter and Charles Ellis have distinguished themselves in leading roles of late years. Joseph Lewis Weyrich decorated the first New York playhouse, and the Zorachs have contributed several designs, including the device on the program cover. Cleon Throckmorton has designed the most recent settings, with the help of Harry Gottlieb in their execution, while James Light's inspiration is largely responsible for the new plaster sky-dome which was used with such striking artistic effect in the tropical night scenes of *The Emperor Jones*

and last spring's revival of *The Moon of the Caribbees*. The costumes of the last few seasons have been, for the most part, the creation of Blanche Hays, and are achieved, together with the scenery, in the room above the theatre. This was formerly Christine's restaurant and is now a combination of secretary's office where M. Eleanor Fitzgerald holds the reins and the purse-strings as business manager, and workshop-club-room, with kitchen attached where the Players and their friends work in all the crafts of the theatre with characteristic informality.

It is in this use of their collective imagination that the secret of much of their success lies. George Cram Cook believes that "a closely knit group of creative and critical minds is capable of calling forth from the individuals who compose it richer work than they can produce in isolation. The art of the theatre cannot be pure, in fact cannot be an art at all, unless its various elements—playwriting, acting, setting, costuming, lighting—are by some means fused into unity. There are two ways of attaining it: the way of the autocratic direct-



George Cram Cook

or and the way of the group."

THE Provincetown Players have followed the latter path, as the natural expression, in earlier years, of a small number of creative individuals offering their unpaid services to the stage because they liked to work there. The preservation of this group spirit is one of the greatest problems confronting the present larger organization on whom success has imposed more business-like methods and a more shifting personnel of salaried actors. Two plays up town last winter while a third played to subscribers south of Washington Arah required numerous performers borrowed from the professional world, while on the other hand many actors, notably Charles S. Gilpin, the famous negro of *The Emperor Jones*, have found in the Provincetown playhouse a stepping-stone from obscurity to Broadway.

In spite of these inevitable changes resulting from their own progress, however, the Players have not yielded to the temptation to compete with the commercial theatre in which the over-

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The New Philosophical Basis of the German Drama

II

By HUNTLY CARTER

AS though continuing the action of the first two books in the sphere of humanism and mysticism, the third book, "Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen," calls attention to that want of balance between the internal and external instruments of thought which is the cause of the decline of western civilization, and suggests a means of establishing a human and creative unity of the two. Count Keyserling journeyed to the East where he became saturated with the wonderful philosophical systems of China and India. He returned with this Odessey in which he suggests how western nations shall be liberated from the tyranny of the thinking machine, not by being bound to another isolation, the spiritual one, but by a union of nature and spirit. Two Eastern types appeared to him as possible working models of western reform. But he decided to reject one of them—the one who completely identifies himself with God—in favor of the other—the one who continues to identify himself with his fellow men. Thus he envisaged the ascent of western peoples through the Bodhisatva—the Buddhist yeasayer to the Universe who turns back on the threshold of heaven to help in the redemption of those whose feet are still on the lowest rung of Jacob's Ladder and have many re-incarnations to pass through before reaching the culminating triumph of the Bodhisatva. So from the wisdom of the East we are to cull the secret of self-knowledge, and from the experience of the West the secret of active life. In a union of the two, the knowledge of Essential Being and Essential Becoming (Action) we may arrive at a philosophy and an action, a simple statement of the conceptions which wise men have formed of life and of the right actions which emerge therefrom. It will be philosophy composed of science and logic, of practical wisdom and true conduct, of the temporal and spiritual, centered in and sanctified by deepest humanitarian feeling. Provided with this philosophy Europe will continue to lead in the future as it has done in the past. But the goal will not be the same.

It is easy to see that the great dramatic theme in these three books is the liberation of thinking from the coercive authority of science and logic promising great strength and renewed activity to the spirit of toleration in man. We are initiated into truth in three stages. First in "Als Ob," Truth removes the habit of fictitious thinking; second in "Der Untergang," offers a History revelation of the transitoriness of cultural thinking; third in "Reisetagebuch," Travel sets up a process of conversion to the spiritual function of thinking and finally presents a vision of human action transfigured in the light of union with spiritual thought. Thus scepticism, fatalism and humanist-

mysticism play their several parts in setting the New Germany unfolding under the touch of a non-militaristic and truly life-centered philosophy.

WHEN I came to examine forms of actual life, literature and the institutions of the German people, religious, dramatic, aesthetic and so on, I found the life-centered philosophic idealism working all through, which brought me to the conclusion that we must first understand the particular kind of philosophy which is actuating the emotions and imagination of the German people in order to understand its many and varied forms of expression. For instance it is useless to attempt to understand this philosophy in the theatre by isolating a particular part of its technique, say scenery or lighting and talking about that as if it were the drama and the theatre. In Germany the drama has come to be regarded as the essential technique of the dramatic experience called Drama, and the Theatre has come to be regarded as the technique of the drama. The latter is a synthesis of the instruments necessary to give maximum effect to the drama, just as the drama is a synthesis of the mental instruments which are necessary to give maximum effect to that spiritual experience of the author which we call Drama. Unless we know all about the spirit to which the drama and the theatre give full effect how can we understand its forms? If philosophy has discovered the tyranny of the mere thinking machine, the theatre has discovered the tyranny of the mere technical machine. Both recognize that the thing that matters is the spirit behind the machine. Both seek the unity of the two.

It would take too long to trace the transforming passage of the new philosophical idealism through the various institutions. For instance a small book would be required to describe the effect on religion. From which we would learn a great deal about the new life-centred form of religion taught by the well-known mystic, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, embodying certain ideas of a Church-Theatre such as has been realised at Dornach in Switzerland. This entirely new form of theatre, the Goethe Anum, has actually grown out of the mystic plays written by Dr. Steiner of which, in fact, it forms the organic shell as that of a mollusc does. It is in form and function the technique of the drama. Even its colored windows arranged to obtain natural lighting effects are an indispensable part of this technique. Dr. Steiner has made the new life-centered unity, as I might call it, the basis of his Three-fold State as expounded in a book with that title. The political State as conceived by him is to be a harmonious blend of the spiritual, economic and political and not as formerly either all politics or all economics.

Likewise music, poetry and literature exhibit the new philosophical influence, and if space permitted I could show how composers, poets and writers are grouping off to express the three main currents of thought, sceptical, humanist and mystical. Expressionism which most of us now regard as a distinct German product dating from Lessing's time and reaching a certain form of maturity a year or two before the war, in particular exhibits the change of attitude towards life. Before the war it was largely a temperamental affair. To-day it takes the value of a doctrine of civilization extending itself to forms of human activity in the endeavor to reveal their inner meaning. Thus it no longer affects abstraction for abstraction's sake but for life's sake.

BUT it is in the world of the theatre that the experience of the war and the revolution is most deeply expressed. It is here that one can see most plainly how closely these soul-stirring events have brought life and death together, led man to compare the extremes, awakened him to the purgatory between, and confronted him with its meanings. In a word the war and the revolution have laid bare the springs of human life and set the German people in communion with their deepest impulses. This was easily to be seen by a glance at any serious entertainment. Take the film world with its recent amazing development. There you found a class of entertainment that corresponded with the inner feelings of the people. It was of the Edgar Allen Poe horror stuff variety of which a sample has just found its way to New York. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligula* has roused the New York press by its grip of horror. The popularity of this and similar films in Germany was not due to its extraordinary expressionistic treatment but to its psychological appeal to the crowd, a fact that sufficiently attests that the German people care more for solid serious entertainments than for light ones.

A great deal might be written to show that the philosophical and psychological factors of the theatre were very marked during the war and after owing to a strong desire on the part of the German public to satisfy their knowledge and curiosity concerning the meaning of transforming current events, and to extract perfection, strength and consolation from their heritage of similar experiences contained in classical and contemporary plays. This they were able to do, for Germany has both a rich and fully matured national form of drama and an illuminating living contemporary one. Take the lists of any playhouse you like and you will find the program is chosen to meet the immediate need of the nation and to preach by means of the glorious past the doctrines of present heroic action for the salvation of the Fatherland. In particular the crop of plays arising from the desire for a new world based upon liberty and international tolerance is largely drawn upon.

Hence the frequent exhibition of plays expressing

(1) The worship of national heroes; (2) The downfall of tyrants (Napoleon plays); (3) The deification of revolutionaries (Danton plays); (4) Tragic moments in the history of the nation (and of the Hohenstaufen dynasty). Analyze a Reinhardt program and you will find it contains, Fate plays (Greek tragedies) plays exhibiting the principle of evil at work (Goethe's *Faust*), plays of strength, maleficent strength, strength in combat, beneficent strength (heroes and hero-worship). Exhibitions of sublime strength, especially those of Shakespeare's plays, *Lear*, *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra* are frequent. The same may be said of contemporary plays. Clearly they are chosen to satisfy the demand of a strong people eager to learn something about their own predominating moods of scepticism, humanism and mysticism. In a typical weekly program of the Burg-theater, Vienna one finds Strindberg's *Das Band Vorm Tode*, *Julius Caesar* (revolution and humanism), *Pygmalion* (scepticism), *Othello*, *Gyges und sein Ring* (mysticism), and *Peer Gynt*. Strindberg's *Dance of Death* is a study of a vampire that was doubtless presented in 1919 as a symbolical figure. The play expresses faith of a kind. The vampire is immersed in untold misery, but something will come out of this.

MUCH the same effect characterizes the work of the new writers. They too express a philosophical movement of emancipation towards a complete humanistic and mystic expression. They too are actuated by knowledge and curiosity and seek to interpret the transforming experiences under whose touch they are unfolding. You find them grouped off as revolutionaries, proletarians and pure expressionists, so to speak. All alike are preoccupied with an idea to which has been given the name "Mensch"—a term that has come out of the revolution. Broadly there are three interpretations of this idea, sceptical, humanistic, and mystical. One of the most distinguished groups of young writers is that associated with Walter Hasenclever and includes Reinhard Goring, Georg Kaiser and Fritz V. Unruh. According to the policy announced by "Menschen," the organ of this group, man is to be regarded as the center of events and therefore must take the center of the stage. The group has no political axe to grind, its members defend no political views, and they fulfil no particular artistic program. To them, the sphere of the spirit is without beginning and end. They are anti-political anarchists. To them art is magic, an act of creation. They look neither backwards nor forwards. Society is dead. Man lives. It is intensely interesting and deeply significant to find playwrights so profoundly touched by the spirit of the age. Moreover it is an eloquent testimony to the strength and seriousness of the German mind that so many young German writers are so touched. One could quote a very long list of names of sterling value

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Photograph by Harry C. Beitt

The College Club Players of Cleveland, Setting for "Maiden Over the Wall" showing curtains moved back onto arch of alcove.

The College Club Players of Cleveland

PURSUING the traditional lines of undergraduate dramatics, a group of women in the Cleveland College Club has built up an acting organization that enjoys the support of a loyal following. Freed from the problems of housing and backing, the College Club Players may not fall under the classification of little theatre groups. Also the situation is unique in that a governing committee of women, after deciding upon the year's program, take turns at directing the plays, managing the business end, and arranging the stage settings. Help from men friends has come, first in acting, later in designing, but this, because the interest is transitory, is a passive asset.

The stage equipment is a sort of "Portmanteau" arrangement set up in the ball-room. This means that rehearsing must be done in the basement or other convenient corner, without the "feel" of the stage and auditorium. After the first performance is the light and prop rehearsal. Coordination of the different branches of endeavor on the eve of production is largely a matter of chance. As experiments in lighting and setting effects are thus greatly discounted, emphasis is placed on technique of playing and choice of material. In the latter regard, the lack of men definitely pledged, presents a problem, not only in willingness, but of suitability. Naturally this has been a limiting factor. Furthermore, the group numbers never more than thirty with about half of these available for only one program a year.

On St. Valentine's Day, 1914, a stunt was put on as a Saturday entertainment by the hostesses of the club for that day. During the reading of an old ballad from Percy's *Reliques*—"Sir Cauline"—a pantomime was shown in the musician's alcove of the ball-room. Settings were carried on as props in a burlesque manner. When the Princess was banished to the tower, she mounted a stool and placed around her head a band-box replica of battlemented walls and mullioned windows. As a trial of what the club wanted, this affair proved worthy of duplication, and at Christmas much the same group put on a St. George play

with a Morris dance. As enthusiasm rolled up, four short plays were given in 1915 with women in all the parts, on a stage six by thirteen feet with no curtain, and on which a piano had to remain for lack of janitor service. In the fall of 1915 the club added a removable fore-stage, six by twenty feet, to the alcove, enclosing it with monk's-cloth curtains hung from removable fittings, and provided five reversible screens of the same material.

THE next year brought cooperation from men, and *Op-o'-me Thumb*, *The Rose* and *The Florist Shop* were adequately cast. In 1918 a man friend designed settings for *Catherine Parr*, and *The Turtle Dove*, and later consummated the present beaver-board proscenium and tormentors that now make the stage a coherent part of the auditorium. In the spring plays of this year the proscenium and curtains were moved back over the arch of the alcove leaving the fore-stage bare, and the picture was set in the alcove. The plays so used were Bertram Bloch's *Maiden Over the Wall*, and Dugald Walker's *Dream Boats*. The picture gained its effect with the added perspective, and the players found space on the fore-stage for wider action. The equipment has cost about eight hundred dollars, and with the exception of the apron stage and the discarded curtains, was paid for by guest cards at twenty-five or fifty cents sold to members, the membership being usually admitted free.

Thirty-four short plays and two long plays have been given of the latter, *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* was taken to a professional theatre and at one performance netted the club twenty-four hundred dollars.

On the social side, for the last three years a series of studio nights have been given by the Players at which time plays are read or acted for testing their appeal. Every encouragement is given for manuscript plays. Only two have been forthcoming, but with like interests coalescing the future will doubtless be more prolific.—[MARGUERITE DAY DOUBET.]

The Art of the Theatre

II

By ALEXANDER BAKSHY

NAKED MAKE-BELIEVE

THE reaction against naturalism in art and in the theatre brought us conventionalism and symbolism. But we already see that all three of them are merely variations of the same illusionistic principle. There is a growing realization of the fact that the theatre has a nature that is peculiarly its own, though the practice of to-day has been to disguise it as much as possible. Among the pioneers of the new movement, William Poil in his revivals of Elizabethan and Medieval plays, and particularly Gordon Craig, through his sheer love of the theatre as a medium, though primarily in search of symbolical forms of representation, were the first to suggest the new conception. Other artists of the theatre, like Meyerhold in Russia and Jacques Copeau in France, took the hints given in Craig's writings and developed and carried out the principle of theatrical presentation in a number of remarkable productions. Thus at present the ground has been sufficiently prepared to enable one to encompass the whole problem and clear away whatever encumbrances and inconsistencies are still clinging to it by mere force of tradition.

It is fashionable nowadays to extol the music-hall and denounce the theatre. A great deal of this can be accounted for by affectation and mental cowardice or senility, as it is so soothing to one's conceit to prop up one's lack of interest in vital, soul-gripping art, with an air of superiority. At the same time, if we disregard the rubbish which is so liberally thrown on the music-hall stage for the delectation of its patrons, the fact cannot be gainsaid that actors like Nelson Keys, Little Tich, Harry Lauder and many others, are greater and more faithful exponents of the pure art of the theatre than is any living actor on the English legitimate stage.

While, so far as conditions of aesthetic appreciation are concerned, these are certainly much more favorable for the audience in the case of the music-hall than in that of the ordinary theatre. Not only does the general atmosphere of the former leave the spectator his freedom of judgment and appreciation, but even the stage mountings and the acting itself seem to emphasize the fact that he is merely witnessing a show. Take this example. An orthodox music-hall comedian is acting in a scene laid on the beach. He has to wipe his boots. So he takes a towel and dips it in the sea, which is painted on the back-cloth. Again he feels "shaky," so he leans against the painted sky. The audience naturally laughs, and its laughter finds an easy explanation in the contrast between the real objects painted on the scenery and the fact that they are nothing but painted canvas. But the important thing is that the music-hall is not afraid of emphasizing the purely theatrical, make-believe, unreal nature of the performance, whereas on the legitimate stage, the painted sea is a sea and not a sign for a sea, much less a back-cloth, and the audience, seeing an actor dipping a towel in the painted water is expected to believe that the towel has really been made wet.

THE illustration just given brings us to the very crux of our problem. Should the play appear as something existing outside the theatre? Or as a make-believe world, which derives its reality not from its power of deceiving the spectator but from its frank recognition that it is nothing but make-believe? Likewise, should the actors impersonate real characters and incarnate beings of symbolical significance? Or should they present them through the prism of their own individuality and acting-craft?

It has already been shown that the representational form of dramatic spectacle, by trying to create an illusion of life existing

outside and independently of the theatre, produces art that is forced, impure and incomplete. On the contrary, the presentational form draws from the very source of pure theatrical art in laying stress on the fact that the image of life it "presents," exists in the theatre and is expressed in the forms of the theatre.

To begin with, however, what kind of imaginary life can exist in the theatre? It might seem that once you destroyed the self-completeness and independence of the imaginary world you destroyed its imaginative existence altogether. But is that really so? Is it necessary in order to believe in a king on the stage, to forget at the same time that he is only an actor? And do we ever believe that the fighting on the stage is real fighting, or that the character struggling in an agony of death is really dying? If this is so, why should it be more impossible to act a scene of life in the theatre without trying to disguise the fact that it is in the theatre? The art of make-believe will still be there, but it will be just what it is, a make-believe which does not pretend to be anything else. In other words it will be a presentation of life determined by the peculiar nature of the theatre itself.

This nature can be reduced to four elements: the audience; the stage; the play; and, the most important of all, the actor.

The spectator, who comes to the theatre in search of art is obviously entitled to demand that his power of aesthetic appreciation should not be interfered with. Not only therefore should he oppose all attempts to turn him into an actor, but he should be equally determined to claim his—spectator's—"place in the sun." In these days of class divisions and class war, he will reject the co-partnership plan of the conventional-symbolical theatre, but will fight for a full recognition of his trade union. Perhaps the metaphor should not be stretched too far as the relation between the spectator and the actor is more in the nature of that between the consumer and the producer than between the workman and the capitalist. But whether as a member of a trade-union or of a consumer's society, the spectator is certainly entitled to be recognized as a spectator, and not to be either entirely ignored, or coaxed or even cajoled into a surrender of his independence and his critical faculties.

EQUALLY straightforward and honest should be the treatment of the other elements of the theatre. The stage is a part of the theatre building, serving as a pedestal on which the structure of the enacted play is raised. What justification is there for disguising the pedestal and creating the impression that the real foundation of the play is not in the theatre building but somewhere outside its walls? Is the stage so base, so destitute of all that goes to the making of art, as to require a veil to hide its nakedness? And has not the contrary been proved true by the whole history of the theatre from the days of ancient Greece, throughout the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and down to the end of the 17th century? Not only was there no attempt in those days to disguise the stage, but its presence was actually emphasized and made the means of building the dramatic spectacle.

To say that this was due to the lack of technical resources, would be simply betraying an ignorance of the spirit which animated the old theatre. The Romans, who were the first to attempt a division between the auditorium and the stage by making the latter architecturally more self-complete than it was in the Greek theatre, and the Italians of the 17th century who invented the proscenium arch introduced these changes not because they were in possession of greater technical resources, but because they found the old stage inadequate for their new, il-

illusionistic aims. Conversely, a recognition of aims other than illusionistic disposes of the necessity of disguising the fact that the stage is actually inside the theatre building and that it is there for the express purpose of enabling the actors to perform the play.

The presentational method which sets itself the aim of creating the dramatic spectacle through the pure medium of the theatre, therefore demands that the stage shall be constructed in a way that will make clear both its position as a part of the theatre building, and its function as an essential element of the spectacle. It is conceivable, and history proves this by numerous examples, that the principle here stated can be embodied in diverse architectural forms. The Greek stage, the Medieval processional pageant, the Elizabethan apron stage, and the Japanese Noh stage, though unmistakably presentational in their position and function present considerable differences in point of actual construction. The important thing, however, is the principle, and if, in a modern design, this finds an adequate material expression, it matters little whether the old models have been adhered to or not.

Next to the proscenium arch the principal means of creating an illusionistic picture on the stage is the mounting. Naturally all such forms of mounting, whether they be elaborate or simplified, as tend to disguise the stage, are ruled out by the presentational method.

THE principle from which it proceeds is that the setting must be in harmony with the stage actually used. It would, for instance, be absurd to have an architectural setting on the Japanese stage and a pictorial one on the Greek stage. In the stone-built theatres of Europe the presentational stage must be clearly have a marked architectural form, and the minimum of mounting this stage would admit, must equally be made subordinate to the same principle. But it must also be borne in mind that, unlike the picture frame stage the presentational stage itself forms an element of the mounting. An illustration will make this point clear. Let us suppose that the actual stage is built in the form of a three-decked and roofless platform, hedged half-way around by a permanent architectural screen carrying numerous balconies and standing some distance from the back of the hall. Curtains or screens might be used on this stage to hide one or another part of it as the case might require. For an interior scene there would be sufficient to set up a special screen on one of the lower terraces. But should this scene imply the presence of people outside, as for instance, when a character speaks through a window to a crowd in the street—the upper terraces of the stage might be actually filled with the crowd which would thus

be seen at one and the same time as the persons in the interior. In this way the relative position of the characters would be "presented" by a mere division of the stage, while the spectators would be induced to see the scene not as they would were they themselves taking part in it, but as they ought to see it in their position of spectators in the theatre.

No matter how far the play on the stage may depart from the co-relation and sequence of facts and things in the world portrayed, it will be theatrically justified so long as it succeeds in translating that world into the terms of stage presentation.

The same principle would apply to acting. Instead of living on the stage, or pretending to live on the stage, the actor would simply masquerade in his part, "serve it up" to the audience, regardless of the possibility that thereby he might infringe the psychological unity of the part taken as a whole. The only unity with which this actor would be concerned would be that built up in the imagination of the spectator. It will be seen from this that for the presentational or theatrical acting the question of "asides," soliloquies, addresses to the audience—these time-honored and so bitterly assailed conventions of the stage—does not really arise. They are justified by the mere fact of answering insofar as they do answer, the demands of the presentational method.

THERE remains the question of the play. What kind of play would it be possible to produce in the manner suggested? Obviously only those plays in which the life portrayed, whether real or imaginative, is expressed in the forms of theatrical make-believe.

It would be a mistake, however, to think that the latter is confined only to the traditional stage plots and types. Many of these have ceased to be universal, fundamentally human, and have become merely historical curios of the theatre, mere faint and colorless theatrical echoes of a life which no longer exists. Were the theatrical make-believe here advocated merely equivalent to the theatrical conception of life as developed and fixed by stage tradition, it would be of little account for the future of art in the theatre. The theatre must throb with the life that surges and whirls in the consciousness of mankind. It must be vital in its message and forceful in its appeal. And it is for this reason if for no other that it should express itself in its own language and should cultivate its purity and freedom. Naked theatrical make-believe is just that natural language of the theatre. It stands for no specific conception of life, being merely a method of expression, but it has its own laws, and those must be obeyed. Thus only will honest, pure and virile art be restored to the theatre.

THE following excerpts illustrate forcefully the carelessness of the American public toward a sympathetic and accurate understanding of the Orient. The photograph in question portrayed a production of Mr. Hung's play as given at the Arts Club, Chicago, a production wholly satisfactory to the audience. We should resent a Chinese setting for an American play if it included a red flag on the White House. Yet the errors in most of our professional as well as amateur productions are equally glaring.

"Editor-in-chief, THE DRAMA:

"I am very grateful to you for the copies of THE DRAMA, August-September issue, that contain my one-act play *The Cowherd and the Weaving Maid*. However, I feel obliged to call your attention to the injuries that you—unintentionally, I am sure—caused to me through your photographic illustration of my play. In the first place, the costume is not correct. The public has been misled since *The Yellow Jacket* to form an opinion of how the Chinese characters should be costumed and how they must be costumed in that single conventional way. In

your picture, the Cowherd wears a Japanese hat, the Prince dresses in a wealthy laundryman's coat, and the Weaving Maid has no skirt, which fact is extremely vulgar to the cultured Chinese. You see, my friends can laugh at *The Yellow Jacket* and forget it because they realize it is a Western travesty of the conventions of the Chinese stage. But they can not so easily forgive and forget when I am indirectly responsible for such a painful sight. I understand that the players did their best, in the matter of costuming under the circumstances. I do not blame any of them. I only request more discretion in the future.

"The other thing is much more serious. You surrounded the picture with a dragon which is said to be the insignia of a secret Chinese monarchical organization. I am a republican and I can not permit any one to cast doubt or suspicion on my political belief and sympathy. Therefore may I request you to make a statement in an early issue of your magazine to the effect that your office is alone responsible for the dragon?

"Sincerely and cordially yours,

"SHEN HUNG."

What Men Live By

An Adaptation of the Story by Leo Tolstoi*

Especially Suited to School and Church Production in the Christmas Season

By VIRGINIA CHURCH

Characters:

SIMON, the cobbler.

MATRENA, his wife.

MICHAEL, his apprentice.

BARON AVEDEITCH, a wealthy landowner.

THEDKA, his footman.

SONIA IVANICH, a lady of means.

BRENIE } Her two adopted children, little
NIKITA } girls of about six years.

ANNA MALOSKA, a widow and friend of Matrena.

TROFINOFF, a debtor.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A LITTLE DEVIL.

About four feet below the level of the street, which is reached by a few stairs at the back leading to an outer door is the basement occupied by SIMON. At the right of the door on a line with the pavement is a long narrow window through which one may see the feet of the passers-by. SIMON, who does most of the cobbling for the village, knows the wayfarers by the boots which he has repaired. Under the window, placed so as to catch the meager light is a cobbler's bench with tools on either side. At the left of the stairs are long gray curtains forming a kind of closet in which outer wraps are hung. In the corner is a small china closet. In the left wall is a hearth; here, over the fire the wife cooks the meals. Two old chairs huddle near the fire as though for warmth. A table half concealed by a worn cloth, stands near the fireplace. Opposite the fireplace, is a door leading into the inner room.

SCENE 1

(SIMON, old, slow in movement, kindly of feature, is seated at his table, mending a pair of rough hide shoes. His wife, MATRENA, as brown and dry as a chip, is on a stool by the fire, mending a tattered old sheep-skin outer coat. Occasionally one sees the feet of pedestrians pass by the little window. SIMON glances up as they throw a shadow on his table.)

MATRENA: And who was that went by, Simon?

SIMON: It was Thedka, my dear Matrena. Thedka, the footman of the Barina. The side-patch on his boot has lasted well.

MATRENA: Yes, you make them last for so long that they do not need to come to you and so you have little trade.

SIMON: But, Matrena, I could not put on patches that would not last, then I should have no trade at all. I must do my best. That is the kind of man I am.

MATRENA: Yes, yes, Simon, that is the kind of man you are and so this is the kind of home we have, with hardly enough flour in the bin for one baking.

SIMON: Don't fret, Matrena. We shall not starve. God is good.

MATRENA: Aye, God is good, but his handmen are far from the likeness in which He cast them. [A girl trips by.] Was that Rozinka went by?

SIMON: No, Rozinka has not such high heels. It was Ulka, the Barina's maid.

MATRENA: I might have guessed it, after Thedka had passed. The minx is as hard on his footsteps as a man's shadow on a sunny day. It's a pity since you shoe all the servants in the Baron's household that the master would not let you make boots for him.

SIMON: The boots of the nobilities are brought from Paris, and are cut from northern leather. Trofinoff told me he brought five pair from the station on his last trip.

MATRENA: Trofinoff, hum! Did you not tell me Trofinoff promised to come this afternoon to pay the eight roubles he has owed you three years coming Michaelmas?

SIMON: Aye, so he said.

MATRENA: So he said, but I'll warrant we never see a hair of his beard till he's come barefoot again. Now [Holding up the sheepskin.] I've done all I can to your sheepskin. It's so thin the cold doesn't have to seek the holes to creep in: it walks

through. It's thankful I'll be when we can buy another skin so that I can get out of the house the same time you go.

SIMON: We'll buy a skin this very afternoon, my dear. When Trofinoff brings me the eight roubles, we shall add it to the three you have saved and that ought to buy a good skin—if not a tanned one, at all events, a good rough one.

MATRENA: If Trofinoff brings the money.

SIMON: He'll bring it, or by heaven, I'll have the cap off his head, so I will. That is the kind of man I am.

MATRENA: If he were to come in and tell you he is hard up, you would tell him not to worry his head about the roubles, that God is good.

SIMON: No, I shall say, "Am I not hard up as well?"

MATRENA: Very well, if he comes we shall see what kind of man you are. Who was that?

SIMON: It was your friend, Anna Maloska, who wears shoes too small for her.

MATRENA: She wore large shoes after she caught her husband; but now he is dead, she wears small shoes again to catch another.

SIMON: I wonder that she did not stop.

MATRENA: She will stop on her way back from market for there will be more news.

SIMON [Looking out the window and rising happily]: But see here, Matrena, you wronged the good Trofinoff. He has come to pay the eight roubles as he promised. [There is a halting knock at the door.] Coming! Coming! [He limps slightly as he hastens up the steps.]

MATRENA [As she crosses to go into the room at the right]: Well, Simon, I shall be the last to be sorry if your faith has been rewarded. [She goes out as SIMON opens the door to the street. He comes down with TROFINOFF, a middle-aged, sharp-faced little man with gray beard and keen roving eyes. He carries a bundle wrapped in brown cloth.]

SIMON: Welcome, Trofinoff, I salute you.

TROFINOFF: Welcome, fellow-brother. I wish you everything that is good.

SIMON: I thank you, brother. Is all well at home?

TROFINOFF: Not as well as might be, alas. Fuel takes much money these days. I have a flat purse.

SIMON: Then it was doubly good of you, friend Trofinoff, to come to settle our account. My good wife has not a kaftan or a sheepskin to wear when it snows.

TROFINOFF: I regret, Simon, I was unable to bring you the roubles, I owed you. I am so hard pressed.

*Permission to use this story as the basis for the play was obtained from E. P. Dutton and Company, publishers of Everyman's Library in which the original translation appeared. For permission to produce address Miss Church in care of THE DRAMA.

SIMON [*With forced sternness*]: Am I not hard up as well? TROFINOFF: Aye, but you have not so many mouths to fill, nor cattle to feed, nor grain to dispose of with little profit.

SIMON: Friend Trofinoff, you have a hut and cattle, while I have all on my back. You grow your own bread; I have to buy mine. If you do not pay me, I shall not have money for bread.

TROFINOFF: You are not so grieved as I, brother, and had it been any one but you I should not have dared face him, but I knew the kind of man you were. I have heard you say "Let us love one another."

SIMON: That is so, for love is of God.

TROFINOFF: So I said to my wife: "Anya, if it were anyone but Simon, the good Simon, I would not dare take him our little one's shoes, but I know what kind of man he is: he loves the children and would not that the least of these should suffer and he could help it." [*He unwraps a tattered pair of shoes, belonging to a child.*]

SIMON: Aye, the little Sarah's shoes. They need soles badly and a toe cap.

TROFINOFF: You will repair them for her, Simon?

SIMON: Of course, brother, I— [*He looks nervously toward the door to the inner room.*] Could you not pay me something, Trofinoff?

TROFINOFF: Here are two copecks. They will buy a half loaf for the wife, Simon. [*He goes to the door.*]

SIMON: Thank you.

TROFINOFF: And you shall have your roubles in a day or so as soon as my grain is paid for.

SIMON: I can get along very comfortably. While one of us has a warm coat, why should we fret? I can stay in by the fire. Only, of course, there's my wife. She keeps worrying about it.

TROFINOFF: Your wife has no cause to be anxious while she has such a kind husband, Simon. I will send for the boots shortly. Good-day.

SIMON: Good-day. God be with you, brother.

[TROFINOFF goes out. SIMON lays the copecks on the bench, and is examining the small shoes when MATRENA enters. He puts them behind his back guiltily.]

MATRENA: Well, what are you hiding there? Did he bring you a gift with your money?

SIMON [*Sadly*]: No, he—he assured me, he was quite destitute.

MATRENA [*Enraged*]: Do you mean he brought you not even your eight roubles? [SIMON shakes his head.] What did I tell you, eh?

SIMON: But he says he will bring soon—when his money comes in. I railed at him, Matrena. I scored him roundly for not paying his just dues.

MATRENA: And what have you there? [SIMON produces the shoes and MATRENA is further enraged.] I thought as much. You've taken more work for the cheater. You let him hoodwink you out of your senses while your old wife may go hungry and cold. What's this?

SIMON: He gave me two copecks for bread.

[MATRENA hurls them angrily on the floor at SIMON's feet. The old man patiently picks them up.]

MATRENA: Bread, bah! It would not buy half a loaf. The thief! It is a shame, a shame. [*She rocks herself, crying, then falls into a chair by the fire, her apron thrown over her head and gives way to grief.*]

SIMON [*Distressed*]: Come now, Matrena, why will you wag your tongue so foolishly? If we have bread for the day, the morrow will provide for itself. As for the coat, I shall go to Vanya, the vendor of skins, and get one on credit.

[THE LITTLE DEVIL peers in at the window, then disappears.]

MATRENA: And who would give the likes of us credit with not a dessiatin of land to our share?

SIMON [*Putting the shoes on the bench and preparing for out-*

doors]: Vanya will. I have bought many skins from him for my shoes. I have favored him in his turn.

MATRENA: Men forget past favors in the face of present desires. But if you are going out, you had better put my woolen jacket under your kaftan. The wind is bitter cold to-day.

[*She goes to the curtains to the left of the stairs and takes down a close-fitting woolen sack. From a shelf of the cupboard, she lifts a jar and shakes into her hand some money. Simon is drawing on woolen slippers over his shoes. He puts on MATRENA's jacket, a woolen kaftan or smock over it, and throws the sheepskin about his shoulders. On his bald head he draws down a fur cap.*]

SIMON [*Submitting to MATRENA's ministrations*]: Thank you, Matrena, I shall feel quite warm in this old sheepskin. I shan't want a new one in a lifetime. [*He goes up the steps.*]

MATRENA: You won't get one, the way you conduct your business. Now, Simon, here are our three roubles, give these to Vanya on account and he should then let you have the skin.

SIMON: He will, wife, he will.

MATRENA: Now go, and mind you do not stop for vodka on the way—your tongue is loose enough as it is. And do not talk aloud to yourself as is your custom, for if a thief learn you have the roubles, he will not be above killing you for them.

SIMON: God is my protection. May his good angel guard our house in my absence! Good day, Matrena!

MATRENA: Good day, Simon!

[*He goes out closing the door. She looks after him affectionately, then goes to the closet and taking an iron pot from the shelf hangs it before the fire. Seeing that all is well, she crosses and goes into the inner room. The basement is but dimly lighted. The LITTLE DEVIL, after peering into the window to see that the coast is clear, comes in from the street, closing the door after him. He moves quickly and is merry as though about to reap some reward for his efforts. From out the curtains by the stairs, steps the figure of THE GUARDIAN ANGEL in long flowing garments. The ANGEL remains in the shadows and is never clearly visible.*]

ANGEL: Why are you here?

[THE DEVIL goes to the hearth and sits in front of the fire. He shows no surprise at being spoken to by the ANGEL, and does not look in his direction as he answers.]

DEVIL: To try my luck to see if I can win old Simon with my dice. He has begun to ask credit and if he stop for vodka, as I shall see that he does, that will be one more step in my direction.

ANGEL: His faith is strong.

DEVIL: So are my dice, ha! ha! [*He throws them.*] Three six, nine! Good! The three means that he will have a little luck: it will make him drink vodka and forget his wife. Six, he will prosper, and when a man prospers in *this* world he forgets the next. Nine, nine, that is not so well. Nine means that I shall get him—if—yet "if's" are so little in my way. So I shall get him, unless—

ANGEL: Unless?

DEVIL [*Rising*]: Unless a greater than thou come into his home to protect him.

ANGEL: I am his Guardian Angel.

DEVIL [*On the stairs*]: I shall make the roubles jingle in his pockets so that he shall not hear the voice of the Guardian Angel. If nine had been twelve—but we shall see. I am off now to the home of the baron, who long ago drowned the voice of his angel in vodka. I mixed his first glass. There was fox's blood to make him grow cunning, wolf's blood to make him grow cruel, and swine's blood to turn him into a pig. On my way, I shall mix a glass for Simon, to bring up in him all the beast blood there is.

ANGEL: His faith is great.

[THE DEVIL laughs derisively as he goes out and slams the door,

and the ANGEL disappears again in the shadows. Feet go by the window and voices are heard. Then just as MATRENA comes in and goes to the fire, there is a knock.]

MATRENA: Come in.

[A comely woman of middle age enters. She is rather over-dressed in poor clothes that strive to imitate the rich. It is ANNA MALOSKA.]

MATRENA: Ah, Anna Maloska, is it you? I thought I had the odor of smoke and I came to tend our fire. Come in.

ANNA [Sniffing]: It smells like sulphur. That's bad luck. Who was it went out?

MATRENA: No one. Sit down. Simon has gone to buy a sheepskin. Is it cold out?

ANNA [Sitting and throwing back her wraps]: Bitter cold. It was on just such a day my poor husband caught pneumonia.

MATRENA [Sitting on the other side of the fire and tending the porridge]: I do hope Simon won't catch cold and I do hope the sheepskin seller won't cheat him. That man of mine is a regular simpleton.

ANNA [Patting her hair]: They all are, poor dears.

MATRENA: Simon never cheats a soul himself, yet a little child can lead him by the nose. It's time he was back; he had no way to go.

ANNA: If it were poor dear Ivan, I should know he had stopped for a glass of vodka.

MATRENA [Walking to the window and looking out]: I hope he hasn't gone making merry, that rascal of mine.

ANNA: Ah, Matrena, they are all rascals. Ivan drank himself into a drunken stupor every evening; then he would come home and beat me, and beat little Fifi, my dog, but I have to remember that he was a man and men are like that. I shall never be happy again, now that he is in his grave. [She weeps.]

MATRENA [Patting her shoulder]: There, there, poor Anna!

ANNA [Brightening]: Do you like my hat?

MATRENA: Aye, aye, it is very tasty; though if I might say, a trifle youthful.

ANNA: Why shouldn't a woman cheat Father Time if she can? He's the only man she can get even with. He liked my hat.

MATRENA: Ivan?

ANNA: Oh, no, the poor dear died without seeing it. I mean Martin Pakhom. I just met him at the door and he said, "Good-day, Anna, what a beautiful hat that is you're wearing."

MATRENA: They say Martin drinks like a trout.

ANNA: Ah, they all do, poor dears. [Gathering up her basket.] I must go on. Fifi will be wanting his supper, though neither of us have eaten anything since poor Ivan died. Fifi is so affectionate. We both cry an hour every morning. Sonka times us.

MATRENA: Poor Anna!

ANNA: Won't you walk a way with me?

MATRENA: Simon went out with all our clothes upon him and left me nothing to wear. Besides I must have his supper ready, and clean out my sleeping-room.

ANNA [At the stairs]: I wish I had some one to get supper for. [She goes up to the door.] Matrena, Martin said something rather pointed just now.

MATRENA: What did he say, Anna?

ANNA: He said, "Marriage is a lottery!"

MATRENA: Aye, aye, so it is.

ANNA: I was just wondering—

MATRENA: Yes?

ANNA: I was wondering if Martin were thinking of taking a chance. Good-by, Matrena.

MATRENA: Good-by, Anna.

[ANNA goes out. MATRENA, stirring her porridge, sits near the fire. The feet of two men pass the window. They belong to SIMON and a stranger. The men enter. The stranger is a young man, tall and slender, with fine clear-cut features and a mild gentle expression. He is without stockings, being clad in SIMON'S

woolen slippers and kaftan. He stands hesitating at the foot of the steps. MATRENA has risen and regards the two men angrily. "What tramp is this now, Simon has brought home?" she is wondering. The old man approaches his wife fearfully.]

SIMON: Well, Matrena, here we are home again. [MATRENA after a scathing glance, turns her back on him, and tends her fire.] We have brought our appetites with us. Get us some supper, will you? [He takes off his sheepskin and cap, but still MATRENA does not respond. He motions the stranger to a chair at the right.] Sit you down, brother, and we will have some supper. Have you anything cooked that you could give us?

MATRENA [Facing him in rage]: Yes, I have something cooked, but not for you. I can see you have drunk your senses away. [As he starts to protest.] Do you think I can not smell your breath? Where is our sheepskin? Did you drink up all the three roubles? [SIMON goes to the stranger and reaching in the pocket of the kaftan takes out the roubles.]

SIMON: No, Matrena, I did not get the sheepskin because the vendor would not let me have one unless I brought all the money. "Bring all the cash," he said, "and then you can pick what skin you like. We all of us know how difficult it is to get quit of a debt." But here are your roubles, I only spent the two kopecks for the merest drop to send the blood bubbling finely in my veins.

MATRENA [Eyeing the man]: I have no supper for a pair of drunkards like you. One cannot feed every drunkard that comes along when one has not enough in the pot for two.

SIMON: Hold your tongue, Matrena. Give me time to explain.

MATRENA: How much sense am I likely to hear from a drunken fool, indeed! My mother gave me some linen—and you drank it away! You go out to buy a sheepskin and drink that away, too.

SIMON: But I did not—

MATRENA [Beside herself with rage]: Give me my jacket! It's the only one I have, yet you sneak it off while I stay home for lack of clothes. [As she snatches off the jacket and starts to the other room, her anger is burning off.] You, you haven't told me who this fellow is.

SIMON: If you will give me a chance for a word, I will. I saw this man lying by the chapel yonder, half-naked and frozen. It is not summer time, you must remember. God led me to him, else he must have perished. The Baron Avdeitch drove up and I thought he would stop but he did not. I started on, saying to myself the man could be up to no good there and if I went back I might be robbed and murdered. Then, I said, "Fie, Simon, for shame! would you let a man die for want of clothing and food at your very door?" What could I do? I shared with him my covering and brought him here. Calm your temper, Matrena, for to give way to it is sinful. Remember we would all die, were it not for God.

[MATRENA turns back from the door, sets a teapot on the table and pours some kvass, laying knives and forks by the plates and serving the porridge.]

MATRENA: Here is kvass and porridge. There is no bread. [They eat humbly. MATRENA stops before the stranger.] What is your name?

MICHAEL [Lifting his serious eyes to her face]: Michael.

MATRENA: Where do you come from?

MICHAEL: From another part than this.

MATRENA: How did you come to the chapel?

MICHAEL: I cannot say.

MATRENA: Some one must have assaulted you then?

MICHAEL: No, no one assaulted me. God was punishing me.

SIMON: Of course, all things come of God. Yet where were you bound for?

MICHAEL: For nowhere in particular.

SIMON: Do you know any trade?

MICHAEL: No, none.

MATRENA [Her heart warming within her]: You could learn.

I know, Simon, he could learn, if you would teach him. He might stay with us. There is enough straw for another bed in the hallway.

MICHAEL: The Lord be good to you! I was lying frozen and unclotted, when Simon saw and took compassion on me. He shared with me his clothing and brought me hither. You have given me food and drink and shown me great kindness.

MATRENA: No, I was not kind. I am ashamed of myself. [*She goes to the cupboard and brings out the one bit of bread.*] And I lied. I said there was no bread. There is one crust and you shall have half.

MICHAEL: But you?

MATRENA [*Gently*]: Eat, we shall have enough. You are welcome to stay with us as long as you wish. [*MICHAEL turns and smiles radiantly on her.*] Let us eat.

MICHAEL: God's blessing on this house.

SCENE II

[*There is an air of greater prosperity than before. The cobbler's bench is new. There are flowers in the window-box and on the mantel. It is spring outside. The sound of hammering is heard within. The outer door opens and MATRENA enters with ANNA MALOWSKA. The two women have been to market. MATRENA is well, though quietly dressed; ANNA, as usual, in bright colors.*]

MATRENA: Come in, Anna.

ANNA: The men are not here. I wished to ask Simon about my shoes.

MATRENA: They are inside, building another room. We have needed it since Michael came. Michael made the new bench.

ANNA: Michael seems to do everything well. Just like poor IVAN.

MATRENA [*Enthusiastically*]: Ah, he is wonderful. Everything that Simon teaches him he learns readily. The first day he learned to twine and twist the thread, no easy task for the apprentice. The third day, he was able to work as though he had been a cobbler all his life. He never makes mistakes, and eats no more than a sparrow. [*They sit down at the table.*]

ANNA: He is woefully solemn.

MATRENA: Aye, he works all day, only resting for a moment to look upward. He never wishes to go out of doors; never jests, nor laughs. He has only smiled once; it was the night he came.

ANNA: Has he any family—a wife?

MATRENA: He never speaks of his own affairs.

ANNA: I should manage to worm it out of him, trust me. Martin shall have no secrets that I don't know.

MATRENA: When are you to marry, Anna?

ANNA: Next month. It will be such a relief to let down. I shad't wear these tight stays any longer, nor such close boots. I can go to breakfast in my old wrapper and curl papers. Now Martin has a way of dropping in to breakfast and I have to keep on my sleekest dress.

MATRENA: Martin was in for shoes last week.

ANNA: Yes, he says no one sews so strongly and so neatly as Michael.

MATRENA: People come to Simon from all the country around. Since Michael came his business has increased ten-fold.

ANNA: Aye, Martin says the fame of Simon's apprentice has crept abroad. [*Regarding her own shoes.*] Martin has small feet. He told me last night he wore a number seven. But I must go.

MATRENA: Here comes Simon, now.

[*SIMON and MICHAEL enter from the right. The latter is in simple workman's clothes. He bows gravely without speaking and going to the bench bends over his work. SIMON approaches the women who have risen.*]

SIMON: Ah, Anna Maloska, how fares the bride to-day?

ANNA: Well, thank you, Simon. I came to order some new shoes.

SIMON: Good, Anna. Shall we make them on the same last as before? Sixes, I believe?

ANNA: No, Simon, I wish sevens this time. Good-bye, Matrena. Good-bye, Simon.

SIMON and MATRENA: Farewell, Anna.

MATRENA: Come in again, Anna.

ANNA [*At the door*]: Simon, are Martin's shoes finished?

SIMON: No, Anna, but don't worry; they will be. I had to send for more leather. He wears large boots, you know.

ANNA [*Turning on the steps*]: Large? Sevens?

SIMON: Elevens, Anna.

ANNA: Elevens, why—after all, Simon, I believe you may make my shoes nines. [*She opens the door.*]

SIMON: Very well, Anna.

ANNA [*Looking out becomes greatly excited*]: Oh, Matrena, a fine gentleman in a great coat is getting out here. He has two coachmen and a footman. I think it is the Baron. I must run out of his way. [*She disappears. SIMON and MATRENA look out of the window.*]

MATRENA: It is the Baron Avdeitch, isn't it, Simon?

SIMON: There is no mistaking the Baron, and he is coming here.

[*The door has been left open and it is presently filled by a huge form that has to bow his great head to enter the low portal. The BARON has a ruddy, bibulous countenance, a neck like a bull's, and a figure of cast-iron. He straightens up just inside the door.*]

BARON [*In a loud pompous tone*]: Which of you is the master bootmaker?

SIMON [*Stepping aside*]: I am, your honor.

BARON [*Calling out the door*]: Hi, Thedka! Bring me the stuff here. [*He comes down into the room, followed by the footman, who places the bundle on the table.*] Untie it. [*The footman does so disclosing two sheets of leather. He then withdraws. MATRENA curtsies every time anyone looks her direction though no one heeds her.*] Look here, bootmaker. Do you see this?

SIMON: Yes, your nobility.

BARON: Do you know what it is?

SIMON: It is good leather.

BARON [*Thundering for emphasis*]: Good leather, indeed! You blockhead, you have never seen such leather in your life before. It is of northern make and cost twenty roubles. Could you make me a pair of boots out of it?

SIMON: Possibly so, your honor.

BARON: "Possibly so!" Well, first, listen. I want a pair of boots that shall last a year, will never tread over, and never split at the seams. If you can make such boots, then set to work and cut out at once, but if you cannot, do neither of these things. I tell you before hand that if the new pair should split or tread over before the year is out, I will clap you in prison.

MATRENA: Oh, your honor.

BARON [*Ignoring her*]: But, if they should not do so, then I will pay you ten roubles for your work.

SIMON [*Turning to MICHAEL*]: What do you think about it, brother?

MICHAEL: Take the work, Simon.

SIMON: Very well, sir.

BARON [*He sits and extends his foot*]: Hi, Thedka.

[*The footman advances and draws off the boot. The BARON then motions to SIMON. MICHAEL has advanced.*]

BARON: Take my measure. [*MICHAEL kneels and takes the measure of the sole and of the instep. He has to fasten on an extra piece of paper to measure the calf as the muscles of the BARON's leg are as thick as a beam.*] Take care you don't make them too tight in the leg. [*As MICHAEL draws back, the footman replaces the boot on his master's foot, then withdraws again to the door.*]

BARON [*Indicating MICHAEL*]: Who is this you have with you?

SIMON: That is my skilled workman who will sew your boots.

BARON [*Standing and stamping into his boot*]: Look you sharp, then, and remember this—that you are to sew them so

that they will last a year. [MICHAEL does not respond but stands gazing past the BARON as though he saw some one back of him. His face suddenly breaks into a smile and he brightens all over. The BARON, irritated, glances back of him, then scowls at MICHAEL.] What are you grinning at, you fool? I see no one back of me to grin at. You had better see that the boots are ready when I want them. [He stalks up the steps.]

MICHAEL: They will be ready when you need them.

[The BARON goes out. The footman follows, closing the door.]

MATRENA: What a man!

SIMON: He is as hard as a flint stone.

MATRENA: Why wouldn't he get hardened with the life he leads? Even death itself would not take such an iron rivet of a man.

SIMON [Taking the leather to MICHAEL at the bench]: Well, Michael, we have undertaken the work and we must take care not to go amiss over it. This leather is valuable stuff.

MATRENA: And the gentleman is short-tempered.

SIMON: Aye, there must be no mistakes. You have the sharper eyes, as well as the greatest skill in your fingers, so take these measures and cut out the stuff, while I finish sewing those toe-caps.

MICHAEL: I will make them according to your needs.

[The men sit working while MATRENA busies herself with the house-work.]

MATRENA: Oh, Simon, I forgot to tell you, Sonia Ivanich is coming by to get shoes for her two little girls. The little Nikita is hard to fit, but Madame has heard that Michael can fit even a lame foot. [MICHAEL drops his work and leans forward.]

MICHAEL: A lame child?

MATRENA: Yes, poor little thing—but hush, I hear the clump, clump of a wooden foot. Come, Simon, and greet her. Madame has money; you are getting all the best trade now.

[SIMON puts down his work and comes forward. MATRENA hastens up to the door and holds it open. A gentle, good-looking lady enters with two pretty little girls. They have round wide eyes, rosy cheeks and wear smart little shawls and dresses.]

SONIA: Good day to you, mistress.

MATRENA: The same to you, madame, and the young misses. Won't you sit down?

[SONIA sits by the table, the two little girls burying their faces in her skirts from timidity. She pats them tolerantly. MICHAEL keeps regarding them, though he works.]

SONIA: Thank you. Is this Master Simon?

SIMON: It is, mistress. What can we do for you?

SONIA: I wish a pair of boots made for each of these little girls to wear for the spring.

SIMON: Very well, madame. Will you have them leather throughout or lined with linen?

SONIA: I believe linen will be softer. [The lame child has slipped over to MICHAEL and he takes her on his knee.] Well, will you see Nikita? I have never known her to take to a stranger so.

MATRENA: All the children love Michael. He is Simon's skilled workman. He will take the measures. [MICHAEL measures the little feet. The child pats his head.]

NIKITA: I love you. Have you a little dirli?

MICHAEL [Gently]: No, I have no little girl.

SONIA: Take both sets of measures from this little girl and make one bashmak* for the crooked foot and three ordinary ones. The two children take the same size: they are twins.

MATRENA: How came she to be lame? Such a pretty little lady.

SONIA: Her mother fell over her as she was dying.

MATRENA [Surprised]: Then you are not their mother.

SONIA: No, I adopted them. But I love them as much as though they were my own and they are as happy as the day is long; they know no difference.

SIMON: Whose children were they?

SONIA: The children of peasants. The father died on a Tuesday from the felling of a tree. The mother died that Friday, just after the twins were born. She was all alone and in her death agony she threw herself across the baby and crushed its foot. When we found her, she was stiff in death but the children were alive.

MATRENA: Poor little mother!

SONIA: I was the only one in the village with a young child, so they were given to me to nurse. God took my own little one unto Himself, but I have come to love these like my own flesh. I could not live without them. They are to me as wax is to the candle.

SIMON: It is a true saying which reads "Without father and mother we may live, but without God—never."

[All are drawn to look toward MICHAEL who, sitting with his hands folded on his knees, is gazing upward and smiling as though at some one unseen by the others.]

SONIA [Rising]: Good-day, master. Come, Nikita, we will stop in again to try the boots.

SIMON: In seven days, mistress. We thank you.

NIKITA: Good-bye, man!

MICHAEL: Good-bye, little one!

SONIA: Well, I never! The little dear! [She goes out with the children.]

SIMON: Michael, if you will bring me the awl from the other room, I, too, will work. [He approaches the bench as MICHAEL goes into the other room for the awl. He suddenly cries aloud in dismay.] What has he done? What can ail the fellow?

MATRENA: What is it? [She hastens to his side.]

SIMON [Groaning]: Oh! How is it that Michael who has lived with me for a whole year without making a single mistake, should now make such a blunder as this? The baron ordered high boots and Michael has gone and sews a pair of soleless slippers and spoiled the leather.

MATRENA [Aghast]: Michael has done this!

SIMON: Alas, yes, and you heard what the gentleman said. I could replace an ordinary skin, but one does not see leather like this every day. [MICHAEL returns with the awl.] My good fellow, what have you done? You have simply ruined me! The gentleman ordered high boots, but what have you gone and made instead?

[Before MICHAEL has a chance to respond, there is a loud knock at the door.]

SIMON: Come in!

[The door is opened and THEDKA, the footman of the BARON, enters. SIMON pushes the slipper back of him.]

THEDKA: Good-day to you.

SIMON [Uneasily]: Good-day. What can we do for you?

THEDKA: My mistress sent me about the boots.

SIMON: Yes? What about them? [MICHAEL, unseen by the others, goes into the other room.]

THEDKA: My master will not want them now. He is dead.

MATRENA: What are you saying!

THEDKA: He died on the way home. When we went to help him alight, he lay limp as a meal-sack on the floor of the carriage.

MATRENA: God help us!

THEDKA: My mistress sent me to tell the bootmaker to use the leather for a pair of slippers for the corpse and to make them as quickly as he can.

MATRENA and SIMON look at each other with wonderment in their eyes. They turn to where MICHAEL stood by the inner door, but he has disappeared.]

SIMON: You shall have them in an hour.

THEDKA: I shall return. Good day, my master, and good luck to you.

SIMON: And to you.

[THEDKA goes out, leaving SIMON and MATRENA gazing at each other in awe.]

*Bashmak—boot.

MATRENA: Michael is no ordinary being. We might have guessed before this.

SIMON: You remember how he smiled?

MATRENA: He has smiled three times.

SIMON: Let us see what he is doing.

MATRENA: You do not suppose he would go from us without a word, do you?

[*They go into the other room. Immediately The LITTLE DEVIL appears in the doorway at the back and The GUARDIAN ANGEL is seen in the shadow of the curtains at the left.*]

ANGEL: You have lost!

DEVIL [*With a stamp of his foot*]: I have lost Simon's soul, but I have the baron. He shall be my torch this night in hell.

ANGEL: The faith of Simon was great.

DEVIL: Thou didst not save him!

ANGEL: One greater than I saved Simon. It was God!

[*At the word, the DEVIL stamps his foot again, slams the door and goes. The ANGEL disappears. From the other room come MATRENA and SIMON, crossing to the hearth.*]

SIMON: He was in prayer.

MATRENA: His face was illumined and such a light shone from him that at first I thought it was a fire. Oh, Simon, who is this that has dwelt with us?

[*MICHAEL comes in from the other room, goes to the steps where he turns and faces them.*]

MICHAEL: God has pardoned me, good master and mistress. Do you also pardon me?

SIMON: Tell us, Michael, who you are and why God punished you.

MICHAEL: I was an angel in Heaven and God punished me because I disobeyed Him. He sent me to earth to bear away a woman's soul. But the woman who had given birth to twin babies cried to me, "Angel of God, I can not leave them. They will die, I have no kin to care for them. Do not take away my soul. Children cannot live without mother or father!" So I hearkened to the mother and flew back to God, saying "Little children can not live without mother or father, so I did not take away the mother's soul." Then God said to me "Go thou and fetch away the soul of the chiding woman and before thou return to Heaven, thou shalt learn three words. Thou shalt learn

both what that is which dwelleth in men, and what that is which is not given to men to know and what that is whereby men live. When thou hast learned these words thou mayst return to Heaven."

MATRENA: Tell us what you did, Michael.

MICHAEL: I went to earth and took the soul of the chiding woman, then I rose above the village and tried to bear the soul to God, but a wind caught me, so that my wings hung down and were blown from me. The soul returned alone to God, while I fell to earth along the roadside.

[*SIMON and MATRENA marvel: SIMON speaks.*]

SIMON: Tell me, Michael, why you smiled three times, and what were the three words of God.

MICHAEL: When you, Simon, took me to your home and Matrena's heart prompted her to share her last crust, I smiled because I knew the first word of God. "Thou shalt learn what that is which dwelleth in men," and I knew by your goodness that what dwelleth in men is love. I felt glad that God had seen fit to reveal this to me, and I smiled.

MATRENA: What was it you saw over the shoulder of the baron that made you smile?

MICHAEL: I saw the Angel of Death. No one but I saw him, and I thought, here is this man planning for boots that shall last a year, when he is to die before the nightfall. Then I smiled when I remembered that God had said, "Thou shalt learn what it is not given to men to know."

SIMON: What was it made you smile at the story of the good Sonia Ivanich?

MICHAEL: I recognized in the children the twins that I had thought would die. Yet this woman had fed them and loved them. I beheld in her love and pity for the living God and understood what that is whereby men live. And I smiled. This much do I tell you to repay your kindness, that men only appear to live by taking thought of themselves; in reality, they live by Love alone. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God and God in him; for God is Love.

[*The room is suddenly black with night. Then a hymn bursts forth as though from a great choir of voices, and in the doorway MICHAEL, bathed in light, stands looking upward. Before him, at the foot of the stairs, kneel the two peasants.*]

Mr. Editor:

The recent articles appearing in THE DRAMA on the Hamlet of Mr. Walter Hampden, and the reproduction of scenes from the play, has inspired me to "reminisce" about some of the leading actors who have presented the play in the United States, namely: Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Sir Beerbohm Tree, Sir Henry Irving, Otis Skinner, Walker Whiteside, E. H. Sothern.

My first introduction to *Hamlet* was a performance by Edwin Booth, who, as a representative of the traditional school was at that time supreme. At that time men would go to the theatre and wait feverishly to hear Booth "elocute" the soliloquies, which he did by coming well down to the footlights and reciting them to the audience, eliciting rounds of applause.

Upon Sir Henry Irving's coming to Chicago for the first time, I was greatly disappointed that my first opportunity of hearing him was in the role of Hamlet. I thought no one else could play the part.

The curtain was up when I entered the theatre, and Irving was on the stage. I was so fascinated that I stopped in the aisle to listen, and in some way dropped a new fur cape which disappeared for good and all. I remember I did not mourn my loss, as I was well repaid by the performance. It was the first really modern presentation of *Hamlet*, although Lawrence Barrett must be credited with having departed somewhat from traditional stage settings and business.

As I review these Hamlets, the strongest impressions that remain are the pictorial Hamlet of Booth, the scholarly reading

of Barrett, and the sweet and lovable Hamlet of Forbes-Robertson. Henry Irving I chiefly remember for his reading of the lines "angels and ministers of grace defend us. Rest, rest, departed spirit," and for scenes with Ophelia and his mother. When he kissed her at the end of the closet scene, saying, "Goodnight mother," all the bitterness which he justly felt for the guilty queen was forgotten for that moment in the love of the son for his mother.

E. H. Sothern gave a notable reading on one occasion, when, seated on a stone bench, on a stone floor, before a lighted brazier, he quietly and effectively read the soliloquy "To be or not to be."

Walker Whiteside presented *Hamlet* at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, when he was fourteen years old. Two years later he repeated the play at the Schiller Theatre. On that occasion I sat next Teddy McPhelin, then dramatic editor of the Tribune. As Walker followed the ghost off the stage repeating the line "Go on, I'll follow thee," we declared it to be the most inspired rendering of Shakespearean lines we had ever heard. That impression remains in my memory unchanged.

ANNA MORGAN.

THE Drama League has prepared a study course for club uses, based on recent popular plays of value. It will be supplied free to members of the League and will be sold to others for twenty-five cents.

More Books

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

(Continued from page 19.)

L ENNOX ROBINSON'S plays, with the exception of *The Lost Leader*, which had brief presentation in New York, are not known to many theatre-goers or readers of drama in this country. *The Lost Leader*, a play dealing with Parnell, is not a play for the general theatre-going public here: it is too local. *The Whiteheaded Boy*, which is also local, you will thank G. P. Putnam's Sons for having published. My two "locals" don't match, but I find that is a way I have with me when I try to review a play of Lady Gregory's, or any other play that has genuinely the Irish folk spirit that Mr. Robinson portrays in his latest and best work. Like the testimonial-writers whose theme is of the patent medicines or hair-dyes that have saved them from an early grave, I want every one whom I can reach to profit by my experience and take a good dose of *The White-headed Boy*. I have read it only once and my excuse is that I have not had time to read it again. It is a thing of beauty and to me will be a joy forever. The whiteheaded boy, it seems, is the Irish equivalent of the English "teacher's pet." In Mr. Robinson's play, he is the youngest son, Denis, and Glory be to God, doesn't his mother love him now! If his hardworking brothers and his self-denying sisters spoke the slang of the United States, their reply to this statement would be "I'll say she does." But Kate, Denis' oldest sister, who "was disappointed on the head of a match was made up for her and broken afterward," and "is a poor quiet thing, up to thirty-six by this time, no harm in her at all, and very useful in the house, I'm told"; Jane who "has a year or two under Kate" and is "a nice quiet girl" promised to Donough Brosnan "these years past"; Baby,—I must quote in full Mr. Robinson's description of her—"Isn't she a great lump of a girl? Thirty if she's a day, but she doesn't look it—'tis the way she dresses, I suppose. She's a great idea of herself entirely, it's as much as the mother can do to hold her in." Baby, who wants to go to Dublin to study music; the brothers, George, who bears the financial brunt of the family; and Peter; to say nothing of Aunt Ellen who has a bit of money of her own;—all these, as I started to say with a "but," and was interrupted by them all, don't agree with Mrs. Geoghegan's—that's the mother—ideas about petting Denis. I'll not tell you the story, but you'll know how it's coming out as soon as you've read a few pages, and after all what's a white-headed boy for if it's not to get his way? I almost forgot to mention the servant. Says Mr. Robinson, "Oh, the old one? That's Hannah. There's not a house in the village she hasn't been servant in. She was at a hotel in Cork once. Two days they kept her."

* * *

The Circle, by W. Somerset Maugham, (George H. Doran Company) is a delightful high comedy of "modern manners," to quote the publisher. It is, to my way of thinking, the best thing that has come from the pen of its gifted author. Many years ago he proved that he had the real dramatist's gift of technique, and feeling for dialogue. Some of his earlier plays were perhaps too artificially brilliant—I have a suspicion that Wilde was his model—as in *Lady Frederick*, one of Miss Barrymore's successes, and *Jack Straw*, which was played here by John Drew. *Our Bellers*, which came some years later, showed a development in Mr. Maugham's work, but certain episodes in it proved to be too strong fare for our theatre-going public, especially as they concerned American women who had married into the peerage. One of the merits of *The Circle* is that its characters do not always speak in epigrams: it is not too brilliant in dialogue. Being a first-rate high comedy, it has an

underlying, emotional stratum, which is as great a tragedy as that of *Lady Windemere's Fan*. The story concerns the affairs of a young M. P. whose mother deserted his father and him when he was five years old. After thirty years the mother, returning from the Continent with the man with whom she had eloped, comes to visit the young M. P. and his wife. She discovers that her daughter-in-law is in much the same mood that she herself was years ago. She counsels, aided by her deserted husband, who has arrived coincidentally, and then—the rest you must find out for yourself. Mr. Maugham's plays are not for review: they must be seen or read. Whether you see *The Circle* or not you must read it. Last month I gave another publisher credit for having published James Forbes' *The Famous Mrs. Fair*. The credit should have gone to the Doran Company and I hereby make my apologies for the error.

* * *

The Provincetown Plays, compiled and edited by George Cram Cook and Frank Shay, (Stewart Kidd Company) and not written by these editors as the outside of the book would lead one to think, consists of ten of the successes of the Provincetown Players, one of the notable groups of small-theatre players we have. The volume leads off with *Suppressed Desires*, by Mr. and Mrs. Cook, (the latter Susan Glaspell) an amusing play which has had wide use among amateur groups throughout the country. The second play in the book is Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo*, which has also had much popularity, although I have never met any one who liked it and few who knew what it meant. I should not be so harsh on Miss Millay's play if it were not for the fact that I consider her one of the foremost poets in America, and *Aria da Capo* is not up to her later and better work. Other plays included are Pendleton King's unpleasant *Cocaine*; *The Widow's Veil*, by Alice Rostetter; Eugene O'Neill's well known *Bound East for Cardiff: Not Smart*, by Wilbur D. Steele; *The Angel Intrudes*, by Floyd Dell; *Enemies*, by Neith Boyce and Hutchins Hapgood; *String of the Samisen*, by Rita Wellman; and *Night*, by James Oppenheim.

* * *

Between Sunset and Dawn, by Hermon Ould is the one outstanding play of several received from the Bloomsbury Press of London. Mr. Ould's play is not of the happy ending sort, but it is a gripping drama of the Cockney side of London. The other plays from these publishers, reflect the unrest in labor conditions in England. None of them seems to mean anything. Halcott Glover contributes *The King's Jewry*, and *Wat Tyler*, both well written but with no apparent reason for being. *The Challenge*, by Seaward Beddow, is a long drawn out dissertation on the subject of the church and the people. None of the plays is great enough in theme to have general appeal.

Elizabeth Marsh has written *In Body and Soul*, (The Cornhill Company) some exceptionally good blank verse that is reminiscent of Stephen Philips. Miss Marsh's play which is divided into eight episodes may be classified as a morality, the principal characters in which are the body and the soul of one Lord Bardon. Miss Marsh has written not only good poetry but good drama as well.

* * *

Joint Owners in Spain, by Alice Brown, which has just been published by the MacMillan Company, in *One-Act Plays*, by Miss Brown, is to my way of thinking, a classic. I am sorry that I can not say the same of the other plays which appear in this volume, but none of them seems to have genuine dramatic

(Continued on page 54.)

Young Mr. Santa Claus*

A Christmas Fantasy—To be played by Children

By CLAUDIA LUCAS HARRIS

Characters:

NICK, Young Mr. Santa Claus	THE GIRL, A waif.
SANTA CLAUS	ONE-OF-THE-LEAST, The girl's little sister
JACK FROST	THE RICH LITTLE GIRL
YAN.....	HER MOTHER
HANS.....	THE SNOW NYMPH
IVAN.....	

} The Snow Men

It is Christmas Eve on a city street. On a gray stone pavement lies a drifting of snow which glitters in the rays of a solitary street lamp standing at the left corner. At the back is the facade of a handsome stone house. In the center is a great strong door which opens on a lighted and stately hall way from which doors open on either side. A pair of long windows opening onto a small stone balcony are at the right of the hall door. There are beautiful draperies at these windows which drawn aside, reveal a room rich in beauty, and now dimly lighted. A glimpse of a wide fireplace is seen and in a conspicuous place—fully dressed but not yet lighted—is a gorgeous Christmas tree. There are windows at the right too but those are unlighted so that one does not see the room within. NICK enters slowly from the left. He has a wooden snow shovel and is clearing the snow from the pavement. He is a sturdy young fellow, roughly dressed in a shabby overcoat belted around his waist, high, worn boots, and a cap which is pulled well down over his ears. A colored muffler of wool is wound round his throat. His face is ruddy and his eyes blue but just now lacking the twinkle attributed to his illustrious sire. Lacking also is the rotundity of the Saint. NICK is decidedly down on his luck. His shoulders are somewhat slumped and he shovels doggedly and sulkily across and off to the right. After a pause, there enters from the left a young girl and a little child. Both are shabby and shivering with cold. They walk aimlessly as though having no especial destination. They pause a moment under the lamp.

THE CHILD [One-of-the-Least]: I'm so cold!

THE GIRL: Poor baby! Let sister fix your collar tighter. [She kneels and takes the safety pin which holds her own old shawl together at the throat. She tries to fix the child's collar but her fingers, numb with cold, fumble helplessly.] My fingers are so cold I can't hold the pin. [She blows on her fingers to warm them, then picks up the pin and fastens the collar.] There! Is that better?

THE CHILD: Yes.

THE GIRL: Let me feel your hands. Poor little things—most frozen stiff. [She blows on and rubs THE CHILD's fingers.] Here, tuck 'em inside your sleeves—like this. [Showing her how. The child tucks away her hands.] How's that?

THE CHILD: Fine.

THE GIRL: Come now, let's move on. We mustn't stay here or we'll freeze. We must keep moving. [She takes THE CHILD's hand.]

THE CHILD: When are we going home, Sister?

THE GIRL: I don't know, dearie. We haven't any home now. They turned us out and took the last of our things this morning.

THE CHILD: Where are we going?

THE GIRL: I don't know—somewhere I guess. Only we must keep moving so we won't freeze. [They have approached the lighted windows.]

THE CHILD [Attracted by the tree]: Oh, look! A Christmas tree!

THE GIRL: Yes.

THE CHILD: Is this Christmas, Sister?

THE GIRL: Christmas Eve. Tomorrow will be Christmas.

THE CHILD: Will Santa Claus come like he used to?

THE GIRL: I'm afraid not, dear, this time.

THE CHILD: Why? Is he mad at me? Have I been bad?

THE GIRL: No, no.

THE CHILD: Then why won't he?

THE GIRL: Because we have no place for him—no home for him to come to.

THE CHILD [Pointing at the tree inside]: Oh, look! Look at that lovely dolly!

THE GIRL [Trying to draw her away]: Yes. Come, dear.

THE CHILD [Wistfully, hanging back]: I wish I had a dolly like that.

THE GIRL: Come.

THE CHILD: Sister, I'm hungry.

THE GIRL: So am I, dearie.

THE CHILD: Will we have supper soon?

THE GIRL: I don't know. Maybe.

They are just about to move away when a queer little figure appears from the right. It is JACK FROST. He is dressed in a tight-fitting costume of some shining material suggesting the frozen surface of a lake. From his stocking cap, blouse and sleeves hang glass pendants like little icicles which clink with a melodious sound when he dances about. His nose and chin are peaked and rosy. His cheeks are like frost-bitten apples and his deep-set eyes are black and gleaming. Mischief—with perhaps a touch of malice—is expressed in every glance and movement. Seeing the girls he puffs out his cheeks and blows an icy breath toward them.]

THE CHILD [Shrinking back]: Oh! It's cold going in this direction.

[JACK doubles up with silent laughter—then puffs his cheeks and blows again. THE CHILD shivers and goes closer to her sister.]

THE GIRL: Are you cold?

[JACK dances about and tweaks at THE CHILD's nose. He then dances lightly away to the left, laughing.]

THE CHILD: Yes. The wind hurts my nose.

THE GIRL [Turning about toward the left]: Come, we'll go back this way. It will be warmer with the wind at our backs. [They start to retrace their steps. JACK blows his breath at them. They stop.] It's just as cold this way. [JACK dances around them, pinching their fingers and toes—tweaking their ears and cheeks.] It's getting colder. Come, we must walk.

THE CHILD: I can't go much farther.

THE GIRL: You must, dear. We'll try and find a shop where they'll let us go in and get warm. [They go out to the right. JACK blows a last icy breath after them and capers about in glee. He breathes on the windows but they do not frost over.]

JACK: Bah! These warm houses! There is no chance for Jack Frost to paint his pictures on their windows! [He picks up a handful of snow from the walk and tosses it into the air, letting

it fall over him and revelling in its chilliness.] I'll go where the poor are. I'll paint for them pictures—lovely landscapes of my frozen North! Hills and vales and always the pine trees! I'll tweak the noses of all I pass and shout: "Way! Make way for Jack Frost!"

[He dances off to the right. From the left enter three little figures clad from head to foot in white with stocking caps, blouses belted at the waist and trimmed with fur. They are like miniature Santas, rosy and plump but without beards. They carry little pails of shining snow and shovels. As they move on there is ever a soft tinkling as of tiny, invisible bells. They are busily covering with snow the path shoveled clear by Nick. These are the SNOW MEN.]

YAN [Pointing to the path]: See! Young Nick has been here.

HANS: Yes, all our work undone! [He sighs and sits on the edge of his pail with a discouraged slump of the shoulders.]

IVAN: We must cover it up again with snow.

HANS: O, what's the use?

YAN: What's the use? What's the use? You talk like a Bolshevik. What are we here for, I ask you?

HANS: We're here to cover the earth with snow for Christmas; but if Nick's going around shoveling it off as fast as we cover it, I say what's the use?

YAN: Nonsense! He can't shovel it away as fast as we shovel it on! Come, busy yourselves. [He and IVAN shovel energetically.]

HANS [Rising slowly and shoveling very little]: Just the same, I repeat: what's the use?

IVAN [Pointing at HANS]: Look at Hans, Yan. He is slighting his work.

YAN [Going to HANS and pausing, his hands on his hips]: You'll have to do better than that, my friend, or I'll report you to the Snow King.

HANS: Who'd believe you? Doesn't snow always lie that way, deep here and thin there—or perhaps an entirely bare spot on the ground?

IVAN: Drifts, mortals call them.

YAN: Yes, drifts. That's all they know about it. They blame the wind for it. But we know better.

IVAN: Yes, we know better. [They both look accusingly at HANS who is unmoved.]

HANS: No one will believe you so you may as well keep your knowledge to yourselves.

YAN: We know it's because you, Hans, are an idler—a shiftless fellow! Here are we—breaking our backs to do our work properly in order that mortals may have a white Christmas.

IVAN: Yes. Everyone longs for a white Christmas.

YAN: And we have to work night and day on the order.

HANS: You're foolish. I believe in a six-hour day and no night work.

YAN: We do our work properly. We rise to straighten our weary backs, and what do we behold?

HANS: You behold drifts which the wind makes.

YAN: We behold black, bare spots—thin places—through which the ugly brown grass or dirty pavement may be seen—and you sitting at ease upon your pail chuckling to yourself to see the beads of sweat fall from our faces and freeze upon the earth as sleet.

HANS [Seated, he slaps his knee and rocks with mirth at the picture]: Ho, ho, ho! O-oh! ho, ho, ho!

YAN: 'Tis more than we Snow Men can bear—especially now that business depression has caused the Snow King to so reduce our forces that there are now but three to do the work which once was done by hundreds. That is why they talk of open winters the past couple of years! Reduced wages—reduced forces! Ivan, we've borne with him patiently too long. Shall we not devise some punishment for him?

HANS [Rising good-naturedly]: Nay, brothers, punish me not. They like my work—these mortals. Is it not more beautiful than yours? My drifts, rifted and scalloped in a hundred sun-

ning ways into lines of grace and beauty? You are the workmen, yes; but I fashion the lines and contours. You are poor, patient plodders, but I am the artist, and are not great geniuses allowed the privilege of eccentricity?

YAN [To IVAN]: He's having another attack of the artistic temperament. [To HANS.] Genius! You! See that you do your work properly in the future or I'll report you to the Master!

HANS [Throwing down his shovel]: I refuse!

YAN: Then shall you be made our prisoner and when the good St. Nicholas returns to the North Pole he shall carry you in his empty sack to our Master of the Snows who will mete out the punishment you deserve. Brother, to work! [IVAN and YAN work eagerly—HANS slowly, with a smile. JACK FROST enters from the right and capers about tweaking at their noses, toes, and fingers. YAN hits at him with his shovel but JACK nimbly evades him.] Away with you! Save your tweakings for mortals who can feel them.

JACK [Dancing and laughing]: I've tweaked them! Oh, I've nipped them—nose and finger and toe! I've nipped them well—old and young! Ugly and beautiful! I like to nip old men and women, until they look like withered apples on the winter boughs. I like to nip little children and tweak their noses until they are like little red berries. I like to pinch the fingers of the poor until they grow red—then blue—then white! Oh, I am much hated and much beloved! But in spite of all I'm a jolly fellow! I'm a brisk fellow! I love to dance to the music of my little icicles.

YAN: You're a nuisance of a fellow! Trampling down our work. Ivan, have you finished?

IVAN: But now, brother.

YAN: Then let us go on.

HANS: Have I not labored well?

YAN: As well as ever. You are hopeless. Come.

[They are about to go when NICK enters from the right with his shovel and without heeding them, scoops his way across the place and off to the left. The Snow Men stand, arms akimbo, and look at their ruined work—then at each other in exasperation. HANS sits on his pail—drops his head in his hands and groans aloud. JACK laughs and capers.]

HANS: I told you it wasn't any use!

YAN [Following and looking after NICK]: He is doing it to spite his father.

HANS: Why doesn't his father keep him at home where he belongs?

IVAN: He'll spoil Christmas yet!

YAN: He'll not gain anything by crossing old St. Nicholas.

IVAN: Is his father as bitter as ever against him?

YAN: As bitter as the North Wind over the barrens of Siberia.

HANS: It's too bad they're estranged.

YAN: Sh! 'Tis not a tale for mortal ears! [He looks around cautiously.] If any such approach we must be gone in haste.

HANS: All right, we'll be gone. But I see no reason why we might not rest a moment—especially as there's no use—

YAN: Yes, rest, brother, for in truth, even I am grown a bit discouraged. Would that the boy were home to help and not to hinder. [The Snow Men sit on their pails. JACK sits crosslegged on the snow.] 'Tis a strange thing—but true. Mortals have never known, and mayhap never will, the life story of their good St. Nicholas. To them he is but a saint—their children's "Santa Claus." Of his private life they are in ignorance.

HANS: How fortunate he never went into politics!

YAN: Aye. And so they could not be aware he has a son.

JACK: Why, even I didn't know for centuries that the old gentleman was married.

YAN: The Snow Men knew. They were present at the ceremony.

HANS: I was a flower girl. [He hums a strain of the wedding march reminiscently.]

YAN [Disapprovingly]: Silence! His bride, the peerless

Aurora Borealis, Queen Lady of the North, whose beauty still radiates through the Arctic nights. To them one child was born, a son.

HANS: A Midnight Son.

YAN: Aye, so he proved. He grew up a shiftless fellow. He was strong and fair and loved to hunt and fish but took a violent aversion to his father's trade.

HANS: That's only natural.

JACK: I suppose he foresaw a slump in the toy industry now that the children study Latin in their primers.

YAN: He also scorned the mate his father chose for him—the beautiful Snow Nymph, second only in charm to the radiant Aurora. He longed to go afield among the haunts of men.

HANS: The call of the wild!

YAN: At last his father, the good saint, could see no good in the lad, and, opposed at every turn the boy grew morose and sullen.

JACK: I don't blame him!

YAN: So, when as a crowding blow he refused to wed the Snow Nymph, St. Nicholas bade him go forth amongst the mortals he had longed to know. "Go thou and stay," he shouted.

HANS: Yes, the chief always had that unfortunate habit of shouting at everyone.

YAN: "Fend for thyself," he said, "and return not here again to me until thou hast at least one good action to thy credit and art willing to aid me in my work with toys." And the boy went forth. His mother wept but Nicholas was obdurate.

JACK: And here he is—a common snow-sweep.

YAN: That is he. For his mother's sake, we have promised to give heed to him and see that no harm befalls him.

JACK: He has made no mark in the world as yet.

YAN [*Pointing*]: Oh, yes. The only mark he'll ever make—the mark of the wooden shovel.

HANS: You never can tell. Isn't there something about "The Man With the Hoe?"

YAN: Hans, you are a hopeless lowbrow and devoid of respect to the greatest being in the history of the world. Come, brothers. We must again to work. [*He and the others rise, HANS slowly and painfully, JACK lightly.*]

HANS: Oh, dear!

[*There is a sound of dainty bells, more musical than theirs. It grows nearer.*]

YAN: Can it be the Saint so soon? [*All look to the right.*]
The Snow Nymph!

JACK: The woman spurned!

HANS: His mother's sent her!

IVAN: She's come to woo him back!

YAN: Aurora Borealis has sent her hither.

JACK: Don't call the lady by her maiden name. You mean Mrs. Kris Kringle.

IVAN [*Looking off left*]: And here comes Nick. Let's hide and watch.

[*They retire into the background and crouch into the corners formed by the steps of the house. NICK comes on from the left. He pauses under the lamp, takes off his cap and wipes his brow with a bandana, then leans wearily against the post. The sound of bells grows louder as the SNOW NYMPH enters from the right. She is clad entirely in white, her skin is snowy white, enlivened only by the scarlet of her lips. Her black hair is unconfined save for a glittering wreath of white flowers around her brow. Her arms and feet are bare, but wrists, ankles and throat are encircled by bands of white fur. The folds of her draperies glint as with tiny snow crystals. The soft sound of bells accompanies her movements. She sees NICK and stops; then advances a few steps toward him. He apparently does not notice her, but sighs, readjusts his cap and stands thoughtfully leaning on his shovel. She woos him with her dance which is accompanied by the bells and a soft suggested sound of stringed instruments.*]

At the end of her dance, which leaves NICK unmoved, she bursts into tears. JACK and the Snow Men gather round her sympathetically.]

YAN [*Aside to her*]: Will he not heed?

[*She shakes her head and buries her face in her hands. Her tears drop through her fingers, fall like tiny hailstones to the ground and roll glittering here and there. JACK picks them up and tosses them in the air playfully.*]

HANS: Just as I have always said: It's no use.

YAN: Do not despair. There may yet be a way.

[*She shakes her head and they go out to the right. With a sigh, NICK picks up the shovel, pushes it across to the right, then to the left and out. THE GIRL and THE CHILD enter from the right. THE CHILD is crying.*]

THE CHILD: I'm so cold! My feet hurt and my fingers.

THE GIRL: Don't cry—oh, please don't cry.

THE CHILD [*Pausing at the window*]: Let's go in here. It looks so warm.

THE GIRL: We can't, little sister. It isn't our home.

THE CHILD: Where is our home?

THE GIRL [*Almost crying*]: Oh, my dear, in heaven—with Mother! It's all the home we have now.

THE CHILD [*Fretfully*]: I want a home here. Let's stay here where we can look at the pretties.

THE GIRL: Very well. Sister is so tired! Come, I'll hold you on my lap and warm you in my shawl. [*She sits on the steps and taking THE CHILD on her knees wraps her closely in the shawl.*]
Now then, cuddle up close and we'll get warm. Is that better?

THE CHILD: Yes. [*Then drowsily.*] I want a dolly.

THE GIRL: I wish I could get one for you.

THE CHILD: I want a dolly—and a horsey—and a tree—and—and a—oh, lots and lots of things—to eat. Sister, I'm hungry.

THE GIRL: So am I, Honey. [*JACK FROST enters from the right. He blows his cold breath at them.*]

THE CHILD: It's awfully cold.

THE GIRL: Not now, dearie. I'm growing warm—and—
[*Drowsily*] warmer—all—the—time.

[*Her body relaxes and she sinks down on the steps in a stupor. JACK is busy breathing upon her, pinching her cheeks and fingers. The Snow Men come from the right.*]

YAN: What are you doing there, Jack Frost?

JACK: Come and see! I am painting her beautiful shades of blue, and soon she will be white—white and frozer by my breath.

YAN: Jack, you are evil. You bring ill repute upon the winter time. Go!

JACK: No, no!

YAN [*Sternly advancing, shovel raised*]: Go! [*JACK retreats. YAN advances to THE GIRL.*] Brothers, she is fair, this mortal. She must not die. And see, she has sheltered a little one in her arms. Let us cover her with soft warm snow that she may sleep sweetly. Come, Ivan, come Hans.

HANS [*Seated on his pail*]: It's not in my contract to cover people.

YAN: Come! help!

HANS: Aren't we ever going to get any rest? We've snowed every day since Thanksgiving somewhere or other. [*He helps grudgingly.*]

YAN [*As they finish*]: Now, Jack, come with us that we may keep an eye upon your doings. You work too much mischief. What with the sun by day and Santa Claus son by night we accomplish nothing.

[*They go out at the right as NICK enters from the left, shoveling. He pauses as he sees the mound covering THE GIRL, then thrusting his hand into the snow and feeling her arm, brushes aside the covering.*]

NICK: A mortal! She is asleep! A child! The girl is frozen—not asleep. But the little one is warm. [*Kneeling, he begins to rub THE GIRL'S hands. She sighs and moans.*] Mortal!

. . . Girl! . . . Wake up! Wake up! . . . You'll freeze out here. . . . Wake!

THE GIRL [*Stirring*]: Is this heaven?

NICK: No, indeed. Quite the contrary.

THE CHILD [*Sitting up*]: I want a dolly.

NICK [*Crossly*]: Don't mention toys to me! That's why I left home.

THE GIRL [*Sitting up*]: Where am I?

NICK [*Practically*]: Sitting in a snowdrift. Do you feel all right now?

THE GIRL: I—I—don't know—I am so numb!

NICK: You're frozen. Here, let me warm you. [*He sits close beside her. They all three cuddle up together.*]

THE GIRL: Aren't you cold?

NICK: No, I'm used to a cold climate.

THE GIRL: Don't you live here?

NICK: I do now—that is [*Bitterly*], I exist. 'Tisn't much of a living.

THE GIRL: What do you do?

NICK: Shovel snow—when there is any. I suppose next summer I'll mow lawns.

THE GIRL: Is that all you can do?

NICK [*Apologetically*]: I don't know how to do many things yet. You see, I haven't been here long enough to—to know the ways.

THE GIRL: Where did you come from?

NICK [*Evasively*]: Oh—away up North.

THE GIRL: Haven't you any trade?

NICK: No. My father wanted me to learn his and go in business with him but I couldn't. I didn't want to. I hated it!

THE GIRL: What was his trade?

NICK: Toys! Making and—and distributing them.

THE CHILD: I want a dolly.

NICK [*Peevishly*]: I say, make her be quiet, will you? I can't bear the mention of dolls!

THE GIRL: Hush, dearie.

NICK: Besides, Dad will be around tonight and maybe—
[*He stops short.*]

THE GIRL [*Encouragingly*]: Yes? You were saying—?

NICK: Oh,—nothing.

THE GIRL: Oh, yes you were. You said something about your father.

NICK [*Sulkily*]: I didn't mean to. It slipped out.

THE GIRL: Was your father a wholesale toy maker?

NICK: Well—yes—you might call it that.

THE GIRL: And you left home on account of—toys—you said?

NICK: Well, partly. We disagreed. I wouldn't make toys—and—besides—he wanted me to marry a girl I didn't care for

THE GIRL: Wasn't she a nice girl?

NICK: That's just the point. She was an ice girl. Peculiar disposition. Too chilly for me.

THE GIRL: Don't you think you'll ever go back?

NICK: Not a chance.

THE GIRL: Wouldn't your father let you come back?

NICK: Oh, he'd let me fast enough—on condition.

THE GIRL: That you marry the chilly girl?

NICK: Yes, and that I make toys and—and—

THE GIRL: What else?

NICK: Well, it's rather embarrassing—but he said not—not until I had one good action accredited to me.

THE GIRL: Why, have you never had one?

NICK: Not that I know of.

THE GIRL: Why, you're doing one now!

NICK: What?

THE GIRL: Making us warm.

NICK [*Rising awkwardly*]: Are you—are you warmer now?

THE GIRL: Oh, yes, yes, thank you. We must be going now. I'm ever so much obliged to you. [*She begins pulling the*

wraps closer around THE CHILD preparatory to going.]

NICK: Who are you?

THE GIRL: Oh, I'm just a—a waif.

NICK: That's a funny name. Who's she?

THE GIRL: My little sister, One-of-the-Least.

THE CHILD: I'm hungry.

THE GIRL: Sh!

THE CHILD: I am!

THE GIRL [*Embarrassed*]: Sh! I'll get you something.

THE CHILD: You can't. You haven't any money. [*She begins to cry.*]

THE GIRL: Sh! sh! We must go now. Come. [*They start away.*]

NICK: Wait! Is that true?

THE GIRL: What true?

NICK: That she is hungry and you have no money to buy food.

THE GIRL [*Ashamed*]: Yes.

NICK: Why, I have some money—that is—I will have when I collect for this job. I'll buy you something. Just wait till I finish here.

THE GIRL: No, no!

NICK: Yes, yes! Wait right here—till I get through and collect. Here! [*He takes off his overcoat and puts it around her and THE CHILD.*] Sit here. [*He is oblivious to the scarlet coat which is disclosed by the removal of the overcoat.*]

THE GIRL: You'll freeze.

NICK [*He laughs shortly*]: Never fear. I'm used to it.

THE CHILD: Sister, who is that?

THE GIRL: I don't know, dearie. He is some gentleman from the North.

THE CHILD: He's got an awf'ly funny coat on. Will he buy us something to eat?

THE GIRL: Yes. Be patient. Wait.

[*They snuggle up in the overcoat on the steps. A richly clad woman and child enter from the left. THE LADY is carrying a number of parcels; THE CHILD draws a sled laden with toys, their shapes bulging the wrappings. Her arms are filled with others. THE LITTLE GIRL is whimpering ill-naturedly.*]

THE LADY [*As they enter*]: Hurry now! Let's get in out of the cold and you shall have a nice warm supper and then go to bed; and if you're a good child perhaps Santa Claus will come tonight.

[*They pass up the steps without a glance at the pair huddled on the lowest one. THE LADY opens the door with a key and they go in, closing the door after them. As they go in, a doll wrapped in a paper falls unnoticed from THE LADY'S arms. There is a pause.*]

THE CHILD [*Pointing to the parcel*]: Sister, what is that?

THE GIRL: They dropped a parcel. I'll ring the bell and tell them. [*She starts to do so.*]

THE CHILD: Wait. [*She picks up the parcel.*] Let me see it first.

THE GIRL: No, no, you mustn't. It isn't yours.

THE CHILD: Oh, please. [*She pulls the paper open a little.*] It's a dolly! [*She folds it to her breast.*]

THE GIRL: Let me take it to her.

THE CHILD [*Putting it behind her*]: I want it.

THE GIRL: It isn't yours.

THE CHILD: I want it.

THE GIRL [*Trying gently to take it*]: Honey, let go.

THE CHILD [*Obstinately*]: No! She has lots of 'em—and she's warm; and she's going to have a warm supper. I want this!

THE GIRL [*Helplessly*]: But it isn't yours;

THE CHILD [*Holding it maternally*]: It's going to be.

THE GIRL: You mustn't.

THE CHILD: You said Santa Claus wouldn't come. Maybe he meant me to have this instead

THE GIRL [*Thoughtfully*]: I wonder.

THE CHILD [*Following up her advantage by slipping her hand in her sister's*]: Sister, she's got so much.

THE GIRL [*Half to herself*]: They'll never miss it, maybe.

THE CHILD [*Practically*]: Let's go before they do. I'll call her Rosa. [*She unwraps and cuddles the doll.*]

THE GIRL: It seems like stealing. . . . Well, let us go.

THE CHILD [*Stopping short with the thought*]: Oh, no, we can't! He's going to bring us food. Oh, it's a Christmas after all!

THE GIRL [*Looking fearfully toward house*]: I'm afraid. [*A child cries inside the house then THE LADY'S voice is heard.*]

THE LADY: There, there don't cry! Mother'll find your dolly. [*THE GIRL stands guiltily. THE CHILD clasps the doll closer.*] You probably dropped it somewhere in the snow after we left the car.

[*THE GIRL draws THE CHILD protectingly to her and faces the door, pale and frightened. THE LADY comes from the house looking on the ground. At last she sees them.*]

Oh! have you seen—? [*She sees the doll.*] Give me that, little girl. My daughter dropped it just now. [*She holds out her hand. THE CHILD gazes at her but does not stir.*] What's the matter with you? . . . Give it here.

THE CHILD [*Naughtily, with a stamp of the foot*]: No!

THE LADY: What?

THE CHILD: It's mine!

THE LADY: Why, you impudent little—!

THE LITTLE GIRL [*On the steps*]: That's my dolly!

THE CHILD: 'Tisn't!

THE LITTLE GIRL: 'Tis! [*They glare at each other. THE GIRL stands with her head bowed.*]

THE LADY: You stole it as we passed. Give it up this instant!

THE GIRL [*Pleadingly*]: Oh, no!

THE LADY: Hand it over.

THE GIRL: Please—sister.

THE CHILD: No!

THE LADY: At once! Do you hear?

THE GIRL: We didn't steal it—we found it.

THE LADY: At once—or I shall call an officer and have you arrested!

THE GIRL: Oh!

THE CHILD [*Still clutching the doll*]: I want her!

THE LITTLE GIRL: It's my dolly!

THE CHILD: You shadn't have it! [*NICK enters from the right unseen by the others.*]

THE LADY: Margaret, run into the house and have Nora telephone for a policeman at once.

[*ONE-OF-THE-LEAST starts to run away to the left but her sister catches and holds her. THE LITTLE GIRL is about to go in the house when NICK, coming forward, stops her.*]

NICK: Wait a minute, little girl. What's the matter?

THE LADY: Oh, it's you. This girl has stolen a very expensive doll from my daughter and they refuse to give it up. I am going to send her to jail. Get an officer. [*The Snow Men come on from the right and listen.*]

NICK: She didn't steal it.

THE LADY: Nonsense!

NICK: She didn't, I tell you! I did!

YAN [*Delightedly*]: One good action! one good action!

THE LADY: Then you shall go to jail.

NICK: I don't mind. But first pay me for my work.

THE LADY [*Taking a coin from her purse and throwing it on the ground*]: There's your money, thief;

HANS [*Rolling up his sleeves*]: I am not going to stand for that!

YAN [*Restraining him*]: Silence!

NICK [*He picks up the coin and goes to THE GIRL*]: Here, buy yourselves something to eat.

THE GIRL: No, I can't accept—

YAN [*Dancing with excitement*]: Let him do a good action!

THE GIRL: No, no, you mustn't—

NICK: Don't worry about me. I'm a ne'er-do-well. Might as well be in jail as anywhere.

YAN: Let him do a good action. It will save him!

THE GIRL [*Hesitating*]: Yes . . . I will. [*She takes the coin.*]

NICK [*To THE LADY*]: Send for your policeman. [*THE LADY motions to THE LITTLE GIRL to go. She does so with alacrity. To THE CHILD.*] Let me have the dolly, little one. My father— [*He chokes a little over the word.*] Dad, will see that you get another.

[*She gives it up and buries her face in her sister's skirt, sobbing.*]

NICK returns the doll to THE LADY. There is a sound of distant bells off left. YAN crosses at the back and looks off.]

THE LITTLE GIRL [*Reentering happily*]: He's coming! The policeman's coming right away.

YAN: He's coming! Kris Kringle's coming! [*JACK FROST enters and joins the Snow Men at the right. All are now aware of the sleigh bells.*]

NICK: Kris Kringle!

THE LADY: What?

THE LITTLE GIRL [*Awed*]: Is it Santa Claus, Mamma?

THE CHILD: Santa Claus? Sister, is Santa coming?

THE GIRL: What does it mean?

NICK: My father!

THE GIRL: Your father?

NICK: Yes, the toy maker.

[*The Snow Men have kept up their cries. As the bells grow louder they dance frantically, all of them now at the left, looking in the direction of the sound of the bells. A cheery voice cries, "Whoa, whoa there! Whoa, Vixen! Whoa!" The bells cease save for an occasional jingle and in a moment SANTA CLAUS enters with his pack.*]

YAN [*Excitedly*]: He's done, it, Master, he's done it! [*The other Snow Men repeat this excitedly.*] One good action! Master, one good action! [*This, too, is repeated.*]

THE GIRL [*Advancing to the Saint who stands at the left*]: Oh, sir, he is a noble boy. He has saved us from disgrace by the sacrifice of his own good name.

SANTA [*Speaking sternly—for him*]: How's this?

THE LADY: Sir, this fellow is a thief!

THE GIRL AND SNOW MEN: No!

THE LADY: He stole my child's doll!

SANTA: Pooh, pooh! I don't believe it! He wouldn't have one as a gift! I happen to know! He left home to get away from dolls.

THE LADY: Left home? What do you mean? Who is he?

SANTA: My son, young Mr. Santa Claus.

THE LADY: Oh! Of course I—I—didn't know—I thought—

SANTA: Yes, you thought! You're a selfish woman and you're teaching your child to grow up another. Get out! You have more now than you deserve. [*THE LADY and her child slink away to the right.*]

THE GIRL: Please, sir, he did it for One-of-the-Least.

SANTA [*Chuckling her under the chin*]: I'd have done it for you!

THE CHILD: I wanted the dolly. I found it and wanted to keep it!

SANTA [*Setting down his pack*]: Here! I'll give you a better one. Anything your heart desires. Speak. What shall it be?

THE CHILD: Oh! A dolly—and a pair of shoes—for me and sister—and—and—a dress—and a coat—and a horsey—and!—and—a Christmas tree—and a home and a papa and mamma and— [*She stops from lack of breath and SANTA throws up his hands.*]

SANTA: Stop, stop, you'll bankrupt me! Look! [*He points to the windows—the lights in the house go out—and the tree is seen lighted.*] Yours, my children. [*THE CHILD gives a glad cry and runs up the steps.*] Wait! [*He raises his hand and the ragged garments fall from THE CHILD and her sister, showing them clad*

beautiful clothing. The door opens and they step inside the hall and into the room. THE CHILD walks round and round the tree in wonder. SANTA holds out his hand to NICK.] My son! They clasp hands.] Seeing you don't want to manufacture toys now would you like to attend to the business for me at this end of the line—look up the worthy cases and send the list to me. NICK: You're on, father. [He looks toward the window and

sees THE GIRL by the Christmas tree.] I rather think I'm going to like it here after all.

[SANTA laughs and claps him on the shoulder as they both go in the house. The door closes after them and they join the others by the tree. Outside, the Snow Men work busily covering up the tracks and JACK FROST capers merrily about, flinging handfuls of snow into the air and laughing as it falls upon his shoulders.]

The Aristocracy of Our Little Theatres

By LEEIA WILSON

WE ARE told by the upholders of the little theatre movement that our dramatic art is in a bad way. The little theatre and the community theatre come as missionaries to rescue the drama from the clutches of the professional theatre and to open a wide channel for artistic self-expression. Art thus pitted against Commercialism, according to the aforementioned upholders, has in great measure won its battle, as is proved by the fact that Broadway productions have more and more inclined to make use of the methods of the little theatre.

But somewhere in the background of our minds lurks the statement, early absorbed, that all true art must be democratic. If the recent movement is to prove more than a fad, it must show itself as something more than the hobby of certain small, intellectual and artistic groups. Little theatres are apt to draw their audiences from only the more educated portion of the community. There remains the populace-at-large, the public which patronizes the movies, the vaudeville and the follies. Is this public to be left out of the scheme of reform?

The community theatre, as a social welfare agency aims to attract all classes. The difficulty of making certain types of little theatre plays intelligible to such an audience is at once apparent. I have seen it tried; and witnessed the painful spectacle of grim tragedy received with titters, when Susan Glaswell's *Trifles* was played. The same audience roared with delight over *It Pays to Advertise*, a former Broadway success. The stupefaction with which it would have received such plays as Maeterlinck's *The Intruder*, or Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo*, can well be imagined.

THE little theatre and the community theatre here face a problem not easy to solve. Are they to neglect the larger part of the public and confine their appeal to a small group of intellectuals? This makes for eclecticism and preciosity. Are they to educate the public up to their standards? Partly, no doubt. Still, Art must be an outgrowth of the public mind, not something forced on it from above. Must the ideals of the little theatre itself then undergo transformation?

It would be folly to say that the mass of the public cannot appreciate good art, and I think this point needs no argument here. There are many plays of the little theatre which would have an appeal to even a very mixed audience. Such are *The Bank Account*, by Howard Brock, Stuart Walker's dramatization of *The Birthday of the Infanta*, Lady Gregory's *The Rising of the Moon*, and a good many others. These plays are universal in appeal; they have dramatic force; they are not dependant upon intricate subtleties of thought or nervous refinements of emotion for their success. They combine good workmanship with popular appeal.

IT is here that the little theatre movement must look for its solution. No art can be vigorous which is limited to one class. The intelligence of the educated must be balanced by the vitality of the uneducated, if a well-rounded unit is to result. This fact is realized theoretically by many dramatic enthusiasts of the new order, but in practice it is often lost sight of. And even in theory,

it is recognized by too few. The little theatre movement has so many opportunities for remarkable achievement that it would be the greatest of pities for it to fail, as many predict it will, through a failure to realize the extreme slipperiness of its position. The necessary balance is not easy to preserve, but it is a vital one. Playwrights as well as producers would do well to clarify their aims, to state plainly to themselves just what public they are addressing, to make this public as wide as possible. We may then avoid both the country heroine who triumphs over wicked city cleverness, and such passages as this:

"We stood by the white wall above the ghostly sea, and I watched a sail as it floated away into the star-dust of the night. And there were lilies, and roses in the moon. . . . Love is a strange delusion that seizes upon us from time to time, to the delicate sound of flutes and the scent of flowers and the hot perfumes of kisses that are forgotten by day."¹

Perhaps we may even attain something of the dignified simplicity, the wonderful poignancy of the Greek tragedies, so masterly in their execution, so universal in their appeal—something approaching the pathos and poetry of Andromache's speech to her child, when he is about to be slain by the Greeks:

"Go, die, my best-beloved, my cherished one
In fierce men's hands, leaving me here alone.

Thou little thing

That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling
All round thy neck! Beloved; can it be
All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee
And fostered; all the weary nights where through
I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew
Wasted with watching? Kiss me. This one time;
Not ever again. Put up thine arms and climb
About my neck. . . .
Quick! take him; drag him; cast him from the wall,
If cast ye will! Tear him, ye beasts, be swift!
God hath undone me, and I cannot lift
One hand, one hand to save my child from death. . . ."²

Further comment seems superfluous.

¹The Shadow, by Howard Jones.

²The Trojan Women, Murray Translation.

The New Philosophical Basis of the German Drama

(Continued from page 29)

like Max Barchel, Friedrich Sieburg, and Ludwig Rubiner and Rene Schickele to prove that the life-centered movement in philosophy is not operating upon a few thinkers and writers only. It actuates all departments of German thought and action. It is this circumstance which makes Germany so hopeful, so worthy of our closest and most sympathetic consideration.

DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

The Acted Drama in Our Colleges and Universities

By FREDERICK H. KOCH

Chairman of the Committee on Drama in Colleges and Universities

THE following statement is a brief summary of a report offered by the chairman of the committee on the Drama in Colleges and Universities of the Drama League of America. Most of the materials were gained by means of a questionnaire prepared by the chairman and sent out from the Research Station of the United States Bureau of Education at the University of North Carolina, in June, 1920. A letter was sent out asking for certain information on the status of the acted drama in Colleges and Universities in the United States. This letter, accompanied by a blank form, was mailed to five hundred and fifty-eight institutions of higher education. One hundred and sixty-four of these, from forty-two states replied. It is chiefly from the information thus obtained that this report is made. This may seem at first a small return, but it is really larger than is usual in such an investigation by questionnaire. Human nature does not seem attracted to a questionnaire. Besides this, undoubtedly many of the institutions not replying had no contribution to make.

Other available sources in books, magazines, newspaper articles, catalogues, bulletins, and, in some cases, personal correspondence were consulted to render the report more complete. The report makes no pretense at being exhaustive, although it is hoped that it will suggest at least the chief lines of dramatic activities in our colleges and universities today. The results of this questionnaire have been carefully compiled by Sylvia Latschaw and form the basis of her thesis for the degree of Master of Arts in the University of North Carolina. The complete report will be published later as a bulletin of the United States Bureau of Education.

The results of the investigation are classified under five main divisions:

- I. The College Theatre.
- II. The University Theatre and the Professional Stage
- III. The University Theatre and the Community.
- IV. Pageantry Fostered by the University.
- V. The Outlook.

I. THE COLLEGE THEATRE

THE status of the acted drama in relation to the curriculum of colleges and universities was first sought. Here it was noted that in the one hundred and sixty-four institutions reporting, three hundred and eighty-two courses are given in the drama. The total credit for these courses is approximately nine hundred ninety-eight academic hours.

One type of college course deals with the drama as literature and aims to inculcate dramatic appreciation; another type is intended to teach dramatic composition; a third, to give training in various theatre arts. The two types last mentioned often include acting.

Sixty-nine colleges and universities report credit given for amateur acting when it is carried on in connection with the work of the curriculum. Correlation of amateur dramatics with academic courses is arranged for by fifty-nine of the institutions reporting.

Of dramatic organizations, one hundred and fifty were reported, forty-nine of which were organized before 1915. There are many producing groups that have no formal organization. Membership in regular dramatic societies is open to all in the case of seventy-five of the reporting colleges. Try-outs are used for the selection of members of sixty-nine clubs. In thirty-six

institutions the instructor, or faculty director aids in the selection of new members. Nineteen instances were given where the organization elects its members. Election seems more popular among the older clubs; the newer organizations seem to prefer selection of members by try-outs.

The total number of members reported as belonging to these dramatic organizations is about four thousand three hundred twenty-six. Of these one hundred and ninety-four are faculty members and thirty-one, community-members.

For dramatic performances given at these reporting institutions, sixty-three extra-campus theatres may be utilized; three hundred and sixteen auditoriums of other college halls which are used for dramatic purposes, seventeen theatres owned by the university, and twenty-seven out-door theatres.

Amateur dramatic productions are directed in these institutions by one hundred and ninety-three members of the faculty, twenty-nine paid coaches, and in a few cases by student directors.

In the one hundred and sixty-four institutions reporting there were produced during the past five years two hundred and eighty-one plays written by students; and eight hundred and seven others, representing various types of drama not original. It should be noted here that many colleges and universities state that no record has been kept of performances. For this reason it is probable that many more plays have been produced in these institutions than these numbers would indicate.

Of the plays, not original, produced by these institutions, five hundred and forty-nine were Shakespearean, or three-act plays of merit; one hundred and forty-one light comedies; one hundred and fifty-nine one-act plays, forty-seven pageants, and eight light operas. Of original plays, one hundred and ten were one-act plays, fifty-three pageants, and eighteen light operas.

In addition to these the University of North Carolina is making a unique contribution in the development of a native folk drama—drawn from the rich store of tradition and from present day life in North Carolina.

On the whole the status of the acted drama on the college campus is most encouraging. There are courses dealing with modern drama, dramatic composition, and production; some schools give credit for amateur dramatics; there is a growing tendency to correlation between dramatic production and curriculum courses; organizations are becoming more democratic; equipment is improving; the employing of a professional coach is giving way to the development of amateur directors; a better type of play is being selected for production; and finally the proportion of original plays has steadily increased in recent years.

II. THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE AND THE PROFESSIONAL STAGE

IN THIS study it is seen that thus far the greatest contribution of the university to the professional stage has been made by the "47 Workshop" of Harvard, and by the school of the drama at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The first has produced a number of successful playwrights; the second has contributed actors and directors competently trained in the theatre arts.

III. THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE AND THE COMMUNITY

SOME universities, prominently Dartmouth and Vassar, have undertaken to provide theatrical entertainment for their communities. Dartmouth has a Student Stock Company which

produces a new bill of plays once or twice a month; Vassar by a joint organization of the Vassar students and the community puts on a new bill every two weeks.

In 1905 at the University of North Dakota was initiated a movement to carry an amateur group of players with good plays to various parts of the state, and a company of university players toured the state each year with a view to cultivating a taste for good drama. This movement evolved a few years later into The Dakota Playmakers. Later the Agricultural College of North Dakota took an active part in the movement and christened the activities which centered at that institution "The Little Country Theatre." In 1919 and 1920 the Cornell Dramatic Club presented a program of one-act plays, at the New York State Fair where a theatre was improvised with simple settings. The Little Country Theatre movement has gained no small impetus from this contribution and it suggests the earnest efforts being made in some of the colleges and universities in promoting rural community drama.

Some universities are developing community drama through their extension departments. Prominent among these are the state universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, North Dakota, Kansas, North Carolina, and Cornell University.

The movement toward the creation of a new folk drama which originated at the University of North Dakota and is now being carried on at the University of North Carolina marks a unique contribution in the making of a new native literature of the theatre in America.

IV. PAGEANTRY FOSTERED BY THE UNIVERSITY

INTEREST in pageantry is widespread in our colleges and universities. One hundred pageants and masques have been presented within the past five years, fifty-three of them original. Courses in pageantry are offered by the University of Pittsburgh and some other institutions. Typical pageants perhaps are *The Allegheny Pageant*, by George P. Baker, written and presented to celebrate the centennial of Allegheny College; *The Pageant of St. Louis*, by Thomas Wood Stevens, given at St. Louis in 1916; *The Yale Pageant*, produced in 1916 to celebrate Yale's two hundredth anniversary; *Raleigh the Shepherd of the Ocean*, by Frederick H. Koch and presented in North Carolina in 1920 to commemorate the tercentenary of Raleigh's death; and the Pilgrim Tercentenary Pageant by George P. Baker, presented in August, 1921, at Boston.

An interesting development of communal drama by cooperative authorship was evolved at the University of North Dakota. In 1914 *A Pageant of the North West* and in 1916 the Shakespeare Tercentenary Pageant, *Shakespeare, the Playmaker*, were both written in collaboration with a group of students at the university and presented at the Bankside Theatre there.

V. THE OUTLOOK

THE report indicates that there has been in recent years a constantly increasing interest in the acted drama in our colleges and universities, and an increasing recognition on the part of our leading educators of the substantial values of such work, and of the need of trained leadership. More and more the universities are adding to their faculties men qualified to organize and develop amateur activities along constructive lines. Many institutions are providing theatre buildings which will be an adequate home for the drama, and a school for the arts of the theatre.

May we not hope from this university renaissance a contribution which will ultimately make its impress on our national consciousness and play its part toward a new national expression in our theatre and in our drama?

AT THE Iowa State Fair this year an innovation was introduced in the program at the Women's and Children's Building in the way of the presentation of a little one-act play. This presentation was for the purpose of illustrating the possibilities for community theatres of simple plays put on with simple staging and costuming. The play this year, given under the direction of Professor Lewis Worthington Smith, of Drake University, was Alice Gerstenberg's "Fourteen," played by Isabel Travers, Mrs. Josephine Hunter Ray, and Hugh Ghormley. It was put on without setting other than a simple cycloramic curtain and with only so much other material accessories as were necessary for the stage business. This reduction of the staging to its lowest limits seemed fairly immaterial in the effectiveness of the play. It was acted on four days of the fair to audiences packing the large auditorium of the building.

August 29th, in a smaller room in the same building, there was held a conference for the consideration of various matters connected with the community theatre. Talks on various aspects of the subject were made by W. H. Bridge, of Grinnell, Lewis Worthington Smith, Esse V. Hathaway, who has written pageants for the fair for some years, Mrs. Henry C. Taylor, of Bloomfield, and Professor Mabie of the University of Iowa. It is confidently believed that this conference will have its effect in an aroused interest in the home theatre throughout the state. In the evening a committee appointed to consider the possibility of promoting what may be called the traveling local theatre met at the home of Mrs. Frederick Weitz, President of the Des Moines Women's Club. It was there decided that community players working in cooperation with the Drama League should be encouraged to send out worthy productions by the local players to other towns. Machinery for inspecting local performances in order that they may be given the backing of the Drama League was set in motion. It is hoped that it may prove possible promptly to organize new Drama League centers throughout the state. If the interest shown in this gathering is maintained, it will have been an important influence in the development of the movement for better plays and a more active effort to produce them with the material available in the ordinary town. Mrs. O. A. Olson, of Forest City, woman member of the state fair board, has been effectively active in helping the cause along.

Religious Drama

CLARA FITCH, *Chairman*

SEVERAL of the Drama League prize plays are now in press and will within a few weeks, be ready for use.

The Star in the East, a full length play by Mrs. Frederick Harnwell, with stage sets and costumes by Dugald Walker, will be issued at thirty-five cents by Samuel French and Company, New York.

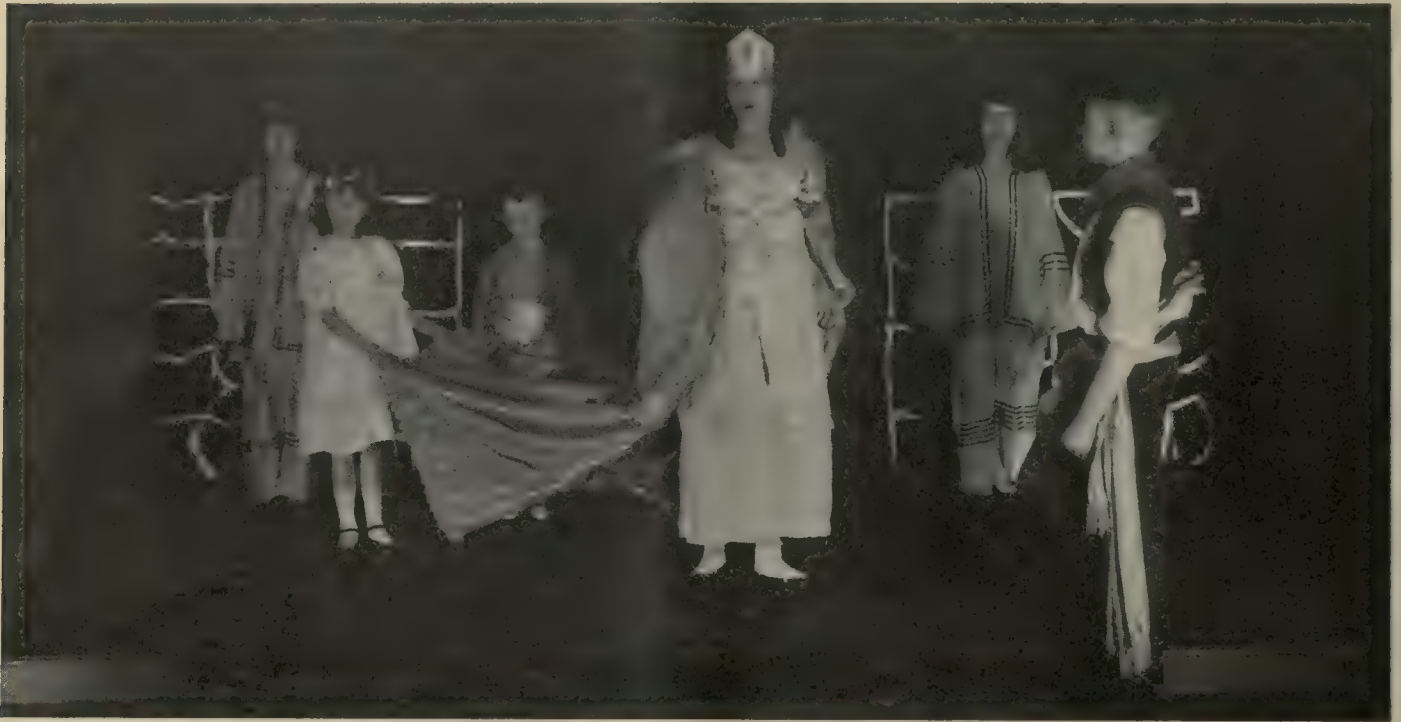
The Rock, by Mary P. Hamline, also a full length play, is already obtainable in magazine form from the Pilgrim Press, Boston. An edition in paper with costume and scene suggestions is soon to appear at thirty-five cents.

Samuel French and Company are printing the prize one-act drama, *Jephtha's Daughter*, by Elma Erlich Levinger with drawings and suggestions by Dugald Walker. The price of this is also thirty-five cents.

Three other full length plays from the contest are to be published later by the George H. Doran company.

The December number of THE DRAMA will contain a religious play of great pictorial beauty as well as dramatic power by Vida Ravenscroft Sutton. This is especially suited to larger church productions.

THE DRAMA as a Christmas Gift—Why Not?



The "robe," a dressing-table canopy of silk and lace, is a regal affair in the hands of the Grand Rapids Junior Drama League.

Another Phase of Junior Drama

By ETHEL LOUISE KNOX

"To him who waits, provided he waits in the same ante-chamber with Enthusiasm, Imagination, and Work, good things come."

IT WAS a good Drama Institute friend who made the statement, and recent developments in the life of the Grand Rapids Junior Drama League have proved the statement true. In fact, the Junior Drama League had its beginning in the enthusiasm of a group of high school boys and girls for plays. These youngsters were so disappointed when they learned that a crowded curriculum made it impossible for the school to offer them a continuation course in public speaking and dramatics that they quite won the sympathy of the teacher, whose disappointment was, perhaps, no less than theirs.

Then it was that Imagination was called into service. A plan for continuing the work of play reading and study outside of school was formulated. The teacher, it chanced, was fresh from the inspiration of the first Drama League Institute, and a Junior Drama League working independently, but quite in harmony with the local center, had gradually been taking form in her mind. A consultation with the local president brought assurances of genuine interest. It seemed to be the general impression, however, that a person of leisure was needed. It was too much to expect a busy high school teacher to attend league meetings, arrange details, and direct rehearsals for plays. Besides, where was the money for costumes to come from? Of course, one could use the high school stage, but one must have new sets and properties. The Drama League had no money, but it would be glad to see the thing done and it would furnish an audience for the plays. As to publicity, it would see that the Juniors had all they needed. They begged for none at all—at first.

The first "good thing" that came to this group waiting in the ante-chamber with Enthusiasm, Imagination, and Work, arrived with the precision of the *god out of the machine* of a classic tragedy, in the person of a newcomer to town, a woman experienced in

play-directing, enthusiastic, eager. Common interests brought the Junior Drama League director and the stranger together. It required no urging to induce the lonely newcomer to assume some of the responsibility. She opened her home for the regular meetings, announcing that between the hours of seven and nine once in two weeks, she was not the hostess, but merely a member of the organization which was meeting in its club rooms.

In the beginning, the group consisted of about twelve boys and girls, none below the tenth grade. The purpose and aim of the National Drama League was carefully explained and the proposal made that the group become a part of the National. A president, a treasurer, a recording, and a corresponding secretary were elected.

THEN the real work began. A committee of three made out a course of study which covered various types of one act plays. One member in charge of the program at each meeting, was expected to give the company a good idea of the type assigned to him. He might explain, review a representative play, read one wholly or in part, or arrange scenes for presentation. After the formal part of the program, came a most informal discussion of the problems of production. Almost invariably the discussion ended in the expressed desire of somebody to "try it sometime." An evening of pantomime problems aroused enthusiasm to such a pitch, that a play was inevitable.

In the meantime the Junior director had chanced upon a younger child who had dreamed of doing a little play from *The St. Nicholas*, with a cast made up of her friends in the neighborhood. Here was a splendid nucleus for a younger group of Juniors.

Then came the greatest of all good things: a woman generous, resourceful, intelligently interested in young people. She began by inviting the group to use her ball room for rehearsals as well as for the final performance when that should be ready. The rest reads like a fairy tale. A portable stage has been built across

one end of the room and hung temporarily with dark curtains. The permanent construction is to be made by an expert as soon as the particular expert desired, can be induced to come on from New York. In the meantime, the Art Department from the high school has cooperated by allowing the Junior Drama Leaguers who have elected art to work out problems for their own stage. Costumes are designed and worked out by individual members, subject to the approval of the Theatre's art director. The good patroness who has opened her heart and her home, furnishes those costumes that the boys and girls have difficulty in supplying. It was she who discovered that a dressing table canopy of silk and lace could very easily be taken-down and used with no alterations for the "beautiful robe" the fairy god-mother tells the little maid to don.

Simplicity of design and few properties has been the principle upon which all the work has been done. A plain background of curtains leaves much to the imagination. Two pieces of board covered with cloth like that of the curtains and placed on either side upstage, blend with the curtains when a plain interior is needed. With paper cut-outs of irregular shape and size pinned on, the boards become a castle-wall. Artificial roses may very easily be made to grow over the wall, and when the gipsy boy looks about in wonder and exclaims, "Is this a royal garden?" no one in the audience doubts that it is. With very little in the way of sets and properties to help them, the boys and girls must pretend. And when boys and girls really pretend, their acting is a genuine expression of the play spirit. It is this sort of acting that the Junior Drama League has tried to develop.

After the first performance of the St. Nicholas play, Drama League mothers began asking how a child might become a member of the Junior organization. The method followed has been an adaptation of the one suggested by Mr. Sam Hume. The children are listed, with a description and notation of any special talents. When a play has been decided upon, the members of the cast are chosen from this list. This system of casting has not been used with the high school group. In this organization a committee presents the name of a candidate for membership,

and the club votes upon the name. Prompt payment of \$2.00 dues for National membership, a genuine interest in plays, and a willingness to play any kind of part are the qualities considered for membership. Try-outs are held at the regular club meetings, the club deciding as far as possible, how the parts shall be distributed. The spirit of cooperation and the unselfish desire to make the play good at any cost have developed a friendliness among the members that is an inspiration in itself.

FROM the first the idea, with the younger children particularly, has been to encourage them to create. The interpretation of the character must be the child's own interpretation. He may be told the meaning of his lines if he fails to comprehend, but his method of getting that meaning over to his audience is his own. He is encouraged to pretend, to play. He is allowed to change his lines during rehearsals if he thinks his change is an improvement. The only specific directions given him are in regard to stage grouping, and these are given sparingly. In time it is hoped that the younger children may evolve their own plays. Some of the older ones are already writing plays.

The first program consisted of three short plays: a lovely little fairy piece in a moonlit garden, *The Princess and the Crystal Pipe*, done by the younger children; *Free Speech*, a 47 Workshop production with a cast of seven boys; and *Dolls*, by Louise Van Voorhes Armstrong (*THE DRAMA*, November, 1920), rather more elaborate and somewhat difficult on a small stage. The whole Drama League could not be accommodated at one time in the ball room; so two performances were given on successive Saturday afternoons. Admission was by membership tickets only, the center paying the royalties.

In the first play on the first program appeared *Firefly* whose curtain speech voices the belief of the Junior director and her associates:

"If you want a thing to happen very, very much, if you wish hard enough and long enough and often enough, why remember what all fireflies say: 'Very-like-it-may.'"



These ferocious gentlemen are members of the Junior Drama League of Grand Rapids presenting "Free Speech."

News from Centers

MRS. A. STARR BEST

Chairman, Propaganda and Organization

IOWA CITY has sent an enthusiastic letter, telling of their plans for the season, showing great enthusiasm, and detailing carefully mapped-out plans for the year. They presented as an initial meeting an outdoor play on the lawn of one of the professors, followed the next month by a membership drive in the form of a costume party, where each member represented a play. An elaborate production in November will raise funds for their Junior work. A prize play contest has been instituted, to close in January, with a production of the winning play in February. Later in the spring a religious drama will be presented. With such a program they should be a great help to the Iowa Little Theatre Circuit. The efficient new president admits that much of her unbounded enthusiasm results from attendance at the Convention.

CINCINNATI is very active. Its able new president, Mrs. Hobart, also attended the Convention and is full of enthusiasm for the year's work. This center sent two recreation secretaries to the Institute for training this summer.

Owing to the commercialization of the Municipal Pier by the so-called "Pageant" of Progress, the Chicago center was not able to do as much as usual with its children's civic theatre, but a few weeks work was put through and an elaborate outdoor performance of *Prunella* was staged during the summer.

In connection with the Pilgrim Tercentennial the Chicago center offered two prizes to high schools and four to grade schools for the best work in essays on the subject. The prizes were beautiful bas-relief executed in competition by the students of the Art Institute. They will be formally presented to the winning schools this Fall.

For the first time in our history we were able to announce before the end of summer the organization of new centers.

ROME, N. Y. and Nashville, Tenn., have each just completed campaigns and started their organizations.

There are many other prospects and several campaigns under way, promising a worth-while year with healthy spread of activity.

GRAND RAPIDS has a new President who is arousing that center to unusual interest and planning an elaborate program, emphasizing especially the Junior work. This serious program is quite new to Grand Rapids for they have usually contented themselves with fine public meetings.

BIRMINGHAM although so far south has already launched its membership campaign and has planned a brilliant group of meetings. So great is the interest and so large the membership that it is necessary to use the theatre for all meetings. This center is planning a new feature this year and will arrange with the management for a block of seats at the theatre for the first night of every bulletined play, thus giving its support when most needed, on the opening night.

Birmingham may well feel proud of its civic work as the plan for the civic Auditorium which was launched by the League has been successfully carried through. The land is purchased, the plans drawn and accepted, and the money all in hand. The meeting to outline this plan was called by the Birmingham center's former president, Mrs. Smith, and it was largely her tact that brought into harmony the previously opposed factions and led to this happy achievement. In addition to this the center is taking a large part in the Semi-Centennial Pageant being staged by the City.

BOSTON'S first bulletin brings word of a new headquarters open from 10 to 12:30 every day; Sunday afternoon lectures in the Public Library every week devoted to American Drama followed by a reading from the works of the dramatist and open to discussion by the members; and a campaign for new memberships and regular dinner meetings at the center headquarters.

LOS ANGELES is doing worth-while work as the following report made by Mr. Allison Gaw, proves:

"Under the progressive leadership of Mrs. Elizabeth Burton, the President, the Los Angeles Centre of the Drama League last year entered upon an ambitious program, much of which has been put into active operation. The keynotes of the advance have been the growth and development of the Center's personality and spirit, and the development of a spirit of cooperation with other local organizations.

"Together with the Women's University Club the Center leased a very commodious room, largely defraying the expense by subletting it for separate afternoons or evenings to other local literary or social organizations. A paid secretary had been in daily attendance. A shift in the membership dues established two classes of membership, a two dollar membership which supplies liberal advantages of the Center, and a five dollar membership that admits to certain additional programs of a somewhat exceptional nature, to which two dollar members pay an extra fee. These adjustments have gone far toward solving the ever-present financial problem.

"A monthly Calendar-Bulletin has been efficiently conducted, which not only lists all Center activities for the current period but also attempts with marked success to announce all non-commercial dramatic activities throughout Southern California and to note all school and other dramatic developments of local interest. The circulation of a thousand of these a month has stimulated the acquisition of fresh memberships.

"At the new Manuscript-Play Reading Circle original plays are read by members, criticized, and if approved are listed with the League's Service Bureau, together with information as to cast, royalties, and the like. The separate Play Study Circle continues, as in the past, to study printed plays recently on the boards. Both Circles meet monthly.

"In cooperation with the Los Angeles Community Service the Center has engaged in three social projects of moment.

(1) A Children's Theatre, presenting children's plays by child impersonators, has been conducted in the Normal Hill Auditorium on one Saturday a month, beginning with Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley's *Tom Piper and the Pig* by the Children's Department of the Pasadena Community Players on March 12; and on every Saturday afternoon, in the same auditorium, has been conducted a story-telling hour, the tellers being volunteers from many local schools of expression and from the Los Angeles Public Library.

(2) With the aid of the Los Angeles Playground Department a theatre-stage has been added to the equipment of the Men's Club, an organization conducted in the lower part of the city for the benefit of those who need assistance in rising in the social scale. The members of the Club have shown marked interests in the proposition that they give their own dramatic performances. The possibilities of the situation are being carefully studied and promise helpful results.

(3) An Information Bureau, begun under the chairmanship of Mrs. Gertrude L. Bagley, was continued under the enthusiastic leadership of the Volunteer Executive for the Drama League, Miss Bertha Fiske, and the able planning of the Community Service Executive, Miss Ethel Kanton. A committee of nine Drama League workers organized for assembling, compiling, and distributing information for the answering of inquiries concerning dramatic activities of many kinds; and in

the months of March and April alone they answered, largely by mail, fifty inquiries as to play lists, dramatic directors, production problems, little and community theatre movements, and the like. They welcome inquiries, and their information is extensive and well classified.

"An interesting feature of the cooperation with the Community Service has been the various dinners attended by members of the two organizations and various leaders in other affiliated lines. Special mention should also be made of the stimulus given by the visits of Miss Marjorie Day, traveling representative of the Community Service.

"An interesting proposition is to use the Drama League headquarters as a ticket exchange to which those who have tickets that they are unable to use may send them for free distribution to students or others who cannot afford to purchase at regular prices.

"Lack of space prevents more than a passing mention of the interesting public programs of the League, the luncheon of 250 covers at the Ambassador Hotel and its list of distinguished speakers, the Shakespearean Garden Party, the participation by the Center in the Yosemite Valley Pageant under the direction of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the increasing Center library, and the like. We are looking forward with interest to a continuation and amplification of the work next year."

* * *

WE ARE fortunate in securing some valuable new aids through the Institute. Miss Duggin has offered to undertake the careful organization of Texas and as State Representative will start an active campaign for centers in Dallas, San Antonio, Ft. Worth, Waco and Corpus Christi.

Mr. Wayne Campbell as state representative for Oklahoma will, we hope, be able to do much to spread activity there.

DRAMA LEAGUE LITTLE THEATRE CIRCUITS

Prof. E. C. Mabie, one of Iowa's several state representatives, has been able to work out an aggressive campaign for Iowa circuit work. Of greatest possible interest to all centers is the experiment that is being made there in the line of establishing a state circuit of little theatres. For two years we have talked a great deal about this plan. It has been given the best leadership with an able, experienced and enthusiastic committee. The chairman, Mr. Mabie, of Iowa City contributes this outline of the committee's plans.

* * *

IOWA'S LITTLE THEATRE CIRCUIT

THE Drama League's Little Theatre Circuit is under way in Iowa and will be given its first trial on a state-wide basis this winter. A group of enthusiastic workers met in Des Moines at the Iowa State Fair in August. The first conference on community dramatics was held, and the circuit definitely organized. Problems of organization, of maintaining high standards, and of financing the circuiting project were considered.

The committee, Mrs. F. W. Weitz, of Des Moines; Mrs. Henry Taylor, of Bloomfield; Mr. W. H. Bridge, of Grinnell; Mr. George W. Williams, of Des Moines; Mr. James Hayes, of Sioux City; the Rev. Dr. Moon, of Newton; and the writer, defined its object broadly to be the promotion of community dramatic activities in Iowa. More specifically it aims to facilitate and to encourage the circuiting of companies of little theatre players in well finished productions of worth-while plays. In order to insure a high quality of production and to safeguard the venture, a conservative policy has been adopted. During the first season, invitations to prepare plays for the circuit, will be extended only to the few centers and groups of little theatre players already well organized. At the same time steps will be taken to encourage the forming of new groups of players in connection with League centers.

The committee will examine both the play and the quality

of the acting and producing. One of the members of the committee will be present at the home production of each play and will report as to whether the production merits booking. Each community is urged to present its best players in a well finished production. The endeavor is to keep the plan on a sincere artistic and recreational basis.

Although the plan is expected to be self-sustaining, once it is well under way, it is to be regarded primarily as a community service enterprise and not a profit-making venture. At the outset, companies will be booked in towns and cities which have League centers to promote the plays locally. The local center will guarantee expenses and make such agreement regarding prices and the division of profits, if there be any, as is satisfactory to the visiting players. In order to reduce expenses, only plays with small casts and requiring simple settings, are recommended for circuit production.

There is widespread interest in the project. Among the towns which are expected to have productions in rehearsal early are Des Moines, Grinnell, Iowa City, and Bloomfield. Other Drama League groups interested are those in Newton, Cedar Rapids, Ames, Sioux City, Ft. Dodge, Mason City, Waterloo, Muscatine, and Marshalltown. This large group of centers and the spirit of the members of the committee forecast success.

The committee feels that the Iowa Drama Leaguers have undertaken an unusually worth-while program and that they have an opportunity to make a distinct contribution to the little theatre movement.—[E. C. MABIE.

* * *

WRITE TO DEPARTMENTAL CHAIRMEN FOR ASSISTANCE

Several new departmental chairmen will be of great help to centers this winter. If you want help write as follows:

Little Theatre and Community Work, Gilmor Brown, Pasadena, Community Theatre; *Stagecraft*, Irving Pichel, Berkeley, California; *Pageantry*, Linwood Taft, South Wallingford, Vermont; *Amateur Work*, Miss Winifred Ward, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. The other chairmen remain as before.

Pageant and Festival

LINWOOD TAFT, *Chairman*

FORTY-FIVE students enrolled for the course in Pageantry at the Drama League Institute held in Chicago, August 15-27, 1921. These students represented eighteen different states and one province in Canada. The instructor was the chairman of the department. Each second period was devoted to a consideration of the different phases of pageantry. The alternate periods were devoted to the actual working out of a pageant, on a theme selected by the students, as the organization of a community desiring to give a pageant would be perfected.

The theme selected was the broadening and deepening of the feeling of brotherhood as the race has developed. The episodes selected fell naturally into two cycles. The first dealt with religious events and hence had something of a religious motive. The second showed happenings in the world of government and the working out of national policies. The class decided to use a prologue dealing with the giving of the Law and an epilogue or finale showing a hoped for federation of the world through the extension of the spirit of brotherhood throughout all nations.

There was not time to get the pageant actually written and that was left for a pageant author, elected by the class from among their own number. The pageant, when completed, will be the property of the Drama League of America and may be obtained from the Secretary. There will be no royalty and the cost of the manuscript will probably be enough to cover the cost of multigraphing. Any community producing this pageant is requested to report to the chairman of the department.

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More Books

(Continued from page 41.)

quality, although *The Hero*, a bad imitation of the plays of the Irish dramatists has had many representations.

* * *

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton, published by Henry Holt and Company, will be of tremendous service the community over, for supplies to arrant amateur producers the information for which they are writing frantically before their every production to any one whose name suggests knowledge of the theatre. The office of THE DRAMA answers hundreds of letters giving much the same material that Mr. Stratton's book offers in more carefully organized and more extensive form. Amateur producers of wide experience will quarrel with Mr. Stratton over many details, but the less enlightened workers will give him genuine gratitude. For the thousands of teachers who take on "dramatics," as extra duty, the book is invaluable.

The two hundred and fifty-odd pages encompass answers to the majority of questions that arise in amateur work. Among the most helpful chapters are those on organizing the group, choosing the play, rehearsing, costumes and makeup, and lighting. The many pictures are most helpful as are the lists of plays in the appendix.

* * *

A simple, sane and thorough work is that by Linwood Taft, *The Technique of Pageantry*, published by A. S. Barnes and Company. Mr. Taft, who is chairman of the Drama League committee on pageantry and festival, has had wide experience in both large and small communities. As a consequence the advice he gives is entirely practical and authoritative, and embraces both the artistic and the social side of community celebrations.

The chapter-headings, The Organization, The Book, The Music, The Cast, The Rehearsals, The Performance, outline the departments covered. Under these even such essential details as ushers and a lost and found department are considered. The "books" of pageants for Thanksgiving, and for historical and patriotic celebrations, given complete in Part II, form a valuable section of examples. Amateur pageant writers, teachers, and community service groups will find Mr. Taft's book essential to their effective effort.

* * *

One doubts the wisdom of recommending *Producing Amateur Entertainments*, by Helen Ferris, (E. P. Dutton and Company) until he remembers his sufferings in witnessing "stunt programs." If such programs must be given—and they promise to go on forever—Miss Ferris' book

JUST READY

The Technique of Pageantry

By Linwood Taft, Ph. D.

Chairman Department of Pageants and Festivals, The
Drama League of America, Director
American Pageant Association

—

Every community wishes to celebrate in a fitting manner an anniversary of some particular event in its history. The Pageant has become the most acceptable medium for this purpose, for through it the greatest number of people may take a definite part, and by it may be given a worthy expression of the life and events to be celebrated.

In this book Dr. Taft gives detailed directions of the organization, committees, directors, management, music and songs, cost, rehearsals, performance, etc. Any one contemplating the performance of a Pageant should have this book as a guide.

Two Pageants are given illustrative of the text—"A Pageant of Thanksgiving" and "Historical Festival and Pageant."

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may make them a little less unbearable by injecting into them some beauty and significance. Such programs usually have catered so largely to a flimsy, superficial and obvious entertainment sense; that the result has been no permanency of the group giving them and no serious support from the audience. The casual observer may think the public does not desire recreation of a more solid sort; it is this opinion which has been the downfall of many a community service (not incorporated) organization. Permanency of appeal goes hand in hand with fundamental standards.

But to the book. It treats in brief paragraphs, take-offs, magicians, mandolin mysteries, animals, musical numbers, song specialties,—the differentiation is the author's and well made my experience tells me—minstrel show ideas, single idea programs, organization activity features, as well as publicity, "putting the program over," rehearsals, and the like. Most of the subjects are treated in a practical but scrappy manner from the outside, not from the heart. For instance, in a section called "planning the stage setting" a page is given to that difficult subject, lighting, another to background, and an equal space to curtain raising and scene shifting! Meager lists of plays show little standard. *Box and Co.*, outworn generations ago, heads the list of five plays for men. The plays for women omit all mention of such meritorious works as *Joint Owners in Spain*, by Alice Brown, which is probably the best one-act comedy for women now available.

* * *

Practical Hints on Training for the Stage, by Agnes Platt, also published by the Dutton Company, has the qualities of practicality and vision which characterized the author's *Practical Hints on Playwriting*, reviewed with encomium in THE DRAMA some months ago. Miss Platt—has had wide experience with the business as well as the art of the theatre. As a consequence she frequently makes one smile by the constant inclination of her eye toward the commercial aspects. Nevertheless, it is in this particular that much of her value lies. She is willing to accept the limitations of the commercial in the theatre and bent upon obtaining the highest result within those limitations.

The chapters on what the actor will have to face, on applying the incidents of one's daily life to one's work, on the music of the voice, on character in movement, on words and their spoken value, should be read by every neophyte actor. In fact the whole book will do him good even the part on "how to set about the work of getting an engagement" and "how to behave when it is got."

Patronize the Drama Book Shops; see list on second cover of this issue. Don't forget to mention THE DRAMA.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

The Plays of Edmond Rostand, translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman.

Four Plays for Dancers, by William Butler Yeats, illustrated by Edmund Dulac.

One-Act Plays, by Alice Brown.

The Tragedy of Nan, by John Masefield.

New Plays from Old Tales, by Harriett S. Wright.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, (the Cambridge Shakespeare) edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson.

A Bill of Divorcement, by Clemence Dane.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Oliver Cromwell, by John Drinkwater.

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Knut at Roeskilde, by Philip Merivale.

Studies in the Chinese Drama, by Kate Buss.

Myrrha, by Charles V. H. Roberts.

JOHN W. LUCE AND COMPANY

Plays of the Italian Theatre, translated by Isaac Goldberg.

Euripides and Mr. Shaw, by Gilbert Norwood.

The Haunted Inn, translated from the Yiddish of Peretz Hirshbein.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays, edited by Sterling Andrus Leonard.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

Miss Lulu Bett, by Zona Gale.

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

A Treasury of Plays for Children, edited by Montrose J. Moses.
Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors, selected by Barrett H. Clark.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton.

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The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, by W. A. Probert.

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The Inheritors, by Susan Glaspell.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT

Liliom, by Franz Molnar, translated by Benjamin F. Glazer.
Gold, by Eugene O'Neill.

The Theatre of Tomorrow, by Kenneth Maegowan.

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Representative Plays by American Dramatists, Vol. II, by Montrose J. Moses.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Clarence, by Booth Tarkington.

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The Country Cousin, by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street.

Little Women, dramatized by Marion De Forrest, from the Louisa Alcott story.

The Little Teacher, by Harry James Smith.

A Tailor-made Man, by Harry James Smith.

Merely Mary Ann, by Israel Zangwill.

The Brown Mouse, by Herbert Quick.

Billeted, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. M. Harwood.

Nothing But the Truth, by James Montgomery.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

A History of Theatrical Art, Vol. VI, by Karl Mantzius, translated by C. Archer.

T. S. DENISON AND COMPANY

Old Maids, by Fanny Cannon.

Betty's Last Bet, by Edith Ellis.

Just Neighborly

(Continued from page 12.)

RHODA: I did say jest them words.

ADNA: Ezra, don't be too hasty. I hev a feelin' that's what she did say atter all.

EZRA: You know she didn't say nothin' of the kind.

ADNA [Turning first from the one then to the other]: Yes—no—yes—oh I don't know what's she sayin'. I'm all mixed up.

RHODA [Her head on her arms on the table]: This is all the thanks I get fur bein' a good neighbor.

ADNA [Soothing Ezra]: There, there! This must be our Vyron. The Lord has surely sent him for us to love in our old age, to be a comfort fur us after all these years of prayer.

EZRA: You're always so plumb full o' doctrine, but I don't know how good help yer are to me in a situation like this.

ADNA: You mustn't mind what she said. She didn't mean anythin' bad. Rhoda is a real good neighbor.

EZRA: A place with sech a mess o' women folks ain't healthy ter live in. It's a torment, she is. But she can't keep my boy from fetchin' in the wood o'nights fer his dad.

ADNA [Looking over her shoulder to RHODA and then addressing EZRA]: You really think this is our Vyron, don't yer?

EZRA: Yes, Adna, but—I don't know what ter do 'bout it.

ADNA: I—I—don't know either. I'm so confused. I'm so unhappy. Somethin' in me tells me this is Vyron, and then when I think what she said I don't—I don't—know, I—I— [Outside there is a noise of a vehicle stopping. It is quite dark.]

ADNA: Ezra, what's that?

EZRA: I didn't hear nothin'.

ADNA: Oh Ezra, Ezra, I'm mortal 'fraid.

EZRA: You've got me here.

ADNA: Somebody's comin', and I don't feel like I was able to cope with it.

EZRA: Well, I do. Old's I be, I've got 'nough fight in me to handle any of them bank thieves that come snoopin' 'bout us. [He takes from the wall the shotgun, examines it, and sets it against the wall, directly behind him. Then there is a knock at the door.] Come. [A middle-aged man with white hair, tall, good-looking, well dressed, but decidedly the self-made man enters. He, standing at the door, surveys the room, then RHODA, EZRA, and ADNA.]

THE MAN: Mother!

ADNA: Vyron! [They rush to one another's arms. RHODA retires to the further corner of the room, viewing the scene with suspicion. They hold the embrace for a pause during which only ADNA'S sobs are heard. EZRA is diffident, smiling inately, trying not to feel out of it.]

MAN: Don't, little mother, don't. It hurts too much.

ADNA: For thirty-two years, Vyron, thirty-two years.

MAN: To me more like a thousand. [ADNA sobs.] Come, we mus'n't. [She breaks away and then upon release she rebounds into his arms.] But this, this is worth a lifetime. More wonderful than I had dared to dream, little mother. [He kisses her again.]

EZRA: Ain't you goin' ter say howdy ter yer pa?

MAN: It's not like me to forget that. [He holds out his free hand, and they shake.]

EZRA: I'm an ailin' man, Vyron, but you've come jest in time ter help.

MAN: We can settle all that later.

EZRA [He looks at the man quickly and is worried. Then RHODA coughs and he sees the significance]: You changed yer name, didn't yer?

MAN: Vyron Carr was a good enough name for my mother to give me. It was good enough for me to keep.

ADNA: Vyron! [And she sobs with her head on his shoulder.]

The Empty House, by Lindsay Barbee.

THE ABINGDON PRESS

Bible Plays, by Rita Benton.

Shorter Bible Plays, by Rita Benton.

MAN: See for yourself if you like. Here's my business card. [He produces a card.]

EZRA: I warn't doubtin' yer word. I don't care 'bout seein' it. [Thereupon he stares at the proof.]

MAN: And here's better evidence—my check book. There's my name printed on the end.

EZRA [Taking and looking at the book]: There ain't no doubt but what you belong to us. And it's a comfort havin' yer here. [He hands back the book, but the MAN finds it is difficult to return it to his pocket with ADNA in his arms, so he lays it on the table.]

MAN: We mus'n't carry on this way, mother. [Patting ADNA.] We ought to be happy.

ADNA: Happy! I'm almost giddy.

EZRA: You'll excuse my bein' sort of clever with you. [A nervous, uneasy laugh.]

ADNA: Yer pa's a powerful particular man.

MAN: I belong to you and I belong to Norwich. Why, through all these years, I remember more details. The house where Mattie Turner went crazy—

ADNA [Gently correcting him]: Not crazy, Vyron, jest sort o' silly.

MAN: And the little white church where Unele Eleazor was buried.

ADNA: See how well he scares off any 'spicions of his not bein' our Vyron.

EZRA: Yes, yes. [With a sigh of anticipation.] With Vyron here, I can lie abed mornin's till sunrise.

MAN: You know I'd forgotten it—but it all came back to me as I passed by—the incident after his service—when a woman, teary and weepy as if she had lost her own husband, came up to Fan Rundlet and asked whose funeral it was. [He laughs. RHODA steps forward.]

ADNA [Nervous and trying to change the subject]: Yes, yes, but you must be tired.

EZRA: I don't recollect nothin' o' the sort.

ADNA: Hev—hev a chair, Vyron. [She turns the rocker so that he can sit in it which he does.]

MAN: What was that woman's name—

EZRA: Hold on there. That's my special settin' place.

ADNA: But Vyron's got ter hev the best now, Father, the best of everything.

MAN: Her—name—

EZRA: He ought to take us as he finds us.

MAN: I wouldn't want anything different. [Rising.] It's yours. You shall sit there.

EZRA [Not liking it]: Be still, be still. I don't want it for some space yet. [The MAN sits, still pondering over the name.] But in the future, just you keep in mind that that chair is mine.

MAN: I've got it. Rhoda—Rhoda—

ADNA [Trying to divert him]: Vyron, you'll take a taste o' my dandelion wine?

MAN: Rhoda— Rhoda—

ADNA: I made it myself.

MAN: Rhoda Webb— That's it! Rhoda Webb!

RHODA [Coming forward]: That's a white lie. I never did nothin' o' the kind. You're jest repeatin' gossip you've picked up 'bout the Center. You're all lies.

ADNA: Sh-sh. He didn't mean no malice, Rhoda.

MAN [Offering his hand]: Well, well. Rhoda Webb. My! How you've changed.

RHODA [Ignoring the hand]: I ain't changed so much as a certain other I see.

ADNA [Again trying to save the situation]: You set still— you all—while I step down cellar ter fetch up the wine.

MAN: You rest, little mother. I'll go.

ADNA: No. You couldn't find it.

MAN: Then father'll go for you.

EZRA: Eh?

ADNA: No! no! [Upset at the error.] I've got to go, Vyron. Yer pa—

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MAN: Nonsense. There's no reason why, with two men in this house, you should. [*With a look at EZRA.*] I know Father will be glad to save you the trouble and work, won't you?

EZRA: Eh? [*They stare at one another, then EZRA rises loathfully.*] Oh-h-h-h ye-s-s.

RHODA [*To EZRA*]: Ain't he goin' ter be sech a comfort an' help? [*Doggedly he goes out, down the cellar steps. To the MAN*]. Ef you know'd yer folks were here all these years why didn't yer trouble to see 'em?

ADNA: How could you keep me worryin' so?

MAN: I was poor, little mother, desperately so. [*There is a short pause.*]

RHODA: Do you mean ter insinuate that you couldn't git the car fare?

MAN [*Ignoring RHODA and addressing all to ADNA*]: No, no, not that, but I couldn't bring myself to come back till I was rich enough to be independent. Then father and I could get along agreeably.

RHODA: That sounds sort-a slim. [*The MAN turns quickly and gives her a severe look.*] Oh, I must hev imagined it.

MAN: I almost got home ten years ago, mother. I had launched a big deal in steel in the Middle West, and it was going through. But my partner and I had a quarrel over a detail. I—I—lost my temper and like a fool quit. That cost me half a million dollars and my home for ten years longer.

ADNA: And didn't you go back an' make up to him again?

MAN: I couldn't.

ADNA: Why not?

MAN: No. No. I'm afraid you don't know me, mother.

RHODA: No. Not yet. [*EZRA returns with two bottles of dandelion wine. He lays them on the table and sits. ADNA gets four glasses and pours out the contents. One has more than the rest.*]

RHODA: A postage stamp only costs two cents.

MAN: Mother, you don't think I didn't want to come back?

EZRA: Why didn't you write?

MAN: I was ashamed. [*There is a slight pause.*]

ADNA: I know, Vyron, I know. Now wet yer lips with this. It will taste good. [*She hands out the fullest glass of wine for him, but he is lost in thought, and doesn't touch it. EZRA notices the uneven division.*]

EZRA: Seems ter me ef you're goin' ter give one more'n t'other, I ought to be favored. I went and brung it here.

ADNA: But Vyron ain't touched his lips to any fur thirty-two years. Can't you understand?

RHODA: Yes, can't you understand?

MAN: If you *only* knew! Why, when I was taken with fever in Kansas and that burning, barren country seemed to scorch what bit of life I had, all I cried out for in my agony was home and you—

ADNA: You suffered so?

[*RHODA inspects the check book.*]

MAN: Look at my hair and then ask me if I suffered. All I dreamed of was my home—New England with her green trees and rocks. The green, the green—these little mountains of the North; and when I recovered—well, it didn't seem as if I could keep away any longer.

EZRA: Well, I can't seem ter cal'late why yer did.

MAN: I was proud.

EZRA: Well, yer home now, and it'll be good havin' yer ter look after the chores, I can tell yer. Come, we'll give yer a toast. [*The father, mother, and MAN raise their glasses.*] 'To the happiness that's a-comin'. [*They drink.*]

ADNA: Why, Rhoda, you didn't touch yourn.

RHODA: I won't drink no toast to no stranger—to say nothin' of one that carries a pistol in his hip pocket.

ADNA: That ain't so.

MAN [*Standing and staring at RHODA*]: Yes—it—is. [*He draws a pistol from his pocket and lays it on the table.*]

ADNA: Vyron!!!

MAN [*Watching RHODA*]: It's different in the West, mother. Different in the cities—

RHODA: Or to a man who with that gun comes from Buffalo right after they've killed our President.

MAN [*Quickly*]: Prove that!

RHODA: On the cheek book you was so anxious to flounce afore us. [*She is defiant. EZRA looks at her, then at the man, then at ADNA. He looks as if he feared that perhaps he wasn't, as clever as his reputation demanded. The MAN sees that some trouble is taking place, but what, he is unable to gather. He is silent, and then, believing it best, he throws it off with a jest.*]

MAN [*Laughing*]: That's just an excuse. She's signed the pledge, and doesn't want to admit it. Mother, with your permission. [*He drains RHODA'S glass.*]

RHODA: There! See that! Didn't I tell you them kind like twice a mug better'n once a mug— [*She is triumphant.*]

ADNA: Rhoda, ain't you ashamed—

RHODA: Don't Rhoda me—

[*The two women talk at once each trying to drown out the other. EZRA is silent, worried, thoughtful, horrified.*]

EZRA [*Yelling louder than the women in his sudden excitement*]: Now you women folks keep quiet. I'm a-commanding this situation. [*They are silent. EZRA pauses, restless, uneasy. Then he commences deliberately what he considers a third degree.*] We got your letter all right, but jest a pace back. We cal'lated since you didn't come on the noon train, you wouldn't arrive here till eight-thirty.

MAN: Well, you see, I came down from St. Johnsbury in my automobile.

ADNA [*A half cry*]: Automobile! [*They look at RHODA. She gives a knowing smile.*]

EZRA: "Them godless instruments are only for the unpious, and the fiends of Satan."

MAN: I guess Norwich's a bit behind the rest of the world. But I love her for it. Why they and telephones are the greatest inventions of the century!

EZRA: Well, I guess that's a question fur opinions an' character ter settle. Why'd you go ter St. Johnsbury, stead o' comin' straight thru Lebanon. 'T warn't natural, yer know.

MAN: Down to Springfield, they figured the roads were better and I could make time.

EZRA: I guess the roads in our county are as good as t'other.

RHODA: Ain't it nice ter know he ain't connected with other things we've heard 'bout automobiles an' St. Johnsbury.

EZRA: You shet up.

RHODA [*Loudly to ADNA*]: Then too, dearie, he don't know you've got money in the bank.

ADNA: S-s-sh.

RHODA: Oh don't tell me to shet up again Ezra, 'cause I see you settin' up an' takin' notice so I'm goin'. I know you're able er take good care o' Adna, and so she don't need me no longer. Live up ter yer reputation as bein' real clever. Goo' bye, everybody. [*With a look at the MAN she bounces out taking her asket with her.*]

EZRA: When did you arrive ter the city?

MAN: Late Monday afternoon. I meant to start for here the next morning, but my single chain drive broke, and I couldn't rudge until it was mended. You see, machines are just on the market, and they're not perfect yet.

EZRA: The Lord will see that they won't be.

MAN: I know you don't like them now, but after I've whisked you over the roads at fifteen miles an hour, you'll think you're ying.

EZRA: I'll think they're heathenish. I wouldn't step my foot in one of 'em.

MAN: But Mother, you will, won't you?

ADNA [*Pleased at the idea of riding alongside her son*]: I don't now as I dare.

MAN: Of course, you can trust me.

ADNA [*Smiling*]: I s'pose I'd have to.

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MAN: My dear little mother. [*He starts to move to her.*]

EZRA: You stay where you are, and don't move till I say.

MAN: What do you mean?

ADNA: Why, Ezra! There's no mistake.

EZRA: I'm a practical man, an' ain't goin' ter be fooled by nobody.

ADNA: You see your father's got a powerful big reputation Vyron, an' he's 'mazin' proud on it.

EZRA: You've changed considerable, ain't yer?

MAN [*Laughing*]: Well, I should hope so in thirty-two years.

EZRA: Come, don't see how funny you can be. You used ter favor yer ma—but there ain't no trace of her in yer face.

ADNA: And you took after yer father even ter goin' a pace with no starch in him and then—

EZRA: But he don't take after me a-ridin' in horseless buggies. [*ADNA takes the daugerreotype from the shelf and scans it.*] No, he don't hev no likeness to that 'ere resemblance of our Vyron.

MAN: But I can remember when that was taken.

EZRA: What was the name of him as took it?

ADNA: How much did it cost?

MAN: You can't expect me to remember those details—his name, how much it cost, or even how old I was, but I was young, very young. I remember, oh so well, driving to town with my best clothes on, and having to be careful that the horsehairs didn't blow on it, for I sat in the front seat. Yes, then I recollect sitting up in a very high place. I don't suppose it was very high, but it seemed so to tiny me. And I looked down and saw you and dad, sitting along a row of seats by the windows. Windows! Why there were hundreds of them—and all were so awfully big, but they didn't give much light. Then don't you remember, the man made faces and jangled a monkey in a red coat to make me laugh. I can see them yet.

EZRA: I never heard of them occurrences. Did you, Adna?

ADNA: I don't know. Let me think, let me think real hard.

EZRA: All that folderol don't count anyway.

ADNA: 'Ef I told you his first name was Ephraim couldn't you remember his last?

MAN: No, mother, I was too young.

EZRA: You know'd it at the time.

MAN: Perhaps so, but think of all these years.

ADNA: Yes, Ezra, that's so. You couldn't hev—

EZRA: Certain I could. I can retain the name of him as foreclosed on my father's farm when I was only eight.

MAN: But you heard it mentioned afterwards.

EZRA: I don't know as I did. But I don't see how that would alter things.

MAN: Then you hated the name, and it made an enormous impression on your young mind. Mine was just passing knowledge. Surely you can see these points. It's not fair to me.

EZRA: A name's a name.

ADNA: Set a mite, Vyron, and think, think real hard. Pray that it will come to you.

MAN [*He stops, attempts to think, becomes impatient, gets excited*]: Oh, I can't. It's ridiculous. But I proved it once—with my card, with my check book, now with my automobile license. [*He takes out his card.*]

EZRA: You've been smart. I grant that, but not smart 'nough fur me. [*He chuckles.*] All that printed stuff you can hev turned out of the press fur pay. Gotta do better'n that.

MAN: Good God, you don't honestly feel—

ADNA: Your father don't really suspicion you, Vyron. Hev patience with him.

MAN: But there's a limit, and it's coming.

ADNA: Fur my sake, Vyron.

MAN: Well, fire ahead.

EZRA: He took my chair, drunk more wine, and now he ain't respectful to my age. Now my boy—

ADNA: The house looks natural, don't it?

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MAN: Just as it always did. [*He surveys the room.*] Not a thing changed. I recollect it so well. I can remember playing there before the stove in winter, with a little rag policeman, and seeing the sunlight come in through those shutters and making little diamonds on the floor. Then all of a sudden they vanished. It seemed wonderful to me then, but it was because the sun had hidden behind the mountain there. Mount—Mount Pisear, I think we called it.

ADNA: This is Vyron, Ezra, our Vyron.

EZRA: I don't put no stock in all this rubbish. He didn't see we had a new stove, or that we put the pump from outside near the barn inter the sink.

ADNA: It cost a powerful lot o' money, too.

EZRA: Why, anyone could talk as he does, after havin' sort o' shied by the outside here.

MAN: But I am your son. I swear it, and you're my father. Why won't you believe it?

EZRA: Course you'll say an' vow it.

MAN: Little mother, you trust me. You know—

ADNA: Yes, yes. [*She goes to him and puts her arms on his shoulder.*] I don't care, Ezra, 'bout you an' your reasonin's. The Lord has given a mother feelin's, an' love, an' she knows her son—she does. And this is mine!

EZRA: He don't move me, and I'm his father.

ADNA: Give him your account as how you left this house.

MAN: It was in October, on a Friday.

ADNA: Yes, yes. I al'ays laid the trouble to that. Didn't I now?

MAN: I was just turning twelve years and loved to play, but you never would take any excuse for my not getting the chores done. Friday afternoon, a circus passed through Norwich, and I went down to the Center to see it pass, hoping to get back in time to milk. But the teams were very late, and it was dark before I got home. You had been obliged to do the milking and scolded me. I said things I shouldn't have to my father, even if I was angry. Then you grew furious and hit me with the poker. It hung there beside the stove. I went upstairs, and late that night I came down and went out into the night. I felt you were unfair to always make me work so hard. [*ADNA is crying. The MAN sober. EZRA silent, but bitter, suspicious. There is a pause.*]

ADNA: Now I hope you're satisfied. Ain't he given you proof?

EZRA: Your tale hangs together tolerable well, but there ain't nobody in the hul o' Champlaign county that don't know that story every bit as good as you. And there's some as knows it better.

ADNA: Why do you carry on sech? Let me hev my son. I want my boy. He's mine, proof or no proof. I know he's mine. The Lord has sent him to me in my old age, an' I want my boy. [*She rushes past EZRA into the arms of the MAN. They embrace.*]

MAN: The same dear little mother that you always were. And he the same—

ADNA: Be patient with him, Vyron.

MAN: But he—

ADNA: Fur my sake.

MAN: For your sake, little mother.

EZRA: How big's the farm?

MAN: Why— Why—

EZRA: Come. You ought to know that.

MAN: It must be miles. Just walking the boundary used to tire me out.

EZRA: U-u-um, I thought so. That there shows you never belonged here. It ain't but ten acres, woods an' all.

ADNA: That don't count, I—

EZRA: Women be sech fools. Lucky most of 'em has a man to take care of 'em. Why he's had two hul days since he left St. Johnsbury on that Monday night to find out all 'bout it. Ain't you ashamed o' yourself, Adna, huggin' that stranger—

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And sech goin's on ain't countenanced by society in these parts. Maybe they is *west*. [*He sits in the rocker.*]

ADNA: He ain't no stranger. He's Vyron.

EZRA: Well, I'll set here so long as he hangs around. I guess he won't outdo me. As fur as I'm concerned, he can clear out anytime. I'm done with him.

MAN: What am I to do? What am I to do? How would you want anyone to prove that he is his father's son?

EZRA: There's a lot o' queer folks, you can fool in this world, but I ain't one. I guess you'd better clear out soon.

MAN: Mother, tell me how to show him. Help me. You must wait.

EZRA: I noticed when at first you did the talkin', you got along middlin' well. But when I put the askin's, you don't know nothin' that counts fur much.

MAN: I'll think of something. I'm bound to. I've no birth mark. But there must be something. [*He looks about the room.*]

EZRA: On general gossip, you're pretty good, but when it comes to facts you show clear enough you don't belong here, nor never did.

MAN: Something. Something. Oh! I've proved it once; but I'll prove it again and again. How? How? [*He is searching the room, finally his eyes rest upon the silver cup. He lets go his mother and takes the cup off the mantel.*] There! The silver cup!

ADNA [*Terrified*]: The silver cup!

MAN: From Aunt Lizzie. I remember— [*There is a pause. He believes himself at last victorious.*]

EZRA [*Quietly*]: It's written right on the cup. Course you can read.

MAN: The silver cup! It's mine. It's my own.

EZRA [*To ADNA*]: Seems to me I've heard the likes of this before, somewhere afore. Hey, Adna?

ADNA: Put it down. [*She goes to the MAN to try and take it from him.*]

MAN: But it's mine! [*He is wild with joy.*]

ADNA: Give it to me.

MAN: It's mine from my Aunt Lizzie when I was born.

ADNA: Give it to me. [*She tries desperately, wildly, to take it from him, but as he is tall and holds it high, and she is short; she cannot reach it. This makes her more wild.*]

MAN: There! Mother, I've proved it all! To suit everybody.

ADNA: Give it to me. Ezra, help me. Help me make him put it down. [*She is wild with terror and fright. She continues to grab for it, but without success.*]

EZRA [*Standing*]: Put that cup down. [*He takes the gun from behind him and starts to aim it at the MAN. ADNA watches the MAN slowly put the cup down, and then quickly and timidly grabs it. She hurries around in back of EZRA for protection.*]

MAN [*After a pause in which he and EZRA stare at one another*]: Good God! Father's threatening to shoot me. No, no! Not that! After thirty years of waiting, I come back and just because I was in a city while a bank was robbed and because I came home in an automobile, I'm suspected of being a thief. What would I want to steal here? Answer me that, will you? I've got plenty of money. I waited until I had before I allowed myself to come back. I didn't come for your savings in the bank—

ADNA: My savin's! How'd you know I've got savin's in the bank?

MAN: How did I know? I can't remember now. Everything has been so confused, so different from what I had expected! Why, you told me yourself.

ADNA: That's a lie. I never told nobody. There ain't a body in this town as knows it.

MAN: Let me think. Just give me a chance to think. Why, that woman who was here, Rhoda Webb—the neighbor you called her. She told me.

ADNA: No sech a thing.

MAN: Here, before you, she said so.

ADNA: I can't remember.

MAN: But what difference does that make to me. I don't want your money. I've got plenty of it myself. Why, look. [*He takes fr. m his pocket a wallet and produces a pile of bills! The old couple are spellbound.*]

EZRA: It's wicked ter hev so much. [*Then he looks at ADNA, and the two grow knowing, and nod to each other, finally suspicious.*]

ADNA: She said them kind always has a awful lot of money, and show it.

EZRA: She said they got a great haul to the city, too.

ADNA: She was right 'bout the cup; right more'n one way.

MAN: She? Who's "she?" Rhoda? The neighbor. She started you on this track.

EZRA: She did not. I was clever from the fust.

MAN: Mother, Father! Can't you understand. I love you. For thirty years I've longed to come back, longed for this moment when I should throw myself into your arms.

EZRA: I ain't deaf or hard o' hearin'.

MAN: I wanted to earn money for you, Father, so that you could take it easy. I wanted love, Mother, from you. Think what it meant to live most of one's life without a mother's love. Why, it's hell. You know I'm your son, tell me you know it. [*He goes to her, taking her hand and laying it on her cheek. But she timidly hides behind EZRA, concealing the cup under her apron.*]

MAN: I come home after all these years, offering comfort, and love; but the neighbor got ahead of me. My father threatens to shoot me. My mother thinks I want her silver cup, and her savings, when I could afford to buy hundreds of silver cups. No, no! Say you don't think that. [*There is no answer from ADNA.*] Why, even you've gone back on me!

ADNA: I'm afraid you don't belong here.

MAN [*In a quick and violent temper*]: You turn me out into the night for a second time. Well, I'm glad I'm going. You nor nobody else could stop me now. And you can't ever find me when I'm gone, for I'm going West again. I've stood insults with a smile because I knew you were old. I've been slurred at and mocked. Well, keep on doing it, but let your pains ache, and your love starve. Next time do what you think best, not what your neighbor tells you. Nothing in God's earth could keep me with you ignorant people. [*He dashes out through the door. EZRA, standing by the rocking chair, and ADNA by the table, look after him.*]

EZRA [*Sitting*]: He slipped away as if he was glad of the opportunity.

ADNA [*To herself*]: He went fer so long a pace with no starch in him—

EZRA: He was a dangerous man, he was. Listen how he yelled.

ADNA: And then got fleshy and het up jest like you—

EZRA: I could see he wouldn't lift his finger to the chores.

ADNA: He got along as sweet as milk.

EZRA: I know'd all the while, he was after your earnin's. But I saved them fur you.

ADNA: And then exploded all of a sudden like!

EZRA: It's long late in the afternoon. Le's hev supper. [*He rises, takes the tea kettle from the stove, crosses to the sink, pumps water to fill the kettle.*]

ADNA: Jest like—

ADNA: Jest like— [*She falls in the chair by the table.*]

EZRA: Oh, my back. Adna, you— I'm too old to work sech like. [*With his hand on his back, he crosses to the rocker and sits.*]

ADNA [*Her head on her arm on the table*]: Jest like—him.

EZRA: Why, Adna, what's the matter?

ADNA: I'm wonderin'.

EZRA: Wonderin' 'bout what—

ADNA: Wonderin' ef it's best to believe our neighbors.

[*In the darkness, the neighbor looks in at the rear window with her hands shading her eyes from the little light there is left without. She sees the yearning mother and ailing father. Then we hear her laugh as she goes to spread the news.*]

THE DRAMA

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

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Prologue

or, An Excuse to Indulge in Personalities Regarding our Contributors.

Rehearsal

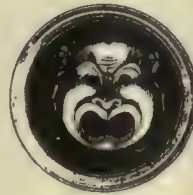
or What is Taking Place Behind the Scenes Prior to Coming Performances.

THE *Mantle of the Virgin* the first act on our Christmas bill, will be produced in March at the George Grey Barnard Cloisters in New York, with music arranged by Madame Lais Baldwin. Mr. Dugald Walker, who has so beautifully illustrated the play, has promised to furnish suggestions for inexpensive staging and costing to other groups desiring to give it. In these days of large demand for drama of reverential quality for church use, Miss Vida Sutton's play will have wide use and Mr. Walker will come to rue his good nature. Miss Sutton is at present a resident of New York where she lectures, reads, and also produces plays for children.

The straight from the choulder criticism of Miss Katherine Metcalf Roof, also from New York where the producing managers set in motion the tendencies of the professional theatre, will not leave the audience cold. Some will delight in her remarks because they agree with them; others will pay her the tribute of peevishness. In either case, her monologue will win attention. Objections will be received with interest and no war tax at THE DRAMA box-office.

Tony Sarg ought to endow us for featuring his act so often on our program. Even if he doesn't, we shall not be grieved, for we have long owed him an acknowledgment for many delightful hours with his marionette children. And we are all in debt to him for making the puppet a popular form of entertainment. Other artists have made good puppets and staged good plays, but they have not 'put them over' with the public.

Benjamin Ladson's discussion of Negro drama has added value because he is himself a Negro, representing the new cultural consciousness of his race.



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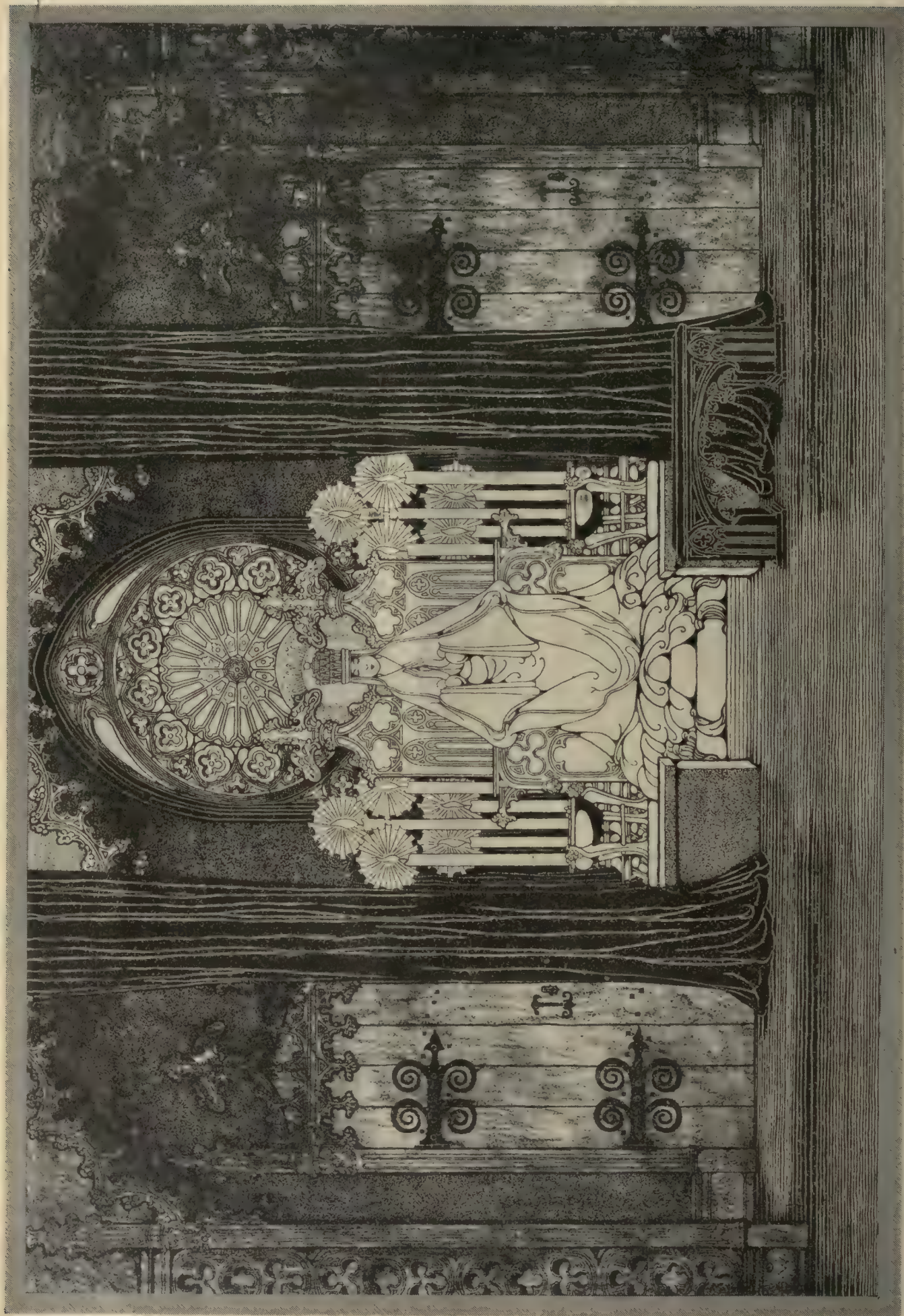
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IT is with unusual pleasure that we shall introduce you to Jeanne Mairet (Madame Charles Bigot) at our next performance. Madame Bigot, a daughter of the late George P. A. Healy, the celebrated artist, spent many years in Paris where M. Bigot, as she will tell you, was dramatic critic of *Le Siècle*.

The progress made by non-professional groups both in the choice of play and in production, is an outstanding feature of the last two years. The management of this show-shop feels, therefore, that it is a privilege to reproduce some of the settings and to tell the audience of this excellent work. At the January performance, the recent season of Sam Hume in Detroit, and of Maurice Browne in Seattle, will provide stimulus to less experienced associations.

Significant and beautiful material for Lincoln celebrations and for Americanization programs is difficult to find. As a consequence our bill for January will include a Lincoln pageant of especial merit written by Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong, who is already well known to those who attend our performances.

Looking ahead for February, our annual play number is already in rehearsal. It is planned to meet the needs of all types of amateur producing groups as well as all types of auditors. Dr. Richard Burton has contributed *Tatters*, a forceful little play for a small group of men or boys. Alice Gerstenberg whose *Fourteen* is the most frequently used play we have presented on our stage, will be represented by a play for women which has already had frequent and successful production. Alice C. D. Riley will follow Miss Gerstenberg's record closely by her clever light comedy, *The Anniversary*, for two men and three women, and there will be several other one-act pieces that every one will wish to produce.



The Mantle of the Virgin
Seitina designed by Duogald Walker

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

DECEMBER, 1921

NUMBER 3

The Mantle of the Virgin*

A Miracle Play

By VIDA RAVENSCROFT SUTTON

With illustrations by DUGALD WALKER

Characters of the Play:

SISTER THERESA	- - -	An attendant of the Shrine of Our Lady
ISABEL	- - - - -	A fugitive
THE VIRGIN	- - - - -	An image of our Lady
THE ABBESS	- - - - -	In charge of the Chapel and Convent of Our Lady
SISTER URSULA	SISTER AGNES	} Nuns of the Convent
SISTER GENEVIEVE	SISTER BARBARA	
SISTER ANGELIQUE	SISTER CATHERINE	
SISTER VERONICA	SISTER CHRISTINE	
BERTAL	- - - - -	A Prison Guard
LENTER	- - - - -	His helper
THE PRIEST	- - - - -	Abbot of the Monastery
AN ANGEL	- - - - -	A messenger called by the Virgin
A SPIRIT	- - - - -	The soul of Sister Hilda who has just died

The shrine and altar of THE VIRGIN occupy an alcove in the Chapel of Our Lady. Curtains hide them from view. When they are open they show the image of the VIRGIN seated on a raised throne. She is clad in a rich robe of blue and gold, with a mantle of crimson and gold. A jeweled crown is on her head and a flowing veil, beneath which her shimmering hair is seen. Her hands are folded and her eyes downcast. A halo of gold is set above her head on the rose velvet drapery of the throne. Several steps lead from the throne to the enclosure below which is formed by a low wall with an open place in front of the steps. On each side of the shrine are places for candles. On one side is an urn for fire; on the other one for incense.

Blossoming boughs interlaced form the design of the arched window behind the image. Their outline and color are revealed when the sun shines through them, making a golden glow that seems to radiate from the image, and turns the flowers to crimson.

On either side of the shrines is a door. The one on the left leads to a passageway and arched opening leading to the convent cells. When the door is open, the cell of SISTER HILDA can be partly seen. The other door opens into the cloistered garden. The main doorway of the chapel is opposite the shrine and must be imagined. A low bench is placed at one side of the shrine.

[SISTER THERESA, clad in the white habit of the Order, with hood and veil, comes through the passageway from the cell of SISTER HILDA. She kneels before the curtained image and crosses herself. As she rises, a knock comes at the door. She listens. The knock comes again.]

VOICE: Sister Hilda, Sister Hilda, let me in, Sister Hilda.

SISTER THERESA [Going to the door]: Who is there?

VOICE: It is I, Isabel. Open the door, Sister Hilda.

[SISTER THERESA opens the door and ISABEL, a wretched looking young woman, clad in rags, stumbles in.]

ISABEL: Sister Hilda, save me. Hide me—O, thou art not Sister Hilda. Where is she?

SISTER THERESA [Putting her finger on her lip]: Sh! Do not speak so loud. Sister Hilda is not here. What seekest thou?

ISABEL: Sister Hilda's help in dire distress.

SISTER THERESA: I take her place. What dost thou wish? Tell me.

ISABEL: O, hide me, Sister, for the love of God. Hide me for the mercy of the Holy Virgin Mother. They will find me and drag me back. O help me! Hide me here, I pray thee.

[She falls at SISTER THERESA's feet.]

SISTER THERESA: Whence art thou come? Of whom art thou afraid?

ISABEL: The prison guard I have fled.

SISTER THERESA: Thou seekest shelter here from prison?

ISABEL: Yes, shelter. O, yes, yes! Thou wilt hide me? Thou wilt? Sister Hilda told me to come if ever I were in trouble.

SISTER THERESA: Who art thou?

ISABEL: I am Isabel, a girl of the city, and Sister Hilda is my friend. Thou wilt hide me?

SISTER THERESA: Alas, poor Isabel, dost thou not know we are forbidden by law to harbor a fugitive escaped from prison?

ISABEL: But I am innocent. I swear to the Holy God I am innocent. Thou canst not refuse me. They will not search the Holy Church.

SISTER THERESA: Isabel, thou little knowest. Time was long ago when the Holy Church was sanctuary for any poor fleeing wretch but now the law forbids our help.

ISABEL: Then thou wilt cast me out?

SISTER THERESA: O, my child, right willing would I help thee

if I could. Beyond the convent is a thick, deep forest. Go on and seek shelter in its dark shadows. Go before dawn grows into day.

ISABEL: O, the forest, the forest! I seek God's help and thou dost bid me go into the forest. O, let me rest awhile and pray!

SISTER THERESA: Now, God help me what to do. I can not deny thee that, but thou must go before the Abbess comes.

ISABEL: Wilt tell Sister Hilda I am here?

SISTER THERESA: O, my child, Sister Hilda will not come again

ISABEL: What dost thou say? What is it? O, tell me. [SISTER THERESA is silent.] Thou art silent.

SISTER THERESA: Shortly the Abbess comes and all the nuns to do a holy office, a sacred rite. It is the burial prayer for Sister Hilda.

ISABEL: She is dead?

SISTER THERESA: Two nights have passed since she smiled and slept, and did not wake again.

ISABEL: O Mother of Christ, she is dead. My friend! It was the thought of her that gave me courage to creep away and climb here in the dark, and now thou sayest she is dead. O Sister, woe to us all this day.

SISTER THERESA: Isabel, in this place we do not look on death with sorrow. Death is an angel of Our Lady. He is beautiful with sweeping wings that shelter the weary. When Sister Hilda saw him she smiled and joy shone in her eyes. We weep not for her. It is a day of solemn gladness. She served the shrine of the Holy Virgin Mother for fifty years. When one is called away after fifty years of service, the hour is auspicious and a special prayer is made. That is the holy service they do here. So thou must say thy prayer and go before they come.

ISABEL [Looking at the shrine]: But the shrine is covered. Our Lady is hidden from my sight, and I must see her face.

SISTER THERESA: I must not open the curtain until the sun illumines her and then they come.

ISABEL: And I must go without the sight of her! All night I've tramped, all day I've lain in hiding, without food—and now—not to see her—[She sinks on the bench and buries her face in her hands.]

SISTER THERESA: God forgive me. Thou art faint from hunger. Thou art spent. Wait. I'll bring thee food. [She goes out through the corridor door.]

ISABEL [Looking at the curtained shrine]: Sister Hilda dead and God's Mother hidden. O, if I could see her face—look in her eyes, and know she knew that I am innocent, I should not fear to die. But the priest told me that I will burn in Hell, if I die unconfessed, and, Mother, I am innocent. I am not a thief. No, No. O, Lady hidden there, Lady of Heaven, help me.

[Silence ensues. Then SISTER THERESA returns with a bowl of milk.]

SISTER THERESA: I have brought thee some new milk. Drink for thou art famished. [She gives her the bowl of milk.]

ISABEL: Thank thee, Sister.

SISTER THERESA: It tears my heart that I cannot help thee. Nor dare I now speak to the Abbess. They will pass into the garden when the prayer is made for they will lay her there. [She goes to the garden door and opens it.] Look, thou canst see the earth now turned. There where the cypress makes a sentinel hedge, and in the spring the iris purples, she will sleep. When all is done, the gates of the garden will be opened and the friends who loved her will come to see her blossom-covered grave.

ISABEL: I'll wait there and come in when all the others come. The guards will find me as near the holy place as I can stay. I will beg them let me wait to see her grave and pray the Virgin. Then I'd be less afraid to die.

SISTER THERESA: Thou art to die? O, Holy God! Thou didst not tell me that. What hast thou done?

ISABEL: I have done nothing. I tell thee I am innocent, but they call me thief. No one listens to my story, no one believes. Yes—there is one, Lenter, the jailer. He brought me food and sometimes he was kind when he was not afraid. I think he pitied me. I think he heard me pray. I think he believed my innocence. He slept when I crept out. I think Our Lady made him want to sleep and not to see.

SISTER THERESA: They will take thee back to death?

ISABEL: Yes, tomorrow is the day that's set. O, Sister, dost thou know the death they mete to thieves? It is a torture terrible. They do cut off the hands that stole and then put out the eyes that looked upon another's goods—

SISTER THERESA [Covering her ears]: O, do not tell me of such cruelty!

ISABEL: Thou canst not bear to hear? Forgive me, I should not tell such horrors to thy gentle ears.

SISTER THERESA: If thou art innocent and die this tortured death, all the angels of Heaven will spread their wings to shelter thee.

ISABEL: Thou sayest so?

SISTER THERESA: If thou art innocent, 'tis certain.

ISABEL: Sister, I am. Wilt thou hear my story. There is time before the sun lightens the dark window. Wilt thou listen?

SISTER THERESA: Tell me, I will hear.

ISABEL: They say I stole a bag of gold—three hundred pieces—from the Duke's friend. They found the bag and would not believe me when I told them that the Duke had given it me.

SISTER THERESA: The Duke gave thee a bag of gold? How could that be?

ISABEL: It is a tale beyond belief but it is true. I asked the Duke for help. He gave the bag to me from off his table.



Isabel, a Fugitive.

Yes, he fairly threw it at me as he went away but he was gone and none believed my tale.

SISTER THERESA: How came a poor peasant girl like thee in the presence of the Duke?

ISABEL: I will tell thee all. My father was dead,—dead, fighting the wars of the Duke. My mother was sick unto death. She was starving—so were we all. I saw her hungry eyes grow dimmer day by day. My heart was torn. I knew not where to go. I prayed and wept and wandered out. I went I knew not where. I found myself before a garden wall. I climbed the wall. I had no plan. I stumbled blindly on. The thought beat in my brain, could I but somehow see the Duke and tell him what had happened to us; because he took my father to fight his wars, he would listen. A few pieces of silver would save her life—and my father had given his. I kept thinking and thinking of this, and stumbled on. Then I came in sight of a window, through the trees. The Duke sat with some friends, gaming. All the windows were open. I crept in and watched.

SISTER THERESA: No one saw thee enter. No one hindered thee?

ISABEL: No one. And I was safely in. I could not take my eyes from off the Duke. He sat drinking and gaming and surfeited with food. Then the game ended. A dark, ugly man pushed a pile of bags to him and said, "Thou hast won." He laughed. "I always win," he said. "More gifts for the brown-eyed Genevieve," and they jeered and laughed. All but the dark man. He said, "A curse on all—they fool thee." Suddenly I forgot everything but my father, dead in his wars, and my mother starving, and the Duke playing with bags of gold. I cried out, "How canst thou waste gold when thy people die with hunger?"

SISTER THERESA: Thou daredst?

ISABEL: I didn't dare. I didn't think. Something within me did it.

SISTER THERESA: What happened then?

ISABEL: They pulled me out of the dark corner.

"That comes of leaving windows open and no guard." And they were dragging me out.

But the Duke stopped them and asked how I got there. I told him. He listened, and laughed loud.

"My father died, fighting thy wars—one of many that died. Thy people starve. My mother is starving, and thou dost play with gold." My eyes blazed. I cared not if at that moment he struck me down. My soul burned with the wrongs done his people.

His companions cried, "Out with her." "She is mad." "She has come to kill the Duke!" But the Duke took one of the bags he'd won. "I pay some of my debts," he said.

"Take it." And then he laughed a strange, bitter laugh, and turned to the others.

"Come, 'tis time—we have tarried too long." And they moved toward the door. The dark man gave me a murderous look. "Be off, sly boots, who knows where thou hidest thy dagger," and pushed me out the window. I crept through the garden and home. It was dark, but somehow, I found the way, and I had the gold. That's all the story—save for the end. Dost thou doubt?

SISTER THERESA: Nay, I doubt thee not. But tell me the end.

ISABEL: Next day, a strange dark man, in looks like the man who lost the bag the Duke had won, came to our door. "Where gottest thou the gold thou dost spend?" he asked. He laughed at my tale. "Thou art the girl who tried to kill the Duke and took my brother's bag of gold." The Duke was gone. No one believed me. A servant told I had been seen climbing the wall. I was accused. The ancient wise gray judge looked harshly at me. "The gold is his. The guilt is plain. Forsooth, thou payest the penalty." And so they said that I should die as thieves are put to death.

SISTER THERESA: They will kill thee and thou art innocent. O, God forbid!

ISABEL: For theft of such a sum, the penalty is death. Tomorrow is the day they set.

SISTER THERESA: The world of men is filled with horrors. I cannot bear to think of it. There is no peace outside of holy walls. O child, pray to Our Lady, pray with all thy soul to her to save you from this death. Pray for a miracle of grace. She is the refuge of the innocent. Thou hast sought her holy altar on a most auspicious day—a holy day. And thou must make thy prayer.

ISABEL: How can I?

SISTER THERESA: Even against the city's law, and though the priest visit heavy penalty on me, yet I will keep thee here and shield thee that thou mayest make thy prayer before the Holy One.

ISABEL: Thou wilt hide me then?

SISTER THERESA: Yes, thou shalt stay here, while the Abbess prays—and wait until they pass. Then, face to face, kneel to Our Lady.

ISABEL: O Sister, might I then bring punishment on thee for helping me?

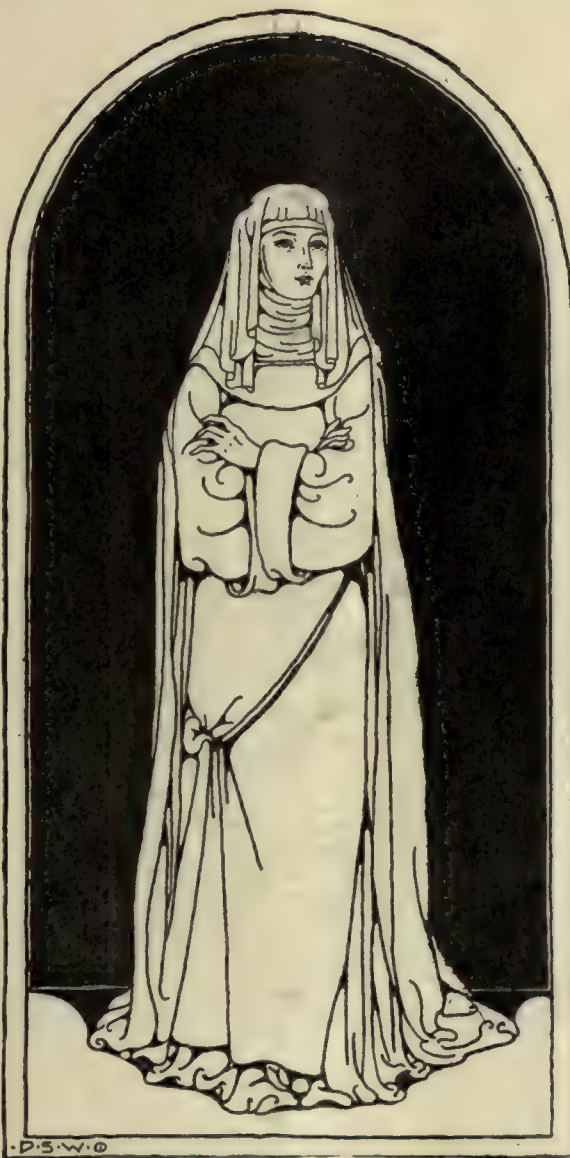
SISTER THERESA: No, no. For it is right and I will do it.

ISABEL: And if they come for me?

SISTER THERESA: I stand guardian at the door. Pray, Isabel, pray with all thy soul. Believe. Put every doubt aside. She will protect thee.

ISABEL: She will answer me?

SISTER THERESA: It is sure.



Costume Design for Sister Theresa and the Eight Other Sisters. This Costume to be Used by the Abbess, but Abbess has Different Headdress. Details for Abbess Headdress will be Found in Small Design.

ISABEL: How shall I pray? What words?

SISTER THERESA: From thine own heart. Pray for her grace with all thy soul, and Isabel, with all my soul I say to thee that it will come. I know.

ISABEL: O Sister, thou art very good and holy. I will have faith and pray as thou hast bidden me.

SISTER THERESA: And now the sun shines in the window. I hear them singing in the corridor. They'll come with flowers and song. Thou must stand here, silent and scarce breathing, till they pass. I wait here their return. I must not speak, but when they go, come forth. The holy place will then be thine. [*The song is heard nearer.*] Go now, while they are singing.

[SISTER THERESA leads ISABEL to the niche behind a group of sculptured saints, where she is hidden from view. Then she stands waiting and as the song is finished, she opens the curtains. The full rays of the risen sun strike the crimson and gold of the windows and an aureole of light bathes the image and seems to quicken it into life. The throne and windows are so oriented that at this season of the year the sunrise lights the windows from without and the rays of sunset shine in from the door opposite the shrine at night. The procession, led by the ABBESS, enters. The ABBESS is very old; she carries a staff for support, and leans heavily on it. In one hand she holds a burned-out lamp. Four nuns bear a white pall covered with flowers. Two follow carrying SISTER HILDA's garments. The last two carry, one a tall golden lily and a plate of bread and cup of wine, and the other a lighted taper, and the fragments of a wooden plate and bowl. The nuns place the pall before the shrine. The ABBESS kneels and all follow.]

ABBESS: Gracious Lady, Mother of God, our Mother, here at thy feet we lay the mortal body of our sister, whose soul thou hast. We felt the presence of thy angel, the bird of God, sent by thee to lead her soul to Heaven. Her joy has touched our souls. We would live to meet thy angel so. With holy joy, our Mother, we bring all the gifts she has received from thee, to give to thee again. [*She rises and places the lamp in the urn.*] In thy urn, I place the lamp of her life, extinguished now. [SISTER BARBARA gives her the gown and veil and she lays them at the right of the steps, below the image.] Here are the garments she wore in thy service. O Holy Mother, receive them. [SISTER AGNES gives her the rosary and girdle. She lays them to the left of the steps.] I lay here her girdle and her rosary. Fifty years ago she received them. Lady, we give them back.

ABBESS and NUNS: O gracious Mother, receive them.

[SISTER CATHERINE gives the ABBESS fragments of a wooden bowl and plate. The ABBESS places these in the urn of fire.]

ABBESS: These are the fragments of her wooden plate and bowl, that none may ever touch again.

ABBESS and NUNS: Mother of God, receive them.

[SISTER CHRISTINE gives her the plate with bread and the cup of

wine. She places them beside the urn of incense.]

ABBESS: Here I place the bread and wine, symbol of her ministry, the holy food she carried to the world outside.

ABBESS and NUNS: Beneficent giver of gifts, receive them.

[SISTER CHRISTINE then gives her the lily. The ABBESS places it in the hand of the VIRGIN.]

ABBESS: This is the symbol of her life renewed in Heaven and token of our joy to know she is with thee.

ABBESS and NUNS: Mother of God's life, receive it.

[SISTER CATHERINE hands her the taper. The ABBESS lights the candles and the incense and places the taper beside the incense urn.]

ABBESS: With the taper she hath carried I light the candles and the incense of thy holy altar. [*The ABBESS kneels and crosses herself.*]

ABBESS and NUNS: [*They cross themselves and bow their heads low:*] Divine Lady, hear our prayer.

ABBESS: We leave in thy care all that belonged to her mortal life, while we go to lay her body in the garden to live again in flowers. Thou hast received her service fifty years. On this holy day, O Virgin Mother, we ask a gift of divine love, of divinest favor.

Her spirit dwells with thee in the heavenly mansions.

Send that spirit to us, to kindle our hearts and light our way.

Grant that her spirit may be thy messenger to us.

Let the light of her life be indwelling in thy Holy House.

Let the flame of her life burn as fire here on thy altar.

Give us the sign of fire. Blessed Lady, the visible token thou hast heard our prayer.

[*The ABBESS rises.*]

In the urn of fire, I have placed the burnt-out lamp of her life—and the fragments of her wooden plate and bowl.

Kindle with them, O Mother, the holy fire.

Send the flame of her spirit, O Beneficent One.

Night and day shall it be guarded and the fire shall light our altar, illumine every shrine.

O Lady, if it be thy will to hear.

[*The ABBESS kneels again.*]

Kindle, O Holy Mother, the fire here.

NUNS: O Holy Mother, kindle the fire.

ABBESS: Light the holy flame, O Gracious Lady.

NUNS: O Gracious Lady, light the holy flame.

ABBESS: Give us the light of her spirit, O Mother of God.

NUNS: O Mother of God, give us the light of her spirit.

ABBESS: Send the fire, the holy fire.

NUNS: Send the fire, the holy fire.

ABBESS: We beseech thee.

NUNS: We beseech thee.

ABBESS: We pray thy grace.

NUNS: We pray thy grace.

ABBESS: The fire will burn forever.

NUNS: The fire will burn forever.

ABBESS: To thy glory, forever and forever.



Costume Design for Bertal—a Prison Guard. Same Design for Lenter—His Helper. (Vary Color Scheme and Blanket Design.)

NUNS: To thy glory, forever and forever.

ABBESS: Send thy fire.

NUNS and ABBESS: Send thy fire.

ABBESS: Give us the sign of fire.

NUNS and ABBESS: Give us the sign of fire.

Thy fire, thy fire, Holy Mother of God.

[There is a short silence, then the ABBESS rises, the NUNS follow and take up the pall. SISTER THERESA opens the door and they go out. SISTER THERESA closes the door and bolts it and remains standing beside it. ISABEL comes from her hiding place. She walks slowly toward the shrine and stands in awe.]

ISABEL: O Lady.

Most beautiful.

Do I really see thy face!

It is not a dream.

[She goes a little nearer.]

O God, what tenderness, what love.

Thine eyes look in my heart.

Thou seemest to smile on me.

Thou dost know that I am innocent.

[She falls on her knees.]

Lady, I would not be afraid to die
If I could see thy shining angel.
Will the angel come to meet me too?

Wilt thou send the angel with
the sweeping wings?

I ask no more.

Let thy shining angel come.

Pity me, Lady.

Take this great fear from me,

That I may not quail

When they bring me unto death.

[She creeps on her knees, nearer.]

Lady, I am spent and worn,

I can think no more—

Pray no more.

Give me rest and peace—

A little peace.

Here.

At thy feet.

Under thy loving eyes.

O let me sleep.

[She lies down, her head on the steps.]

Thy peace comes—

It comes!

O God, how sweet!

And I shall sleep.

No harm can come—

No harm.

[She sleeps. SISTER THERESA stands motionless guarding the door. The

nuns are heard singing the burial chant. The song dies away.

There is a silence. Slowly the VIRGIN rises, descends, takes her mantle and bending over ISABEL with great tenderness covers her so that the folds of the mantle conceal her form, and the mantle lies to one side of the shrine as the nun's garments lie on the other. Then she turns, ascends the throne and seats herself. Again the voices of the nuns chanting are heard, and again a silence. The silence is broken by voices at the great door of the convent. THERESA stands motionless. It is BERTAL, the guard, and LENTER, the gæler, in search of ISABEL.]

LENTER: I cannot open it. It will not open.

BERTAL: Push harder.

LENTER: No. It will not open.

BERTAL: It is locked. The bolt is drawn. They've taken her in and think to lock us out. That's certain.

LENTER: The garden gate is open—no—it is closed. But I can see the garden from the wall. The nuns are there. They will let us in.

BERTAL: Come, we will go around to the garden.

[SISTER THERESA stands listening. There is a little wait, then a loud knock at the door. SISTER THERESA runs in terror to the shrine.]

SISTER THERESA: They are coming, Isabel. They are here!

[She sees ISABEL covered with the mantle of the VIRGIN.]

O, Mother of God, thy mantle covers her.

[She stands transfixed, gazing at the spot where ISABEL lies. The knock comes again. She goes to the door.]

Who knocks?

BERTAL: The prison guard. Open.

[She opens the door. BERTAL and

LENTER come in.]

Thou art hiding our prisoner. Why didst thou lock the doors? Art thou not bidden keep them open?

SISTER THERESA: Today there are burial rites. Didst thou not see? Why dost thou enter our gates to disturb a holy office? Who let thee pass?

BERTAL: A monk bade us wait. We have not time to wait. We want our prisoner. Where is she?

SISTER THERESA: Have a care how thou dost violate the privacy of a holy day. The Abbess will send word of this unto the Duke.

LENTER: Sister, we do our work as we are sent.

BERTAL: Hold thy tongue, Lenter. Thou art an easy fool. We need no words of thine. [To SISTER THERESA.] Thou art hiding our prisoner. That's plain. We've traced her. Give her over and there's an end.

SISTER THERESA: Search the convent, if thou dost believe she's hidden here.

BERTAL: Thou hast seen her? Where has she gone?

SISTER THERESA: I guard the door. My place is here.

BERTAL: Thou hast let her come in. What hast thou done with her? Speak.

[SISTER THERESA stands silent.]

BERTAL: Well, we will find her anyway. [He moves toward the altar.]

SISTER THERESA: Beware the wrath of God. If thou dost profane this holy place thou wilt be punished.

BERTAL: But the law will reward us when we bring her back. This is a poor hiding place. Where could she creep and I not find her? Lenter, stay here. I'll search the church. I'll look around at all these saints. Perhaps she's hugging one of them, or lying underneath a monk's robe, a holy hiding place.

SISTER THERESA: Profaner!



The Priest, Abbot of the Monastery.

[BERTAL goes into the church. THERESA keeps her place at the door. LENTER approaches her.]

LENER: Sister, I am here and not by my own will. God knows I wish I were out of it. I was her gaoler. I saw her every day. I think the maid is innocent.

SISTER THERESA: Thou didst sleep and she slipped out.

LENER: She told thee? Thou art hiding her!

SISTER THERESA: Hush. Did I say so?

LENER: Well, the secret's safe with me. I let her get away.

SISTER THERESA: Then she was right. Thou art her friend. Why art thou here?

LENER: Bertal made me come.

He does not know her. I must be eyes for him to spy her out. His is the dog's nose for following a trail. Without a word he started his horse up this road, when day came and we found her empty cell. She can not get away from him.

SISTER THERESA: If the Holy Mother shelters her?

LENER: The Abbess? She could not keep her hidden long.

SISTER THERESA: I mean the Holy Virgin. [She crosses herself.] The maid is innocent. She has prayed the Virgin's help.

LENER: Pit the Devil against Bertal, he'd best him in Hell. God himself couldn't hide her from him. Pilate and Judas Iscariot are his patron saints. He'd rather cut the throat of an innocent, than lose his dirty silver. That's Bertal. Good old Bertal!

SISTER THERESA [Impressively]: I charge thee as thou dost believe her innocent, do not betray by word or start what thou mayst see. Holiness this day guards Innocence.

LENER [Awe'd]: Sister, I am a rough man. I don't know much better how to behave than Bertal. But on my faith, I am a loath and tardy hunter, and what my eyes may see, my tongue will not discover. He's coming back.

BERTAL [Returning]: No sign. It's black as pitch in those cubby-holes where the saints are nested, but I would smell her out. I'd interrupt her love-making with a musty saint, the little devil.

SISTER THERESA: Forbear!

BERTAL [Going toward the altar]: What's here?

SISTER THERESA: Do not approach the holy altar. It waits the burial rite. Do not profane it.

BERTAL [Going closer]: These things lying here?

SISTER THERESA: They are holy vestments, the garments of the nun who died—do not touch them.

LENER: Hold, Bertal—do not touch them.

BERTAL: Don't be a mawkish fool. Why should I touch them? [He goes to the mantle of the VIRGIN.] What is this? [He stoops as if to pick it up. LENTER and SISTER THERESA exchange glances. LENTER pulls him away.]

LENER: Bertal, don't lay hands on that! [He looks at the VIRGIN and starts.]

BERTAL: What then is this?

SISTER THERESA: It is the mantle of the Virgin.

LENER [Pulling BERTAL away]: Come away.

BERTAL: Fool. Unhand me. What ails thee anyway? Thou art no man for this day's work. Thou hadst better doff thy leathern smock and get thee a monk's cowl. Thou art turning pale with holiness. [He laughs.] The devil take thee. Thou hast caught piety in the church as a beggar gets cold in a ditch. Thou pale-livered lout.

LENER: Now, by the holy saints, Bertal, don't tempt Heaven. I swear I saw the Virgin's eyes flash when thou didst bend near the mantle.

BERTAL [Laughing]: Ha! Beelzebub, give me a lantern! I saw nothing and my eyes are worth ten of thine. [He goes over to the place where ISABEL stood during the service and comes back with a small ragged black shawl.] Is this a holy garment too? It's hers, dropped there when she ran. What sayest thou now?

LENER: It is hers, perhaps.

BERTAL: Certain. So. [Looking at SISTER THERESA] A saint can lie as well as a sinner.

LENER: The nun did not say she was not here.

BERTAL: She did. [To SISTER THERESA.] Thou didst say so?

SISTER THERESA: I told thee to make thy search.

BERTAL: But thou wouldst make me believe thou hadst not seen her. Thou didst try to throw me off the scent. Thou knewest not what a keen-nosed hound had trailed her. [To LENTER.] We will search the cells. Come. [To SISTER THERESA.] Which way to the convent?

SISTER THERESA: Thou must not enter the convent without a guide.

BERTAL: Lead us then.

SISTER THERESA: I must not leave the door.

BERTAL: Then we will go alone.

SISTER THERESA: No, no! This way. I will show thee. [She goes out the left door. BERTAL follows. LENTER stands looking at the image.]

BERTAL: Come, Lenter. Ha, ha. He's wrapt! He'll be praying next. One would think he never saw an altar or a saint before. Why man, thou goest once a week into the church to lose thy sins. Come. It's only Monday. Thou art fresh and innocent. Thou hast five days more to sin, before thou must be shriven.

LENER [Turning]: On my life, Bertal, thy presence and thy vile tongue would pollute Heaven.

BERTAL: Fret not. I am not due there for a while. What a sorry fool thou art.



An Angel, a Messenger called by the Virgin.

Thou art trembling.

Do thy knees knock at the sight of an image?

Come on, hare's heart! [*He pulls him through the door.*]

[*There is a short silence, then the nuns are heard intoning a Latin chant. The chant ends and there is another silence. Then a VOICE.*]

VOICE: Isabel. Isabel. Isabel.

[*ISABEL wakens and sits up, gazing in wonder. Her eyes are fixed on a place to the right of the image. A light shines there. Visible only to her, is THE ANGEL she has prayed and dreamed of. To her it seems to be a glowing figure with great wings, and iridescent color radiates from it. She rises, covers, backs away, and shields her eyes.*]

ISABEL: Oh!

VOICE: Be not afraid.

ISABEL [*Still shielding her eyes*]: Who art thou?

VOICE: Her messenger.

ISABEL [*Looking toward the light*]: It is the angel.

O, how it shines.

And the great wings—

How they gleam!

The light! The light!

O, the light of the shining angel.

It blinds me.

[*She covers her face again and moves still farther away. Then looks again.*]

It is the angel Death

With the sheltering wings—

The great, sweeping wings!

They will bear me away.

Or is this Heaven now?

Is this her throne where she sits with God?

[*She looks around.*]

No, no! It is the church. The garden door—the altar.

I am here before her image.

I do not dream. I thought they came to find me—stood here and then passed on.

O, what is this lying on the floor?

[*She goes to the mantle, then moves away in awe.*]

The mantle of the Virgin.

She sheltered me.

She sent her angel.

O, beautiful shining angel.

[*She holds her arms out to the light.*]

Take me with thee.

[*She falls on her knees.*]

VOICE: Rise, Isabel. I bring flaming life. Look. [*ISABEL's eyes seem to follow an invisible finger that points to the other side of the altar where another light streams.*] What seest thou?

ISABEL: A flame!

It seems to grow.

And all the colors that ever were are there.

Beautiful! O beautiful!

VOICE: What else dost thou see?

ISABEL: A form.

A radiant form within.

A form all shrouded and yet it glows with light.

What is it?

O, tell me.

VOICE: It is the soul of Hilda.

ISABEL: It is the light and color of Heaven.

O soul of flame, O wonderful soul.

Can God be more beautiful?

She gazes enraptured.]

Oh, Oh! I can no longer see it.

She has gone.

VOICE: No, Isabel. She has not gone.

But she is shrouded from thy sight.

She is a glowing light too bright for human eyes long to look upon.

ISABEL: Why is she here?

Did she not go to Heaven?

VOICE: She brings the fire in answer to the Abbess' prayer.

ISABEL: The holy fire?

VOICE: She is the holy fire.

ISABEL: It shines again.

O Mother of God. Thou hast sent the holy fire.

I am blind with thy glory.

Thy fire! The flame!

[*She covers her face with her hands.*]

VOICE: Isabel, take up the garments of Sister Hilda.

[*ISABEL does so.*]

The girdle and the rosary.

[*ISABEL takes them.*]

Bear them into the cell of Sister Hilda.

There cleanse thy body and clothe thyself in her garments.

[*ISABEL hesitates.*]

Do not fear. But go and then come here again.

[*ISABEL goes into the cell. The nuns are heard singing a hymn. ISABEL returns, clad in the garments of a nun. She stands waiting before the altar.*]

VOICE: What foundst thou in her cell?

ISABEL: The light—the light again.

It bathed me—

Made my body clean.

VOICE: Take up the mantle that sheltered thee.

Restore it to its place.

[*She does so.*]

Take now the lamp from out the urn of fire. [*ISABEL shrinks.*]

Nay, do not falter.

It is her will.

Go again into the cell and the flame will light thy lamp.

[*ISABEL goes, comes back again with face radiant, bearing the burning lamp. She waits before the altar.*]

Isabel, thou art born to a new life.

Thy old life has fallen from thee

As the soiled garment thou has left.

For thy faith art thou chosen.

Thou shalt serve this altar,

Keep the fire burning,

Visit the sick and needy,

Bear comfort to the stricken.

However great the sin,

Thou shalt bring solace to the sinner.

Thou shalt spread the light of beauty everywhere.

Through thee shall shine the flame of Hilda's soul.

Thy life shall light others as a lamp.

Light now the fire in the urn.

Place the lamp there, and let it stay

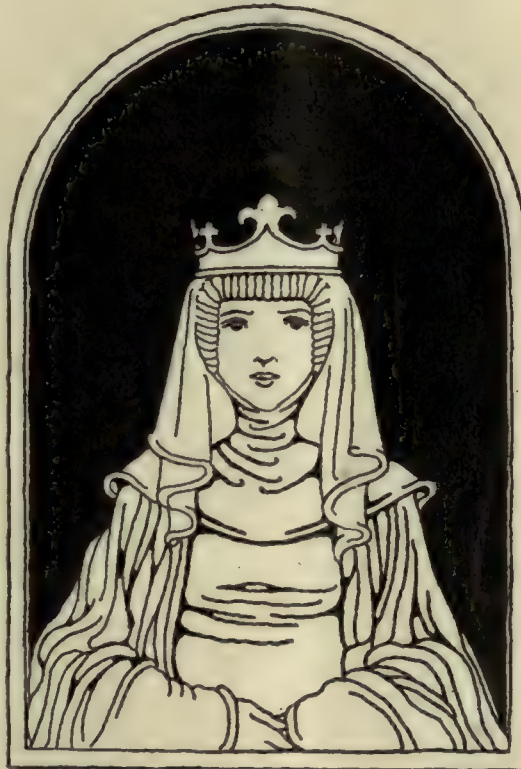
To kindle there the sacred fire.

[*ISABEL goes to the urn as if in a trance and places the lamp there.*]

It is the fire of a soul.

The flame of a life glows there.

[*ISABEL stands by the urn, wrapt in the vision. The light fades.*]



Design for Headdress of the Abbess. Costume for Abbess Same as the Costume Used by the Sisters.

SISTER THERESA enters from the corridor. She starts at the sight of ISABEL.]

SISTER THERESA: Isabel! Isabel! What has happened? Speak.

[ISABEL does not answer but looks at her, then at the fire in the urn. SISTER THERESA follows her gaze.]

The fire! The holy fire!

Mother of God,

Do I dream?

Thou has wrought before my eyes a miracle.

[She falls on her knees. LENTER stands at the door, gazing in awe.

BERTAL comes in behind him.]

BERTAL: I say she passed through this corridor while thou stood guard. [LENTER stands silent. BERTAL has the ragged clothes of ISABEL.] Look here. Here are her rags. They were lying on the floor of the cell.

LENTER [Stopping him in the door and speaking in a whisper]:

Bertal, for the love of God, hold thy peace. The nun prays.

[He looks at ISABEL. BERTAL follows his glance.]

BERTAL: What is it?

LENTER: Hush, do not speak.

BERTAL: Fool, why should I not speak? This nun knows where she has gone. She let her pass.

LENTER: I say, do not speak now. The wrath of Heaven will strike thee.

BERTAL: O cease thy mewling. I will speak. [He shoves past LENTER and goes toward the altar—hesitates, then passes on to the door at the left. LENTER follows him.] Come, we will search the garden. [He goes out, but LENTER stands at the door.

ISABEL walks out slowly to the cell of SISTER HILDA. When she has passed, SISTER THERESA rises and goes to her place at the door and finds LENTER there.]

LENTER: What has happened?

Those were her rags.

She stood there in the nun's garments. I knew her.

SISTER THERESA [Silencing him]: Make no sign.

LENTER: I will not. Have no fear. He did not know her. He's searching. Well, he doesn't find her. The answer? She has fled.

SISTER THERESA: Say no more. I charge thee, go. Stay by him and see he goes not where the nuns are gathered in the garden.

[LENTER goes. She closes the door and takes her place by it. A song of great sweetness comes from the garden. SISTER THERESA listens with head raised.]

It is finished. And they come.

O Holy Mother.

[The ABBESS and procession of nuns enter, they walk around the altar with heads bowed. The ABBESS halts before the image and kneels. There is a moment of silent prayer. The fire in the urn flares up. The ABBESS raises her eyes.]

ABBESS [As she rises and goes to the urn]: O Holy God.

[She turns to the kneeling nuns.]

My daughters, my daughters, rise.

The fire burns.

Now God be praised, she has sent the Holy Flame.

[The nuns crowd to the altar.]

NUNS: The fire is kindled.

The holy fire. It burns. See! See!!

It is the holy flame.

The Virgin has heard our prayers.

A miracle! A miracle!!

O Mother, God is with us.

Sister Hilda has come back.

Now God be praised.

Hosanna. Hosanna. Our prayer is heard.

The soul of Hilda is with us.

She has come back to us from Heaven.

Praised be God.

Tell all the sick to come.

The fire will heal.

It is the flame of life.

God shows his love.

Our Mother blesses us.

[The nuns embrace each other, fall on their knees, sob, rejoice, then burst into a song of praise.]

ABBESS: Go, my daughters. Bring flowers from the garden, and heap them before the shrine. [They go out and return with their arms laden with flowers and put them before the altar.] This is a day of days, my daughters. Tonight when the setting sun from the open door beyond strikes full on the shrine and illumines the altar, we will come for service and thanksgiving.

Now go we for rest and meditation. Come.

Take each of ye a taper from the altar.

And light it in the holy fire.

[Each nun receives from the ABBESS, a taper, and lights it at the urn. The ABBESS then lights one.]

This is the flame of life to us.

Each night shall we light our tapers here.

Forever shall we light our fires from this fire.

Forever shall it burn at this thy altar.

[She leads them to the corridor door, then turns to SISTER THERESA.]

Sister Theresa, cover the holy shrine and wait until the sunset hour. Then open the great door, and when the rays shine full in, ring the vesper bell to summon us.

[The procession goes out, leaving SISTER THERESA standing at the door. She covers the shrine then sits. BERTAL enters without knocking.]

BERTAL: Thou hast concealed her well, but I think rather thou hast helped her get away. If that's the game, thou wilt pay dear for it. If she is hidden here the place may like as not be forfeit to the city. Think of that. Before I go, I would warn the Abbess what will happen if she harbors her. Mayhap thou wilt tell her I would have speech with her. [THERESA starts to go, when BERTAL is struck with a sudden thought.] The tall, pale nun that stood with thee by the altar when we came through, where is she?

SISTER THERESA: The Abbess and all the nuns wait in their cells the vesper hour.

BERTAL: Bid the Abbess come. Tell her I would speak with her and that the matter will not wait. [SISTER THERESA goes out the corridor door. BERTAL opens the other door and calls.] Lenter, thou tardy swine, where art thou? [LENTER appears at the door.] We shall not go just yet. I will speak to the Abbess and then before I leave, see all the nuns.

LENTER: And why the nuns?

BERTAL: If thou wert not a green simpleton, a chattering coward and an empty rattle pat: but used thy sight, thou wouldst guess why.

LENTER: O Eye of the Law, what now? I thought thou hadst given o'er the search inside these walls.

BERTAL: Open thine ears and not thy jaws, thou grinning prattler, unless thou desirest to swallow thy smirking grin. Thou art o'er anxious to reach the forest. Calm thy haste for the maid is here.

LENTER: O Lordly Wisdom, where?

BERTAL: Hast thou not guessed? In hiding as a nun, garbed as they.

LENTER: Thy wit is past all wearing. How came'st thou upon that?

BERTAL: I tell thee if thou babbled less, but kept thy wits awake, thou wouldst have guessed it, too. A pretty helper thou art. I had better have a blind hound that had lost his nose, than such another brain-peeled pup as thou.

LENTER [Bowing]: Thou dost flatter me. Mayhap I may not be so large a fool as now I seemest, when the Duke comes home, and hears the maid hath suffered death, and tells she spoke the truth and that thy haste was spent on Innocence.

BERTAL: Thou sayest so! A lusty champion! An errant

knight! Innocent or no, the Duke is not like to hear of it again. Our business is to bring her back. What have we to do with Innocence?

LENTER: Aye indeed, what have we? Naught, I will agree. We are the clutches of the law, and grapple fast what the law bids us grab. But Bertal, heed me. Give o'er the search. Do not affront the Abbess. Thou art as like to displease as to please thy masters if thou carriest with too high a hand. Thou hast searched well, and hast not found her. Why then, go we on?

BERTAL: Thou rascal lout, thou snouted runt, thou word prater. Dost want her to get away? Thou art such a soft fingered gaoler, by the rood, thou let her pass thee by. Perhaps thou knewest. If ever I proved that on thee, then mightest thou kiss thy life good-bye, for surely it would not be worth a pig's grunt.

LENTER: Find gentle words, my brave Bertal, for the Lady Abbess comes, and I warn thee, rant not too much of ruin to her holy house, and laws and forfeits. Such words come back.

BERTAL: Get thee gone. I am tired of thy company. [*The ABBESS enters, followed by SISTER THERESA and SISTER AGNES.*]

ABBESS: Thou wouldst speak with me. Dost thou not know that thou dost violate the rule to enter here upon a holy day? What is it? I pray thee tell me, for thou hast frightened the sister here so thoroughly that she is stricken dumb.

BERTAL: Well may she be frightened. A woman condemned for theft escaped our prison two nights ago and came here this morning at early dawn: The sister let her in. She's given her clothes and helped her to escape. We found the rags she wore and shawl. This thou knowest is against the law.

ABBESS: Sister Theresa, is this true?

SISTER THERESA: Mother, before the dawn, I let her in to pray.

ABBESS: And thou hast given her clothes and helped her to escape—thou knowest it is against the law to give aid unto a prisoner?

SISTER THERESA: Mother, yes I know.

ABBESS: Wittingly then, thou hast disobeyed the law?

SISTER THERESA: Mother, the maid is innocent. I had to help.

ABBESS: Thou hadst no right and thou hast disobeyed the law.

Go, Sister Theresa, to thy cell and wait my call.

SISTER THERESA: Mother, I do thy will. [*She goes.*]

BERTAL: That is not all. She gave her garments, yes, but not to leave this place. I am o'er sure she gave her garments of a

nun and hides her here.

ABBESS: That cannot be. She would not dare.

BERTAL: Summon then, all the nuns. Call them here that we may see. If I do not find her so, I promise thee I'll go. 'Twere much better for thy house that thou shouldst not refuse

ABBESS: It is impossible. How could she be among them here, and I not know. But thou shalt see. Go, Sister Agnes, bid all the sisters come quickly to me here. [*SISTER AGNES goes.*]

BERTAL: Lady Mother, I would not disturb your peaceful house and make a stir of trouble, but if she's here and found a later time, it will mean more trouble far, than my simple search among the nuns.

ABBESS: I understand too well. Thou dost not need explain these penalties to me. We have suffered their severity. I do not dare refuse to let thee search, but thou wilt find thou art mistaken. She cannot be among the nuns.

BERTAL: We'll see.

[*The nuns enter, led by SISTER AGNES and gather in some confusion about the ABBESS.*]

ABBESS: My daughters this man, an officer of law, searches for a prisoner. He says she's hiding as a nun—as one of ye and he would see—and so I have bidden ye all to come.

BERTAL [*At the door*]: Lenter, come, thy eyes. Thou knowest her. See here? Is she among the nuns.

[*LENTER stands in the doorway, where he has been waiting.*]

ABBESS: Here they are all. Dost thou find her? Sisters Angelique, Veronica, Ursula, Agnes, Anne, and Sisters Barbara, Christine, Genevieve and Catherine, and Sister Theresa who let thee in, is in her cell. These are all, but Sister Hilda, whom today we laid to sleep there in the garden.

LENTER [*Coming in*]: What folly is this, Bertal. She is not among the nuns.

BERTAL: Silence, Lenter. Thou needst not speak. Mother, thou sayest all are here.

Hast thou counted right? For there is one I saw, and Lenter, thou didst see her, too—a tall, pale nun who stood here as the other knelt when we passed through.

ABBESS: When passed thou here? When hast thou dared, without a word from me?

BERTAL: Thou wert busy at thy holy office. We could not wait and let our prisoner escape us so. I bade the sister let me search and I say there were two nuns here then.

ABBESS: Whilst we performed our holy rite, Sister Theresa stayed here alone to guard the shrine.

(Continued on page 99.)



A Spirit—The Soul of Sister Hilda who has just Died.

Does the Popular Represent Public Taste?

By KATHERINE METCALF ROOF

WE SPEAK of the popular as opposed to the artistic and the literary. In sophisticated parlance the choice of mediocrity has come to be called popular, admitting by that usage that the choice of the majority is inferior. Without entering into the question of whether the best in music, painting and sculpture ever can become actually popular, there is at least room for the question in the field of the drama which can more rightfully be considered an art for the masses. The plays of Barrie are an example of an art that can apparently please the taste of both classes.

Richard Wagner once said that all reforms in the theatre must proceed from the audience. But the audience after all can pass only upon what is set before it. The audience can not select plays or cast them. It can only express its feelings about the plays and actors chosen for it.

Perhaps the real reason that the professional manager shies at the suggestion of the literary or high-brow play is that the examples offered him have for the most part been plays of the library rather than of the theatre, and that they are therefore too often slow-moving and undramatic in performance. Doubtless the manager, distrusting his ability to select a play outside the realm of his personal taste, has called in an adviser, and there, frequently the trouble begins. The adviser may have a literary friend to put forward, or the adviser may be an excellent judge of literature and a very poor judge of a play.

I think it was Clayton Hamilton who suggested the baseball game as the test for popular entertainment—a comparison probably not intended to be taken too literally by its perpetrator, but having much truth at bottom. The first requirement of a play is that it possess the elements of dramatic entertainment.

I have never forgotten a performance of *Trojan Women*, given at the Stadium in New York several years ago, in which the figure of Chrystal Herne as Cassandra stood out as a thing of epic beauty. And yet it is not in such roles as Cassandra that Chrystal Herne has become known to us. Perhaps the Greek dramatists and Shakespeare can not be put on for long runs today, but their artistic status is not seriously threatened by that fact. On the other hand it is no disparagement of Eugene O'Neill's poetic gift to say that *The Emperor Jones* is not, strictly speaking, a play, and that minus the wonderful performance—practically a monologue—of the negro actor, Charles Gilpin, the play would probably have remained forever between the covers of a book. And *The Emperor Jones* did not reach Broadway until a little band of artistic amateurs had first demonstrated its success in a corner far from Times Square.

THE manager who is "not in business for his health" may be pardoned for aiming at the box-office success. The manager who can afford to lose some money in the diversion of play-producing but lacks a firmly grounded basis for judgment, finding the helpful eyes of the public upon him, too often becomes afraid of losing his reputation as a critic and decides to confine himself to plays already tried-out—either European successes or the approved experiments of amateur organizations. His wildest independent venture will probably be a play by a Baker pupil endorsed by his master. But alas, when *Common Clay* came to New York, after running a year or two in Boston, what a price had the hitherto fortunate author paid for that opportunity! All that made the quality, the atmosphere of suspense, in John Craig's Stock Company production of that most craftsman-like play had been muddied away. An undramatic epilogue—the most ignominious pandering to vulgar taste had been added

and Jane Cowl made a very poor substitute indeed for that sterling actress, Mary Young.

The professional manager believes that the play he offers will represent the taste of the New York public. If it enjoys a box office success he is sure of it. Nevertheless the point remains unproved. One of the most readable and keen of our critics, Heywood Brown, remarked not long ago that the tendency of modern American playwrights was not in the direction of "the smart," but rather along the lines of such popular stories as *Main Street*, namely, studies of middle class village life in America.

Main Street may be a faithful portrait of a certain type of small town—although I doubt if it is as typical as its author in his preface declares it to be—but I cannot imagine anything less like the life in the American small town, east or west, than that described in the majority of magazine stories and plays supposed to represent it. Most of them are on a par with the motion picture conception of American village life. To be sure the majority of these plays and stories are written by writers whose racial inheritance is not American. Sometimes the very form and content of the sentences is foreign, as in some of Hergesheimer's stories treating of New England life.

With all due respect to Heywood Brown—and my feeling for his literary style is something warmer than respect—I take exception to his deduction. The tendency represented in the plays chosen for performance on Broadway is not the taste of the playwrights, but that of the men who select the plays; their taste representing in turn what they believe to be the taste of the public.

It would seem that the American citizen of foreign birth or extraction does not like to contemplate the spectacle of an authentic American life which he has never contacted—perhaps never realized the existence of, and in which he has no share. He prefers plays like *Welcome Stranger* and *Friendly Enemies*.

Yet this choice cannot be taken as representing Jewish race sentiment, for the recently-performed play of a successful author utterly and blamelessly uninformed concerning anything resembling American life, past or present, written to prove that there were Hebrews in America at the time of the Revolution, did not succeed in New York where the theatre audiences are predominately Jewish. A similar failure was the fate of a theatrical concoction—called *Bosom Friends*, produced by Lew Fields several years ago, with an all-star cast. It told of American village life as the ghetto might imagine it, the scene laid in a town in New York State. Yet the New York Jewish audience which cold-shouldered these hybrid offerings has long supported *Potash and Perlmutter*. Three other plays of the last decade, one very recent, written to demonstrate that the humblest emigrant girl, as soon as she has acquired wealth, is the superior of any and all of the inheritors of traditions, also met with failure. This is certainly encouraging testimony. Quite aside from the fact that this audience of foreign birth or parentage is not perhaps interested in the past of America, but in the present, that is their opportunity, does it not mean that their judgment is, after all, a sincere and honest recognition of intrinsic truth or the obverse?

DOUBTLESS the play that is as dramatic as a baseball game—to return to Mr. Hamilton's analogy—would succeed anywhere in the western hemisphere, without regard to sophistication, knowledge or prejudice.

It is an oft-expressed cause for regret that the majority of plays must sink or swim according to the seal of approval set

upon them by Broadway, for Broadway is not even New York, so how can it represent America? Another regret—voiced long before my theatre days began, and at intervals ever since—is the danger of the long run and the popular-star system. The last-named hardly exists as a danger today when poor casts supporting a star are comparatively rare, but the long run as an ideal grows longer. It is probable that the real cause of deteriorations, uncertainties, failures, in the theatre today is the fact that the country is in the midst of a transition period that the effects of the war have nothing to do with. That fact—however unpopular in certain quarters—might as well be frankly admitted and faced.

In the days of our grandparents the institution of the American theatre was Anglo-Saxon—actors, playwrights, audience. Except for some freely adapted foreign plays, the art of the Continent was presented to us only through non-English-speaking companies from across seas. Now all that is changed.

It is however an interesting fact that of all the managers in the theatrical world today it was an American, not of the professional class, and one whose judgment is the outcome of his own unaided artistic viewpoint, who made a financial success of that most exquisite literary production, Josephine Peabody's *The Piper*, a thing that we are constantly told can not be done. Winthrop Ames has not confined himself to securing American rights, nor has he relied upon the labels of some safe authority, although there is nothing intrinsically blameworthy in such practices. He has given opportunity to the untried American playwright of the type the professional manager either does not understand or is afraid to take a chance on. It was Winthrop Ames who in the days of the New Theatre gave a magnificent production of an Indian play by a not-widely known American writer who had never previously had a play produced. That this venture was not successful reflects no discredit upon the spirit or performance of the venturer. The finer product, the poetic drama, succeeded from all standpoints.

Not only the managerial type of today is different from that of the America that was, the personnel of the companies is also made up of many races. This should be enriching, and in certain ways it has been. When such a trained and gifted actor as José Rubin throws in his artistic fortunes with ours, not to speak of the artistic value of Gilda Varés's Latin inheritance, we are the gainers.

Unfortunately, all foreign-language-speaking additions to the American stage are neither Rubins nor Ben Amis nor Adolph Links; neither Varesis nor little Mitzis. We have an alarming number of actresses and actors among recent recruits to the profession, who speak their English sentences with a foreign inflection—even where there is no accent—that utterly disjoins and deflects both the effect and meaning of their lines. Most serious of all, this effect is imitated—possibly unconsciously, or perhaps at the innocent instigation of stage managers not born to English—by young actresses, American or Irish, as if it were a desirable thing.

BUT it is the New York audience—the audience that is supposed to decide the fate of plays for the country at large—that has changed the most. The public that sits in judgment upon the plays of today is utterly and completely different from the American audience of our fathers' time. We have ten theatres in New York today where a quarter of a century ago one stood, and the audience that has grown up to fill them contains a large, a very large, percentage, of mentalities of the uncultivated, non-discriminating, purely personal type. Perhaps if properly educated this audience material might be one of rich possibilities. As it stands today it contains in great numbers a highly undesirable type that oddly combines extreme ignorance with a certain sort of spurious urban sophistication.

People of foreign birth or parentage, of a grade of intelligence calculated to enjoy the least subtle phases of motion picture entertainment, occupy orchestra chairs, either by managerial gift

or right of purchase. This is the cause of much evil. These people, distressingly vocal, unceasingly prone to senseless, inopportune laughter, exclamation and running comment, not only disturb the receptivity of the normal listener, but are preposterously placed in the position of passing upon an art they are utterly incapable of understanding. This natural result of modern industrial conditions and unrestrained emigration has given a serious set-back to the art of our theatre. It goes without saying that such an audience is incapable of creating reforms and setting standards, save in the field of Mack Sennett (who represents, by the way, a conception of humor as alien to the American as that of China). It is not only that this ignorant element in the audience makes itself felt because it is ill-mannered and obtrusive, it actually *is* large numerically. Apparently the majority of the orchestra chairs, in the latter half of the theatre, are filled with these joy-sitters. During a performance of Galsworthy's *Justice* at that almost unbearable moment when the prisoner in solitary confinement beats against the bars until his strength is exhausted, this portion of the audience rocked with laughter. They thought they were watching Charlie Chaplin. Again at a poignant moment in *The White Villa* when the woman who has lost her first youth loves a man younger than herself and asks, referring to her rival, "How old is she?" some female joy-sitters gave vent to a wild burst of mirth. They recognized the immemorial age joke of the movies and comic supplements, yet it would seem the tragic implication of that question, as expressed in the fine and subtle art of Lucile Watson might have found human response in the emotional apparatus of almost any woman.

The conclusion is irresistible that it is unfortunate that any of these congenital laughers can afford to patronize the theatres instead of the movies. But when the offender is a joy-sitter the offense can and should be obviated. The manager who "papers" his house with an audience of this type is indeed short-sighted, for they have the power to destroy the effect of his play.

AGAIN, let us be frank in the interests of remedying an evil. It is an injustice to Americans to have this perverted viewpoint attributed to them. These individuals of immature yet warped mentality, who think that *all* situations in drama are constructed for laughter, are not Americans but the children of the less enlightened foreign emigrant. The American-reared child of the foreign-born is in any case a psychologic hybrid—not by any means an uninteresting product in the case of the intelligent individual but quite invariably a *different* one. But whether his parental roots lie in English-speaking Ireland, or in the non-English-speaking Continent, the empty-headed, uneducated hyphenate is the offender in the matter of mis-directed laughter. The sins of the unsophisticated American against art standards are quite different. He (or she) is usually a rank sentimentalist. He (or she) it is who patronizes *Daddy Long-Legs*, *The Cinderella Man* and *Just Suppose*. But neither he nor she is the offender who mistakes tragedy for Charlie Chaplin.

When it comes to that portion of the audience that has a viewpoint instead of a mere propensity to be "ticklish," there are still evidences of a deterioration in the average of intelligence. As a result of mental immaturity sitting in judgment the stage today suffers from an excess of personality. That fact is demonstrated by the applause. To the young in years or mind the basis of choice is invariably personal. As a result, some of the most popular young actresses are those of exaggerated "personality" (i. e., mannerisms).

In a sense the matinee idol is an inescapable product. Even in Germany where the stock company system gives even the favorable actor an alternation of small and leading parts, there is usually one whose destiny it is to be the *schwärm* of maidens.

No one can deny the force, direct or indirect, of personality in art. In the communicative before-the-public arts the element

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Photograph by Abbe

"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"

Back on Broadway

By JACK CRAWFORD

APPARENTLY Broadway has decided to give prosperous housing to the unhappy ending. Time was when the unhappy ending hardly dared to show its face upon this street of cheerful lights. The tragic catastrophe skulked about in the shadows of inconspicuous little theatres, or peeped forth timidly upon rare occasions at some special matinee. Now, however, it stalks about fearlessly, proclaiming itself in electric lights from one end to the other of Broadway.

Perhaps it is the old trouble of realization's not coming up to anticipation, but now the unhappy ending has taken up its abode among us, I feel less kindly disposed toward it than I did. It may be merely natural conservatism asserting itself at the sudden upstart of a parvenu. I find myself with a desire to say: "Unhappy Ending, I shall not tolerate you unless you can prove to all reasonable satisfaction your logical necessity." The mere fact that the roof falls in upon the hero's head does not impress me unless I am certain that the peculiar kind of negligence of which he is guilty always results in a collapsing roof. Just any old collapse leaves me cold. It is a fact that if winter comes we have to attend to the furnace. And I dislike not only to be told that winter has come but that also the furnace is out of order. In short, as you may gather from the preceding mixture of illustrations and explanations, there is such a thing as an unhappy ending that rubs things in unnecessarily.

Let the punishment fit the crime, be the ending happy or unhappy.

All this is by way of prelude to Zoë Akins' play *Daddy's Gone a-Hunting*. Upon my return from foreign lands all my friends buttonholed me about this play. It was thus chosen more or less by acclamation for me to see. And some of my friends were right; the play is decidedly worth seeing, just as *Declassée* was. It is exceedingly well acted by Miss Marjorie Rambeau—who has never done anything better—and by Frank Conroy. It is an Arthur Hopkins production with Robert Edmond Jones' settings. And we know from past experience that a great deal that Zoë Akins has to say will be worth listening to.

I must confess, however, to some feeling of disappointment. We are all, I take it, concerned over the progress of American playwrights and most eager to see them succeed. Imported drama should be only a small part of our important repertory. Miss Akins has already given proof of cleverness, wit, and insight into character. It is disappointing, therefore, not to find her writing really good plays instead of almost good and thoroughly successful ones. She has so much equipment that some others lack.

The first act, for example, sets before us a real and deeply interesting situation. A husband returns from

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Tony Sarg

By FRED J. McISAAC

TONY SARG, the comic artist illustrator and inventor of a Marionette Theatre which has brought the ancient art up to a standard of excellence it has never before known, was born in Guatamala, but has lived most of his life in London.

"I have trained myself to work with people about," he said with a smile and a little gesture of his brush. "Do you mind if I go ahead with this?" Then he went on to tell of how he, an artist by trade, came to make and play with marionettes.

"I have always had a hankering for miniature things," he said. "I have collected toys for years, small dolls, many boats and various others. I think it the instinct of an artist to love miniature reproductions. My toy collection now is larger than the one in the South Kensington Museum in London. It was while searching through books on toys that I came upon marionettes, and the wish of one author that an 'artist would revive the ancient art' made me decide to be that artist."

Mr. Sarg has been working with marionettes for about seven years, first very informally in his studio in London, which seems to be Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop and which is now the fascinating place of the toy collection, with a full-rigged ship sailing the brick mantel in Little Nell's bedroom. Later the marionettes became professional, even going to Broadway for a short season each year. And now they are an established part of the town's life.

"There was a marionette theatre in Munich which was very popular before the war," Mr. Sarg continued. "Winthrop Ames and Clayton Hamilton were much interested in it and had planned to bring the puppets over to the United States. And, of course, there are marionette theatres all over Italy—Venice, Milan and Rome. But the Italian puppet now is quite different, crude and very rough-and-tumble, and their puppets are managed simply by three great wires, contrasting with as many as twenty-four strings which I use on mine. In England and the United States puppets had been dead for over one hundred and fifty years up to the time of the present revival, although in the Italian districts of this country there were occasional puppet theatres of the showman type, such as the Punch and Judy shows, Ellen Van Volkenberg had a marionette theatre in

Chicago and there are the Cleveland Puppet Players."

All art is made up of recurrences which come like waves to carry the line of the sea farther up the beach. And the art of the puppet play goes back to the days of Egypt and Greece and Rome. They have been seen in India and China. Goethe was fascinated by them in Germany. Le Sage wrote puppet plays in 1721 in France. In England in the sixteenth century they were introduced to enact Bible narratives and Pepys wrote of the puppet play *Patient Grizzill*, which he saw at Bartholomew Fair. About the same time a certain Crawley had a famous troupe which he advertised in "*The Old Creation of the World, with the Addition of Noah's Flood*," speaking particularly of the best scene: "Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the animals two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is the sun rising in a gorgeous manner; moreover a multitude of angels in a double rank." In 1830 Brown's Theatre had a swan which dipped its head into imitation water, opened its wings and with flexible neck pruned and trimmed its plumage.

"My first performance in New York," said Tony Sarg, "was at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The house was packed. We gave five performances in all and turned away seven hundred people. Later at the Punch and Judy Theatre, there often used to be fifteen or twenty children crying to break their hearts, out on the sidewalk because they could not get in: I had to take them back of the scenes so that they could see the play." (Of course a man with an artist's instinctive love for small things could not bear to have children crying for his marionettes.)

"I make all the designs and all the scenery and as many of the puppets as my time allows. I model the faces in clay and then my very clever assistants make the *papier-mache* heads. They have dolls eyes and real wigs. Mrs. Sarg makes the costumes." Each doll has one, and sometimes two, persons to manage it and the puppeteers work the strings from a bridge above the stage.

"It is entirely an illusion that the puppets themselves are speaking. In fact, the audience gets so completely lost in the story that there is an optical illusion as well. I remember a

funny thing that happened the first night at the Neighborhood House. At the rehearsals I had always been close up to the puppets and I had no idea of the effect they would have. After the play the very enthusiastic audience called for me and without a thought I went on the puppet stage. There was a tremendous groan through the audience, and I could not imagine what was the matter until I discovered that everyone thought I was a giant, because they had thought that the puppets were four or five feet high. As a matter of fact they were three. The scenery, however, was all in proportion and the whole thing created this illusion.

"Lighting and music help a great deal in making the play seem realistic. The clever use of lights eliminates a view of the strings, for one thing. We have dimmers and spot lights, top and foot lights, and colored lights. In fact we have a special electrician. For my last production I had the assistance of Carroll French, who is as great a lighting authority in the theatrical world as Robert Jones is for scenery—from an artistic standpoint, I mean.

"Winthrop Parkhurst writes all the music for the marionette plays. We use a quaint instrument called a celestophone, which makes a tinkly sound like a little spinet.

"Rehearsing is a long, complicated process. We practice a month before we begin rehearsing and then there are four or five weeks with rehearsals every day. It really takes months to learn to manipulate a doll and remember the lines, all the while avoiding nails and the like behind the scenes. And even then it very often happens that the strings get twisted during the performance. That occurrence, however, does not matter so very much, since it is explained to the audience that "should so dire a thing as a tangle occur and a marionette consequently wind his left leg around his left ear the curtain will drop for a moment to hide this marionette spasm and rise again an instant later, when all is once more fair."

THE plays Mr. Sarg uses have been specially written for the purpose. "There are no plays in existence that I can use," he said, "the old ones are too old-fashioned. I want plays with elements that cannot be carried out on the regular stage. For instance, in *The Rose and the Ring*, the butler turns into a door-knob before your eyes, and in another play the boy grows tall, and ghosts come out of bottles. I can have an execution where the head actually drops off, and I can have fairies floating through the air. None of these things can be done with real actors.

"I have had loads and loads of plays submitted, but most of them are unsuitable. A short time ago a writer sent me a play in which the actors were supposed to change coats in the first scene, and that is impossible to work out. There are a great many technical points that must be considered. For one thing there can be no short sentences since each sentence must have a gesture and allow time for the proper manipulation of the strings. Otherwise there would be terrible confusion on the stage, which has an opening only eight feet by three feet.

"My puppets have created a great deal of interest among people of the theatre. Mr. Belasco is particularly interested in marionettes. He produced a marionette play in Washington some time ago which may eventually be shown in New York. It was a little boy's dream acted out by puppets in the most wonderful way with fairies that seemed really to fly because the strings were so long that they disappeared like the flies.

"In my next venture I am going to make use of the Chinese and Japanese shadowgraph plays, silhouettes moved by sticks and operated from below."

WHAT happens to discarded puppets? One wondered. Were they thrown aside and forgotten? No, says Mr. Sarg.

"Whenever it is possible to revamp old marionettes we do so. And very often we let those who have been in plays do a

little vaudeville act or something of the sort, so that practically all my marionettes are still doing duty. The people who operate the dolls get very much attached to them. I will show you one of my favorites. 'George, bring Casper over to me, will you'."

"Fine looking, ain't he?" said George, pulling one of Caspar's knee-strings and smoothing his bright green coat.

Back on Broadway

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his art studies in Paris to find that he has drifted hopelessly away from the woman he loved. His life is flowing in a new channel. Perhaps it is because art means more to him than life. Whatever the cause, the situation is recognizable as a true one. And it is equally plausible that the wife try if it is possible to win him back.

From this point on, the play lost interest for me. The wife seeks to arouse her husband's jealousy. Perhaps this is a natural thing for her to do, but there might have been other ways. The husband is indifferent to the jealousy motif. He does not respond. In fact he is only too willing to have his wife live her life as she pleases, if he meanwhile may be let alone to live his.

In the last act, they meet again over the deathbed of their daughter. The wife is now the mistress of a wealthy friend. It was the consideration of this ending which led me to the disquisition with which this article begins. The ending is unhappy and indeterminate. They can no longer live together; the child is dead. How it will all ultimately end "God knows."

I fail to see that is really the logical conclusion of the play that began so well in the first act. It is not dramatic; it seems to me merely a confession that the story could not be worked out. Of course, one might reply "That is the way things happen in life—they drag on without any particular ending." "Very well," I should retort, "let's put that kind of story into a novel. A play must arrive somewhere, and, actually, there is no earthly reason why this play does not arrive at an ending. A drifting-match between two rafts is not dramatic, even when the occupants of the rafts make occasional efforts to row for the shore. Going over the waterfall together may be pathetic, it may arouse one's pity, but it is not dramatic."

I fear that I disagree so much with the popular verdict on this play that it would be better if I said no more, and I grant that not only is the play interesting but one should not miss it. A play that can provoke one into a heated argument about its ending, has more good qualities than the average.

SUGGESTIONS for this month's playgoing are: *A Bill of Divorcement*, with Allan Pollock and Janet Beecher; *Main Street*, with McKay Morris; *Ambush*, a Theatre Guild production (notice later); Sothorn and Marlowe in Shakespearean repertory; *Dulcy*, with Lynn Fontanne; *The Claw*, with Lionel Barrymore; and *Anna Christie*, (notice later). Hold-overs from last season are: *Liliom*; *The Hero*; and *The First Year*.



The dog "stars" in "Rip Van Winkle"



The prince is executed, "The Rose and The Ring"



How the "Wires" are pulled



"All Van Winkledom"

Broadway Visits Moscow

By JACK CRAWFORD

THE correct title of this article ought to be "Moscow Visits London," but as this would spoil my sequence, I have kept the usual form. The point is that I saw in London a performance of Nikita Balieff's *Théâtre de la Chauve Souris*, newly driven away from Moscow by the course of events. The particular merits of this Russian entertainment are difficult to describe to one who has not seen it for himself; however, I shall have what my English friends call "a go at it."

Once upon a time the players of the Moscow Art Theatre were in the habit of assembling after their regular work was over, to amuse one another. Out of these evening parties was evolved the Bat Theatre. The pressure of its spreading fame finally opened it to the general public. Various members of the company invented each his or her own scene, or worked them out in groups, or wrote songs, dances, and sketches.

Thus the night I attended, there were fifteen items or turns on the program. Although the bill is a diversified one, it must not be inferred that the *Chauve Souris* is a vaudeville or cabaret entertainment such as the American stage knows. Rather is the Russian accomplishment an illustration of what artists are able to achieve when working in the medium of vaudeville or cabaret. Of the fifteen scenes, I thought at least ten of them to be dramatic gems, while the other five could be classed as fairly good. Considering that this is an imperfect world, a production two-thirds perfect is of an extremely high-batting average.

INDEED I am in the embarrassing position of not having space enough in which to describe all the good things. I may, therefore, more easily omit the less successful. First there is M. Balieff himself, who appears before the curtain and explains the next item. His command of English is from a tactical point of view badly scattered, yet his command of comedy is such that he easily atones for the fact that hardly a word he says can be understood. Master of the spirit of true comedy, he speaks a universal language.

Next to M. Balieff's gestures and facial expression, I rank the parade of wooden soldiers as one of the most flawless bits of stage production. It sounds like old stuff, but not as the Russians do it. Eight privates, a drummer and an officer go through evolutions which leave you speechless with laughter and delight. In addition, like all real comedy, its absurdities are likewise a searching satire. It is military formality carried to its logical conclusion—and there is no more distinctive form of satire in this world than to carry ideas to their logical conclusion. Try it on some pet theory of your own.

HONORS after the soldier stunt, I must give to Chekov's *The Sudden Death of a Horse, or the Greatness of the Russian Soul*. Had any one told me in advance that I would laugh myself silly at a one-act farce played in the Russian language, I might have been pardoned for assuming a sceptical attitude. But at the end it was with difficulty that I recovered strength enough to give attention to the next number.

The plot, as M. Balieff said, is simple. The scene reveals a cab in which the young wife of an elderly millionaire is eloping with a penniless poet. They are being pursued and the young lady belabors the back of the coachman with her sunshade, while he in turn plies the whip to the horse. Unfortunately the emotional strain is too great for the horse. He lies down and quietly dies. This moment is, of course, the crisis of the action. The pursuit, consisting of elderly gentlemen in splendid Russian whiskers, overtakes the elopers. The penniless poet, on the theory that the world still needs more poetry, runs away on foot, deserting the lady to her fate. The millionaire offers the coachman a large reward, but he mounts his box and delivers an oration on how proud it has made him to serve even as the result of a fortuitous accident, the cause of Russian virtue. A policeman who has arrived to take down the details of the accident is overcome when he sees the coachman refuse the offered reward, and the curtain falls. You perhaps can't laugh at this, but you would have done so if you had seen it played. The dialogue appeared to me exactly right. The policeman's exclamation, consisting entirely of consonants, was excellently chosen.

NOTE with dismay that I have written of only two items and space begins to fail me. There was a charming dance entitled *Katinka* to an old polka tune—a young lady scorning, to polka steps, the marriage proposal by her elderly and explosive parents who were seated one on either side of her. The gypsy songs in a Moscow restaurant scene were also delightful and the same can be said for a village folk-song and a Moscow street scene.

I have chosen simply my favorites from the bill and I fear I have given but a feeble and inadequate account of them. This Moscow theatre can not easily be described in words; it is too well planned for stage effect. Yet I must speak of the skillful character make-up. I have never seen better. The scenery, costumes and color, whether realistic, or following the designs of Russian toys were exactly right for their purpose. May some courageous manager bring M. Balieff to Broadway!



Ash-Fire at Oh-Kay

AMONG the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico it is the custom to celebrate the Christmas season by four days of *fiesta*, the chief feature of which is dancing. These dances differ each year, but they are always a series of their winter dances. Perhaps the most interesting to an outsider is the Eagle dance. The eagle to the Indians is a courier to the Great Spirit. He is supposed to see from his high eyrie all things that happen on earth below and to report these things in his lofty flights to the Powers Above. Therefore, it behooves man to be in harmony with the eagles and to remain in their good graces. The eagle dance is danced for this purpose: to show a sympathy for and understanding of the eagles and to create an harmonious atmosphere between man and this higher brother. The first movement represents two eagles—the male and the female—soaring and circling above the village and occasionally perching (as shown in the illustration) to look upon the things below. The second movement is the mating dance, as all phases of life are to a certain extent sacred to primitive people.

This ceremony of the eagles has been cleverly used in an Indian picture-play, *Ash-Fire at Oh-Kay*—Christmas at San Juan Village—by Elizabeth Willis DeHuff. The curtain rises upon a view of the village plaza—the town square where most activities take place—on the day before Christmas. There is the beginnings of a love affair in true Indian fashion, where the girl does the proposing by modestly placing a basket of food before the door of the one she loves and is accepted or rejected according as he eats or leaves the food untouched. Pueblo children play characteristic games and boast of the prowess of their respective fathers when the *Tsah-ve-yoh*, two giant disciplinarians who come once a year to punish children for their past offences and to admonish them against future evils, come in from the mountains. The screaming of the scattering children causes a rush of men and women to the plaza. The hidden children are brought out and at the threatened lash of the *Tsah-ve-yoh*'s whip they are forced to perform many feats.

The act finally reaches its height in the antics of the clowns—shades of departed ancestors, who are invisible to the dancers, but who furnish much amusement to the onlookers, most of whom are on top of the terraced houses—and in the performance of the eagle and the peace dances. Just at the close of the peace dance a courier announces the approach of hostile Navajos; the War Chief calls his braves to arms and the curtain goes down on a wild war dance.

The second act shows the interior of one of the homes at evening. At one end of the long room three women are grinding corn and singing; at the other end, close beside the fire-place, an old grandfather sits on a sheep skin making arrows. A baby hangs from the rafters in his cradle, which the old man keeps swinging with an occasional push, as he works and also tells tales to a group of little boys in a semi-circle around him. The stories that he tells are enacted by little *kachina* figures in the masks of the animals that take part: ducks, foxes, coyotes and black birds.

Ten days have elapsed when the curtain rises on the third act showing women baking bread and making pottery as they express anxiety over no tidings from the fighting men. Suddenly, a dusty runner brings news of victory and the old and young of the Pueblo rush out to meet the victors with their prisoners. The War Chief gives an account of the skirmishes amid the wailing of bereaved women; the two lovers are reunited and the picture ends with the circle dance of death about the prisoners.

In this picture of Pueblo life Mrs. DeHuff has rigidly observed the traditions, music, folk-lore, customs and ceremonies of the Indians.

The Drama for a Christmas gift! Have you no friend to whom it would be a monthly reminder of your good wishes?

Negro Drama for Negroes by Negroes

By BENJAMIN PALMER LADSON

MR. LOUIS V. DEFOE, Dramatic Critic of The New York World writing about Mr. Augustus Thomas and his play *The Witching Hour*, said "Mr. Augustus Thomas has said in one of his public addresses that the stage is a vital force only when it deals with the problems and truths of contemporary life, with the great and significant questions involving the human welfare which are vigorously alive in the public mind."

The problem of our American negro citizens is one of those significant questions of the day, and the stage could be a great medium to bring before the public some of the truths about it. Octavius Roy Cohen, Harris Dickson, E. K. Means, and several others have written much about one class of American negroes, and have pictured them amusingly in their various doings. These are the happy-go-lucky, unthinking class. The average white person believes there are no other kinds of negroes in existence.

To show the American people the other class of negroes, there should be a drama of the serious thinking element. These are "The New Negroes," and it is believed, the term is well applied; for among them can be found, men and women, who are refined, cultured and educated. From among this class there should come writers and dramatists to write knowingly about their hopes, dreams, aspirations and life's struggles in this country.

James Barrie has written about the Scotch; and Lady Gregory and Synge about the Irish; Galsworthy and Shaw about the English; Montague Glass about the Jewish race, and other American dramatists have written of various phases of American life and people; but they have not touched upon the vital part of the American negro problem, so why not have a strong negro drama written by a negro and acted by negroes?

IN COMMENTING on Mr. Cohen's play on Negro life, *Come Seven*, presented at the Broadhurst Theatre, Mr. Heywood Brown said, "*Come Seven* seems to us a play of no great dramatic importance, and yet it marks a step in the right direction. It serves to scratch one of the richest fields which lies open for the American dramatist.

"Almost nothing about the negro has been written for our stage. Granted that the negro often uses long words which he does not understand, plays craps, and, perhaps, even lives up to the joke book tradition in his inordinate fondness for watermelon; there still remain depths which are not touched by the exploitation of any of these qualities.

"The tragic and pathetic situation of this race which lives with us in compulsory alienship is consistently overlooked. Probably this is defensive. Of course, we all know that there is a negro problem, but our dramatists make us forget to worry about it by assuring us that the negro does not care a rap about economic or political equality if only he can have fried chicken and a little jazz music. The theatre enables us to overlook every wrong thing we have ever done to the negro by presenting him as a man who is having a perfectly hilarious time."

We believe good plays dealing with the struggles of the American Negroes ought to be as successful as say Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, or Mr. Ervine's *John Ferguson*, and it is a mystery to us that some negro does not write them.

Come Seven, mentioned above, was criticized favorably by many of the leading dramatic critics of New York. One of them said, "The little comedy does for our colored brethren what *Bunty Pulls the Strings* did for the thrifty Scotch peasants; and what *Potash and Perlmutter* did for a well defined group of American citizens."

As to players, there need not or should not be any white players blackened up for their parts in plays of negro life as was done in *Come Seven*. There are negro players capable of acting and interpreting great dramas. In New York City there are many colored players, the most noted being the Lafayette Players, who have played in many of the great Broadway successes. Mr. Charles Gilpin, whose picture is a feature of this number of THE DRAMA, interprets his different roles with rare skill and dramatic ability.

THERE is another question which arises at times, and that is whether the theatrical producers care to present serious plays dealing with the problem of the American negroes. That question has to be left unanswered; we do not know their views and attitudes on this subject. Perhaps the colored people themselves could produce these plays. They have a good theatre in Harlem, the Lafayette, which is attended largely by them and where every negro musical play coming to New York goes first. Very seldom, however, is a serious drama produced, that is, a serious drama about their people; whenever one does appear it is well patronized, proving there are many who are eager for this class of drama.

Last spring, the Colored Players Guild of New York under the direction of Mrs. Dora Cole Duncan presented in Harlem, for the lack of a more suitable play, Mr. Ridgeley Torrence's *Simon, the Cyrenian*. This play had formerly been produced at the Garden Theatre together with two other noted playlets of negro life by the same author. The evening those plays were presented was a raw, chilly evening; yet they drew a large and appreciative audience.

The late George Walker once said, "We can do things on the stage which white people don't know we can do. We eat, and live and feel, and love and understand as well as any one else. And we can play just as well; that is, in our own kind of work. I say, give us a chance and Williams and Walker and a lot of "coon" actors will surprise this town and a lot of others."

They had their chance on Broadway and they proved their worth. Bert Williams, his side partner, said in an interview, "I went in for black-faced work because I liked it. The negro race appeals to me. Each of us who has negroid blood in his veins, no matter in how small a quantity, feels the ancient tragedy of our race. The negro blood is the one blood that never fails to stamp on the heart or the spirit its racial traits, I have studied my types just where I have found them. The negro is always a negro, no matter whether he is living in New York or in a rice field in South Carolina. The negro has the reputation of being a happy-go-lucky individual. He is, in a way. He lives for the moment, and his joy is a surface joy. Deep down underneath in the whole race is a stratum of sadness that abides. This comes out when the Negro tries to express himself through poetry or music. Negro songs always have a minor undercurrent of pathos; negro music is never without its mournful passages.

"Since I have been on the stage it has been my dream to interpret a comedy written by a negro poet. It's not such a conceited dream, either. I want also, sometimes to do a whole piece, to interpret one of my race as sympathetically as Mr. Warfield did the old Jew in '*The Auctioneer*.' Don't understand me to say that I class myself with Mr. Warfield or any of the big character actors. I just say I'd like a piece that would give me the opportunity to express the whole of a negro's character. The laughter I have done is only on the surface. Now, I'd like to touch deeper, to show there are depths that few as yet understand.

(Continued on page 102.)



Charles Gilpin

Whose great acting in "The Emperor Jones" promises to lead him to the part of Othello in an English production in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell will play Desdemona.

But 'Twas a Noble Victory

Or, Making the Loop Safe for "The Skin Game"

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

MR. WILLIAM A. BRADY, the well known impressario, brought to our Loop last month, Mr. Galsworthy's very fine play, *The Skin Game*. The first night there was an audience, brilliant from the social and artistic point of view, guests, for the most part of the management. It was a nice party, we all had a good time, and liked the play. The second night there were fewer guests and not many persons who paid as they entered. Mr. Brady was justly peeved and so were the rest of us who fight and have been fighting for good drama. The following morning Mr. Brady announced in the daily papers that the play would close at the end of the first week; that Chicago was not interested in good drama; and a few other things. The Drama League of Chicago was, however, not so down-hearted as Mr. Brady, and decided that what the tinted press calls "the shame of Chicago" must not be accentuated by the closing of this play for lack of patronage. Members of the "local board of drama improvement" hid themselves to their telephones and following an intensive campaign by them, the announcement came that *The Skin Game* would remain in Chicago as long as the people wanted it. Apparently when the public realized that here was good drama, admirably acted and produced, it decided that it did want it, and Miss Jane Grey, who gives a beautiful performance of the unfortunate Chloe in the play, told me a few days ago that, thanks to the efforts of the Drama League, the company was to be billeted in Chicago at least until Christmas time.

Some months ago I told you how much I thought of *The Skin Game* when I reviewed it in its printed form. When I saw it performed I was sorry that I had read it because I knew just what was going to happen to Chloe and the others in the play. Therefore, I shall not tell you what it is all about. You must see it for yourself. After that read the play. The company presenting it was chosen by Mr. Galsworthy, and (Oh Dulcy, why did you make me realize how many bromides there are?)—could not be improved upon.

Miss Lulu Bett, Miss Zona Gale's prize play, did not need boosting to make it a go. It went like, if you will forgive the pun, *Lightnin'* (which is still going). If you are familiar with Miss Gale's stories, you will know the kind of play it is, not a masterpiece, but a human and unfortunately rather sordid document of life in the small town. If it comes to your home town, don't miss it. You will like especially the work of Mrs. Louise Closser Hale and Miss Carroll McComas. *Miss Lulu Bett*, which had to leave The Playhouse to make way for *Enter Madame*, is also to be had in printed dramatized form, which I am glad to say I didn't read until after I had first seen the play.

The Irish Players, after an absence of several years from our theatre, have returned to the Loop in Lennox Robinson's *The Whiteheaded Boy*. You may have read my review of the published play in THE DRAMA of October-November. Here is one play the reading of which I suggest before you go to see its presentation because Mr. Robinson's descriptions of his characters, who and what they are, his confidential asides, are half the making of the play. It is a custom he has in common with Barrie and Granville Barker, and, to a certain extent, with Shaw. Nevertheless, even if you haven't read the play, you can't afford to miss the Abbey Players. If your idea of a stage Irishman, was got from hearing the late John T. Kelly, of Weber and Fields, go to see and hear this play, and learn what a real, beautifully modulated brogue can be.

THE Loop, as you will gather from the foregoing, has been especially blessed so far this season, and as an addition to the gifts of the theatrical gods, came Miss Gilda Varesi in *Enter Madame*, a play by the star and Dolly Byrne. Madame Della Robbia, of the play, did, figuratively speaking, drive Miss Lulu Bett out of The Playhouse. She is one of those delightful persons who always gets her way and whom you can't help liking for it. If she were a real person, she would probably drive the incomparable Miss Mary Garden out of the Chicago Opera Company, although I think it would be some task. I may add that I'm thankful, on that account, that Madame Della Robbia is only a stage character. You may recollect that Miss Varesi was seen some years ago in *Romance*, the Edward Sheldon play which has served Miss Doris Keane for so many seasons. As to the play itself, it is, to my way of thinking vastly superior to Miss Gale's prize play in technique and general construction. Of *Enter Madame* I must say as of the other plays I have mentioned, don't miss it with Miss Varesi's perfect delineation of Madame.

Miss Margaret Anglin has been relegated to this position in my column only because her present vehicle, *The Woman of Bronze*, is not new to Chicago and has already been reviewed here. Otherwise I would have put her name "leading all the rest" as to me she is one of the supreme artists of our theatre. I was about to write "the supreme artist" and then I remembered Julia Marlowe, who is supreme in her Shakespearean roles, and Mrs. Fiske, who is supreme in her line of parts—possibly I was right in the beginning. Miss Marlowe couldn't play *The Woman of Bronze* as Miss Anglin does, and neither could Mrs. Fiske, I think, but I believe Miss Anglin could play any role that either of these very fine artists plays, and do it equally well. I should have captioned these comments on our current theatre with "Don't miss" as I must repeat that phrase again in connection with Miss Anglin.

No. That caption wouldn't have done. Miss Miss Rachel Crothers' *Nice People* and you won't miss much. The author has held up to Nature a mirror in which the reflections are not nice albeit Miss Crothers evidently thought she was pointing a moral. We all know so-called nice people who were not nice before the war and prohibition and other evils came in, but when these inconveniences are over, the un-nice will be as un-nice as ever. Miss Crothers' moral is lost although Miss Francine Larrimore and the very capable company surrounding her do work of the first rank. Miss Larrimore is a very charming artist and I hope the managers won't insist on having her continue to "play with fire" in the parts they choose for her. An especially fine piece of work in *Nice People* is done by Miss Merle Maddern, as the only genuinely nice person in the story.

Award Announced

THE Poetry Society of America announces that the prize of \$500 offered in the William Lindsey Contest for poetic drama has been awarded to Mr. Harry Lee for his four act play "Il Poverello." One hundred forty-five plays were submitted in the contest. The judges were George Arliss, George P. Baker, Clayton Hamilton (resigned and replaced by Jane Dransfield), Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker.



"The Fox Woman" presented by Mr. and Mrs. Ongawa

AS I SAT listening to Mr. and Mrs. Michitaro Ongawa in their "Program of the Far East," I was constantly reminded of the art of the great French diseuse, Yvette Guilbert. There was the same delicacy of touch, the same sureness of tone, gesture and expression. Is Mme. Guilbert Japanese in her art, we asked ourselves, or are these artists French? To both we offer the palm of our respectful admiration for that perfection of detail which, alas! we may so seldom enjoy.

The lure of Japan is there—its mystery, its grace, its elegant repose and unhurried manner. Even the music, so barren harmonically to West-



The Sword Dance

Photographs by Charles Miller, Chicago

ern ears, had the charm of complex rhythm and the fascinating contrast of tone from metal, string, wood, bone, and drum-head, which is demanded by the Oriental ear.

Mr. Ongawa is perhaps most interesting in the dances. His Sword Dance reminds one in its every posture of the fine Japanese prints and bronzes one has seen; while in the Comic Dance, the grotesquerie for which his countrymen are so noted, has full play.

Mrs. Ongawa tells stories from the folk-lore of Japan; sings love-songs to the moon, accompanying herself on the "moon-fiddle," the gekkin, or the samisen; expounds the fashions of Japan, looking the while like an animated rainbow; or dances the ancient dances of Japan with such grace that one has a new understanding of *Madam Butterfly*. (You remember it was while she was dancing

the Dance of the Autumn Leaf that she first won Pinkerton, in the original John Luther Long story?) Mrs. Ongawa dances the "Cho Cho" (Butterfly) dance so exquisitely, so interpretatively, that one's fancy creates a blossoming flower-garden full of fitting butterflies, and children there at play.

It seems too crude to tell you that she does it with the flowing lines of her sun shot Kimono, her slender, swaying, beautifully poised body, her facile play of facial expression, and her truly marvellous hands. Never have I seen anything like her hands!

From those pink palms and fingers a thousand moths fluttered, a fish swam the seas and flapped his tail, a monkey swung by his tail from branch to branch, or a woman pleaded for love.

George Bernard Shaw need not pretend that he was the first to put the idea that woman, as in *Man and Superman*, simply nabs the man she wants whenever and however she pleases! He must have seen Mrs. Ongawa in her Comic Dance of Rustic Lovemaking, an ancient dance of our oriental neighbors.

When it was done, and I spilled over in my enthusiasm to my neighbor on my left, she replied: "Oh yes, I've known her all my life. She's wonderful. She's an American woman, you know—a Chicagoan, married to a Japanese." Why should not Chicago be boastful—I ask you?—ALICE C. D. RILEY.

DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Introducing a Rejuvenated Playgoing Department

JACK RANDALL CRAWFORD, *General Chairman*
 HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER, *Associate Chairman*
 FRANKLIN S. OWEN, *Circuit Chairman*

THE Playgoing department has undergone a reorganization which, it is hoped, will make it of greater usefulness. At the Chicago headquarters, 59 East Van Buren Street, Mr. Harold A. Ehrensperger will endeavor to increase the efficiency and service rendered by the local Playgoing Committee. He will promptly notify centers of all plays bulletined, keep a record of plays on tour, and in general answer questions which centers may care to ask him. We are fortunate in securing Mr. Ehrensperger's services for he has a keen interest in and a scholarly knowledge of the contemporary drama. His assistance and cooperation will, I am certain, be of great value to this department, and I hope that in the future centers will freely avail themselves of the opportunity to consult him.—[JACK RANDALL CRAWFORD.

ONCE more the machinery of the National Playgoing Department has been set in motion. Dusty files of play bulletins have been cleared of their aged accumulation. As if from a recent mail come the original bulletins of *The Return of Peter Grimm*, *The Easiest Way*, and the first visit of The Irish Players. Eleven seasons have come and gone, and the new season opens with a bow to the public, and an announcement that "The actors are come hither" with new plays, new dramatists, new stars, and an older, newer public.

The season in full swing on Broadway with eighteen productions of special merit promises still more for the next month. The plays from last year that still hold over are Frank Craven's *The First Year*; *The Green Goddess*, William Archer's melodrama with George Arliss; and the Theater Guild's production of Franz Molnar's *Liliom* in which *The Phantom Rival* and *The Devil* blend in happy union with Joseph Schildkraut and Eva LeGallienne. The new plays are:

- Swords*, Sidney Howard. Costume play in blank verse, in which Clare Eames and Robert Edmond Jones share honors.
- The Détour*, Owen Davis. Farm life as it is lived by Augustin Duncan and Miss Effie Shannon. An intensely worth-while play.
- The Circle*, by W. Somerset Maugham. John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Ernest Lawford, Estelle Winwood and John Halliday, all contributing to this satirical comedy of the matrimonial triangle through two generations.
- Dulcy*, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelley. Miss Lynn Fontanne uttering bromides with delightful ease and cleverness.
- The Whiteheaded Boy*, by Lennox Robinson. One of the richest Irish comedies of recent years with subtle character delineation. Played by the Irish Players.
- Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, by Zoe Akins. See Mr. Crawford's review.
- A Bill of Divorcement*, by Clemence Dane. A stern tragedy of domestic life, treating the problem of the divorce laws of England. With Katherine Cornell and Allan Pollock.
- March Hares*, by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Remarkably brilliant farce—subtle but artificial.
- The Silver Foz*, Adapted by Cosmo Hamilton. William Faversham and a good company in a light, interesting play.
- Ambush*, by Arthur Richman. An "unpleasant play" treating the problems of a husband who is the victim of an unscrupulous wife and daughter.
- The Claw*, by Henri Bernstein. A production showing the meticulous care of Arthur Hopkins. A psychological study of a newspaper proprietor and a young girl. Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick.
- The Madras House*, by Granville Barker. Rich in characterization and brilliant in dialogue. This play deals with the solution of sex conflicts.
- Anna Christie*, by Eugene O'Neill. A strong play dealing with the lives of three characters in their groping struggle in a sordid world.

Interesting revivals include *The Return of Peter Grimm*, with David Warfield; *The Easiest Way*, with Francis Starr; and the Shakespearean repertory of Sothorn and Marlowe.

CHICAGO has bulletined six plays, two of which, "*The Détour* and *The Whiteheaded Boy* have been listed above.

The Emperor Jones, by Eugene O'Neill. Charles Gilpin and the Provincetown Players. An extraordinary monologue in which Mr. Gilpin shows the psychology of fear.

Miss Lulu Bett, by Zona Gale. A play from Miss Gale's novel of the same name.

The Skin Game, by John Galsworthy. A drama of class strife which calls forth serious thinking. Played by an excellent company of English actors.

Enter Madame, by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. A play in which Gilda Veresi finds an outlet for her varied abilities.

BOSTON has bulletined four plays, all of which have been seen in New York. Beside these, *The Mob* by Galsworthy has been given by the Copley Repertory Company.

The Woman of Bronze, by Henry Kistmaecker and Eugene Delard. A story of a noble and self-abnegating wife who sacrifices her happiness for her husband's art. Admirably played by Margaret Anglin.

Declassée, by Zoe Akins. Ethel Barrymore in a play which is saved by her artistic performance.

The Bad Man, by Porter Emerson Browne. Holbrook Blinn as a vivid and entrancing bandit.

Little Old New York, by Rida Johnson Young. A gentle comedy of Manhattan a century ago.

THE few plays on tour are of exceptionally high caliber, and include:

- Mary Rose*, by J. M. Barrie. A play which passes lightly from fantasy to mysticism. Played by Ruth Chatterton.
- Mister Pim Passes By*, by A. A. Milne. The Theatre Guild in excellent entertainment. Laura Hope Crews adds an admirable interpretation to a play splendidly acted throughout.
- Wake up, Jonathan*, by Thacher Hughes and Elmer Rice. Mrs. Fiske in a role which has no sex interest. A play dealing with the conflict between sentiment and the pursuit of wealth.
- Little Old New York*. (See above—Boston)
- Miss Lulu Bett*. (See above—Chicago). (Two companies on tour—both capable).
- The Emperor Jones*. (See above—Chicago)
- The Easiest Way*. (See above—New York)
- The Passion Flower*, by Jacinto Benavente. Vigorous Spanish tragedy pictorially set and excellently played by Nance O'Neil and her co-workers.
- Lightnin'*, by Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith. Character comedy built around the "pathetic" experiences of a Reno hotelkeeper. Second company with Milton Nobles.
- Abraham Lincoln*, by John Drinkwater. Episodes in the life of Lincoln interpreted by Frank McGlynn. The best of historical plays.
- Frits Lieber in Shakespearean repertory,
 Walter Hampton in Shakespearean repertory.

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I SHOULD consider any account of the playgoing work incomplete without some mention of the extraordinary work done by the departments of Detroit and Chicago in the support of *The Skin Game*. The delightful company of English actors in Galsworthy's play had been introduced to America through several small towns in Canada. From this discouraging territory the actors came to Detroit with little acclaim and still less organized support. Through the efforts of the Detroit department, the patronage at the end of the week's run had become so satisfactory that the manager contemplated keeping the play there for a second week. This from the advance manager!

The play arrived in Chicago only to be put at the most impossible theatre on the outer edge of the loop. After the second night's performance, Mr. William A. Brady expressed in the daily papers his disgust at Chicago's lack of appreciation of

the play, and announced that the run would terminate at the end of the first week. The Chicago center had already put its bulletins in the mail telling of the reception for the company to be held the next week. A telephone campaign was organized, a thorough canvass of the societies and clubs was completed, and, by the end of the week, the management advertised a second week of the engagement "By special request." Is it necessary to say that the play is staying on until Christmas? The management recognizes what has been done; the company is grateful. Surely such work as this is making the playgoing department one of the most valuable assets to good drama on our stage. I am eager to know of other cities that lack appreciation in the sense that Chicago lacks it!—[HAROLD A. EHREN-SPERGER.

Religious Drama Department

CLARA FITCH, Chairman

THIS department can register much progress and accomplishment during the Fall months. After untiring effort, the culmination of two year's work is all rounding out at the present moment. Due entirely to the efforts of the department, ten religious dramas will be available in print in the next few weeks, plays which would not otherwise have been published and which may be had for church use without royalty. As the lack of artistic material is the greatest handicap in this work, the Drama League feels that it has attained a great triumph to have secured this amount of material by its efforts. These plays are the three Drama League Prize plays:

The Rock. A study of Peter, especially suitable for Holy Week, published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, 35c; illustrations for scene and costume designs from the original production by The Pilgrim Players of Evanston.

Jephtha's Daughter, by Mrs. Levinger; a realistic and appealing version of the grim story, suitable for outdoor use, if desired; a short two-act play, published by Samuel French, New York, 35c. Scene and costume designs by Dugald Walker.

Star of the East, by Anna J. Harnwell, a brilliant and tense drama of the vivid story of Queen Esther, published by Samuel French, New York, 35c; stage and costume designs by the eminent stage artist Dugald Walker.

Three other plays from the competition, to be published immediately by George H. Doran and Company, New York, names to be announced later.

Two volumes of Plays for Children by Miss Rita Benton published by the Abingdon Press. These plays are unusually valuable as they have all been produced and worked out by Miss Benton in her church work in Chicago. Several of these plays were given for the Drama League and the entire collection was submitted to the publisher by the chairman because of their unusual merit and value. They were accepted on the League's recommendation.

He is the Son of God, by Dr. Linwood Taft, an Easter play to be published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston. This play was written especially for the Pilgrim Players of Evanston and performed many times by them; there have been many requests for it. At the League's recommendation, it was accepted by the Pilgrim Press and will be available for Spring production.

A Christmas Mystery by Dr. Linwood Taft and Jane Judge, to be published by the Pilgrim Press later.

Another valuable book recently available is Mrs. Mary H. Russell's *Dramatized Bible Stories for Young People* which furnishes excellent material for dramatic groups in Sunday schools and churches. These dramatized stories have grown out of actual experience in Sunday school; they have been produced as a special feature of the worship service at prayer-meetings; as a scripture reading; at concerts; as a part of the program and summer camps as a Sunday service. The dramatizations are arranged for young people in the 'teens. (George H. Doran and Company).

It is very gratifying to the Religious Drama department to find the churches and various church boards adopting so generally the urgent plea of the Drama League for the use of religious drama in the churches. Originally proposed by the Drama League, through its Religious Drama department, the idea of utilizing drama in church work has been adopted very

generally by the churches; several boards already have special departments. So quick were the church boards to realize the importance of this suggestion from the League that they are now taking steps to form an Inter-denominational Committee on Religious Drama in cooperation with the Drama League. Several conferences have been held with Bishop Osgood as chairman, looking to this end, and it is hoped soon to standardize the character of work done in the churches.

The work of the League in proposing and launching the movement does not complete the League's usefulness, as its advice as an outside body, specializing in drama, will be of inestimable value to the churches in establishing a standard and correlating varying ideals of the different boards.

Christmas Plays for Children

By CORA MEL PATTEN

Chairman Junior Drama Committee

The Comfort Lady, by Caroline Fuller, 2105 First Avenue S; Minneapolis. May be had in typed form at reasonable price. A human interest story centering around a community Christmas tree. Characters: six men, three women, two boys, one girl and any number of bystanders and passersby. Easily produced. Plays about forty minutes.

Their Christmas Guest, by M. Elizabeth Perly. Published in The Farmer's Wife, December, 1920, Webb Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn. A beautiful play of spiritual type, based on an old legend. Characters: The Angel of Death, The Angel of Life, The Mother, her two children, The Shoemaker, his wife and their three children and a lady. Plays about forty minutes.

A Mouse in the Chimney, by Marietta Conway Kennard, 3416 N. 24th Street, Seattle, Wash. May be had in typed form from the author. An interesting story well told. Good for children of high school age. Time: the twelfth century. Characters: six men, four women, youths, maidens, waits, servants and minstrels. Time, forty-five minutes.

The Miser's Mill, by Edna Proctor Clarke. Published by The Woman's Press, 600 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. Royalty \$5.00. Characters: The Miser, his two grand-children, fairies, gnomes and village children. Plays thirty to forty minutes.

Plays for Community Christmas. Published by The University Extension Division, The University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. 10 cents. Contains four Christmas plays: *The Elves and the Shoemaker*; *Where Love is God is*; *Holy Night*; and *Twelfth Night Festivities*. All easily produced and well worth while. Characters from ten to twenty years of age.

A Pageant of Pilgrim Children, by Alta E. Thompson, 570 West 123d Street, New York City, is an excellent and easily produced series of scenes from actual Pilgrim life leading to a final scene of Thanksgiving or Christmas celebration. Thus it is especially suited to the holiday celebrations this year. The pageant in manuscript may be obtained from the author.

The Nativity, by Douglas Hyde. Beautiful and dramatic; easily produced; seven boys, three girls, extras; ages, fourteen to eighteen. Time, thirty minutes. In "Poets and Dreamers," compiled by Lady Gregory (Hodges-Ferris and Co., London). This volume should be found in public libraries.

The Nativity, by Rita Benton. Excellent; the cast may include any number; ages, six to sixteen; time, forty minutes. Manuscript may be obtained from the author, 5021 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. \$3.00.

The Star of Bethlehem, by Alice Corbin Henderson. In "Adam's Dream and Other Miracle Plays" (Scribner's. 75 cents). Good. Ten boys, three girls; ages, eight to twelve; time, twenty minutes.

Why the Chimes Rang, dramatized by Elizabeth McFadden. Fine. Three boys, one girl, lord and ladies; ages, ten to eighteen; time, thirty minutes; suitable for home or church; may be simply or elaborately staged. (Samuel French. 35 cents. Royalty \$5.00.)

Stagecraft Aid

HELP IN COSTUME AND SCENE DESIGNS

PROFESSOR Jack Randall Crawford now has on file in the Yale University Library some 3,500 cards of costumes and scene designs covering the more important plays of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Large additions are constantly being made. This material may be consulted by writing to Mr. Crawford at New Haven. Groups or centers which have special problems of staging in the plays included in this collection will find it valuable. It will be necessary to make a nominal charge covering the time of the student in looking up the data.

News from Centers

By MRS. A. STARR BEST

Chairman Propaganda and Organization Committee

MOST noticeable in the developments of the last two months among the centers, is the very evident awakening in playgoing. From every quarter come earnest requests for information and still more interesting promises of assistance and guarantee. The Playgoing department gives detailed word of this, but it is only fair in dealing with center happenings in general, to testify to the very gratifying new activity. This may be due to the efforts of the new Associate Playgoing chairman and the circuit chairman, or it may be due to the ever-increasing dearth of worth-while plays on the road; but the fact remains that the Drama League centers almost without exception are eager first of all to do something for the acted play.

THE LITTLE THEATRE CIRCUIT

THE chairman of the Iowa State Little Theatre Circuit committee sends most encouraging reports regarding the progress of the experimental work in the state. The committee has held several meetings, a brochure is nearly ready for circulation, and several groups are already pledged to production. The first performance on the circuit will be an exchange of productions between Newton and Grinnell. These two productions are nearly ready. Iowa City will also soon have a performance ready for the circuit, while Mason City, has just started rehearsals of *Her Husband's Wife* for exchange performances. The Des Moines Little Theatre will participate this first year as will also Bloomfield. All this means that the circuit idea has taken hold and will be tried out thoroughly before the new year. Many other states, notably Texas, are watching with eager interest to see the results.

The **Sioux City, Iowa**, center, although very young and small as yet, has a very live president and has issued a most interesting circular announcing the intention to form a group of players, to participate ultimately in the circuit, and asking signatures along the lines of any of the following interests: playwriting, scene and costume design, scene-making, costume-making, orchestra, acting, business-management or audience. It is quite an attractive and interesting little circular and piques interest at once.

* * *

WEST COAST

MISS ELEANOR BISSELL of the **Pasadena Center**, writes that last year's play contest was so successful that another one (described in detail in THE DRAMA of October-November) is to be held this year. Miss Bissell's letter goes on to say: "The most interesting undertaking of the center, under the Community Recreation Committee, has been the Community dances. These were held on the tennis courts in one of the city parks and attended by from eleven to sixteen people last summer and from fourteen hundred to two thousand this past summer. The charge for the whole evening of dancing from eight to eleven o'clock was ten cents. The dancing was carefully supervised and improved greatly in character from the beginning. Whole families came, many not to dance but merely to enjoy the music and watch others dance. Many older people dance, while hundreds of young people were given a wholesome and happy evening at trifling cost. Nothing so big and productive of so many good results has ever been accomplished with so little trouble in Pasadena, and it seems as if many other places might like to adopt the plan, though weather conditions in the East might make it more difficult. Last summer the center entertained the tubercular ex-service men and women from La Vina, a near-by sanitarium, with a program of music and readings and sent them back laden with fruit and literature."

Our two West Coast centers, **Pasadena** and **Los Angeles**, are the only two that maintained activity at fever heat all summer. Twelve months makes a long year for centers, but they manage

to sustain it and the interest never seems to lag. As almost every Drama League center has members traveling to California, it is nice to know that they are especially cordial to Drama League members from other centers who are visitors in their midst.

Skipping further up the coast we find an intensely active and ambitious center at **Tacoma, Washington**. From its initial bow this center has always been on the alert for interesting things to do, keeping Drama League activities going in every department. An enthusiastic letter from its president says: "We are very active, we expect this to be our banner year and are out for a large membership. Two most interesting meetings have been held with overflow attendance and excellent programs."

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

A Chicago member recently visiting in Colorado Springs, reported very active work there and an interesting program.

The center at Provo, Utah, is unique among our groups because it is composed entirely of university students and faculty, and must therefore shift its membership very largely every year. Nevertheless, it still remains, after three years, one of the most actively interested centers in the League family. They hold their meeting every week, studying alternately, modern produced plays from the play-goers point of view, using Course 24 as a basis, and a series on Italian artists ranging in time from Virgil to Caruso. In commemoration of the Dante celebration, they are fortunate to have as leaders members of the university staff.

MEMPHIS

Our young center at Memphis, Tennessee, is most ambitious, and with a good start of 150 members is launching a drive for 1000 this month. They have planned a series of readings, taken largely from the League lecture bureaus, and are finding excellent response from the town. Their main interest, however, is in the bringing of more good plays to town, and they are undertaking to guarantee a special Drama League circuit attraction if one can be secured for them.

BOSTON

Boston is putting through successfully its usual Drama Discussion Group in the Public Library on Sunday afternoon. This is such an excellent feature that we wish more centers would undertake it. It is social service work, as these conferences are open to the public, under Drama League leadership. They are ably conducted and very popular, dealing with current worth-while attractions. This center has also been helpful in lending advice and assistance through its experts to the Community Service Institute being held there.

DETROIT

Most cheering word comes from Detroit, Michigan, since it registers actual success along the lines for which they were originally organized—the actual support of plays in the theatre. Not only has Detroit planned an interesting and valuable program, but it holds its course true to the loyal defense of the bulletined play. Therefore, when *The Skin Game* arrived, the center was ready to help make it popular, introduced the company to a large group of theatre-goers, sent out advance notices, supplied the press with news notes and better yet, used the word-of-mouth publicity which does the most good of all. The company is loud in its praises and testimony to the actual assistance which it received from the center.

MILWAUKEE

Our oldest center, outside of Chicago, is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where active work has been going on for eleven years. This center, however, although always active and interested, has remained very small and not thoroughly representative of the city. They are now planning to reorganize with an idea of reaching out into a civic and community interest along Drama League lines. This will be a great advance as Milwaukee is an excellent theatre center securing most of the good plays.

CHICAGO.

The Chicago center has put through this month one of the most interesting and unique experiments ever undertaken by any center. Under the direction of the Junior Department, a Dramatic Club was formed of the Boys Club holding forth at the "Bucket of Blood." This is a former saloon in one of the most vicious sections of Chicago which has been turned into a club for the boys of the neighborhood. They are wild, rough fellows but produced Shakespeare's *As You Like It* in a charming manner. A later number will give further details.

SELMA

From Selma, Alabama, we have the satisfying testimony that the Drama League has waked up the management there so very thoroughly that they get the very best things on the road; every house is packed and they are even having matinees—a thing which never occurred in the past. Up to the time of the formation of the league they had nothing but extravaganza of which they now have only a very few.

PROSPECTIVE CENTERS

As we went to press last month, we announced the prospects of new centers in Rome and Nashville. These prospects have materialized and both are full pledged accomplishments. In addition to these we have made substantial gains in Iowa with a new center in Fort Dodge and the culmination of our long hopes in Mason City. Neither of these cities has quite qualified for its charter as yet, but both are earnestly at work with able, alert officers. Fort Dodge will specialize in the Junior work under an experienced leader; while Mason City has its Little Theatre department under way and is prepared to take an active part in the Iowa Circuit.

NEW CIRCLES

Circles have been formed in Redlands, California, and Waukegan, Illinois. These groups are composed entirely of juniors. The one in Waukegan is under the leadership of Mrs. Ginevra Parker McNaughton and is comprised entirely of High School students. Credits are allowed for work done in the Drama League just as for other department work. The manual training department will offer a course in stage-craft and scene-building with credits, and the domestic science in costuming, also with credits. A new and progressive step is the recommending of bulletined plays to the class for attendance and the same credit is allowed for attendance and a review of the performance as for reading and reference study or any other written work. As the city is only one hour from Chicago this promises to become an important feature of their work.

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

In Redlands the juniors are under the leadership of Mrs. Shirk and have already established a reputation for skilled work of a very high caliber. A recent professional visitor from the coast tells of this little group of Leaguers and her surprise at their proficiency. The circle is still small and just starting official activity.

TEXAS PROSPECTS

Just as we go to press a special delivery brings us word of a new prospect in Texas. This is a state that we covet for Drama League activities owing to its needs, but as yet it has seemed backward about organizing. Corpus Christi, however, promises us a center by the end of November and has just launched its membership campaign. We shall be interested to see if the campaign at Dallas lags behind this new one at Corpus Christi with Waxahatchie also in the offing.

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Among new State representatives, we are glad to report that Professor Earl C. Pardoe of the University at Provo, Utah, has pledged his help for that state and hopes for speedy returns from Logan, Ogden, and Salt Lake. Mr. Pardoe is always a force when he gets to work.

Writing the One-Act Play

III

By DELMAR J. EDMONDSON

CHARACTER

THE second function of dialogue is to give us glimpses into the minds, hearts and souls of the men and women that appear in the play. It is interesting to note, by comparing the drafts of Ibsen's plays with the completed works, the subtle changes by which he reveals his characters through their speeches. In the draft of *A Doll's House*, when Krogstad's letter has relieved Helmer of his burden of dread, he cries, "You are saved, Nora, you are saved." In the revised form Ibsen has pitilessly changed this to, "I am saved, Nora, I am saved." The very substitution of one pronoun for another thus tells us worlds concerning Helmer's selfish personality. Worthy of note, too, are the changes whereby Ibsen constructs the character of Nora; in the draft the business of the macaroons is not even suggested; Nora's proneness to lying scarcely appears at all; she does not ask that her Christmas present take the form of money; there is none of the delightful chit-chat about the Christmas tree. Each one of these changes further bares her soul. An enlightening addition to Helmer's lines is that in which he confesses as one reason for Krogstad's dismissal that Krogstad "insists upon calling him by his Christian name when others are present, and puts on airs of familiarity."

The character gives us insights into his nature by what he says and what he does. A secondary help is what the characters say of each other. For example, Jaik's description of his master in *The Silver King*. But usually every character must, like John Alden, "speak for himself." If he is supposed to be timid or rude, we must see timidity or rudeness. If he is supposed to be intellectual, he must prove the brilliance of his mind. Though he be called humorous, we will not concede that he is so if the author burdens the part with somber platitudes. If he is ridiculous we cannot revere him; if he is contemptible we cannot admire him, though the author label him "hero."

IT IS important for this reason that characters be consistent. The author must look carefully to his dialogue, lest he permit discrepancies. Cokeson's concern over Falder, in *Justice*, seems scarcely in keeping with his nature as shown earlier. Nora's volteface in the final act of *A Doll's House* has appeared to some commentators, if not exactly contradictory to her character, at least not fully prepared for. The confession and abnegation of Consul Bernick in *The Pillars of Society*, seem scarcely possible in a man previously depicted as transcendently selfish. Dramatic unity, then, is an indispensable element of character. Further, character must have unity of purpose. Conciseness demands that two parts should not be written for action that might be developed by one. The author must, so to speak, be economical in creation.

Traits of character should be evidenced as soon as possible. The first words should reveal them, especially if those particular traits are to play a part of importance. Here the one-act playwright has no choice in the matter. He is put to the necessity of revealing all he can in a few broad strokes. Only those phases of personality that are required by the action may be touched upon. Brief acting time calls for a sweeping method that excludes all non-essentials. The brevity of the one-act play posits as a corollary necessity, simplicity of character. It is commonly pointed out as a fault of Dickens' character drawing that he invariably seized upon and emphasized some important trait. Such a fault becomes in the writer of one-act plays an estimable virtue. Fully rounded characters are impossible to his milieu. He may well choose to have his persons as representative of types as are the characters of the old morality plays—Hypocrisy, Jealousy, Greed, and the like. We know Cora in *A Good Woman* as

(Continued on page 102.)

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ALTHOUGH I do not always agree with Mr. Burns Mantle as to what are the best plays of a season, I was very glad to receive his second volume *The Best Plays of 1920-21* (Small, Maynard and Company) as I had found and still find his last year's volume of great value as a reference book. No one who is deeply interested in the theatre can get on without these two annuals compiled by Mr. Mantle and I hope he keeps up the good work. This year's book contains synopses and excerpts of *Deburau*, the Sacha Guitry drama in the Granville Barker translation which was not seen outside of New York; *Enter Madame*, by Giida Varesi and Dolly Byrne; *The Green Goddess*, by William Archer; Galsworthy's *The Skin Game*; *Liliom*, by Frank Molnar; and *The Emperor Jones*, by Eugene O'Neill, all of which have been reviewed in THE DRAMA and may be had in book form. In addition to these Mr. Mantle includes Sir James Barrie's *Mary Rose*; *Nice People*; by Rachel Crothers—here I have my first disagreement with Mr. Mantle. I think it a very poor play which although it is not so bad as Miss Crothers' *39 East*, is infinitely poorer than *He and She*; Porter Emerson Brown's *The Bad Man*, who is not nearly so bad as the play is; and *The First Year*, Frank Craven's play which has had great success in New York but of which I know only by hearsay. As in the previous volume, Mr. Mantle has included a list of all the plays produced in New York last year together with the casts and brief synopses of the stories. There is also a "where and when born" list which will delight the curious and sceptical, and a necrology.

* * *

Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors, is edited by my fellow-editor of THE DRAMA, Barrett H. Clark, and published by Little, Brown and Company. Mr. Clark begins his volume with *The Widow of Wasdale Head*, by Sir Arthur Pinero, not Pinero at his best but good Pinero. In other words, the celebrated author of that masterpiece, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, could not turn out a bad play, to my way of thinking, but the one-act play is not his field. His confrere, Henry Arthur Jones, contributes to this volume *The Goal*, a corking play, one of the few one-act dramas that have come from the pen of Mr. Jones. It is a play that with careful rehearsing may be of great value to amateur groups. This can not be said of *Salome*, the Oscar Wilde drama of the step-daughter of Herod Antipas,



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Tetrarch of Judea. Mr. Clark showed judgment of selection, however, in including it in his book. Why he included *The Man in the Stalls*, by Alfred Sutro, is beyond my understanding as is the popularity that this most immoral of all the thousands of plays I have seen and read, has with little theatre groups. In comparison to it all the bed-room farces that were ever written are as Sunday-school tracts. *'Op-o'-Me-Thumb*, an amusing and sentimental play by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, first played in this country by Miss Maude Adams and later used extensively by amateurs, will come to the reader of Mr. Clark's compilation, as a blessed relief after reading the Sutro play, and *Rococo*, Granville Barker's delightful play, will come as a blessed relief after reading Elizabeth Baker's would-be tragic *Miss Tasse*.

Mr. Clark and I will not quarrel over his choice of plays because I like Harold Brighouse's *Lonesome-like*; Stanley Houghton's *Fancy Free*; Synge's very beautiful *Riders to the Sea*; *The Land of Heart's Desire*; by Yeats, Dunsany's *The Golden Doom*; and Lady Gregory's incomparable comedy, *Spreading the News*. *The Magnanimous Lover*, by St. John Ervine, is, I think, one of Mr. Ervine's best plays, and of much finer quality than his longer plays such as *John Ferguson*, and *Jane Clegg*. I know Oliphant Down's play, *The Maker of Dreams*, is very popular with amateurs and doubtless Mr. Clark was wise in including it, but I am not the person to comment on it as pierrot plays along with oratorios and pageants are in the list of my dearest antipathies. Other plays included in the collection are *The Impertinence of the Creature*, by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox; Arnold Bennett's *The Stepmother*; *The Snow Man*, by Laurence Housman; and *James and John*, by Gilbert Cannan.

* * *

The Tony Sarg Marionette Book by F. J. McIsaac, whose article on Mr. Sarg and his work appears in this number of THE DRAMA, is illustrated with extensive and amusing drawings by Mr. Sarg, who because he has such an alluring first name and because he is, I fancy, a sort of Peter Pan person, I shall refer to hereafter as Tony although I haven't as yet shaken hands with him. Mr. McIsaac's book which is published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., contains the story of Tony and his marionettes; the doing of marionette "miracles,"—these modern "miracles" are, incidentally, interesting in connection with the legend told by Mrs. Joseph in *A Book of Marionettes* (Huebsch) reviewed some months ago in this magazine by Carroll French. "Marionette," says Mrs. Joseph, "is a modification of *Maria*, the Virgin, meaning little Maries, from the early statuettes in churches. Another explanation is found in the tenth century Venetian Festival of

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the Mariés. Upon one occasion Barbary pirates carried off twelve Venetian maidens in their bridal procession. The rape of the affianced virgins was avenged by Venetian youths and thereafter celebrated annually by a procession of richly dressed girls. These later were replaced by elaborately gowned figures carried year by year in procession—hence Marionetti, little Mariés." Mrs. Joseph's story sounds like a chapter of the *Decameron*, but it is interesting as a part of the history of puppetry.

The volume about Tony is got up especially for children and tells how to make puppets. The cover has this line on it "Don't you wish you were a child again?" After reading the book, I suggest to Mr. Huebsch that he change that to "Aren't you glad you are still a child?" I am, and I am far from being a Pollyanna. Two simple fairy puppet plays suited for amateur use, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and *Little Red Riding-Hood*, both prepared especially for home-made puppets are included. The latter is not so cleverly done as Hettie Louise Mick's version, but better suited for the use of children.

There has long been a need for a simple explanation of puppet making and handling and this volume is so written and illustrated that it can easily be understood by youngsters. When you are sending THE DRAMA as a Christmas gift to your sister, I suggest that you send Tony's book to your nephew. I'm going to.

* * *

Swords, by Sidney Howard (George H. Doran Company) is a poetic drama of exceptional grace and charm. It was produced last summer in New York by Brock Pemberton, with Miss Clare Eames in the leading role, and with settings by Robert Edmond Jones. The story has to do with the medieval conflict between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines—the Popes and the Emperors. Although the publishers call it free verse, the play is much more than that. It has very great poetic beauty, which some free verse, of course has, but it has in addition, the beauty of blank verse, and is favorably comparable with the best work of the late Stephen Philips. In fact, it reminds me so much of the poetic dramas of that writer that I fear for its popular success as an acting play. I do not mean to damn it with faint praise but merely to say that apparently there is not a wide audience either in America or elsewhere for poetic drama. I have not seen *Swords* played, but I have read it twice because it is an unusually exquisite piece of work, and I am grateful to the Doran Company for having put it in book form so that I may have it on my bookshelves and be able to pick it up and read it again.

* * *

THE DRAMA for a Christmas gift—why not?

A Treasury of Plays for Children, edited by Montrose J. Moses and illustrated by Tony Sarg, (Little, Brown and Company) is a delightful volume both in appearance and in material. The pictures are rich in humor and imaginative charm, and the type, in spite of eleven plays in one tome, is large and readable. Both for children old enough to read plays and for producers of drama for children, the work is of distinct value.

The plays selected are for the most part of the tried and found worthy. They offer infinite variety of type and cast numbers. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Little Princess*, a popular dramatization of her *Sara Crewe*, leads the procession, and is followed by Miss Mackay's excellent *The Silver Thread*; Stuart Walker's *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*; *Alice in Wonderland*, in Alice Gerstenberg's delightful adaptation; and *The Traveling Man*, by Lady Gregory, the last an excellent short Christmas play requiring three characters. Other plays included are *The Testing of Sir Gawayne*, by Marguerite Merington; *Pinkie and the Fairies*, by W. Graham Robertson; *Punch and Judy*; Austin Strong's *The Toymaker of Nuremberg*; *The Three Wishes*, by Hamilton Williamson and Tony Sarg; Christina Rossetti's pageant, *The Months*; *The Forest Ring*, by William C. DeMille and Charles Barnard; and *The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town*, by Henry C. Bunner.

* * *

FOR LATER REVIEWS:

A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times, by Karl Mantzius. Vol. VI. (J. P. Lippincott Company.)

New Plays from Old Tales, by Harriet Wright. (The Macmillan Company.)

Oliver Cromwell, by John Drinkwater. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

The Wandering Jew, by E. Temple Thurston. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Two Plays and a Preface, by Della Evans. (Poet Lore Company.)

Dulcy, by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Two Slaterns and a King, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Stewart and Kidd Company.)

Garments of Praise, by Florence Converse. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

A Medieval Hun, by John Carleton. (The Cornhill Company.)

The Harp of Life, by J. Hartley Manners. (George H. Doran Company.)

Entertaining the American Army, by James Evans and Gardner Harding. (Association Press.)

Inheritors, by Susan Glaspell. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

The Country Cousin, by Booth Tarkington. (Samuel French.)

Billeted, by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. (Samuel French.)

Penrod, by Edward Rose. (Samuel French.)

Clarence, by Booth Tarkington. (Samuel French.)

The Philosopher of Butterbiggens, by Harold Chapin. (Samuel French.)

Passion Night, by W. H. T. Gairdner, (The Macmillan Company) is called a Bible Mystery-Play in Three Scenes. It tells in a simple, forceful way, the story of the killing of the first born and the escape of the Israelites from the Egyptians. The scenery is easy to create and the one set is used throughout. The characterization is not difficult. The story revolves about the family of Manasseh, an Israelite. The horror of the tragedy to the Egyptians gives, however, a dim tragic note to the play. This little drama can be used effectively in the church.



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The Mantle of the Virgin

(Continued from page 79.)

BERTAL: See. Thou dost not know what's happened. Mark, Lenter, I am right. When we passed we saw garments lying on the altar.

ABBESS: None should have seen!

BERTAL: Give by thy chiding. The sister guided us. We searched the convent cells. In one I found the rags. When we came back a nun stood there—and now, by my faith, I do remember the garments that lay there were gone! 'Tis plain as day. The nun has hidden her—and not a word to thee.

ABBESS: No. No. She would not dare. It could not be. Go, Sister Barbara, bring Sister Theresa here. And Sister Agnes, and Sister Catherine, go through the cells and halls and search if one be hiding there.

[As they turn toward the door, ISABEL appears. She walks as if in a vision, with head erect, eyes looking straight ahead, but does not speak or make a sign. She approaches the ABBESS and stops quite near her. The ABBESS and the nuns step back in astonishment.]

BERTAL: The tall, pale nun!

ABBESS: A stranger!

NUNS: O Holy Mother, it is she.

BERTAL: Aye, Lenter, did I not say so? Thou seest our prisoner. It is plain.

ABBESS [Going toward ISABEL and touching the garment]: The garments of Sister Hilda! Who art thou, woman, that darest touch them? [ISABEL makes no answer.] Speak. How came this monstrous thing? [ISABEL continues in silence.] O Holy Mother, thou seest. There is no doubt! Woman, dost thou understand thy sin? Dost thou know how thou hast profaned our holy altar? Canst thou not speak?

NUNS: O sacrilege, sacrilege, profanatrix! O monstrous sin!

BERTAL: Thou didst think to hide from me didst thou, and to get away? Ah, it is not so easy. Bertal is a cunning hound. Come, let's not tarry. Thy hour has come. Tomorrow you sought to delay. It comes surely and brings thy death to thee.

LENTER: Bertal, for the love of God, forbear.

ABBESS: Poor wretched maid. What is her crime?

BERTAL: She is a thief, condemned to die.

NUNS: A thief!

SISTER AGNES: Mother, Sister Theresa says that she is innocent!

NUNS: O Mother, pity her. Give her aid.

ABBESS: Silence, my daughters. It is the law. I can do nothing and she hath done here a grievous wrong.

SISTER AGNES: Mother, let us call the priest.

ABBESS: Yes, my daughters. Go bid him come. Sister Agnes and Sister Catherine, bid him quickly come. He will know better than we what should be done.

BERTAL: What need of priest to tell thee what to do. She belongs to us—a law-breaker, a thief and as thou sayest here, "profanatrix." What more? Here's your innocent maid, Lenter, the Duke would pardon. What sayest thou now?

LENTER: Dost think thou hast proven guilt because thou hast found her hidden? The Duke might not think so. [SISTER BARBARA comes in with SISTER THERESA.]

ABBESS: Sister Theresa, why didst thou not tell me all? How couldst thou do this thing? To let her near the holy altar on this day. See. Their prisoner, in Sister Hilda's robes—the garments it was thy part to fold away. O Sister Theresa.

SISTER THERESA: O Mother, Mother, she is innocent, the Virgin knows. I beg you hear me, let me speak, she came—

ABBESS: Nay, Sister Theresa, do not try to plead for her. What canst thou say? Thy guilt is plain, and hers. We wait the priest.

[The PRIEST enters the garden door followed by SISTERS AGNES and CATHERINE.]

PRIEST: On thy knees, my daughters. Thy prayers.

ABBESS: O Father, the fault is mine. I should have watched the shrine this holy day. Sister Theresa in pity let their prisoner in to pray. These men came searching. The prisoner took the garments from the holy shrine and thought to have her gaolers pass her by unknown.

PRIEST [To ISABEL]: O thou sinner! To hide thy sin in holy garments. To defile our holy shrine. Thou hast but added to thy sin. [To BERTAL.] She is thy prisoner? That art sure?

BERTAL: Aye, sure. Eh, Lenter, hiding as a nun?

PRIEST: Tell thy story quickly.

BERTAL: She was hidden here—the garments lay before the shrine—we left to search the cells—she put them on. She is a thief.

PRIEST [To ABBESS]: Hath she taken aught from the altar, touched the holy shrine?

ABBESS: O my father, we do not know.

BERTAL: There was something else lay on the other side—the sister bade me not to touch it—she said it was the Mantle of the Virgin.

ABBESS: The Mantle of the Virgin!

NUNS: The Mantle of the Virgin!

PRIEST: The Mantle of the Virgin was lying on the floor?

BERTAL: Yes, there by the shrine.

PRIEST: Sister Theresa, sawest thou the mantle on the floor?

SISTER THERESA: Yes, Father.

PRIEST: How came it there?

SISTER THERESA: I do not know.

PRIEST [To BERTAL]: But thou didst not touch the Holy Mantle?

BERTAL: Lenter stayed my hand.

PRIEST: Thou didst halt him?

LENTER: It seemed the Virgin's eyes flashed fire.

BERTAL: He's mad.

ABBESS: Her wrath!

NUNS: The sacrilege!

LENTER [Deliberately]: And then I saw it move and I knew that she was hidden there.

[All are aghast and speechless for a moment.]

ABBESS: Hidden beneath the Virgin's mantle. O Holy God.

NUNS: She took the Virgin's mantle. She profaned the shrine. She dared.

BERTAL: Thou rascal. So, she was hiding underneath my very eyes. I understand thy pleading now. A brave gaoler, to let her go. Thou shalt pay for this—on my life thou shalt pay dear.

PRIEST: Why didst thou pass her by. Thou art a gaoler?

LENTER: I believe the maid is innocent and for my life I could not have spoken then. The nun had said the Virgin helped and I believed her.

PRIEST: Sister Theresa, didst thou hide her beneath the Holy Mantle?

SISTER THERESA: Father, I did not touch the Holy Mantle but—

PRIEST: But thou didst let her take it from the Holy Mother to cover her! Thou darest tell me so, and thou the guardian of the shrine!

SISTER THERESA [On her knees]: O Father, hear me. I bade her pray the Virgin's help, for she is innocent. Father, I believe the Virgin answered her, and all that's happened is Our Lady's will. O my Father, my Father, the maid is innocent—have a care—the Virgin guards her innocence.

PRIEST: Sister Theresa, thou darest too far. Thy pity leads thee into grievous wrong. It cannot be the Virgin's will to see a sacrilege. Thine is the fault and thou shalt do a penance harsh.

SISTER THERESA: O Father!

PRIEST: Thou shalt not for the space of two years look upon the shrine or pray the image. Thou shalt fast and pray a

double vigil forty nights and thou shalt dwell outside the holy church, thy cell apart, and none shall speak to thee.

SISTER THERESA: My Father, as thou wilt. [*She moves toward the door.*]

PRIEST: And now, speak further, gaoler. When thou camest back, didst thou see her near the holy altar?

BERTAL: When we came back she held a lamp and stood there by the urn.

ABBESS: She touched the urn of fire!

NUNS: O God, have mercy.

She touched the Holy Fire.

PRIEST: Silence, my daughters. Sister Theresa, stand forth again. [*SISTER THERESA comes forward.*] Didst thou see her hold the lamp?

SISTER THERESA: Yes, Father.

PRIEST: She lighted it?

SISTER THERESA: I do not know. It was the Holy Fire?

PRIEST: The urn was not aflame when thou left the shrine—

SISTER THERESA: No, Father.

PRIEST: Thou sawest her place the lamp within the urn?

SISTER THERESA: Yes, Father.

PRIEST: Now do I recognize the presence of the Father of Darkness, the Prince of Sin, the demon who defies. She is his instrument to work his will. The sacrilege is plain. Holy Mother, her sin is past all mercy; she hath lighted a false flame for thy holy fire. God have mercy on us all, the Power of Darkness is with us here.

ABBESS: God's wrath will come. He will punish us.

NUNS: The wrath of God, the wrath of God.

The demons, demons, sacrilege.

We shall all be destroyed.

PRIEST: Mother, I deliver them to you. I have pronounced a punishment for Sister Theresa, it is revoked, and for that which I now pass, thou wilt have it performed.

She hath been faithless to her guardianship.

She hath defiled the shrine.

Upon her rests the blame of this horror unspeakable.

She hath betrayed her trust to God and man.

Go, my sisters, lead her to her cell. Clothe her in a pilgrim's garb and cast her forth from out these gates forever.

ABBESS: Mercy, Father.

NUNS: Father, mercy.

PRIEST: There is no mercy now. Go, my sisters, lead her out; and this woman, take too and strip her of the garments she hath defiled, clothe her in her rags again and give her to her gaoler. Mother, open thou the curtains before the holy image, where the false flame burns. It is the demons who have bade her light it and though it sear my hands and blind me, I will extinguish it.

[*The nuns take SISTER THERESA and ISABEL out. The ABBESS opens the curtains before the shrine. The PRIEST, holding the crucifix before him, approaches the urn. His hand is raised to lift the lamp, when all becomes dark.*]

ABBESS: The wrath of Heaven comes.

PRIEST: Atonement! Atonement!

LENTER: Holy God!

BERTAL: The Devil!

[*There is a silence, then a blaze of light about the VIRGIN. She slowly rises, stands a moment, then resumes her seat. The ANGEL and the SOUL of HILDA pass. The nuns rush in, terror-stricken and fall on their knees.*]

NUNS: The garden is in flames. The trees bow down. Fire covers all the walls. Light bathes the graves. The statues lift their hands.

The pillars bend.

An angel is standing at the gates.

O Father, she is innocent, the maid is innocent. We touched her and the holy flame seared our hands.

ABBESS [*Kneeling*]: Father, we have sinned. The Virgin shows her will. The maid is innocent.

PRIEST: My daughters, my daughters, mine was the sacrilege.

It is the miracle of our Lady. She guards Innocence.

Sister Theresa, thy heart spoke right.

'Tis we who sinned.

[*To BERTAL.*]

Go to the Mayor. Tell him of this miracle.

Let it be known throughout the country wide.

Our Lady shelters Innocence.

[*BERTAL and LENTER who have been stricken dumb with awe, go out. The PRIEST kneels.*]

Heavenly Lady, forgive my blindness and my sin.

ABBESS: O God be praised. The gift has come.

NUNS: Our Lady! Our Lady! O praised be God.

[*SISTER THERESA, followed by ISABEL, comes in. They kneel with the others. A song of great sweetness fills the chapel.*]

Does the Popular Represent Public Taste

(Continued from page 81.)

of magnetism and the complex thing we call personality is incalculable, not to say insidious. Nevertheless a surplus of actorial "personality," allied to a minimum of technique and a maximum of uncultivated speech presses uncomfortably upon the perceptions of the critical theatre-goer, forcing comparison between the new favorite of the hour with the actor bred in traditions.

JUST how the great actors of the past would seem to us today is a question. Those who remember Edwin Booth would not hesitate to rate him higher than the first actor of today. Yet how the methods of his period would seem to our modern standpoint is a question. We might admit that there were giants in those days or we might rate them as artificial. On the other hand a comparison of those actors and actresses on our stage who have had the advantage of a knowledge of the technique and traditions of the past, for instance, the Drew-Barrymore family, with the practically untrained self-confident young favorites of the day is immeasurably to the advantage of the trained product. It occurs to the thoughtful observer that the infusion of the amateur into our theatre may have done as much harm to the

public conception of the actor's art as their production of plays that certainly would not otherwise have seen the light of Broadway, as done good. But there seems to have grown up, even among the educated members of the audience, a "half-baked" prejudice in favor of what passes as naturalness as opposed to the so-called histrionic. But let it be said without reservation and at once, that the naturalness of *Théâtre Antoine* in Paris, and of the modern English, Italian and German theatres, is no more to be compared with the too, too, natural naturalness of many of the members of a Broadway cast today than the ease of the well-bred woman is like the familiarity and assurance of the underbred.

I recall in this connection a revival of one of those grandiloquent, utterly artificial plays of a past generation several years ago, *A Celebrated Case*. What a contrast was there presented between the art of Florence Reed, born of the acting tradition and able by virtue of that training and inheritance to vivify the artificiality of her part, and the gambols of a pretty and untrained young person, impersonating her sister, who was a veritable motion picture absurdity in the role of an aristocratic young French girl. The difference between these two lay not in years—for both were young—but in experience and back ground.

OF COURSE in the case of the authentic gift we find the exception. Clare Eames, who although the niece of her aunt can scarcely claim thereby a theatric inheritance, seems wonderfully to combine the poise usually born of experience with the flame of youth in her lovely embodiment of Mary Stuart in Drinkwater's interesting episode in the life of the Scotch queen. But Clare Eames is one of the exceptions. Eva Le Galliene with a poetic, but not a theatric, inheritance is another. But of the various younger actresses who have been before the public for seven of eight years, who has shown any real ability for characterization, who has visibly grown in her art? But one name presents itself to the present writer, that of Alice Brady. This young American girl has real versatility, genuine ability to characterize, strong emotional power, the spontaneous sparkle of the authentic comedienne. By virtue of these gifts she deserves to rank with the recognized experienced actors of an earlier generation.

Today is the opportunity of youth but it is a dangerous opportunity. A young actress without the high artistic and intellectual gifts of Clare Eames, the poetic and spiritual insight of Eva Le Galliene or the talent and fine technique of Alice Brady, yet possessed of personal beauty, charm, magnetism—any of these—may be catapulted into success today on several counts, but we may be pardoned for feeling no assurance as to her future development. The conditions of the day are not favorable for normal and rational evolution.

We can imagine that in the past the promising young actress who made her first hit was reasonably sure, if she remained in the profession, of making her mark. But who would not hesitate to make such predictions today?

For neither beauty magnetism nor charm, nor the ability to create effective or even "big" moments is sufficient to entitle the fortunate possessor of these gifts to the actor's rank. Indeed too often even the promise of the first act does not carry the young actress through to the end of the play, and by the middle of the second, her over-emphasized repeated mannerisms, her casual self-confident monotony, have induced boredom if not exasperation.

THERE are a number of young actresses of a singularly insipidity, nominally "stars," before the public today. The motion pictures furnish many illustrations of this type in its most exaggerated form; and yet even in that field, sophisticated art, given a chance to demonstrate, has become popular. The spoken drama offers no more skillful ingenue comedienne than Constance Talmadge whose only experience has been in shadowland.

What I should like to know (but it would probably be difficult to obtain statistics) is this: Does this marzipan princess ideal represent the actual preference of the general public, or does poor old much-abused general public just eat what is set before it?

Does this marzipan sisterhood represent the manager's innocent masculine ideal of beauty and talent? Or does the poor, hard-working manager believe that they represent what his public wants. And to what extent has the wily advertising man hypnotized the young in years or mind into believing these natural easeful young things to be actual representatives of the actor's art? I am not mentioning names, it is not necessary. There are a baker's dozen of them on the stage in leading parts. It isn't always easy to remember next day which was which.

Further opinions on this subject might be interesting and instructive.

Early Ohio and Rhode Island Reds, a comedy in one act by Mary K. Reely, is a bit of amusing back-to-the-farm propaganda. Three women, two men, and a farm kitchen are necessary for a production. The Minneapolis Woman's Club gave the play a first prize and production it. This little drama is easy to act and will "fill a long-felt need" of those in search of rural material.

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Writing the One Act Play

(Continued from page 95.)

one to whom self-sacrifice for the man she loves seems but the natural thing. Annie in Mark's *The Merry, Merry Cuckoo* is ready to lie that her husband may die happy. More than that of her character we do not know. Pat in Mary Aldis' *Mrs. Pat and the Law* is a shiftless but altogether charming young man. His wife tells us so, and then he shows us by his actions that she is right. Mrs. Pat we know as a "fool softy." What else she may be we cannot deduce from the play. Singleness of effect in character has the additional merit of furthering the singleness of impression that is the primary aim of the one-act form.

CONTRAST is a method of portraying character of incalculable value to the one-act writer. Contrast of character is not only effective on the stage, but it is a natural feature of human relations. The emotional depth of one individual is most likely to be revealed when he is brought in contact with another individual, under circumstances of exultant joy, extreme sorrow, or grave danger. In *Camille* an admirable contrast of character occurs when Prudence comes to borrow money from the dying lady of the camellias. In the contrast of two persons the writer has an unexcelled opportunity to limn both in high relief, and thus to reveal much in a few simple strokes. A splendid contrast in a one-act play is found in Eugene O'Neill's *In the Zone* in which the author contrasts the generous nature of Yank and the narrow, suspicious nature of Davis by showing the contrariety of their actions toward Smith.

Negro Drama for Negroes by Negroes

(Continued from page 88.)

"I'd like to interpret a character written by one of our race. I should like to do something that was all happy-go-lucky on the surface but which would go deeper and express the negro heart, the dominant note of tragedy that all our laughter hides."

IT IS six years now since Mr. Williams spoke the above words concerning what he would like to act in, and up to this writing, he is still playing comedy parts and the kind of drama he spoke about has not appeared.

The colored people, themselves want dramas of this type. White writers are trying to write them, but they cannot describe the feelings in the hearts of the American negroes of to-day.

We cannot expect the white races to support the colored drama. That we must do ourselves, and the time is near at hand. As a race we have no national mouthpiece. We must sooner or later have one, and I think we shall find that the most effective one lies in the race drama.

How else could we so effectively voice our desires or disapprobation, our sorrows, and our joys, our aspirations, defects or triumphs? How else could we so effectively present our side of the great problems of life?

First class colored audiences demand colored life shown on the stage and screen, but also demand intelligent treatment of it. The days of the slipshod plantation shows and cheap burlesque have passed. What is needed is strong virile dramas of the American negroes, written by them and acted by their excellent players and produced on Broadway or elsewhere.

Musical plays will always be produced, but there must be serious dramas too. One of the latest of these is *Shuffle Along*, which is now running in a little up-town theatre in New York. This play is written by colored authors and it has some fine music in it. All the New York critics speak highly of it.

Plans have been made for a large theatre at Lenox Avenue and 142nd Street, to be used exclusively by colored people. It is hoped that by the time it is ready to be opened there will be plenty of negro plays written by negro playwrights to fill it nightly.

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Prologue

or, *An Excuse to Indulge in Personalities Regarding our Contributors.*



Rehearsal

or *What is Taking Place Behind the Scenes Prior to Coming Performances.*

HUNTLY CARTER who is the headliner on our January bill needs no introduction to our audiences. His act this month, however, is one of the most vitally interesting ones he has ever given us, dealing as it does with the present day theatre in Russia.

Ada Forman who has made a study of ancient and modern masks in connection with her very artistic dancing, will tell you something about them. A New York critic said of Miss Mary Garden's presentation of *Carmen* that she sang the role with her head instead of her hips. A similar comment may be made of Miss Forman's dancing.

Praise from Sir Rupert—or in other words, when Dr. S. H. Clark of the University of Chicago a profound student and lecturer on drama, says that *Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carre* at New Orleans is a good little theatre, you may make up your mind that it is.

Aileen Wyse, the Mrs. Hillcris of Gainsworthy's brilliant tragi-comedy, *The Skin Game*, is, off the stage, Mrs. Reginald Dance whose real husband is also her stage husband in the play. Mrs. Dance will present to you a short monologue on her experiences in Chicago, especially in their relation to the press agent.

Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong has not appeared on our stage for some months but you can not have forgotten her play called *Dolls* which she presented here last year. Her present offering, *The Old History Book*, she calls an Americanization Pageant. We have seen it in rehearsal and can therefore vouch for its value. Mrs. Armstrong, who is connected with the neighborhood Guild of Northwestern University Settlement, has divided her pageant into episodes and interludes in a more than usually interesting way.

We thank you. Boy, ring up the curtain.

NEXT month we will present our third annual play number. On our bill will be Alice C. D. Riley who will present a de lightful comedy, *The Anniversary* and another Alice, Alice Gerstenberg, whose dramatization of *Alice in Wonderland*,—my conversation seems to be running over with Alices—has had wide production, as have her *Fourteen*, originally presented here, and *Overtones*. Miss Gerstenberg's offering next month will be *Ever Young*.

It is with very great pleasure that we announce the distinguished artist, E. H. Sothern, as one of the features of the next performance. Mr. Sothern has graciously consented to speak on "Tradition and the Stage," as one of the foremost artists of our theatre and the son of an eminent actor, he is well fitted for his act.

Charles A. Myall, a new performer on our stage, is the principal of one of the elementary schools in Chicago. Mr. Myall presents a vivid and gripping play of the Suffolk coast.

Charles Keeler is also to make his first appearance with us in a picturesque play of Burma in 1880, entitled *A Pagoda Slave*.

Zoë Akin, the author of *Daddy's Gone a-Hunting*, and *Declassée*, will soon tell you some of her secrets of play-making. Her monologue will be especially interesting to those who aspire to become playwrights.

We hope that you like our present bill and that if you have any suggestions to make as to programs to be presented in the future, you will send them to the stage manager who will be glad to read them.

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"The loveliest lady this side of heaven"

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

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NUMBER 4

The Theatre of the Future in Soviet Russia

By HUNTLY CARTER

I HAVE been on a prolonged visit to Central and Eastern Europe. Amongst a parcel of new things on the Theatre which I have collected, I find my notes on a theatrical tendency in Soviet Russia. The tendency springs from the working class population; that is its chief recommendation to me. It has been little spoken about. I propose to remedy this by speaking about it on every possible occasion as fresh information comes to hand, or as I gather it at first hand. The tendency might be called in a true sense, the Workers' Theatre Movement. But this is an unattractive title. Moreover it is hackneyed. It might be called with equal truth, the Proletarian or Mass Theatre Movement. This is, however, a title which best describes the whole of the theatrical activities in Soviet Russia today. For all the playhouses are either directly or indirectly controlled by the workers. Some of these playhouses are the conventionalized ones which since the revolution have been nationalized by the Government. Though said to be run and controlled by the workers, their control ultimately rests in the Government. Others are entirely new. They have nothing to do with the Government or nationalization, but form a wonderful theatrical world of their own. These are the outcome of a tendency which deserves a particular title to distinguish it from the general Proletarian one. The title should, I think, be the Spontaneous Theatre Movement.

Even this title is not entirely satisfactory. For when we come to think of it, this tendency belongs as much to the past as to the present and future. It belongs indeed to an eternal movement which carries us right back to that early period of the world's history when the people were their own authors and actors, when they did theatrical things spontaneously for themselves and did not leave them to be done by deputies. At the same time, it is a tendency which promises that the form and character of the existing Theatre and Drama shall be remodelled. And it seems to say that a day is coming when no audience will imagine it to be despicable—as audiences do today—spontaneously to act in plays and better to see them acted. To make the play of sufficient interest to excite the spontaneous cooperation of all in

the auditorium, and of a form that shall reshape the auditorium itself, is, it seems to me, a thing for the future. So perhaps the title will do since it implies a new form of Theatre and Drama.

As this tendency is actually a vast one, indeed it covers the whole of Soviet Russia, I can give only the outline of its nature and aim, and the changes one may expect it to make. To the intelligent student of the Theatre who is permitted to enter Russia today, the chief thing of interest is, undoubtedly, the sight of a very numerous working-class population doing things in the Theatre for themselves instead of having them done for them, as in countries outside Russia. On looking around he discovers thousands of little theatres run entirely by workers, soldiers, sailors, peasants and students. In Moscow alone he finds between three and four thousand of them. These theatres are not costly, spacious and finely constructed and decorated buildings. Their plays are not exhibitions made to order by fashionable authors; their players are not highly trained and paid technicians; their audiences are not diamond-bespattered persons who occupy boxes and stalls, and do nothing else. No, the theatres are little rooms, wooden shacks, and cellars; the plays are extemporized exhibitions; the players are workers, soldiers, sailors, students and peasants; and the audiences are workers, soldiers, sailors, students and peasants also. These audiences wear plain clothes and take part in the action of the plays as it excites their interest. Thus all that takes place in these little playhouses is wholly of a spontaneous cooperative character. Here is a characteristic example of the new Theatre.

IMAGINE a rather small, low, stuffy room. There is a rudimentary stage at one end, but no footlights or prompter. Imagine a part of the auditorium divided off by a grey curtain, and the gangway on either side also hung with a grey curtain. Then imagine directly in front of the audience a grey screen representing a wall. This roughly is the stage, auditorium and scene. The room is full. The stage is in semi-darkness. There is intense silence. Everybody is waiting, deeply attentive.

Slowly there comes the murmur of distant voices drawing near—voices of men, women and children. Then directly through the auditorium a troop of hungry women move wearily toward the stage. Children follow. Then men appear. They move slowly, bent, and a low cry accompanies their movements. Turning neither to the right nor left, they move toward the grey wall. They are a group of men who if bowed are still firm and unbroken. The women crawl upon their knees with the cry "Bread! Give me bread!" They bear babes at their starved breasts. They stretch out their white shrunken hands. They implore pity. The men utter gloomy complaints. The first rank reaches the wall. There is dead silence.

A voice begins to pray. "Great God, thou seest the sufferings of the people. Seest thou that their power is at an end?" Other voices join in and all the men kneel to the unseen God behind the grey wall. The prayer dies away. Its last sounds merge in those of a valse from behind the wall. It becomes dark. A brightly lighted window appears in the wall through which dancing couples are seen. Magnificently dressed forms of men and women flit by. Some of the kneeling men raise their heads. Before their eyes, beyond the window move these gorgeously apparelled couples. Amongst the crowd of dancers, lacqueys move serving out choice food and drink. The kneeling men hear how the idle class leer at their wan faces and ragged clothes. The men begin to complain gloomily. The bourgeoisie overhear and are afraid. But someone calms them saying: "These workers are stupid and cowardly. They are not organized and would not venture to attack Capital—the belief in the godly origin of the wall is strong in them."

The complaints of the men grow menacing. They rise and move slowly forward. But it becomes dark again, and before them stands the firm wall veiled by the Unbeknown.

An agitator urges the men to move in a body and destroy the legendary wall. The men are willing to obey, but the demented women strive to hold them back from the struggle. But a group of courageous men throw themselves upon the wall. The scene changes to a luxuriously furnished room. There is a meeting of the head council of the world bourgeoisie. They consider the situation and decide how to meet it. The unrest of the workers must be met by force. The men are about to throw themselves upon the enemy, but the wall interposes. They retreat. The more courageous advance again. Soldiers. A struggle. The women vacillate. But the men's leaders press forward. The wall is destroyed. The sun rises in splendor. Upon a hill appears a stalwart worker, hammer in hand. The notes of the International burst forth. They are taken up by all present. The sun illuminates the scene as with a glow of victory. Curtain.

I have not filled in the details of the scene, for I have not space. But I have said sufficient to show how

interesting are the symbolical spontaneous cooperative productions to which it belongs. It is, in fact, a very fair sample of the pieces which the workers themselves compose to replace a repertory with which they have no sympathy. The pieces composed by the peasants are of a mystical and religious character and have nothing to do with the revolt against the bourgeoisie. There is no need to point out that this species of play is peculiarly suited to excite cooperation. Examination of the action just described shows that it so expresses the feelings of everyone present that each is bound to be drawn into the acting. The members of the audience do in fact rise and take part in the action as they feel it. They rush in a body on the wall which symbolizes to everyone present an opponent to be overcome. The whole thing is the best illustration of the theory and practice of intimacy I have ever met.

THE particular theatrical activity alluded to is what I would call the small Mass Theatre. There is also the big Mass Theatre in which a general performance of a political "mystery" takes place, the players sometimes numbering hundreds of thousands. The theatre is an open space, the play is a recent political event, and the players are the general public. *The Storming of the Winter Palace* is a popular representation which takes place in the large open space before the Winter Palace at Petrograd. The action is concerned with the overthrow of Kerensky and the enthronement of Lenin. As the play proceeds, people flock from surrounding streets and take part, till there are sometimes 150,000 players. And as the "curtain" is reached even the Vessels in the Neva join in by firing salvoes, which, added to the great shout of the people, brings the play to a victorious end.

Much might be said about these open-air mysteries, also about the performance of cycles of revolutionary episodes by workers and students. The method of production of the latter is similar in some respects to that of the pre-war Moscow Art Theatre. The players (young professionals and amateurs) are seated while the producer explains the historical episodes and outlines the action. They fill in the rest themselves with extemporized dialogue and spontaneous acting watched by the stage-manager who prompts where absolutely necessary.

What is the meaning of the outburst of novel acting? Simply it means that during the past three years workers, soldiers, sailors, peasants and students in Russia have experienced a sense of liberty which they have never experienced before. A new spirit has launched the dramatic instinct which is latent in every Russian. In the workers' theatres it has taken the form of free expression of a range of subjects which intimately concern the people. This spirit is the creative spirit, and what we are witnessing is the birth of a Theatre launched by the creative spirit.

This Theatre is, I think, the Theatre of the future.

(Continued on page 142.)

*Ada Forman
and
Her Masks*



Photograph by Bloom, Chicago

*She uses them
in
The Greenwich
Village Follies*

The Mask in the Theatre—The Revival of an Old Art

By ADA FORMAN

THE masks of W. T. Benda, famous Polish-American artist, as introduced in the second annual edition of the Greenwich Village Follies, mark the revival of what was once a very distinguished and artistic phase of stagecraft. The mask was well known to the theatre of ancient Greece. It was a predominant feature in the Japanese Noh drama, and its use marked the ceremonials of the American Indian. In the folk plays of the Japanese and Siamese, the mask played an important part. For many years the mask has been a stranger to the American stage. It has been even more of a stranger than the marionette, with which it has been associated in many ways.

As a means of depersonalizing the actor, the mask is invaluable. Illusion in characterization can be developed to a higher point through the use of masks than through any other method known to the savants of stagecraft. By use of masks, it is possible for an actor to give an accurate impersonation—at least an accurate physical impersonation of any character desired by the simple expedient of removing one face and replacing it with another. It is reasonable to believe, however, that this device will not find much favor with many actors, who pride themselves on their characterization without resorting to such a method.

The masks of Mr. Benda differ radically from any that have preceded them in the cycles of the drama. The ancient masks were made, for the most part, of wood or stone, were decidedly cumbersome, heavy and awkward, and put a great burden on the wearer. Benda's masks, on the contrary, are of a feather lightness, since they are made of bits of paper built upon a foundation of bristol board. They are almost impossible to duplicate or accurately to imitate.

As to the future of the mask, I should say that it can be employed to the best advantage in pantomime and the classic dance. It will be difficult successfully to utilize it in the spoken drama of today since the very nature of the mask prohibits its wearer from speaking. It should go far in pantomime, and doubtless will. John Murray Anderson, creator of the Greenwich Village Follies, the young stage radical who introduced the Benda masks in his revue, hopes one day to produce a play in which all the actors shall be concealed with masks. It would be hazardous to predict the success of such an attempt. That it would excite much comment among the free-thinkers of the theatre is not to be denied. I shall watch such an experiment with interest.

First Steps Toward a Repertory Theatre in Detroit

By MARY MORRIS

ON October 29, 1921, a notable experiment in the American theatre was brought to a successful close in Detroit. For six weeks previously a season of repertory, including three modern and three classical plays, these latter in conjunction with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, had been performed every night in Orchestra Hall. This large hall, seating two thousand people, had been filled. Before the season ended, people were clamoring for more of the same sort of fare and a large subscription list for next year was pledged when the final curtain went down.

Last December Mr. Sam Hume chanced to stop off in Detroit on his way East, and while there came into contact with Mr. Robert de Bruce, general manager of the Detroit Symphony Society. Mr. de Bruce offered to show Mr. Hume over the huge plant of Orchestra Hall and while they were thus engaged, Mr. de Bruce suggested the possibility of producing certain plays with orchestral accompaniment. The two men grew enthusiastic over the idea and from the chance meeting of that day grew the repertory plan.

In May, 1921, Mr. de Bruce wired Mr. Hume that the Symphony Society had agreed to the proposed plans. Mr. Hume went to Detroit and there followed two weeks of intensive lecturing before all sorts of organizations, schools, clubs, and the like which bore fruit in a large number of subscriptions sent in at once. It was decided to present three modern plays, without music, commencing September 19, and three classical plays with the Orchestra in October. A repertory program was carefully worked out so that subscribers for a given night would take in all six of the plays. Announcements of this program, with subscription slips attached, were sent out immediately and continued to bring in results during the entire summer. The organization of the Symphony Society greatly facilitated the speed and thoroughness with which the campaign was conducted.

When Mr. Hume went to take charge and put the plays into rehearsal, he took with him a nucleus of workers from California. His associate in the Greek Theatre and Wheeler Hall productions, Mr. Irving Pichel, worked with him in the general direction and preparation of the plays until after the opening night. Mr. Gilmore Brown, director of the Community Theatre in Pasadena, also assisted in the direction and acted the more important comedy parts in the repertory.

ONE of the most beautiful and thoroughly satisfying parts of the whole venture, from an artistic standpoint, were the stage settings and costumes designed and executed by the two young artists whom Mr. Hume brought with him from the coast and who had previously been working with him both in Wheeler Hall and in the Greek Theatre. One of them, Mr. Rudolph Schaeffer, is a teacher in the Art School of San Francisco, and the other, Norman Edwards, is his pupil and associate. In Orchestra Hall they found opportunity and incentive for a larger scope of creative work in the theatre than they had heretofore known and the results they brought forth were beautiful and significant. The sets they created for *The Importance of Being Ernest*, for *Pygmalion*, and the interchangeable pieces for the classic plays, capable of all sorts of rearrangement and design in composition, were lovely.

The third play of the modern repertory was Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*. The classic repertory was made up of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the Mendelssohn music; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with a musical setting arranged from the Nicolai and Verdi score of that name; and *Pelleas and Melisande*, with arrangements from the Debussy score.

Perhaps one of the most significant, as well as one of the most important elements in securing the financial success of

the undertaking, was the fact that these six plays were presented to the public at such remarkably low prices. It was Mr. Hume's wish that this should be a people's theatre, accessible to all who might care to come there for inspiration or amusement. The highest price charged for any seat in the house for the series of six plays, was \$5. Both back stage and in the front of the house there was an initial equipment and a willingness to cooperate that made practical what would otherwise have taken years to develop. The initial expenses of any such venture in repertory usually absorb the income before the demand can be increased to meet the expenditure. This relief from initial and overhead expense proved to be an outstanding element in the success of the undertaking. As a matter of fact the Symphony Society of Detroit have not only the satisfaction of a distinct artistic achievement due to their foresight and cooperation, but a larger sum of money for their sinking fund as outstanding profit than any other activity has brought in to them.

Next year a longer season is contemplated, with an extension of both modern and classic repertory and probably one or two original productions, bringing forward the work of some young creative artists. It may also be possible to produce certain *dance* dramas.

MR. HUME has said, in speaking of Detroit: "If this six weeks of repertory was done merely as a stunt, without any larger thought back of it, it would be scarcely worth doing. The important point is that within itself it contains the opportunity for the establishment of a real institution of the theatre. There is no place now existing in this country which is prepared to collect about it playwrights, actors, musicians, artists of all kinds, in order to give them an opportunity to express the best they have to offer and to see their work come to fruition under intelligent and sympathetic direction. When we consider that cities on the Continent of only one quarter the size of Detroit have for years maintained a musical repertory theatre with a school and resident company, it seems curious that America should have had to wait so long for any such thing. Such a theatre would aim to give to the people of the city not only the work of a symphony orchestra, but modern drama, classic revivals, drama with music, dance drama, and opera. Such an organization would not be interested primarily in the making of money as the professional theatre is at present. It would endeavor to establish a common sense balance between art and business, but its chief aim would be to present the very best material available in modern drama and drama of the past and to give adequate presentation to new work by creative artists. It would be concerned with certain standards of taste and discrimination. It would be looked upon as a public institution, serving the citizens of the community and aiming consequently at raising the standards of taste and discrimination of the average citizen to be a cultural force. As an art the theatre undoubtedly has the most immediate and vital appeal, consequently it is important that our cities have such an institution created and maintained by those who have at heart the best interests of those who witness the performances rather than the amount of money that can be extracted from them."

It is Sam Hume's hope and desire that the recent experiment in Detroit will bear some such fruit as he has here indicated. In fact, that not Detroit alone, but other cities throughout the middle west and west will take up the idea and be eager to do likewise. A chain of such producing centers, with initial expense divided among them, would mean that productions could be taken from one city to another and produced with the local symphonies.



Detroit Symphony Orchestra Repertory Season of Drama

"The Importance of Being Earnest" (above)

"Pygmalion"—Acts III & V (below)

Photographs by Frank Scott Clark



Detroit Symphony Orchestra Repertory Season of Drama

"Merry Wives of Windsor"

Street Scene (above)

Inn Scene (below)

Photographs by Frank Scott Clark

(See page 115.)



Photograph by Abbe

Pauline Lord and George Marion in "Anna Christie"

Eugene O'Neill: A Broadway Philosopher

By JACK CRAWFORD

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL is the most interesting of present-day American dramatists. I do not usually care for superlatives such as the publishers thrust upon us in the blurbs about new books, but after seeing *Anna Christie*, and *The Straw*, on successive evenings, I am forced to say that I do not know of any one else now writing in America who could have turned out either of these plays. I shall not make any direct comparisons or mention the names of other dramatists and say "greater than so-and-so is Eugene O'Neill." I am not certain how much of the quality of greatness is his. I started out only to proclaim that he is the most interesting of the American playwrights.

Mr. O'Neill is interesting on several counts; not all of them are my present concern. Let me set down a few of the elements that make his work interesting. He has a rather definite philosophy of life which his plays illustrate; he has a large measure of literary courage; he does not imitate foreign dramatists, be they English, French, Scandinavian, or Slavonic; he has skill and genial tolerance to aid him in depicting character; and his dialogue lacks any taint of theatricality. Here, you must admit, reader, is a start, if I speak the truth, toward the necessary elements of an interesting dramatist. Let us look more closely at one of these attributes.

Mr. O'Neill's philosophy of life is possibly a little one-sided. There is a great deal of room always for a dis-

agreement about a philosophy of life. But the point is not whether one agrees with Mr. O'Neill's philosophy; the fact is, he has a philosophy and thereby differs from the average. Anna Christopherson sums up this philosophy for us in the following words, which I quote approximately: "We are all poor nuts, and things happen, and we get mixed in wrong." This, one might describe as Mr. O'Neill's conscious philosophy. He has another aspect of it which may or may not be conscious.

I have observed in reading reviews of Mr. O'Neill's plays that he is often called a realist. This is probably owing to the fact that his dialogue and his characters reveal an excellent illusion of life,—in other words, are life-like. His scenes, moreover, are often set in humble places. This is enough to stamp him as a realist. I even suspect that he fancies himself to be a realist. If that is the case, then the second aspect of his philosophy is unconscious.

But in this author's five plays with which I am most familiar, *Beyond the Horizon*; *Dif'rent*; *The Emperor Jones*; *Anna Christie*; and *The Straw*, I have noted that the difficulties and perils with which characters are afflicted all arise from the fact that reality is at variance with the romantic conception of life which the characters hold. Dreaming dreams as they wander through the wood of the world, O'Neill's characters are forever bumping their heads against the trees. They get some

very hard knocks and the reason is that their idealism did not suspect that the forest was so full of trees. "We are incurable romantics," Mr. O'Neill seems to say "and, good Heavens! What a tragedy it is when a romantic collides with reality!" I am unable to state whether the playwright means to tell us this. He is artist enough for me to believe that he knows what he is doing. And, at any rate, I feel confident that this is what his plays do show us.

LET me illustrate further from *Anna Christie*. An old sea captain has a daughter, Anna. It has been fifteen years since he has seen her, the reason being that he had sent her inland to be brought up on a farm, away from that "old devil sea" which has afflicted his life. His daughter shall grow up in the purity of country sunshine and never know the miseries of women who marry sailors. But during these fifteen years away from her father, and with no recollection of her mother dead long ago, Anna has longed for something which she has not been able to find in life. Her relatives on the farm have made her a drudge. One of the sons betrays her and afterwards she runs away, first as a nurse-girl, only in the end, impelled by her longing to find some joy in life, to succumb and become a woman of the town.

When the curtain rises, the old sea-captain receives a letter from Anna to inform him that she is coming to New York to seek him out. He believes, incurable romanticist as he is, that his daughter is the one ideal of his life. He fears dreadfully for her contact with that "old devil sea," but it is a great joy to him that he will meet her again. She arrives, hard, cynical, disillusioned, wanting from her father nothing but security. His joy and love for her are so apparent that she prevents him from finding out the truth. Romance is not dead in her.

Her father takes her with him for a voyage on his coal barge to Provincetown. It is through in-shore waters and he hopes the old devil sea will not, therefore, get a hold upon her. But Anna knows now that it is the sea she has been seeking all these years. The blood of generations of Swedish sailors is in her veins, and already

at the end of only a week of the sea, her past life seems as if it had never been. She is changed; her hardness, cynicism, and disillusionment have all gone. The romantic spell of the sea is upon her.

While anchored in the bay in a dense fog (a symbolic fog you will note, reader) a boat-load of men from a wrecked schooner are rescued and brought on board the barge. Among them is an Irish sailor, Mat Burke, to whom the world, and particularly the sea, is romance personified. Anna listens to his Celtic rhapsodies. She is drawn to him as he is to her, and yet she has that from out the past of which she can not speak, hanging over her. Mat wants only the love of a woman to complete his romance and he offers his love to Anna.

We now come to the third act. The father will not hear of his daughter's marrying a sailor. "It's that old devil sea has done this to me," he says.

While the men quarrel bitterly as to which of them shall have Anna, she in a flame of anger because neither of them thinks she is worth consulting, flares out with the whole truth. First to her father, charging him with the years of neglect of her when she was a slave to be corrupted on that farm; next, to her lover, telling him of the past in St. Paul. "Now you have been fighting for me, which of you wants me?" she says in essence. "And now you know the truth I know what the answer will be." I have never listened to a more moving

or more profound scene by any American dramatist. One felt like climbing up on the stage and joining in the argument. And Anna has correctly guessed the answer: both men go, leaving her alone on the barge.

HERE, I submit, the play probably ends. But there is another act with a happy ending. I have no quarrel with any one who wants happiness for Anna. She has shown herself capable above the average of deserving it, only in real life I doubt if it would have come to her. Mr. O'Neill, however, says it does. Her lover and her father return to her and the world is to begin anew. So we wipe our eyes and try to go away smiling. Romance has triumphed over reality although

(Continued on page 142.)



Photo by Abbe

George Marion in "Anna Christie"



"Beyond the Horizon"

Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré

By S. H. CLARK, *University of Illinois*

IT was my good fortune to be in New Orleans last month when their little theatre was giving a week of O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*, and I am sure our little theatrites all over the country will be as glad to learn of this novel and successful experiment as I am to describe it for their delectation, and particularly for their inspiration. After the extravagant and far-blazoned experiments with highly paid professional actors at expensive theatres—which were doomed at the outset to failure—it should encourage believers in the little theatre movement to read what New Orleans has done and how it has done it.

The performances are held in the midst of the dear old romantic French quarter. To the transient visitor, New Orleans is almost always a disappointment, so far at least as big buildings, hotels and the like are concerned; and even the Old Quarter is nothing but a smelly tumble-down district, with narrow streets and shabby-genteel iron-balconied apartment houses of ante-bellum days. But it is just here that the lover of *anciens régimes* finds his joy in the midst of modern New Orleans; and in the heart of this district we find Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré.

ONE enters a narrow, arched, none-too-well-lighted hallway fifteen or twenty feet long, stone paved, and reaches a staircase of stone (uncarpeted) that winds up to the second floor and then one meets the door-keeper, who may be some prominent chemist one night, or another, some banker, and maybe it is the butcher boy, the third night. Democracy greets one on the threshold, you see.

The auditorium is a made-over apartment salon, holding one hundred and eighty-six, but the chairs are comfortable, and in spite of the narrow quarters, one feels secure against fire as he notes the half dozen *exits*. To skip the performance for a minute, let me add that the stage is not very long and alas! not by any means too deep, and all scenery must be taken off and on to adjoining rooms, or perhaps out on the balcony whenever change is necessary. Behind the stage are two dressing rooms and a small property room, and there is the equipment so far as quarters are concerned. And for this "plant" the sum of \$43 per month is paid.

But the spirit of actors, officers, subscribers! I have never seen anything finer. Not the conventional patronizing manner of the diamond circle of New York and Chicago, but a genuine *camaraderie* and a desire to serve each other in order to get and enjoy something worth while in drama.

Democracy is the slogan. Anyone who will work and behave himself is eligible to act, and the cast for one play may and does include some of the most prominent names in society as well as those of men and women who may be clerks or office assistants or school teachers. And no patronizing! Only ability counts.

HOW is it conducted? There are a thousand people who subscribe ten dollars apiece. For this, each subscriber is entitled to one seat for each of seven performances, which occur at monthly intervals, and is given five times, in order that all patrons may be accommodated. So successfully has the plan worked that next year, so I hear, they will move into more commodious quarters. Well, good luck to them, but we shall miss the old place with its cramped space, its quaint, funny but practical makeshifts, and its ludicrous but honest pretentiousness.

The performance was a decided credit to the management and director, our old Chicago friend, Oliver Hinsdell.

It is not my purpose to speak of the actors in detail, and yet I can assure you it is not Gopher Prairie dramatic criticism that leads one to say that all who took part were earnest and effective in their respective parts and left on me the impression of a high seriousness that speaks well for the future of Le Petit Théâtre.

A word to other little theatres. New Orleans wants good plays, so it does not wait until it gets a guarantee of fifty thousand dollars and an elaborate equipment. It gets what money and equipment it can, engages a first class coach and sets to work to produce plays with the material at hand. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, teachers, clerks, painters, sculptors, all classes and kinds of people who love the theatre join to make a success, leaving the future to take care of itself. On that principle, I am sure we could establish a score of little theatres tomorrow.

On the Verge

Impressions of a Traveling Stranger—Theatre Soliloquies VII

By GREGORY ZILBOORG

TO my mind the contemporary theatre is but a routine, a bias. When at the rise of the curtain I see in the evening lights, in a room with three walls those 'great talents, the Apostles of Holy Art' represent how human beings eat, drink, love, walk, wear coats; when out of banal pictures and phrases they try to fish a 'moral lesson,' a petty, easy to understand *morale*, useful for the households; when in a thousand variations they thus offer me the same thing, the same thing always, and the same thing forever, then I flee, I flee, as de Maupassant fled from the tower of Eifel, which pressed upon his brain with the terrific weight of its banality."

Thus spoke more than twenty-five years ago Treplyev in Chekhov's *Seagull* at the dawn of the new Russian theatre. These words were not only *written* words they were *spoken* words pronounced with deep sorrow and with a poignant protest from the boards of the Moscow Art Theatre. Since then a whole historical period, eventful and creatively wonderful has passed. The Russian theatre stands now again at the crossroads and waits for a new prophet and a new moral and spiritual leadership. But, as is always with great souls, the meaning and significance of Treplyev's words were not restricted to one period only, or to the Russian theatre only. Treplyev expressed that which could be applied to many a theatre of Europe. About the same time, although with less actual success, Romain Rolland in France voiced his protest against, what he called the "boulevard and alcove theatre." About that time Ibsen invaded Europe to destroy the burdensome and stifling banality of the tower of Eifel in the theatre. Wars and revolutions of the last decade were not only passing calamities: they left a deep and painful wound on the body of art as a whole and on that of the theatre in particular. Whether we are now, as far as Europe is concerned, at the threshold of a new revival, or a new regeneration and reshaping of the theatre is a question in itself, a problem at once complex and vague, to be definitely answered or solved now.

One thing however is clear; Treplyev's words of a quarter of a century ago have acquired an actual and practical meaning in America.

The theatre is shaken up, the drama looks for new ways, new adventures, new exploits, the drama prepares a flight, if she is not actually fleeing from the smothering banality of the tower of Eifel or from the stupid, intolerant, and intolerable "room with three walls and its thousand variations of *the same thing!*" The spirit of Treplyev if not actually his words begins to influence many a walk of theatrical life in America. The appearance of Eugene O'Neill, of Susan Glaspell, the appearance of The Little Theatre, of The Provincetown Players, of the Theatre Guild are neither casual nor transitory. These new (or *different* at least) attempts and gropings in the darkness of Broadway electricity mark the beginning of a serious and significant change. The American drama, even on Broadway, is undoubtedly at the threshold of something new and something entirely divorced from its faithful but artistically corrupted street taste and *morale*, that is "useful for the households," petty and easy to understand.

WHAT impresses me in all these occurrences of change in American drama is not the seeking or the finding of new forms, but something else. My readers will recall that I was willing to be conservative as regards the forms of American drama. I did not and would not blame R. E. Jones for his modernization of *Macbeth*, but I ventured to say that it was the

subject matter of American drama that should be changed first of all, that the form will change itself organically, naturally. The salvation and creative development of American Drama lies somewhere in the field of making it more national in spirit and in the field of naturalism, or realism, e. g. old forms. New forms can be found or created only when the old worn out matter is done away with and the new matter is adequately assimilated. I was particularly glad therefore to see, that Stark Young, who knows the American theatre better than I because he is neither a stranger, nor a newcomer, that Stark Young actually confirmed the idea I expressed about a year ago in these columns.

Yes, it is the matter and not the form that really matters and it is the matter which changes now considerably. Already we easily detect this change in its influence on form, to be more exact, on the character of acting. Take for example Pauline Lord in O'Neill's *Anna Christie*. I am ready to meet the reproach of exaggeration and say that Pauline Lord's *Anna Christie* is a new, startlingly great phenomenon on the American Stage. The American actor does not lack talent, he does not lack intelligence or brilliancy, but on the whole he lacks detachment, he lacks the inner power of getting away from the footlights, from the consciousness that there is a crowd to play to. What always strikes me in American acting is its rationalistic and intellectualistic character. The American actor, too, you feel *knows* what he wants (he not always wants what he ought to.) He knows how to do what he wants and how to "get it across." To know all these things is not bad at all, but to be conscious of it and always let you feel that he knows it, is undoubtedly bad. It almost kills the immediateness of acting. Lionel Atwill is an example of such acting. He is not an exception but rather an illustration of a rule which holds true for the Anglo-Saxon stage in general and particularly in its American variety. Even the marvelous creation of Lionel Barrymore in *The Claw* is not devoid of the rationalistic and intellectualistic method. Of this, not the actor is guilty, but the whole system and spirit of Broadway.

I remember on the other hand Margaret Wycherley in *Jane Clegg*; she impressed me by what we call in Russia the *nobility* of acting. She seemed to be unaware of the footlights, of the crowd, of the part itself, she stressed nothing, emphasized nothing, she was not worried, she was not anxious to "put it across," she was busy with *being* (and not *seeming* to be) what she wanted to be—Jane Clegg. Therefore there was no false note, no false trait, none of the unnecessary overtones, no mechanistic stamp of gait or manners. This is what one feels in still a greater degree, when looking at Pauline Lord's *Anna Christie*, one feels the supreme nobility of detachment, even a certain carelessness in rendering certain traits; my cold professional eye was deceived and I caught myself many times doing something peculiar for a critic: I was listening, looking, feeling without putting down consciously or unconsciously the defects or the good traits of the acting. I was *forced* by the power of *artistic immediateness* and supreme detachment to be the public and the public only, despite my professional habits. All this I consider not only new in American theatre, but I think it is an active step forward in the American drama as a whole. Who did it? Certainly O'Neill, who despite his many faults as a dramatist possesses the spirit of a protestant and the supreme gift of making his protest vividly, trenchantly known.

The burden of the coming better day of American drama lies on the shoulders of the dramatist. It is he who must bring about the great changes and the refreshing revolution in the dull

kingdom of Broadway. It is he who not only must introduce new elements into the American drama, but also by virtue of this introduction rebuild certain traditional characteristics of theatrical form. Does this idea mean to rely too much or to put too much responsibility on the shoulders of the dramatist? I think not. The dramatic author is an enormous factor. It was Chekhov who by the requirements of his plays brought onto the stage the new actor, the *intimist*, whose influence was enormous during a whole generation. It was Ibsen who created or evoked into active life the not less original philosophic, self-restrained, expressive in his silence and dynamic in his motionlessness, actor. O'Neill is already slowly beginning to make his influence felt to a certain degree. I say to a certain degree only, because Broadway does not allow him a breathing spell. Broadway too soon, all too soon, made him "the greatest living dramatist of America." It kindly but cruelly started to stifle his gift in the rush and thunder of publicity. The more plays by O'Neill I see, the more I am interested in observing this life and death battle between the shouting manners of Broadway and the contemplative earnestness of the dramatist. Who will win? It is hard to tell, but so far O'Neill (undoubtedly because of Broadway shouting) has failed to make any considerable progress as a serious dramatic philosopher of life.

HOWEVER it may be, the American theatre is slowly changing. It is on the verge of changing. In the din of Broadway one cannot help catching every now and then a sudden genuine sound of the genuine melody of Art. . . .

As I said the most important factor is the playwright. There is no other way toward the founding of an American Theatre. Therefore such laudable work as that performed by the Theatre Guild or the Neighborhood Playhouse is, to my mind, not sufficient. The Guild is the theatre of *good acting*, the theatre, where the showman is willingly or unwillingly, wittingly or unwittingly, put in the foreground. This is beyond doubt and generally speaking the right idea: the actor is the sole foundation of the theatre and his personality must be developed to the utmost. But I have failed so far to detect any definite *plan*, any coherent *idea* in the Guild as a whole. I hesitate to say anything definite about the ultimate usefulness of creating a good *ensemble actor* without any real principle as to the drama as such.

The Neighborhood Playhouse set its sail in a different direction. It lays special stress on the ensemble as such. It is a splendid theatre, it is growing everyday as a great spiritual force, but it is apparently built upon a very dangerous principle: it believes too much in the ensemble from above so to speak. One gains an impression that the personality of the *régisseur* is overwhelming there, that the actor is but a screw in a harmonious mechanism; his personality is almost effaced. This is quite the opposite to the idea of the Guild and it certainly may serve only a very limited and temporary good purpose: it may *show* a good ensemble but the domination of the *régisseur* tends to dim the creative initiative of the actor's individuality. The Moscow Art Theatre lost its influence and its dynamic energy because of such a domination.

At any rate all these variations of new attempts, new experiments and especially their success mark a slow and interesting change in the American theatre. I venture however to say, that the real laboratory is to be found in the small improvised theatre of the Provincetown Players. Even the fact that it is located in a former barn is significant. The theatre-goer will not always leave satisfied after a visit to this barn. Acting here is uneven. Sometimes it is admirable—as in Theodore Dreiser's *Hand of the Potter*—sometimes it is unbearable—as in *The Verge*, with the exception of Miss Wycherley—but one is always sure to find here something new, some new and vital experiment, some new stride forward. We must not forget that the Provincetown Players found O'Neill.

If the American theatre is on the verge of changing into an artistic dynamic reality, you undoubtedly will feel it at the Provincetown Players. Their recent production of *The Verge* by Susan Glaspell is an important contribution to the young American drama. In fact it is a stride towards the universal. One cannot help remembering the most trenchant moments of Hamsun's *At the Gates of the Kingdom*, or Ibsen's *When We Dead Awake*, while seeing *The Verge*. Not that this latter is a perfect dramatic piece—far from that. *The Verge* technically speaking is a weak piece, but it marks an entirely new approach to the theatre. There is a growing group of minds in America, minds that approach life not in the light mood of the empty headed optimist, but with the seriousness of the delver into the depths of the unknown, not always seen yet ever present, with the supreme and sublime suffering of the sturdily spirited artist. These minds see in the theatre the supreme symphonic laboratory, the highest expression of their visions. Not all of them have dared as yet face life and art with that courage of the suffering fighter, which is characteristic of the self-revealed personality. Susan Glaspell is one of them and she has dared. Her Claire need not be a perfect dramatic image, but she is the bearer of a gigantic effort; she is the heroine of a new aspiration for otherness. This aspiration is new in this country, but it is very significant. In a land of standards of all kinds this tragic impetus, away from everything but the reality or the dream of "otherness," is both natural and momentous. Claire bares her own soul in the loneliness of her despair, she is ready to pay any price for her spiritual and moral liberation, even the price of her happiness, or clarity of vision or . . . victory. Her victory in discovering the new "breath of life," a flower cherished long before its birth through days and nights of anguish and moral self-burning, her victory brings her only to physical defeat, to a wreck in the midst of the slimy sea of everydayness . . . and herein lies her great achievement, her mysterious vision of God.

ONE may disagree with Miss Glaspell's vision, but what is more dramatic and profound than the highly spiritualized tragedy of a personality who seeks new forms, new ways, new visions amidst a life of dead traditions, self-satisfied mechanistic puppets called human beings and dull, tasteless, spiritless, and stiff principles?

The Verge, if the idea of it were born in a European mind, would probably be more ripe, more dramatic, more active and less vague. Susan Glaspell has not yet mastered technique, but her Claire is probably the greatest conception I know of in American dramatic literature. Aside from its qualities as such, the play should be considered of great importance, because of the fact that it brought before the eyes of the beholder a new ray, a new sparkle in Margaret Wycherley's dramatic gift. Not that she did not possess this sparkle before, but (here is an illustration of the dramatist as a theatre creator and molder) there were few dramas before *The Verge*, in which Miss Wycherley could give vent to certain strains of her artistic energy. If we discount a certain unevenness of her acting, a certain psychological clumsiness due to the unevenness of the composition of the play itself, we discover an extraordinary, sparkling, artistic personality; we see an image seldom seen on the American stage. After I saw Miss Wycherley as Claire, I could not help remembering Kommissarjevskaya in *The Feast of Life*, or Youreneva in *Snow*. I do not know whether these thoughts-comparisons mean very much to my American reader; for me they mean a lot, for it was for the first time that my European, Russian, impressions came back to me in all their warmth after an American play. The theatre of this country is on the verge.

The play contest of the Pasadena center of the Drama League of America will close March first, 1922.



Reginald Dance ("Mr. Hillcris") and Aileen Wyse ("Mrs. Hillcris") in "The Skin Game."

"Mrs. Hillcris" and the Press Agent

By AILEEN WYSE

IT is frequently asserted, by those who wish it to be believed, that there is no public in Chicago to support an interesting, unusual, or intellectual play. I feel that my experience here, after playing for more than two months a leading part in the most intellectual play being presented in the city at the moment—Galworthy's *The Skin Game*—may be of interest, and may also help to throw light on this much debated point.

All the principal members of our company realized on opening here that we were "up against" a rather stiffer proposition than an ordinary tour involves. To begin with, with the exception of Miss Jane Gray, we are all English, and we had to be very careful that our enunciation should not make the lines more difficult to follow; then we were representing types which are not known over here, and which even in England require to be kept very distinct in order to preserve the balance of the play; and lastly we were submitting a play which requires thought—not one that makes an immediate appeal. But we felt that the public had only to realize what we were aiming at—only to have explained a little some of the English points of view which are not quite clear over here—and the fineness of the drama would inevitably be realized and appreciated by the thousands in Chicago who care for these things.

You will gather from this that the work of the press agents was of more than usual importance in helping us to elucidate any point which might not be quite clear to our American

audiences. And what was our experience? After playing five weeks, a press agent for the first time appeared on the scene and asked my husband (Reginald Dance) and me for "copy." Certainly. What would he like? Did he want to know why Mr. Galsworthy had chosen us specially to play the Hillcris type? Or what our views were on our parts? Or what was our record of work? Or with what play my husband had last played in Chicago? No. "Can't you let me have something more personal—scandal—something snappy." Unfortunately, we are happily married, so all interest in us ceased. In despair, the youngest member of our company was approached and asked her views on prohibition! In England, young girls of sixteen are not considered to *have* any views on the drink question. Mr. Boulton, who plays the leading part of Hornblower, tells me that six weeks after we opened, a press agent who is supposed to be especially detailed to work with our theatre, came up to him at a dinner and asked him with what company he was appearing! Now, the press agents will answer, "The public do *not* want particulars about the play, or the parts, or the players—unless they are 'snappy.'" I can prove the contrary. Never in our lives have we found more appreciation, or had a greater interest taken in us and our work than we have had from the many members of our audiences whom we have had the pleasure of meeting socially.

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A Plastic Exercise of Dalcroze Eurhythmics

Eurhythmics and Education*

A Review by GRACE HICKOX

ALL the world regards its future as staked upon the successful education of its young; all the educational world admits something lacking in present methods. Any contribution that will solve existing difficulties must therefore be welcome, and it is an important step forward that Emile Jaques-Dalcroze proposes in his latest volume, *Rhythm, Music, and Education*, a collection of essays on various aspects of a single subject ranging in time of first publication from 1897 to 1919.

Educators mindful of Greek classical methods have known that, however scholastic training might educate the brain, however latterly the schools have taken up the upbuilding of the body, the modern systems do not touch except incidentally that other essential, the emotions, and are far from developing individual sensibilities and temperament. This the ancients were known to do with music, and there has been hope that with the introduction of more music, coupled with dancing and the acting of plays, a revival might be brought about. There would then still remain the will, by which brain, emotions, body, and temperament might be ruled, to be attacked through these others. In America it is still needful to conceive some ethical training to harmonize the individual with modern life, and this would preferably be of a social nature.

M. Dalcroze significantly enough approaches the general topic through music, and he has done wisely in printing, not always in chronological order, the essays recording the several steps by which his method has grown in more than a score of years.

He began with his knowledge gained as professor of harmony at the Conservatoire of Geneva, Switzerland, that something was amiss in the plans pursued by all teachers of the piano, in seeking to make the pupils express emotions they had not felt, frequently calling upon those with a defective sense of rhythm to learn more than their minds could master. As he proceeded, he discovered on one hand more defects in existing methods than he had at first perceived, and on the other found in his rapidly evolving system a deeper and more thorough solution for them.

EURHYTHMICS, the apt name chosen for his system, is no new thing and it has had careful tests in many educa-

tional institutions through a series of years; I myself have been using it since 1914 with increasingly beneficial results. To me it seems to attack the fundamental idea in all education by bringing the human body under the complete control of the will, step by step until it can be played upon as the most various and most beautiful of instruments for every right purpose. Beginning with rhythm, the body and its members are taught to their fullest capacity of expression, not through imitation of a model, not through repeated rehearsals until a uniform perfection is attained, but by such development of the personality as will serve best for its utility in fields widely differing.

Brain, body, will, and sensibility, and through these both the esthetic and ethical senses are united into a comprehensive whole, not one being neglected or favored. Exercises fairly innumerable and of the most various kinds have been devised, tested, and adopted, calling upon the physical resources of the pupil to an extent not before suspected, calling also upon the keenest use of the brain and general intelligence for their mastery, at the same time respecting the individual characteristics and natural inheritances, until the individuality flowering in beauty has attained knowledge of that final aim, the living of human life as it should be lived.

THE volume containing this message to the educational world is closely written and admirably translated; to do its nearly four hundred pages even approximate justice it should be read slowly and with painstaking; even then its full import cannot be grasped without seeing actual instruction going on under its directions. In no other way can its interest to the student be made manifest, since unlike most scholastic exercises it brings the inner joy of self-mastery at every step of its orderly way. It is a study of a singularly searching kind, but it has no dull moments. Every faculty, every sense, every intellectual and spiritual and esthetic quality is too constantly brought into play (in the true sense of the word) to allow a failure of interest.

Its main attack is through music, and its main attack upon music itself is made by bodily rhythm, so that to the hearing ear, the seeing eye, the executive hand is added the feeling body—a wide expansion of that muscular sense familiar to all who have noticed the sympathetic tensing within themselves

(Continued on next page.)

**Rhythm, Music, and Education*, by Emile Jaques Dalcroze. Translated from the French by Harold F. Rubinstein. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Does the Popular Represent Public Taste?

Part II

By KATHERINE METCALF ROOF

WE hear a certain type of play characterized as "actor-proof"—and the play that really is, assuredly deserves its popularity—but perhaps the average theatre-goer does not pause to consider the subtle dependence of the actor upon his vehicle. Florence Reed was able to make an artificial rôle live, where her untrained associate could only reveal its rhetorical and dramatic absurdities; but even the most skilled actor suffers from the undramatically constructed or monotonous play. Henry Miller in a play of deliberate tempo and ink-pot artificialities like Molière, seemed but the echo of his earlier self; but judged in a vital entertaining and craftsmanlike play, like *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, once more we felt the finished actor of old. Again Mrs. Fiske, for all her penetrating personality, her rare individual comedy gift, has seemed but the mechanical echo of her old self for recent seasons. But to what extent may not this be attributed to the difference between her recent vehicles and the earlier plays in which her laurels were won?

Certainly the years are not responsible! Remember our Mrs. Gilbert. It is not age that can stale art. There are, it is true, actresses of a specifically ingenu type who seem suited only to the youthful rôles, and who suffer a resultant eclipse with the passing of the years. There are others, perhaps temperamentally uneven, who seem for a period to lose the gleam and then again one day magically to regain it. Mary Shaw in the Washington Square Players' production of *Ghosts* was not the same Mary Shaw who shone forth at the original performance even though she found herself mated with that fine artist José Rubin. Yet who shall say that next month, or the next, or the next, she will not tear at our heart-strings as she did in her brief minute in *Polygamy*. The good fairies gave her the voice with which to do it. Again how often are actors denied the opportunity of the inspiring rôle? How many of Chrystal Herne's admirers realized that it was in her to reach the purest heights of Greek poetry, or to give the brilliant portrait of a worldly woman that she created in Maugham's *Our Betters*. Usually she is dedicated to conventional pathos and becoming garments. Unintelligent casting is responsible for much mischance in the actor's career today.

THE Manchester and Birmingham theatres in England proved the value—if it needed the proving—of the stock company repertory theatre both in the testing and working out of the plays of untried authors, and the development of the actor's art. Who that saw it has forgotten the performance of *Hindle Wakes* which Chicago supported, but which New York failed to discover until too late?

The actor may suffer also from his associate player—for the technique of all art is a matter of relativity. I remember seeing John Drew in a play of Pinero's in association with Margaret Illington, in which she gave her lines in so loud a tone that Mr. Drew had to do likewise. Any trained actor knows that the reading of lines is in a sense dependent upon the other actor in the scene. Another pressing argument in favor of intelligent casting.

To return to the basis of popularity, the anatomy of choice—what you choose to call it—it is one of the paradoxes of present conditions—like the side-by-side existence of prohibition and censorship, with pampered radicalism—that while the element of personality is so much over-emphasized on the stage, the matinée idol of the past scarcely exists any more, or at least stands upon a temporary and perilous eminence. Once it might have been said that the public would go to see a Maude Adams,

an Ethel Barrymore, a Sothorn, a Faversham, in any play the vagrant fancy of the manager chanced upon. In those days, speaking in terms of popularity, the star, not the play, was the thing. Now actors and actresses wax and wane in popularity over-night, and last season's favorite may play to an empty or a "papered" house this year. Why? Doubtless another result of the uncertainties of the transition period. The audience is uncertain and undependable in its patronage because the basis of choice is not sound, because it is wholly a matter of personal appeal rather than esthetic response or critical estimate. And of all forms of interest that centering in mere personalities is ever the most fickle allegiance. Then, too, the mushroom growth of the artistically immature popular favorite cannot from its very nature be a dependable quantity. Even the most uncultured audience grows weary of a repetition of similar types and mannerisms. Attend the yawns and blasé comment of the most unsophisticated movie fan in the seat behind you if you have any doubts about that!

SO we get back to our original and long unanswered query: Would the public—the average public—really support the better thing if it had it? If the play was as absorbing as a baseball game, yet honestly represented life, and the actors had no publicity man to persuade or hypnotize that part of the public that is without fixed standards or the machinery for independent choice, would the marzipan princess still hold sway, and would such offerings as *East is West* shine forth in electric lights year after year, enslaving the gifts of an actress worthy of a better fate?

At least when the audience is given the opportunity to choose, the responsibility must lie with them. Until they have that opportunity in some sustained venture such as the repertory theatre, the question must remain unanswered.

Another helpful organization would be some sort of theatre maintained for the purpose of trying out unproduced plays. Many managers cannot judge a play in manuscript. Probably the majority could gauge its value in performance. Some organization designed to meet this need would undoubtedly be of great advantage to the American theatre.

Eurhythmics and Education

(Continued from preceding page.)

when spectators of athletic events, or been conscious of an imperfect vocal method through the constricting of their throats during the rendering of a song by another. It makes criticism actual.

To proceed from a right understanding of rhythm and of music to conquest of the body with concurrent enlarging of intellectual and esthetic experience to a knowledge of life itself, to afford the artist in every field of beauty an understanding and sympathetic audience, to bring dancing forward once more to its proper status as a fine art, to give the lyric drama a new reason for being, to enhance the art of the actor, the field of the painter, the vision of the sculptor, to broaden the scope of the school and the teacher while increasing the capacity for joyous and intelligent living on the part of every scholar and, finally, to afford a means of approach to the mastery of life itself, means little less than the rejuvenation and remodeling of society until, with the added comfort possible through modern contrivance and ingenuity, it has recaptured the spirit of ancients. A wide field and one certain to have its scope challenged on every side, yet on the very width of which should provoke intelligent inquiry into its aims and methods.



Photograph by Harry A. Atwe

"The Old History Book" presented by the Neighborhood Guild of Northwestern University Settlement

The Old History Book

An Americanization Pageant especially suited to Lincoln Celebrations

By LOUISE VAN VOORHIS ARMSTRONG

FOREWORD

THE OLD HISTORY BOOK was written for the Neighborhood Guild of Northwestern University Settlement of Chicago, and was produced for the Guild's annual benefit on February 13th, 1920. The Guild is an organization composed of representatives from every club in the settlement—the Fathers' Club, the Mothers' Club, the Home Culture Club, the Girls' Patriotic Service League, the Mask and Wig Dramatic Club, the Polish Social Club, the Boy Scouts, the American Legion and many others. The representatives of these different clubs gather together on certain occasions to promote cooperation and a neighborly feeling among the organizations, and once a year they join forces for some such "big event" as this pageant.

The group which presented *The Old History Book*, consisted of about two hundred people, ranging in age from old men and women well over seventy down to little children. All workers—all people whose lives had known only occasional glimpses of the softer and brighter things—surely no director could ask for a more inspiring group with which to work. "The Old History Book" was an effort to present glimpses of the great phases of our country's history, and to express the deep and genuine patriotic feeling of these "home folks" in the simplest possible terms, and in such a manner that they could find in it a parallel in their own lives. Therefore the central theme, showing Lincoln in his boyhood home, was chosen, and the simple pageant features woven about it.

It might be interesting to others who may wish to produce it, and to those who read it, to know something of the personality of the original cast. All the spoken parts were taken by members of the Mask and Wig Dramatic Club, a group of about twenty young men and women trained in dramatic work, and having a good knowledge of English. There were many foreign-born men and women in the cast whose knowledge of English was very limited, and the pageant features afforded them their opportunity. The Indian group was mostly of boys from sixteen to twenty. They thoroughly enjoyed their picturesque and barbaric war dance and pantomimé, and many of them have been

active in the dramatic department ever since. In the Puritan group there were women of various ages from several different clubs and many children. The Fathers' Club furnished the Puritan men. The Revolutionary scene took in both men and women of different ages from several clubs. In the third episode we were fortunate in having a group of negro singers who gave the old spirituals with a thrill that found instant response from the audience. The country dance was beautifully presented by the young people of the Polish Social Club, and the military drills of the fourth episode gave an opportunity to the younger girls and boys.

The Refugee group was the one which more than any other gripped the hearts of the audience. It consisted of some fifty women and girls and little children chosen from the types which could only be found in such a neighborhood as that of the settlement. There were many old ladies—and no actors in the entire pageant caught the spirit of their parts better—many mothers whose sad faces told of true struggles and heartaches, accompanied by wistful-eyed little children, and these weary ones, some in their own old clothes, some in peasant costume, carrying little bundles of their possessions, were led on their way by Captain Maurice Bernhardt, eighty-eight years old, of the G. A. R. and a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War. The Captain, wearing his French uniform and carrying his beloved French flag, was accompanied by a young girl in the uniform of the American Red Cross carrying the American flag. When they reached the center of the stage, with the women and children and the young soldiers of the Allies grouped about him, the Captain sang the Marseillaise—sang it with his old voice quivering, but with all the dramatic instinct and all the patriotic love of a true Frenchman—and I do not think that any of us who heard it will ever hear it again and be more deeply impressed.

Every group worked with a beautiful, unselfish spirit towards the success of the production as a whole. One little incident of the Refugee group particularly impressed me. I had sent for a live goose for one of the refugees to carry as a realistic touch, and noticing an especially sad-faced woman with a little ragged child among those who had volunteered for the group, I assigned the goose to her. She accepted the honor almost with tears of joy, clasped the goose as if it were a precious treasure, and fixed

her eyes upon the Captain's flag with the look of a worshipper gazing at a shrine. She was exactly the same in the rehearsals and in the final performance—playing her part with her whole soul. I hope that the pageant meant to many what it meant to her. As I look back upon the pageant it scarcely seems like a play. It seems like a very real thing which created itself from the enthusiasm of that group of people. When we were working on it I had not read Mr. Drinkwater's remarkable *Abraham Lincoln*. Later when I did read it, some lines spoken by the Chronicler reminded me of my cast in *The Old History Book*.

*"When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."*

* * *

PROLOGUE

ABE LINCOLN COMES HOME.

Characters:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—About twenty years old, he comes to visit his father's farm in Illinois after a trip to New Orleans.

SARAH LINCOLN—His step-mother.

THOMAS LINCOLN—His father.

The Neighboring Young Folks.

When the curtain rises there is revealed a stage within a stage—that is, a large, dark forestage hung with plain curtains, and at the center back a small stage rising a little above the level of the main stage and complete in itself. The attention is focussed upon the picture presented upon the small stage. The scene is THOMAS LINCOLN'S log cabin in Illinois. There is an outside door at the left, a window at the back, and a fireplace at the right. A spinning wheel is by the fire-place. A coon-skin cap and an old lantern and some fire-arms hang on the wall. A table and two chairs are at the left. On the table are supper dishes, a few old books and a lighted candle. THOMAS LINCOLN is seated at the table eating his supper. SARAH LINCOLN stands at the open door, looking out into the gathering dusk.

THOMAS: Ain't you never goin' to do nothin' but stand starin' out o' door, Sarah Lincoln?

[*He gets no answer.*]

THOMAS: Huh?

MRS. LINCOLN [*Suddenly realizing that he has spoken*]: What's that? More tea you was wanting, Tom?

THOMAS: No!

[*Silence follows. THOMAS picks up the old books which are lying on the table, glares at them and slams them down noisily.*]

[*MRS. LINCOLN looks around.*]

THOMAS [*Pointing to the books*]: What's them things doin' here? I thought we was through with trash like that.

MRS. LINCOLN: I brought 'em out, Tom. I thought it would kinda please Abe to have 'em right handy if he was to get here tonight.

THOMAS: Been the ruination of him—books has! An' you go on encouragin' him. It ain't no example to set the other children.

MRS. LINCOLN: Oh, Tom, we've argued about it so many times! Can't you lay off it and leave the poor boy enjoy what little he's got?

THOMAS: What little he's got! If he ain't got much it's his own fault. If he'd leave them books alone, mebber he'd amount to somethin'.

MRS. LINCOLN: You talk like he didn't amount to something, Tom but I've told you before an' I'm telling you now, if you live you'll be prouder of him than any o' the rest. Abe ain't just—just common, Tom. He's got more brains than the average.

THOMAS: Aw, brains! All the brains in the world ain't in books!

MRS. LINCOLN: Well, it ain't only brains, Tom. It's feelings. Abe's the kind that's got deeper an' bigger ones than most of us has.

THOMAS: You ain't never goin' to git over your notions about that boy.

MRS. LINCOLN: I been thinking he might get home tonight.

THOMAS: Well, he ain't here in time for the chores. Are you goin' over to watch the young folks at the party?

MRS. LINCOLN: No. I'll stay here an' wait for Abe. You go on over, Tom, when you get settled for the night.

[*THOMAS rises, puts on his coon-skin cap, and lights the lantern.*]

THOMAS: Mebbe you an' him'll both come over if he does get home.

MRS. LINCOLN: Mebbe. If Abe wants to.

[*THOMAS goes out. MRS. LINCOLN picks up his supper dishes, and arranges the table again as if for someone else. This done, she sits down and looks fondly over the battered, old books. ABE comes in. He is dressed in rough, shabby clothes, a homespun shirt, an open vest, high boots coming up over his trousers and an old slouch hat. He carries his coat and a carpet bag.*]

ABE [*From the doorway*]: Mother!

MRS. LINCOLN [*Jumping up and rushing to him*]: Abe! My boy!

ABE: All the time coming up the road tonight I've been feeling good because I knew you'd be here.

MRS. LINCOLN: Somehow, I just knew you'd be gettin' home tonight, Abe. I even kept your supper warm. Set down, child. You must be powerful tired.

ABE: I had a great trip—full of things to think about.

MRS. LINCOLN: Here's your tea. It's steamin' hot. That'll rest you. Was New Orleans like you thought it 'ud be?

ABE: Someways, yes—someways, no.

MRS. LINCOLN: Here's fresh cakes, Abe. You ain't worried about somethin' are you? The trip turned out like you wanted it to, didn't it?

ABE: Oh, yes, our business was successful. I'm all right, Mother, and it's good to get home. [*He notices the books.*] Well, if here ain't my old books!

MRS. LINCOLN: I fetched 'em down from the loft. I thought mebber you'd like 'em handy.

ABE: Nobody but you 'ud think of kind, thoughtful things like that.

MRS. LINCOLN: I know somebody that would—you, Abe.

ABE: [*He is so absorbed in the books that he scarcely hears this*]: My old history book!

MRS. LINCOLN: I kept 'em safe for you. Better have some more tea. [*She fills his cup.*]

[*At this point the sound of a violin playing a lively old tune is heard, also gay, young voices. MRS. LINCOLN goes to the door.*]

VOICES: [*Outside*]: Howdy, Mrs. Lincoln! Better come along!

MRS. LINCOLN: Howdy, folks! Won't you come in a minute? Abe's home.

VOICES: Oh, Abe's home! What's that? Abe home? Where's Abe?

[*The visitors crowd in—several girls and boys on their way to a party—among them the fiddler.*]

FIRST GIRL: Why, Abe Lincoln!

FIRST BOY: You're just in time, Abe!

SECOND GIRL: Oh, Abe, I'm powerful glad to see you!

ABE: It's awful good to see you all!

THIRD GIRL: We've missed you a lot, Abe!

SECOND BOY: You bet we have.

THIRD BOY: How was New Orleans?

FIRST GIRL: He can tell us about that on the way.

SECOND GIRL: Yes. You're comin' to the party, ain't you, Abe?

ABE: I'm sorry, but I reckon I just can't come tonight. I just got home and I'm kinda beat out. I guess I better stay here with Mother and mebber read a little.

FIRST GIRL: Read! Oh, Abe!



SECOND GIRL: We thought mebbe your mother'd come along.

ABE: Well, Mother, you go long with 'em if you want to.

MRS. LINCOLN: No, thank you all. You're kind not to forget us, but if Abe wants to stay home, I reckon I'll stay, too.

FIRST GIRL: Aw, what's a party without Abe?

SECOND GIRL: Well, you ain't the only one that thinks so.

MRS. LINCOLN: He's tired, folks.

ABE: I'm just awful glad to see you'all, but I can't come tonight.

THIRD GIRL: Well, you'll come to the next party, won't you, Abe?

ABE: Mebbe—to the next one.

FIRST GIRL: An' you'll come over to our house while you're home, won't you, Abe? My—my father an' my mother—an'—an' my sister, an' gran'ma, an'—an' the hired man an' everybody to our house just loves to have you come.

ABE: Deed I will come.

SECOND GIRL: An' to our house, too?

ABE: I'm goin' to see all my old friends.

THIRD GIRL: Well, good-bye, if you ain't coming. We'd best be gettin' on.

ALL: Good-bye, Abe! Good-bye, Mrs. Lincoln! Sorry you won't come! Good-bye! Good-bye!

ABE: Good-bye! See you soon! Good-bye!

MRS. LINCOLN: Good-bye, all!

[All the young people go out. The sound of the violin is heard, getting fainter in the distance.]

ABE: Mother, mebbe I've been selfish. Perhaps you'd rather have gone.

MRS. LINCOLN: You know no party could be as nice as stayin' home with you, son. [ABE has already picked up his books.] Only don't get so deep in the books you forget I'm here. I want to hear about what all you saw an' what you been thinkin'.

ABE: It's pleasanter reading these and talking to you than seeing some o' the things I saw. Remember when I first got this old history book, Mother?

MRS. LINCOLN: Indeed, I do, Abe. You was so happy. Poor child, it weren't much, but it meant such a heap to you!

ABE: Remember how I used to read pieces out of it to you sometimes, when the rest wasn't here?

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes, Abe! Read some now—like you used to

ABE: But I've read it all so many times you must know it by heart now yourself.

MRS. LINCOLN: Well, mebbe my memory ain't so good as it might be, Abe, an'—an', anyway, I just like to hear the sound of your voice.

ABE: What'll we start with then? About the Puritans?

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes, Abe—about how they came over in the Mayflower and found themselves in a land inhabited by savages. That was what the book said, wasn't it?

ABE: Yes. It's right here.

MRS. LINCOLN: Seems funny to talk that way about the Indians. I suppose there was lots more of 'em then. But go on, child.

ABE [Reading] "At last the one hundred brave men and women on the little ship Mayflower sighted land. They reached the desolate, snow-covered coast of Cape Cod on November 9, 1620, and, since they were unable to make their way further south, they decided to settle there. During the first long winter in this strange land inhabited by savages, they suffered the greatest privations. They were all huddled under one roof, half starving, and fearful lest the Indians might attack them at any time. Before spring came, fifty-one of their number had died, but the more hardy ones who were spared continued to work, undismayed by these hardships, that the little colony might thrive."

[While ABE is still reading the curtain slowly falls.]

FIRST EPISODE

THE DAYS OF 1620

The curtain rises showing the large forestage now lighted. The small stage is now curtained and forms part of the wall of the large stage. The Lincoln cabin is therefore hidden from sight. This arrangement is followed in all of the episodes or pageant features.

Strange, weird cries like a chant are heard in the distance. An old Indian chief enters with his war drum. He sits down and begins beating the drum rhythmically, continuing his chant. From all sides Indians come trooping in—warriors, squaws and children. The warriors circle around the chief in a dance. Just as the dance has reached a sort of savage frenzy, the warriors suddenly stop and listen, startled, as if by some strange sound. The savage drumming dies down, and the sound of a white man's drum is heard. A young drummer boy in Puritan costume enters the audience room from one of the doors at the side of the stage, and when he reaches the space just in front of the stage, he turns and faces the audience. He is giving the summons for the Puritans to come to the meeting house. Presently the sound of many voices singing a hymn is heard from the direction of the other door at the opposite side. Through the hall and up onto the stage comes a procession of Puritans—men, women and children, the drummer boy falling in at the end of the group. As the procession crosses the stage, the Indians watch, fascinated. Some start forward threateningly, but the old chief restrains them. As the procession

passes out, they stare after the disappearing white men, and then steal away in the opposite direction—some of them going down the aisle through the hall in the direction from which the Pilgrims came. The curtain falls.

* * *

FIRST INTERLUDE

LINCOLN THE READER

ABE and MRS. LINCOLN are seen in the cabin, exactly as they were at the end of the Prologue.

MRS. LINCOLN: They was brave men, Abe—those old Pilgrims.

ABE: Brave women too, Mother. Don't forget that.

MRS. LINCOLN: That's like you, Abe—not to forget us women folks.

ABE: Do you want some about the Revolution, Mother?

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes! About Paul Revere and that first battle the minute-men fought at Lexington. How you loved that part when you was a little feller!

ABE: I love it more now. It was the first battle our country fought for the principles of right and freedom.

MRS. LINCOLN: You talked so much about all those famous folks when you was little, Abe,—Washington an' LaFayette an' General Gates an' Franklin an' all of 'em. Seemed just like you know 'em—they was so real to you. Mebbe someday folks'll put your name in the list of 'em—of the country's greatest. I like to think so, Abe.

ABE: If they do, Mother, I reckon it'll be because you always helped me and didn't make fun o' my reading books and trying to learn. Here it is—about Paul Revere. You remember Adams and Hancock were in Lexington and the British wanted to arrest them and take them to England to be tried for treason.

MRS. LINCOLN: And the British general sent troops across the river.

ABE: Yes. [Reading.] "The British troops crossed the river at ten in the evening, but in spite of the secrecy which had been observed, the patriots at Concord were prepared for their coming. Paul Revere was sent out by way of Charlestown to give the alarm. When the signal lantern in the belfry of the old North Church told him which way the troops had gone, Revere took horse and galloped over the Medford road to Lexington, shouting the news at the door of every house that he passed. Meantime the British troops were marching along the main road; but swift and silent as was their advance, frequent alarm bells and signal guns, and lights twinkling on distant hill-tops, told but too plainly that the secret was out. At dawn when the British general reached the village green at Lexington, he found himself confronted by some fifty minute-men." Isn't that a picture, mother? Doesn't it thrill you when you think of those men rushing from their homes, from their fields so that our country might live! "The British fired upon them—a deadly volley that slew eight and wounded ten. The minute-men returned the fire. Adams and Hancock, who had escaped and were hurrying across the fields, heard the crackle of the distant musketry, and Adams, realizing that the great moment had come, cried out to his companion 'Oh, what a glorious morning is this!'"

* * *

SECOND EPISODE

THE DAYS OF 1775

The curtain rises showing a family group in the period of the American Revolution. Two middle-aged ladies are seated upon a bench or settle, sewing upon the early type of American flag. An elderly gentleman and two younger men who might be Adams and Hancock stand near. A young girl seated at a spinet is singing an old song, assisted by another girl and a young man. At the close of the song, the musician plays a minuet and the girl and young man dance. Presently in the distance three shots are fired.

The music and dancing stop instantly. All listen. The young man leaves hastily. Three similar shots are fired, apparently much nearer. All listen spellbound. From different places about the hall and off-stage come answering signals. The young man enters carrying a musket, bids the family a hasty farewell and again leaves. The curtain falls.

Just as the curtain falls on this stage picture, the minute-men come down the aisles from various parts of the audience room, and form into two lines just in front of the stage. They go through some rather crude military formations, lasting only a moment or two. The strains of "Yankee Doodle" are heard. The minute-men separate into two files and march in the two side entrances leading to the stage. The curtain rises showing three boys with fife and drum and the flag of the colonies, standing center stage. The minute-men enter and form up behind them and the curtain falls on this tableau.

* * *

SECOND INTERLUDE

LINCOLN THE THINKER

[The curtain rises again revealing ABE and MRS. LINCOLN.]

MRS. LINCOLN: The way you read it, Abe, seems like as if it was yesterday or today it was all goin' on—that struggle for freedom and liberty. Don't seem like it was all over long ago.

ABE: Why, mother, it's never "all over." Those same questions—the question of every man's right to be free and the question of living up to the Constitution those men thought out for us and those minute-men fought for—are staring us in the face this very day.

MRS. LINCOLN: I know what you mean, Abe. You're thinking about slavery again.

ABE: Every man that can think at all is thinking about it—those that's for it as well as those that's against it—because whether they're for or against, they know it can't go on. It won't be long now before the crisis. Then we'll all have to put our heart and soul into the struggle the way our forefathers did.

MRS. LINCOLN: Do you mean you think there'll be war, Abe?

ABE: Mebbe war—mebbe not, but whatever form the struggle takes we'll all be in it. Folks are talking open now. A while back it was just a few men who dared to do that. And we've all got to think about it and talk about it and fight about it if need be, until the thing's solved and our country washed clean of the disgrace.

MRS. LINCOLN: You seem to feel it more and more the older you get, Abe, and I reckon you're right about it.

ABE: Mother, when I was in New Orleans I saw an auction at the slave market. I saw men selling human beings—men, women, young girls, little children, broken down old folks—selling 'em just like cattle. I saw babies taken out of their mother's arms and passed around from hand to hand for those ruffians to bid on. It seems like I can't even talk about it, and yet I know I've got to go on talking about it without cease until something's done to put a stop to it. I'm young, mother, and what I can do now ain't much, but if I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard!

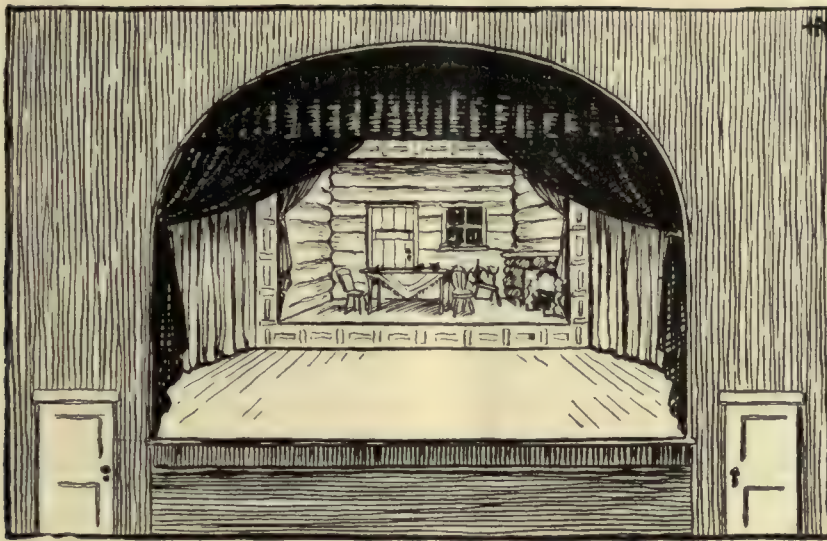
[The curtain falls.]

* * *

THIRD EPISODE

THE DAYS OF 1861

"Way Down upon the S'wanee River" is played softly as the curtain rises showing a group of negro slaves—men, women and children, grouped about engaged in various kinds of simple tasks. As they work they fall to singing some of the old negro spirituals, such as "Go Down, Moses" and "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." While still singing they rise and go out. Crossing the stage and coming out one of the side entrances into the audience room, they walk past the stage in a slow procession, and in through the entrance at the opposite side of the stage.



The curtain falls as the last slave has left the stage. It rises again as the procession of slaves has crossed in front of the stage and disappeared. A country dance is in progress, with the girls in hoop-skirts and the men in the costume of 1861. An old man, standing on a chair, is playing the fiddle. The young people line up and a Virginia Reel is danced. In the midst of the dancing a bugle-call is heard. The dance stops. The men seem instinctively to gather into two hostile groups. The girls try to draw them together but without success. They exit opposite sides. The curtain falls on the tableau of the girls, huddled together in terror and grief.

The strains of "Kingdom Comin'" are heard, and a little procession of negro children comes from one of the side entrances into the audience room. The leader is a little negro boy with a paper soldier hat and a small American flag. They half strut, half dance across in front of the stage and go in at the other side entrance. The curtain rises just as they make their entrance upon the stage, singing the old song. They are very jubilant. Presently their song is cut short, and they stand listening and watching one of the side entrances. From off-stage come the voices of the older negroes singing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." From the side which the children are watching, a soldier in the uniform of the North enters—one of the boys who was seen at the country dance. From the opposite side enters another of the boys in the Confederate uniform. Both walk wearily, with bent heads. As they reach the center of the stage they glance up and see each other, and, after a long look, clasp hands in reconciliation as the curtain falls.

* * *

THIRD INTERLUDE

LINCOLN THE DREAMER

[The curtain rises showing ABE and MRS. LINCOLN. ABE has put down his book, and sits with his arms on the table and his chin in one hand, staring silently before him. MRS. LINCOLN watches him.]

MRS. LINCOLN: You ain't said nothing for a powerful long time, Abe. Dreamin' way off into the future, ain't you?

ABE: Way off into the future, Mother.

MRS. LINCOLN: You won't go for to sit up all night thinkin' will you, Abe? You'd ought to have some sleep after your trip. What is it you're thinking about when you're looking so far away?

ABE: I ain't exactly thinking, Mother. It's just a kind of a feeling that comes to me.

MRS. LINCOLN: What kind of a feeling, Abe?

ABE: A feeling that the future's going to bring out things most folks won't even dream of in our time.

MRS. LINCOLN: The towns and cities 'll be a heap bigger,

I reckon, with lots more folks in 'em, and boys like you, Abe, 'll have better chances than they got now.

ABE: Everybody'll have better chances because the spirit of freedom 'll keep on growing. Some day the thinking men all over the world'll join hands to fight for humanity. And the spirit of liberty of our country and of the other nations that think big, clean thoughts, 'll go crying out to the people who are still in the dark—the way Paul Revere did to the folks back in Concord—and there'll be minute-men all over the world answering that call.

MRS. LINCOLN: I—I just love to hear you talk like that, Abe. Mebbe I don't always quite understand, but I get thrills inside o' me—sort o' little glimpses of the things you see clear and plain. It's like the way folks feel in meetin' when the preacher calls for them that's found the Lord—and sometimes you think you've found the Lord, and then again you're scared for fear you ain't found Him—but anyway, there's a feeling comes over you that makes you want to shout!

ABE: Some day, Mother, I think the whole world of righteous men is going to shout like Adams when he heard the guns at Concord "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

[The curtain falls.]

* * *

FOURTH EPISODE

THE GLORIOUS MORNING

The curtain rises showing a group of Red Cross girls gathered about a table, working at bandages, etc. A group of the Girls' Patriotic Service League enters from one of the side entrances to the audience room. The girls march through the aisles and, lining up in front of the stage, go through a simple military drill. The curtain falls on the Red Cross group a little before the close of the drill. At the close of the drill the P. S. L. group forms into two lines and goes out through the two side entrances leading to the stage.

The curtain again rises showing a group of the soldiers of the Allies—English, Scotch, French, Belgian, Italian, and perhaps others, and several Americans. They are apparently resting and are singing some rollicking war ditty, such as "Tipperary." At the close of their song, the "Marseillaise" is heard, played softly. From one of the side entrances leading to the audience room comes a procession of refugees. They are mostly women and children, weary and forlorn, stumbling along under the load of such of their possessions as they have been able to save. They are led by a Red Cross girl and an old soldier in the uniform of the Franco-Prussian War. This sorrowful procession makes its way across in front of the stage, through the other side entrance and up onto the stage

(Continued on page 137.)

DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Honor from France

THE DRAMA LEAGUE has had no recognition of its work, which means more for the cause of world-wide good drama than the request from M. Firmin Gemier, newly appointed director of the French state theatre, the Odéon, that the League select a few of the best contemporary American dramas for production at the Odéon. This is perhaps the first time that American art has been recognized directly by any French subsidized theatre. No American play has ever been produced in any such theatre. It is a singular honor that has been given the League in the choice of these plays. M. Gemier's letter is as follows:

"I believe it very possible to present to the French public each year an example of American contemporary dramatic art, and it is with great pleasure that I will examine the best manuscripts which the Drama League of America may be willing to select and send to me as the most suitable for performance in France, and the most representative of the dramatic art of your great American democracy, sister of the French Republic.

(Signed) F. GEMIER.

"Director of the National Theatre of the Odéon and founder of the Shakespeare Society."

The committee which is being asked to serve includes Walter Prichard Eaton, representing the American journalists; Arthur Hopkins, the managers; Theodore B. Hinckley, editor of THE DRAMA; Margaret Anglin, the actors; Montrose Moses as an expert in American drama; Kenneth MacGowan, representing the dramatic critics; and Mrs. A. Starr Best as an ex-officio member.

Playgoing Department

HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER, Associate Chairman

THE National Playgoing Department is confronted with the most exasperating task of its long existence—that of trying to decide whether the greatest play of the month, that crowding houses at the Pan-American building in Washington, is worthy of a bulletin. All advices from the Capital are of the opinion that it is, yet true to our reputation, we hesitate to recommend it until it becomes more truly dramatic, until it presents more struggle, more evidence of climax, and until it gains the sympathy or antipathy of its audience. For those who visit Washington, we recommend attendance; for those in the provinces we suggest reading the accounts of the play.

Outside the Conference, the theatre has been in festive mood with holidays coming on, prices going down, and general attendance fairly good in spite of the usual "beggarly account of empty boxes" before and after Christmas. The swan song of the unrecognized American dramatist is no longer heard on Broadway. Eugene O'Neill with two new plays on the bulletined list in New York, and a third from last season on tour, presents an accomplishment that the theatre in this country can well be proud of. This alone is sufficient to make the month one of note in the history of American drama. But outside of this, the month has been lacking in new plays. In New York, *The Straw* by O'Neill, acted by Margalo Gilmore, Otto Kruger and Harry Harwood, lasted a brief three weeks.

In Boston, Otis Skinner in *Blood and Sand* has received favorable comment. The announcement called the play "a picturesquely staged and capably acted narrative of the life and love affairs of bull fighters." *Mr. Pim Passes By* is also receiving the plaudits of Boston theatre goers. The Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre produced *The Voysey Inheritance* by Granville Barker. This is the first production in this country.

Chicago has bulletined, during the month, *Enter Madame*, *The Whiteheaded Boy* and Sothorn and Marlowe.

Mr. Roland Holt writes interesting letters from New York telling of the death of many plays there. He heads the list "In Memoriam," and includes the following productions: *We Girls*, *Marie Antoinette* (ten days), *The Man's Name* (two weeks), *The Six-Fifty* (two weeks), *The Skirt* (five days), *The Right to Strike* (less than a week), Arnold Bennett's *The Title* (two weeks). *The Detour* died on the road, as did *Two*

Blocks Away and *The Champion*. Perhaps it would not be presuming too much to ask Mr. Holt to edit "The Morgue" every month, since the list of plays failing is much more impressive than the list of those succeeding.

Without making too rash a promise, it is safe to announce that the long-looked-for list of plays bulletined by the League since its organization, will be completed and sent out this month. Next month a new list of bulletined plays in New York, Boston, Chicago, and on tour will be published. The bulletined plays on tour are—*Miss Lulu Bett* (two companies), *The Emperor Jones*, *The Passion Flower*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *Little Old New York*, *Mary Rose*, *Abraham Lincoln*, *The Easiest Way*, *Wake-up*, *Jonathan*, *Lightnin'* (second company), *The Whiteheaded Boy*, Fritz Lieber in Repertory, Walter Hampden in Repertory.

The 1922 Convention

PLANS for the 1922 convention are already more promising than for any previous convention. In the first place a cordial invitation to entertain the convention as their guests has been extended by the Drama Club of Evanston. The board of directors has accepted this invitation. This is the first time in the twelve years since its organization meeting that the Drama League has met in Evanston, and the whole field will be eager to attend and testify its allegiance to the birthplace of the organization. The Drama Club on the other hand is enthusiastic in its plans, and has vowed to make the occasion rival the historic Philadelphia convention when we had such a good time.

Since the occasion will have such a gala note, it has been decided to make it a social convention. Last year's was distinctly a business convention; but this year every effort will be made to have the sessions as attractive as possible, and the business will be put through with as little obtrusiveness as is compatible with necessity.

Many plans are brewing, but it is too soon to announce them. It is sufficient to say that the League is going to the old home-stead to celebrate its twelfth birthday and the Drama Club promises to make the occasion an unforgettable one. The convention will be held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 20, 21 and 22.

Every center should begin planning now as part of its year's

work to make sure that its president or a representative attends this convention. The more remote the center is, the more it needs this close contact. We find that the active centers this year are those that had delegates at the last convention. Send a delegate even if you have to give a benefit to raise the money.

News from Centers

MRS. A. STARR BEST

Chairman, Propaganda and Organization Department

AS THE season advances we receive encouraging reports from many active centers. In some cases it is a series of programs, which serve their part in stirring up the dramatic interest of the community, and are of importance in the life of the center. This material is not especially valuable for reviewing for this column, as after all, like a bull fight, a meeting must be attended to be appreciated. It is especially interesting, however, to note that the centers are outgrowing the effects of the war and are no longer so afraid to risk undertaking a guarantee. Many are bringing to town significant things like the Tony Sarg Marionettes, others are venturing to guarantee a professional company, while many more are developing their own little theatres or groups of players. This is the most encouraging note of all, for by it we hope to save the one night stands.

Inspired by the new Popular Study Course, many centers are undertaking renewed activities in the play-reading line—notably UNIVERSITY CITY, whose president writes that they are planning to organize some reading circles.

TACOMA has perhaps the most ambitious program of all. This lively center has always been a source of great pride to us as it undertakes and accomplishes active work along all four departments of Drama League activity; play-reading, play-acting, play-producing and play-writing. The study department meets every other week to hear such interesting programs as "Talks on Dunsany" and resumé of *If*; "Review of plays given by Maurice Browne's Little Theatre Company"; "Modern Drama and Reading"; "Greek Drama"; "Christmas Program of High School Plays by Drama League Children"; "Galsworthy"; "Oriental Drama"; "Reading of *Lilom*"; French drama followed by a reading from "Molière"; "Bernard Shaw, followed by a reading"; Shakespeare, with presentation of scenes. The Play-Producing Department meets every week, and has listed for production a new play every month. Of these, four are plays written in the center's own workshop department. An entire evening in the middle of the year has been set aside for this year's workshop plays.

CINCINNATI is active. In addition to a monthly lecture and a great deal of social work, this center issues a weekly bulletin which gives timely and interesting news. Under the heading "Call Board" all meetings and lectures of note are listed; under Bulletined Plays attention is called to Drama League plays, and under Comment appear notes on plays not sufficiently good to merit a bulletin. Considerable information of interest is listed under Community Work. In this department a committee makes lists of plays available and gives advice to playwrights and producers. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Cincinnati work is the new Bookshelf Department. With the co-operation of the local book-seller, a department has been opened where all the new drama books are listed. In the local store a cozy corner called The Drama League Bookshelf has been fitted up with a lamp and easy chair and new drama books on hand for reference. This is a new and clever service and could be inaugurated by any center in a city sufficiently large to have an attractive book store. Other original features planned by this center are a Children's Story afternoon with Dugald Walker, and an evening "Smoker" in a basement grill room where the guests will be seated at tables while talks are given on "How to write a Play"; "How to cast it," and "How to Produce It"; followed by the miniature production of a play in the center of the room.

COLUMBUS, O., is experiencing a genuine revival, and its meetings are overflowing. An enthusiastic group meets every two weeks to study the development of the drama in addition to the monthly meetings. A third group meets every two weeks to study Shakespeare. The first meeting was significant and proved suggestive to other centers. It was on High School Drama and included an exhibition of a class recitation in which the students made a splendid showing. The second meeting was a review of current productions, in the discussion of which members actually took a lively part. The center is supporting the local stock company, and shows its interest by reserving two rows of seats for Drama League members every Saturday night.

BOSTON is enjoying its new rooms. In addition to its regular afternoon discussion at the Library it is holding a great many social meetings. Recently a dinner to Miss Henrietta Crossman and Dudley Digges, appearing in Mr. Pim, was given. After dinner an address was given by the president on "Back to Methuselah."

BIRMINGHAM is finishing its civic semi-centennial celebration with a beautiful pageant. The Drama League had an important share in this, as it took charge of the casting and secured all of the performers.

SPOKANE sends in word that the League group is exceedingly active and alert and working hard to make a success of Nance O'Neil's appearance in *The Passion Flower*.

It is good news to hear that CEDAR RAPIDS has started an energetic plan for active work, has enlisted the Chamber of Commerce and will soon be a force in their city. They have launched a campaign for four hundred members.

Way out west in PROVO, the center is taking on the responsibility of bringing the Tony Sarg Marionettes for special performances. This is quite an undertaking for this ambitious center composed entirely of college students.

A hot race has been contested during the month in Texas by DALLAS, CORPUS CHRISTI and WICHITA FALLS as to which would get its charter first. Wichita Falls has won and is today entitled to its charter. Much credit is due this smaller city which was the last to start! The fight is still on between the other two. Thus Wichita Falls becomes the first center in Texas. We are happy to welcome our new center.

Also during the month, WORCESTER, MASS., has completed its organization and joins us as a center. Several other cities are carrying on campaigns, but have not yet secured the sufficient number of members.

Our baby center in SCRANTON is starting out in the right direction in its interest in actual support of the best drama in the theatre. At their first meeting this year, they enjoyed a talk on the problems of a one-night stand by their local manager and also some helpful suggestions by Mr. John Peltret, representative for the *Abraham Lincoln* company, who spoke with such rare insight at the convention last spring. After hearing these professional folk tell of their difficulties, the center made good the lack of commercial attractions by putting on, very successfully, a play of their own.

An interesting report comes from EVANSVILLE, INDIANA. This center, although in existence only a year, has offered four dramatic presentations in addition to very delightful readings by some of the members. The organization has presented successfully, *Nothing but the Truth*, directed by Miss Grace Kiechle of the Stuart Walker Company, who is a member of the Evansville center. *The Skeleton in the Closet*, a one-act play written by one of the members and produced at a general meeting. The Shakespeare Playhouse Company in three performances, *Beyond the Horizon*, and *A Doll's House*, *In the Shadow of the Glen* and *The Rising of the Moon* were also presented.

With these many and varied interests and activities in all parts of the country, from California to Massachusetts, and from Alabama to Montana, it is no wonder that we received such a message as came to our directors' meeting last month from Wm. Lyon Phelps of Yale, "Every year I am more and

more convinced of the splendid work the League has done and is doing for the theatre and drama of America." Dr. Burton of Minnesota attending the same meeting paid similar enthusiastic testimony.

THE IOWA STATE COMMITTEE on Little Theatre Circuits is making headway. The latest report from its Chairman, Professor Mabie, indicates that it is an established fact and destined to win approval. Several groups of players are already at work on their productions and will soon be ready to start the tour. Iowa City is preparing "The Truth"; Grinnell has in rehearsal a program of one-act plays; Newton has about prepared a program of one-act plays; Mason City is planning to contribute *Her Husband's Wife*. With these four cities prepared to exchange performances, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines and Bloomfield will be able to follow suit much later in the year. Bookings are being made and the Little Theatre circuit may be called an established fact.

Plays for St. Valentine's Day

CORA MEL PATTEN, *Chairman Junior Department*

St. Valentine Passes—By Claudia Lucas Harris, 5514 Centre Ave., Philadelphia. Typed copy \$5.00, including royalty. Excellent for high school students. Twenty-six characters with any number of extras. Attractive setting with the court of St. Valentine in rear, beyond a fanciful landscape and fairy-like village. To the right and left front are two tiny cottages where live a youth and maid. The costumes are very brilliant, in Watteau style. To the court come pairs of lovers, young, middle aged and old with famous lovers from the realm of literature. Easily staged. Time about thirty-five minutes.

Magic Incense—By Miss A. W. Alden, 624 South Norton Street, Los Angeles. Typed copy \$5.00, including royalty. A fantasy for high school girls. There is but one speaking part, that of Penelope the Spirit of Romance. Other characters used for pantomime are the cook, the stay-at-home, the housewife, the dull husband, and the secretary. Easily produced. Plays about twenty minutes.

At the Sign of the Cleft Heart—By Theodosia Garrison. In One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 40, Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Suitable for high schools. Scene, Love's Shop, Arcadian Way. Characters, Love and a maiden. Plays ten minutes.

The Queen of Hearts—By Josephine Krohn. Published by The Drama League of Chicago, 25 cents. Cast of thirty to forty children from eight to twelve years of age. Picturesque, humorous, dramatic. Costumes red, white and gold with decorations of hearts. Plays twenty minutes.

Plays and Pageants for Lincoln's and Washington's Birthday

THE following plays and pageants for Lincoln's and Washington's birthday should prove interesting for celebrations:

Bird, Grace E. and Maude Sterling—*Historical Plays for Children*; MacMillan Co., 1914.

Irish, Marie—*Good Things for Washington and Lincoln's Birthdays*; T. S. Denison, 1914.

Mackay, Constance D'Arcy—*Patriotic Plays and Pageants for Young People*; Henry Holt, 1912, contains *Abraham Lincoln*, *Rail-splitter* (Indoor), *George Washington's Fortune* (outdoor).

Merrington, Marguerite—*Holiday Plays*; Duffield, 1910. Contains a Washington's Birthday Pageant, *Abe Lincoln*.

The Fiery Pillar by Louise Ayers Garnett in *The Spirit of Democracy*, published by Rand McNally, is a good patriotic pageant. Scenes from Percy MacKaye's *George Washington* can be used effectively.

Reference Lists on Modern Drama

Compiled by HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER

THE announcement of a new bibliography on modern drama is sure to call forth the question as to the need for such a piece of work. The present list seeks to justify its existence through its claim to be both comprehensive and exhaustive. Only books in English have been considered, the obvious standard works in German, French and Italian having been omitted because of the difficulty to procure them. Magazine articles have not been considered, although the field covered by the periodical is most important. Books dealing solely with the writing of one dramatist have also been excluded.

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BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

Plays for Classroom Interpretation, edited by Edwin Van B. Knickerbocker (Henry Holt and Company) is divided into three parts: Classroom Work with a Play; Plays including *The Golden Doom* by Lord Dunsany; *Two Crooks and a Lady*, by Eugene Pillot; Doris Halman's *Will o' the Wisp*; *Spreading the News*, by Lady Gregory; *The Turtle Dove*, by Margaret Oliver; Beulah Marie Dix' popular *Allison's Lad*, and the second scene of the third act of Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses*; and Notes to the Instructor.

Although the volume was evidently intended for use by the students, its real value is for the instructor. The early chapters give some excellent points to be considered in studying plays, but would weary a pupil to distraction by its detail. These points should really be carried in the teacher's mind and used whenever the study of the plays makes them pertinent. Text books on literary forms have done more to give a distaste for reading than the "movies" and that is not faint damnation. It is not literature the pupil objects to, it's the meticulous analyses which he rightfully and humanly detests. The mother of a youth who knew some Shakespeare before he went into a tuition high school, told me that he had lost all interest in *Macbeth* because his instructor had made him analyze in infinite detail, the play. Up to this time modern drama has suffered little because it has only recently been received widely into curricula. Heaven help it when textbooks about it begin to multiply!

The plays themselves are simple and suited to school production although they do not merit any intensive classroom study. As material for production and the training that goes with such endeavor—voice and body control, and expression—they offer opportunity as all plays do. They have not been selected, however, with any idea of beauty of speech or care in characterization. This is especially true of *Two Crooks and a Lady*, and *Will o' the Wisp*. The latter seems peculiarly unsuited to the student mind and interest.

* * *

The British Drama League has compiled a list of 101 *Commendable Plays* for amateur use. Most of the plays included have appeared in American lists. Some twenty or thirty others may interest those producers who are on the outlook for something new and different. The list is selected with high standard and was attractively published in the June number of *The Chap Book*, London.

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The Conflict a health masque, by Gertrude Colby, published by A. S. Barnes Company is a more beautiful creation than its purpose would lead one to think possible. Too often masques and pageants written to exploit a practical idea lose the charm of the form in devotion to the thesis. Miss Colby has happily maintained the dramatic and decorative interest without losing her point.

The cast need not be large and the settings may be of the simplest. The book contains many pictures of a successful production and these are most helpful. Music, dance steps, and details of costuming are given full treatment. *The Conflict* will be welcomed wherever a popular and beautiful representation of health propaganda is desired.

Studying the Play, a pamphlet giving in detail the question method, has been prepared by Allison Gaw (The University of Southern California Press). Under each of the eight sections, an extensive series of questions is asked. The section headings are Formative Influences at Work in the Play; The General Nature of the Play; The Organization of the Plot Material; The Characters; The Theme; Methods, Devices and Conventions of Dramatic Technique and Staging; An Individual Scene; and The Style. The little book is intended as an aid in the study of the drama in classrooms and clubs especially although it can be used effectively by the individual student. Questions of primary importance are distinguished by asterisks. Thus it is possible to use the volume for an elementary course.

All Alone in the Country, a one-act play, by Henry Bailey Stevens (The New Hampshire Extension Service), is an obvious farce, old-fashioned in its escaped lunatic situation, but it has a feature worth knowing: a caricature of a city person as the countryman sees her. We have long been accustomed to the country character as seen through Broadway eyes but now the aerobic and hardy perennial worm has turned again—and this time turned all the way over—for the city lady in this play is as false as the rube has been in the others. It is, however, of great significance that rural communities are becoming more and more interested in drama and are writing and producing plays which have to do with their own problems and points of view. All of which means that it will not be long before we have real native American drama with all the genuineness the term implies.

The Masque of Morning, by Edward Viets, (The Four Seas Company) is as material for presentation wholly without value. The author shows no experience with or knowledge of presented drama. The material offered is nothing more than brief bits of verse taking the dialogue form.

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Writing the One-Act Play

IV

By DELMAR J. EDMONDSON

INCIDENT AND SITUATION

IN ADDITION to character the other important element of plot is incident. Plot without either would be impossible; both must be present, because it is the reaction of character and incident, one upon the other, that gives rise to situations that make drama. Neither could effect that end without the other. Often they are identical. The incident of the macaroons, in the first act of *A Doll's House*, is a view of Nora's nature. The incident of Bernick's beating his son, in *The Pillars of Society*, shows that he loses his poise under the stress of approaching disaster. The dialogue of Bernick and Aune concerning the Indian girl is an incident that contains the seed of plot-development.

An incident in a long play stands by itself; it reflects neither forward nor backward. That is, it gives no hint of motives or results. It is an event occasioned more or less by chance, an autonomous union of dramatic parcels that has no necessary relation to any other group of details, either preceding or following. It is worthy of interest in itself, aside from the action in which it appears. But each incident has, of course, a function in the play; and though that function be not at once apparent, it is revealed as the plot unfolds itself. The beating of Olaf by Bernick has no purpose outside of character, unless it be construed as a contributory cause to Olaf's running away. But at least the incident has no immediate connection with that part of the action in which it appears.

In a one-act play, however, it may be said that incidents should follow one another with almost the logic of cause and effect. In supplying them the author should not be too generous or too stringent. A happy medium must be found. A paucity of incidents results in an effect that is hazy and indefinite. A plethora of incidents—and this is the greater danger—has the effect of blurring one impression by the hasty succession of others. One specific situation is the writer's chief concern; he therefore should include in his progress toward that situation only those incidents that lead directly to it. This situation in the one-act play, everything preceding which should but point the way, corresponds to the climax of the longer play. The longer play has many situations: moments, which, presenting important relations between two or more persons, or between persons and circumstances, reflect the past action and forecast the succeeding action until the climax is reached.

A crucial and dramatic situation in a long play, then, is unlike an incident in that it is the result of precursory causes. Each act, except, of course, the last, should end in such a situation, to carry the interest through the entr'acte. When the curtain lowers on the second act of *A Doll's House* Krogstad's letter is in the mail-box, Krogstad is out of the city and beyond Mrs. Linde's influence, and Nora's happiness hangs in the balance. We are eager for the play to resume to know what will be the outcome. The end of the first act of *The Silver King* leaves Denver stupefied over the body of Ware, whom he thinks he has killed in a drunken rage. Such situations are the body and blood of the longer drama. In the one-act play we have but one. In *In the Zone* it is the reading of the letter that reveals the tragedy of Smith's life. Leading up to it are closely-knit incidents that inevitably culminate in this situation. In summary, the one-act play has many incidents and but one situation; the full-length play has many situations and but one climax.

THE BEGINNING

NOW our dramatist comes to the actual work of building his play, and starts, naturally enough, with the Beginning. He explains the time and place of the action more fully than a program is able to do. He may briefly create the atmosphere. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare used the opening scene of the witches,

doubtless for no other reason than to indicate the grim, supernatural nature of the story. Here the writer informs us of the doings of the protagonists before they are enmeshed in the difficulties of the dramatic action. The hero, still serenely unconscious of trouble, is allowed to show what type of man he is, and what may be expected of him. The relations of the persons, one to another, are explained. But the writer is not constrained, as has been said before, to complete his exposition in the Beginning. He may spread it throughout the entire action if he so desires. The tempo of the piece is here indicated. The greater swiftness or quiet with which the action is to move forward is presaged by the nature of the Beginning.

Dramatists are frequently advised to open their plays with inconsequential dialogue so the audience will not miss anything of importance through the disturbance of late arrivals. Dumas certainly took this rule to heart in writing *Camille*. The talk between Nanine and Varville and the short visit of Nichelette are entirely superfluous. It may be said, in fact, that the whole first act is superfluous, as it establishes little but the fact that Armand loves Camille. The first and second acts might have been combined with a strengthening effect. Dumas could have learned important lessons in condensation from Ibsen, allowing, of course, for the wide divergence between the accepted theories of technique in their respective periods. In *The Pillars of Society*, for example, the business of the railroad is taken up at a much earlier point in the draft than in the completed play. In the draft the earlier scenes of the third act of *A Doll's House* are awkward and loose. Ibsen compressed and simplified them with the result of greatly augmenting the delicacy and dramatic suspense of the situation.

The practice of opening with dialogue of no great importance is a common one. The rising curtain of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* discovers Tanqueray, Jayne, and Misquith in a friendly conversation that contributes little or nothing to the story. *The Silver King* opens with a scene in which Bilcher describes at length a horse race that has no real bearing on the plot. The point concerning Denver's ruin, made shortly afterwards, is repeated so frequently throughout the subsequent action that there is no danger of the fact being missed by the spectators. Which brings to mind another rule the dramatist disregards at his peril. An audience is not quick at picking up essential facts. They must be repeated before the psychological impact is sufficient to cause reaction in the audience's memory. Thus, in *The Silver King*, Bilcher makes the statement that Denver is ruined, Ware gloats over the fact, Jaikes laments the fact, Denver admits it, and tells his wife about it on her entrance. So when the first act ends there is little doubt in the mind of the audience that Denver is completely and emphatically ruined.

The one-act playwright, on the other hand, is not allowed the privilege of a superfluous opening. He must emulate in this regard the example of Ibsen, who took no advantage of the convention. In the first scene of *A Doll's House* we learn of Nora's supposed extravagance; in the first scene of *Rosmersholm* we learn of the tragedy of the mill race; in the first scene of *The Pillars of Society* we learn of Bernick's difficulties with his workmen. The one-act playwright must, in like fashion, proceed at once to his plot. He has little enough time as it is, without wasting precious moments in idle talk. The opening line of *Funiculi Funicula*, "I will write a prescription for you. Please have it filled at once," gives an intimation of the situation. The second line of *The Brink of Silence* cuts to the very heart of the whole plot. In *In the Zone* begins with a pantomime that forms the basis of the entire action. So people who insist upon being fashionably late had best stay away from theatres where one-act programs are presented.

"Miss Hillerist" and the Press Agent

(Continued from page 122.)

Personally I have found that in nine cases out of ten, I have had the same points put to me regarding either Mrs. Hillerist in particular, or the play as a whole; to me, that is proof that those are the questions which are really interesting our audiences here and which they would like to have answered.

May I, very briefly here, endeavor to clear one or two points which often appear to be a little puzzling? Why do I make Mrs. Hillerist so hard? In the first place, of course, because she is written on those lines—there is not a sympathetic line in the part—and it is my job to interpret the part as it is written. I think Mr. Galsworthy purposely makes her unsympathetic to keep the balance of the play; played sympathetically, there would be danger of the audience simply feeling it was a struggle between the old aristocratic family and the blustering *nouveau riche*, and naturally hoping that a charming woman would win. There is no danger of that as she is played! I feel personally that the whole significance of the play is epitomized in the two entrances of the Jackmans. In the first act, they come in to appeal to Mr. Hillerist, their late landlord and squire, to make Hornblower realize that he is breaking his word in turning them out, after having bought the property on the understanding that he would not disturb the tenancy. The Hillerists take up their cause and the fight begins. Many ugly things are said and done as the fight develops. At the very end of the play, the Jackmans come on again to thank the Hillerists for having restored them to their home. They are the only people who have gained. What does Mr. Hillerist say? "I had forgotten their very existence." Surely there is Mr. Galsworthy's real message: start a fight, and you will go on and on purely from the primitive instinct to down your opponent, and will in all likelihood entirely lose sight of the original cause of the quarrel.

Why is Mrs. Hillerist not more smartly dressed? In the country districts today, I am afraid the English gentlewoman has neither money nor opportunity to keep abreast of the fashions; the famous "coat and skirt and a black evening dress," meet most occasions!

Surely her action, as a gentlewoman, in turning out Chloe, is inexcusable. I don't think so. The Hornblowers have been there seven years and Mrs. Hillerist has not called; in England a perfectly definite indication that social intercourse is not desired. When you remember that Mrs. Hillerist has a daughter of sixteen, I think you will agree she is right in not commencing an acquaintanceship with a family which includes two young sons, which would probably lead to much unpleasantness later on. Hornblower finally forces his way into the Hillerist home and makes war. Mrs. Hillerist, on re-entering the room, finds it invaded not only by Hillerist and his son, but also by Chloe, about whose unsavory past she has just been told by Dawker. Do you wonder she asks Chloe to leave the house? Bear in mind that Mrs. Hillerist only wishes *Hornblower* to be informed; and she even tries to get him to come to an arrangement without being told; it is through Dawker the story leaks out.

These are just one or two of the many interesting questions which are frequently put to me about Mr. Galsworthy's absorbing play; a play which I find grows in interest the more one studies it and the longer one plays in it—a rare experience!

I maintain that I am right, and the press agents are wrong. There is a huge public in Chicago keenly interested in good dramatic productions, and in anything the actors taking part in them may have to say on their subject. As soon as responsible editors refuse to accept the stereotype rubbish the press agents hand them in as "interviews" with artists playing in first class productions—just so soon will the agents pull themselves together and fulfill their real purpose—that of a channel between the players and their audiences—by giving the public what it really wants: the truth.

The Old History Book

(Continued from page 129.)

The young soldiers of the Allies group about the old soldier, and all sing the "Marseillaise"—the old soldier with all the fervor of his memories, the young men with all their enthusiasm for the great task before them, and the refugees with their tired faces alight with new hope. The curtain falls.

From each of the side entrances leading to the audience room comes a procession of Boy Scouts. They march through the aisles and form up in front of the stage in two sections with a space between them in the center. (For the finale which follows there should be steps, making it possible to cross over the footlights and down into the audience. If the stage is not provided with such steps, they may be brought in and set in place by the Scouts.) The Scouts stand at salute. The curtain rises showing a group of the American Legion in full uniform of the men returned from overseas. The final grand march begins as the Legion group marches down the steps over the footlights and down the middle aisle, the Scouts falling in on each side of them as a guard of honor. The grand march proceeds in the following order: the Legion group and the Boy Scouts, the refugees and the soldiers of the Allies, the Red Cross group, The Girls' Patriotic Service League, the Civil War group, the slaves, the Minute-Men, the Revolutionary group, the Puritans and the Indians.

As the last of the Indian group has left the stage, the curtain of the small stage rise, showing the Lincoln cabin again. ABE has fallen asleep with his head resting on his arms on the table. MRS. LINCOLN looks at him tenderly. She touches his arm. He does not stir. She gets up and goes to him. She strokes his hair gently, then takes the candle and blows it out. The lights fade. The curtain falls.

The procession of all the groups is still in progress, marching through the aisles. The groups finally take their places around the hall with the American Legion group centered in front of the stage, and the pageant closes with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the pageant group and the audience.

NOTES ON PRODUCTION

The directions for the pageant herein given apply to the original production by the Northwestern University Settlement of Chicago. The arrangement of the processions and other matters pertaining to the pageant groups should be considered subject to change to fit the requirements of different halls and different sized groups. The original cast was two hundred. The minimum cast would be fifty to sixty, the maximum as many as desired.

In an auditorium with good lighting equipment, it might be possible and perhaps advisable, to omit the front curtain of the large stage, bringing about the changes by fade-outs.

PROPERTY PLOT

(Exclusive of the Lincoln Cabin and the properties which may be considered as costume accessories, such as the Indian Chief's war drum.)

Revolutionary Group—Spinnet, chair for spinnet, bench or settle.

Country Dance Group—Chair for fiddler.

Red Cross Group—Medium sized table and bench.

Soldiers of the Allies—Two benches, or same table and bench as Red Cross group.

The participants in the different groups should be trained to remove these large properties upon making their exit. The change from one group to another should not take more than two minutes. In fact, if the arrangement of scenes is followed closely, there is no excuse for any stage wait longer than two minutes in this entire pageant. The time for the whole production is an hour and a half to two hours, depending upon the number and length of the songs, dances and military drills.

THE MUSIC

The music should be continuous throughout the pageant features and should be in the hands of a competent musician—if possible, there should be an orchestra. If economy must be practiced in the production, let the music be the last thing to suffer from it, for the music is at least fifty per cent of the appeal to the audience. It is as important in creating the atmosphere of a given scene as the costuming and action.

The musical program of the original production follows, but may be considered subject to certain changes if desired.

Prologue—Jig for the fiddler, "Money Musk."

Indian Group—"War Dance," by Skelton.

Puritan Group—"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

Revolutionary Group—Song, "When Love Is Kind;"

dance, Beethoven's "Minuet."

Minute-Men Group—"Yankee Doodle."

Slave Group—"Go Down, Moses."

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Country Dance Group—Dance, "Pop Goes the Weasel;"

exit, "John Brown's Body."

Reconciliation Group—For negro children, "Kingdom Comin';"

for tableau, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

Red Cross and P. S. L. Groups—"Semper Fideles."

Soldiers of the Allies Group—"Tipperary."

Refugee Group—"The Marseillaise."

Finale—"The American Patrol" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Continental Study Course

No. 25

COMPILED BY MRS. A. STARR BEST

THIS course has been designed primarily for clubs and individuals who have already made a more or less careful study of drama and are fairly conversant with the plays of the various leading continental countries under consideration. The plays, therefore, do not pretend to be the best in each nation's drama, but rather such as offer interesting characteristics for comparison, or striking racial traits. In some cases they are selected because they offer an opportunity, as in Hungary and Norway notably, of judging work by hitherto inaccessible dramatists. In every case, however, the plays will be found eminently worth while and of outstanding importance in the nation's drama. It will be interesting to carry on a comparative study of the racial characteristics as the course leads the reader from one nation to another.

Although the experienced student was largely in mind in planning the course, nevertheless, the club or individual just beginning the study of drama will find this a very easy introduction to the drama of all countries; by means of this comparative course he may be pleasantly inducted into a more complete and thorough study of each nation's drama during the ensuing year.

If the work is undertaken by clubs, it would be advisable to allow two meetings a month for each program, reading the play at the first meeting and using the second for discussion of the points suggested. A pleasant variety in the reading of the play is occasionally to have each part taken by a different reader. A biography of the author and brief resumé of his other works should always be included. Material for this will be found in every case, in the same number of the quarterly as contains the play. Thus, the entire material for the month's study will be available in the one book.

If club work in drama is to be wholly satisfactory every member of the group should have the play. In order to make this feasible the Drama League has planned this compact course and arranged a package-library, whereby the magazines necessary for the 13 plays may be had for \$6.00. If more than one set is ordered a special price of \$5.00 will be arranged. This places the year's work within easy reach of every club.

The following general bibliography, of use in any study of drama, may be found helpful:

- Andrews, Charlton, *The Drama Today*. (Lippincott.)
 Archer, William, *Play Making*. (Small, Maynard Co.)
 Burton, Richard, *How to See a Play*. (MacMillan.)
 Chandler, Frank M., *Aspects of Modern Drama*. (MacMillan.)
 Clark, Barrett H., *European Theories of The Drama*. (Stewart & Kidd Co.)
 Clark, Barrett H., *Contemporary French Dramatists*. (Stewart & Kidd Co.)
 Hamilton, Clayton, *The Theory of the Theatre*. (Henry Holt & Co.)
 Henderson, Archibald, *The Changing Drama*. (Henry Holt & Co.)
 Henderson, Archibald, *European Dramatists*. (Stewart & Kidd Co.)
 Hunt, Elizabeth, *The Play of Today*. (John Lane Co.)
 Jameson, M. Storm, *Modern Drama in Europe*. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)
 Lewisohn, Ludwig, *The Modern Drama*. (Huebsch.)
 Mathews, Brander, *The Study of the Drama*. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

I. THE JOURNALISTS

By Gustav Freytag (*German*) No. 9, *The Drama Quarterly*. Introduction and outline by Dr. Otto Heller, Washington University.

Freytag, who lived from 1816-1895, may be called the foremost exponent of German "Victorianism," using the term without opprobrium or prejudice. His work is steeped in the sturdiness of his excellent personal character as well as in the best qualities of his period and people. Artistically, to be sure, it is hampered, along with most contemporary work, by an exaggerated piety for the past, with the concomitant addiction to the classic model. While his gifts were, essentially, those of conspicuous talent rather than of real genius, he nevertheless has contributed to his national literature, among a long list of very meritorious books, the *chefs d'oeuvre* of half a century both in fiction (*Soll und Haben*,—Debit and Credit,—1855) and in lighter drama. *Die Journalisten* ranks next to Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* as the finest product of "high and serious" comedy in German. Up to the arrival of the modern "psychologie" criticism (chiefly represented by J. Volkelt and the school of W. Wundt) Freytag occupied an almost dictatorial position among the theorists of drama. No systematic analysis of dramatic structure has ever equaled in influence his *Technik des Dramas*, (1863.)

Over and above a surpassing craftsmanship *Die Journalisten* reveals the still rarer intellectual and ethical fineness of thoroughly cultivated and completely ripened humaneness. The play is superior from whatever angle it be viewed. The political and domestic *données* are convincing beyond any cavil,—the situations of an unforced, wholesome, and delicious humor,—the personae vitally natural in their trueness to type and individual distinctness. An immensely greater amount of labor is invested in the characterization of the figures, subsidiary as well as principal, than has ever been expended by any American playwright. At least three of those figures—Bolz, Piepenbrink, and Schmock—unsurpassable masterpieces of portraiture, in quite separate and different ways—will live as long as Germans retain their love of letters and the theatre.

FOR READING:

Freytag's Technique of the Drama. An Exposition of Dramatic Composition and Art. Translated by E. J. MacEwan. Chicago, 1895. The over-abundant substance of this famous compend has been boiled down to the quintessence, with a grateful evaporation of a certain pedantic flavor, by Miss Elizabeth Woodbridge in *The Drama: Its Law and its Technique*. Boston, 1898.

The German text of *Die Journalisten* has been frequently edited for use in American schools and colleges.

The best lives of Freytag (in German) are by C. Alberti Leipsic 1890 and F. Seiler, Leipsic 1898.

For excerpts from Freytag's writings (in English) see *The German Classics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries*, ed. by Kuno Francke, vol. XII. See also Warner's Library. For special discussion of Freytag as a dramaturgist consult

Barrett H. Clark, *European Theories of the Drama*. Stewart & Kidd Co.

Norman Hapgood, *The German Theatre*, The Bookman, vol. II, p. 452-458, July, 1900.

FOR STUDY:

Note how completely the comic interest of this play is kept out of the main plot, how grave are the central conflict and its

complications, yet without injury to the "comedic" value of the whole.

Note, again, the large scale and variety of comic and humorous effects, side by side with the serious and emotional. Humor is represented in practically all its permutations; there is satire, irony, rollicking and innocuous merriment, maybe here and there even a small dose of "horseplay," tactfully kept in its place, of course.

Observe the comic use of incongruity in preference to bald accident brought on by the author's fiat. This is characteristic of "fine" comedy.

Observe, particularly, how throughout the play the dramatic transactions are spiritualized. Seek for similar idealistic motivation in other comedies.

Ascertain the author's social and political views and the artistic method of their promulgation.

II. WAR—a Te Deum

By Carl Hauptmann (German), *The Drama Quarterly* No. 24.

An older brother of the better known Gerhardt, Carl Hauptmann found it difficult to make himself felt as a dramatist, especially as he began writing late in life. Moreover, having established himself originally as an able professor of psychology and philosophy, the natural bent of his mind led him along a line of drama less likely to be popular. Symbolism and abstruse poetic treatment rendered much of his work ineffective. This *Te Deum to War* was written in 1914 as a commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the Wars of Liberation; in the light of the subsequent great war, its fatalistic yet inspired message is typically interesting. The play is especially valuable for discussion just now, as a side-light on the disarmament agitation.

The dramatist's special background as a philosopher and psychologist is very apparent in this fatalistic piece; the symbolism is so rich and so widely applicable as to prove almost elusive.

For references see biographical article in *Drama* No. 24.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. Does the play impress you as a brief against war, an argument in favor of war or an epidemic of war and its influences?
2. Is the drama fatalistic?
3. Does Hauptmann succeed in making his symbolism convincing?
4. If so, what is typified by the European Accountant; the Archangel; by Enoch and Grushka; by the Princess Kail; by Heissler?
5. Does the play indicate a typically German view of the nobility and inevitability of conflict as a purge for nations that are ruled by utterly commercial considerations?
6. If the Escaped State Visionary is symbolic of Napoleon and of war as well, how do you explain this German's apparent glorification of him?
7. Note in the third act the unusual effect of the rhythmic motion of the action which seems almost like the impression of majestic organ music.
8. Does the last act seem anti-climatic? If so, why?
9. Does the tremendous sweep of the end of the third act carry the play off with it and weaken the end?
10. Do you feel all through the last act the fatalistic symbolism of the delayed but ever impending sunrise?
11. Is it well named a "Te Deum"?
12. Do you feel the organ roll of the sweep of the pageant moving through the rhythm and action?
13. Compare with Maeterlinck and Faust (Walpurgis Night.)
14. In spite of the rather loose structure is the effect nevertheless, striking?
15. In its relentless massive sweep, do you feel the likeness to a Verreschaagen battle scene?

III. WAR

By Michael Artzybashev (Russian) *The Drama Quarterly* No. 21.
Study outline by Gregory Zilboorg of Moscow University.

TOPICS FOR TALKS AND DISCUSSION:

The Theme—Does war justify the sacrifices involved? Is the theme sufficiently developed? Does war change human weaknesses? Do people act consciously or instinctively under the effect of war?

The Characters—Are they rendered realistically or not? What is the difference in the psychology of Asya and Nina as regards love and attachment? Does Piotor Ivanovich succeed in dominating his paternal instinct? Yes or No and Why? Is Nina controlled by reason and conscience or by instinct only? What are the motives of Volodya's self sacrifice? Give a general characterization of Olga Petrovna.

General Questions—Is Prince Voronetzki psychologically a true type? Who is more human and more natural, Daue or Voronetzki? What trait of human nature does Artzybashev especially emphasize? Is he right or wrong in his emphasis?

IV. THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

By Feodor Sologub (Russian) *The Drama Quarterly* No. 23.
Outline by Gregory Zilboorg.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION:

Structure—Is this play suited to be acted or read only? Is it psychologically realistic, or only symbolic? Is the author right or wrong, when he says about this play (in the foreword) that in this tragedy he has "changed his mask for a half mask?" In what respect is this half mask concealing or revealing the face of the author?

Characters—Who is Algista? What does this symbol or allegory mean? What is Algista's main tragedy? Why does her mother agree to her false name of Bertha, while Algista does not? What are the chief characteristics of the king? What place does love occupy in his life? Why does he refuse to receive Algista back after her resurrection?

General Questions—Note the attitude of Sologub toward the king and his dignity. Is that not a reflection of the Russian pre-revolutionary mind? What feeling does Sologub suggest toward the whole institution of kingdom?

V(a) ON THE HIGHWAY

By Anton Chekhov (Russian) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 22.
Outline by Gregory Zilboorg.

QUESTIONS FOR PAPERS AND DISCUSSION:

The Structure—Compare *On the Highway* with Maxim Gorki's *The Lower Depth*. Which of these plays has more action? What are the points of similarity and difference in the main ideas derived from these two plays?

The Characters—Does Savva remind you of Luka in *The Lower Depth*? In what respect? Give a general characterization of Bortsov? Why do all change their attitude towards Bortsov, when his story becomes known? What are Yegor Merik's motives of hate for Maria Yegorovna? What are the main characteristics of the Russian religious wanderers (Savva, Nazarovna, Yefimovna)?

General Questions—Note and give an outline of the typical Russian trait of a double nature (Yegor Merik, for instance, is despotic and element, criminal and good hearted, etc.) in the main characters of the play. It would be advisable to compare the picture of pre-revolutionary Russian life, as given in *On the Highway*, with some of the short stories of Turgeniev (like *Knock . . . Knock, . . . Knock* and many others.)

V(b) THEODAT

By Remy de Gourmont (French) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 22.
Outline by Oliver Farnsworth, Northwestern University.

This play by the great exponent of French Symbolism, intro-

duces an unusual theme. In *Theodat*, the scene of which is laid in the sixth century, when the celibacy of the clergy was a burning question, a bishop is tempted by his former wife to return to her. The treatment is much more subtle than that of Wilde's *Salome*, which is likewise a study in temptation.

FOR STUDY:

The mixture of asceticism and sensuality; the atmosphere of the early church; the technicalities of the faith as a defect or as a necessary element in the first scene; the picturesqueness of the language; traces of romanticism and naturalism in the play.

V(e) THE OLD KING

By Remy de Gourmont (French) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 22.
Outline by Oliver Farnsworth, Northwestern University.

The Old King is the working out of a definite philosophical idea, of literary rather than dramatic value. Compare the characters with those in *King Lear*; compare the atmosphere with that of Maeterlinck's plays. Is it obtained by the same means? Note the futility of everything and the sombreness of the outcome. Study the pervading symbolism of the play.

REFERENCES:

Amy Lowell, *Six French Poets*; James Huneker, *Pathos of Distance*; The Personality of de Gourmont, in *The Bookman*, 36, 404; *Forum*, 49, 66; *Fortnightly Review*, 96, 526; *North American*, 205, 935; *Living Age*, 303, 665.

VI. THE WOLVES

By Romain Rolland (French) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 32
Outline by Barrett H. Clark, associate editor of THE DRAMA.

FOR STUDY:

Historical Drama—Is this play a genuine historical drama, as for instance, Shakespeare's *Henry V*? Rolland who is more interested in humanitarian propaganda than in art per se, almost invariably writes for the sake of an underlying idea. What is the underlying idea in *The Wolves*?

A Man's Play—*The Wolves* is a play in which there are no women. What does the dramatist gain by the elimination? What does he lose?

Structure—Compare the technique of this play with that of Abraham Lincoln and of Rolland's *The Fourteenth of July*.

QUESTIONS:

Can you discover Rolland's personal attitude toward the ethical question involved in this play?

Does that attitude—whatever it is—interfere with the logical development of the play?

REFERENCES:

Introduction to *The Fourteenth of July and Danton* (Holt.)

VII. THE OTHER DANGER

By Maurice Donnay (French) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 11.
Outline and bibliography by Barrett H. Clark.

Maurice Donnay's theory of the drama is that a play is a love-story—no more, no less. Each of his numerous plays is an exemplification of this theory. The theory is, however, sufficiently broad to allow for treatment as various as that which is found in *Lovers*, *The Free Woman* and *The Other Danger*.

Donnay, being an artist, is not vitally concerned with ideas per se; he deals with them simply as they affect his characters. Character, after all, is the chief concern of the dramatist, and it is character, after all, that influences you in Donnay's plays.

The Other Danger is rather more serious in treatment, if not in subject-matter, than most of Donnay's other plays.

QUESTIONS:

Note the leisurely dialogue, especially in the early acts. Does this detract from the dramatic effect of the whole? Is it necessary to a complete understanding of the play? Compare *The Other Danger* with the same writer's *Lovers*, his masterpiece. If *Lovers* is a love-story, what is *The Other Danger*?

REFERENCES:

Barrett H. Clark, *Contemporary French Dramatists*, (Stewart and Kidd) *Continental Drama of Today*. (Holt)
Ludwig Lewisohn, *The Modern Drama*. (Huebsch)
Preface to *Lovers*, *The Free Woman*, *They!* (Little, Brown)

VIII. THE STRONGER

By Giuseppe Giacosa (Italian) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 10.

TOPICS FOR PREPARED TALKS OR PAPERS:

The Stronger, Which? Prove the case.

The Italian Features of the Play. Character? Business situations? Code of honor? Emotionalism?

Giacosa, the Dramatist. A discussion of his work and of his place as a dramatist.

QUESTIONS:

State the theme definitely and briefly.

What do the young men and young ladies add to the play?

What are the leading qualities of Flora's character?

Can you justify Cesare's attitude toward business?

How largely is the situation duplicated in American life?

How largely is Giacosa's life experience reflected in the point of view of the play?

IX. THE BRIDEGROOM. THE GRANDMOTHER

By Lajos Biro (Hungarian). *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 32.

These two psychological sketches present very human situations. The lack of action in them is offset by the vivid realism of the characterization. The first play brings out the selfish hypocrisy of an entire family. The second is a static scene in which an old scandal, concealed for three generations, is cleverly brought to light.

FOR TALKS AND DISCUSSIONS:

If possible compare Biro with Molner in his *Liliom*.

Compare Biro and Schnitzler.

Compare Biro's plays with leading one-act plays of other countries for technique, point of view, type of humor, and the like.

What is the dramatic value of the aunts in *The Bridegroom*?

What, in the second play, is lost by withholding from the audience the knowledge of the grandmother's early indiscretion?

X. THREE COUPLES

By Alexander Kielland (Norwegian) *The Drama Quarterly*, No. 26.

This play offers to Americans their first opportunity to study the dramatic work of one of Norway's most popular writers. While Ibsen was slow in getting the support of his countrymen, Kielland was accepted at once and became a popular figure. To a large extent Ibsen, a world figure, was accepted by the world outside of Norway before his own country would receive him. Kielland with more definite appeal at home never achieved distinction abroad.

QUESTIONS:

Compare Ibsen and Kielland. Note the simple human quality of the latter. Kielland has more in common with Bjornson. Compare them.

Compare Kielland and Freytag for technique, humor, characterization, and point of view.

Make a similar comparison with Donnay.

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How does Kielland achieve the surprising naturalness of his characters? Choose one character as an example.

What phases of Norwegian thought strike an American as strange?

Has the play an underlying idea? If it has not, what is its worth?

* * *

GENERAL QUESTIONS FOR RACIAL COMPARISON:

1. In what general ways do the dramas differ along national lines?
2. Compare the static quality of Russian drama and its lack of action with the technique and motivation of French drama.
3. Compare the differences in *morale* in French, German and Hungarian drama.
4. Compare the dialogue. Can you trace similar characteristics in the Latin races?
5. Compare the idea of war in the German and Russian dramas? Are they typical racially or only characteristic of these special dramatists?
6. Even though more frankly open in treating sex problems, can you feel a keener atmosphere and greater sincerity in French plays than in other foreign plays?
7. Which national technique appears to be the more general and fundamental?
8. Discuss the motivation of character or plot development. Does this show racial or only personal tendency?

* * *

The following essays on phases of drama studied in this course may be obtained from The Drama League of America:

Monologue in the French Drama, by William H. Scheifley. Eleven pages. The Drama Quarterly, No. 34, 75 cents.

The Russian Dramatic Stage, by Alexander Bakshy. Thirty-one pages. The Drama Quarterly, No. 33, 75 cents.

Idea of Modern Tragedy, by Clarendon Ross. Seven pages. The Drama Quarterly, No. 33, 75 cents.

The Opening Scene in French Drama Since 1850, by William H. Scheifley. Three pages. THE DRAMA, January, 1920, 25 cents.

The Lack of Theatricality in Modern Realistic Drama, by Clarendon Ross. One and one-half pages. THE DRAMA, January, 1920, 25 cents.

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The Theatre of Soviet Russia

(Continued from page 112.)

It is the kind of Theatre toward which newly liberated people will instinctively move. It is a theatre of spontaneous cooperation in which the only objects and agents of dramatic expression will be those called forth by the essential needs of a dramatic action which actuates everyone in an audience in common. If the action is sufficiently intense, if it is deeply enough felt, to obliterate all except itself, nothing will be required to give it effect except the human actors; just as a highly wrought dance requires only a suitable space for its exhibition and emulation.

It will be a Theatre in which all will be actors because all will be so wrought upon by the dramatic action that sitting still will be impossible. This is the meaning to us of the Spontaneous Theatre in Soviet Russia. It should be added that this Theatre has achieved two admirable purposes. It has shown that the real problems of the Theatre are natural ones, to be solved by natural means. The problem of intimacy, or cooperation is, for instance, a problem of the release of a natural dramatic impulse in each of us, and its solution appears in setting each one of us free to the full expression of this impulse. Secondly, it has shown that the work of the Theatre lies not so much in the direction of exhibiting theories of Life and Death, but in exhibiting the practice of fullest life in plays which spring spontaneously from the players themselves and which are a revelation of human beings unfolding toward a higher state of existence. In none of these spontaneous, extemporized plays do we find these gloomy and bitter analyses such as Tehekov specialized in, designed to demonstrate the uselessness of life. On the contrary, we see exhibitions of a vast population awakening from a nightmare, as it were, approaching Life from a new and inspiring standpoint in which the rising Sun plays a great part. In short, the Spontaneous Theatre is the Theatre of the creative uplift.

Eugene O'Neill: A Broadway Philosopher

(Continued from page 118.)

the suspicion that romance is using marked cards this time still persists.

I must speak of the acting of Miss Pauline Lord as Anna. It is a performance so fine and sensitive as to approach perfection. The extraordinary illusion of truth in the more important scenes owes a great deal to her artistic insight and ability to give us the real Anna. Close behind her was George Marion as her father.

In the next issue I shall finish the discussion of the other topics I mentioned in the earlier paragraphs. Meanwhile, all I can add is, go see *Anna Christie*.



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T H E D R A M A

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

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Prologue

or, An Excuse to Indulge in Personalities Regarding our Contributors.

MANY of the players on our stage this month, ladies and gentlemen, have appeared here before and consequently it is unnecessary to introduce them.

As a headliner we have Mr. E. H. Sothorn who is almost as well known as William Shakespeare whose plays he so admirably enacts for us.

Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley—she should have had another initial, B, so that we might announce her as Mrs. A. B. C. D. Riley—has not appeared here before as a playwright although the audience will recall her as the reviewer of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Ongawa. This is not Mrs. Riley's first play, but we think it is the best one she has written.

Another Alice, Miss Gerstenberg, is with us again. Miss Gerstenberg's *Fourteen*, which we presented two years ago, has had great popularity on other stages than ours. It has in fact been one of our best-sellers, or whatever the equivalent of that term is in the vernacular of the theatre.

Charles A. Myall, of English parentage, presents a vivid sketch of Suffolk folk. His play, we are sure, will please you as a gripping story of English folk life. Mr. Myall is principal of one of the public schools of Chicago.

It was erroneously announced last month that Professor S. H. Clark, who contributed to our program a review of the work of Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré of New Orleans, was connected with the University of Illinois. Professor Clark is of the University of Chicago as we knew and the mistake was made by the property man who through us tenders his apology to Professor Clark.

Rehearsal

or What is Taking Place Behind the Scenes Prior to Coming Performances.

DR. RICHARD BURTON will appear on our next bill. Dr. Burton, as you all probably know, is connected with the University of Minnesota. His play is one for boys, a type of play as rare as it is valuable. Dr. Burton who is one of the best known authorities on drama in America, is the author of *Rahab*, a drama in verse form.

Charles Breasted, who will make his initial bow on our stage next month, is a graduate of the University of Chicago, and the son of Professor James H. Breasted, the Egyptologist. Mr. Breasted has gone abroad to make a study of English and Continental methods of acting and stage production. At Harvard he was a member of Professor Baker's "47 Workshop."

Miss Zoe Akins, a busy professional known from coast to coast as the author of *Declassée*, *Daddy's Gone a-Hunting*, and *The Varying Shore*, has taken enough time to present a sketch for us on playwriting.

Mr. Zilboorg, one of our most valued entertainers, will be with us again in March.

Myra Williams Jarrell is another newcomer to our theatre. Her play, *Mrs. Kantsey Know*, will be found to be of especial value for use in women's clubs.

Huntly Carter is to return to us with *The Present Day Theatre in Eastern Europe*. He needs no introduction to our audience.



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E. H. Sothern as Hamlet

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

FEBRUARY, 1921

NUMBER 5

Tradition

By E. H. SOTHERN

I READ an article the other day about some Mediterranean players. The writer was enthusiastic because the actors performed without premeditation—all action was spontaneous—and he waxed especially voluble when the leading Thespian suddenly bit the lady playing opposite to him. This, the critic declared, was truly astonishing, thrilling the expectant audience in a superlative degree.

Perhaps the spontaneous lady who was bitten was astonished too. Without doubt, to simple minds there must be an element of delight in these unexpected paroxysms. The uncertainty as to which of the artists will be taken with the next fit keeps even dull people on the alert. There is something of the bull fight about it.

"Wake me up when Kirby dies," directed the ancient gallery boy. But those who favor the Mediterranean must cry, "Don't let me sleep whatever you do." With us, however, who have not reached spontaneous excellence, the chewing even of scenery has been allowed to be reprehensible and the chewing of actors is yet abhorred. We have much to learn, as the critic above quoted very kindly pointed out. Our careful preparation, our study of what the poet intended and the marshalling of our poor power to deliver his message with skill and precision and concerted action denote a certain feebleness of intellect and a sad lack of imagination. To walk upon the stage with one's mind a blank as to how one is about to proceed, to have arranged no plan of campaign at all, to leave to the exigencies of the moment, grouping, behavior, emphasis, gesture, this is the true "art"—a word which originally meant "skill in joining or fitting," but here means having fits whenever one feels like it.

A story is told of a small child who wearily asked his parent at Coney Island, "When are you going to get drunk, Father?" Must not this be one's mood at the exhibitions of the spontaneous players?

Why is it wrong to think the matter out in advance, to use reason and craft and one's sense of the fitness of things, to compose with one's fellow actors what each may do to illustrate, expound and express the poet's word? What is so admirable in this accidental process?

It is new. That is all. It is Mediterranean and therefore incomprehensible. It is foreign and therefore to be wondered at. Rosalind says to Jaques in *As You Like It* "Farewell, Monsieur Traveller, look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

There you are. It is this desire to be reputed as "having swam in a gondola" that makes people praise this sort of thing. Premeditated art is the true art, and, admitting that acting is indeed an art, the way to go about it is to arrange everything in advance. However, the commissioner of income tax in England pronounces that acting is not an art at all; that to be an artist a man must originate; that the author originates but the actor merely reproduces; that he is not an artist, therefore but an artisan—that is, "one trained to manual dexterity in some mechanic art or trade." Here is matter for an idle hour.

As far as the spontaneous people are concerned, they must start with some knowledge of the story, with looking like some person or another, and with some intention of entering here and going off there, of not standing in front of one another, and there must be some general principles of grouping, and of climax, of pause and pace. So they may not be so very spontaneous after all. Possibly even the man who bit the lady confided to her the imminence and propriety of such a dental onslaught.

Miss Loie Fuller teaches her girl pupils to illustrate in the dance any theme selected by an on-looker. The actual dance is composed as the dancers proceed, but all the principles of the composition of groups, the manner of expressing each separate emotion has long been studied and perfected. So this dance may be said to be new but not spontaneous. The steps are premeditated. "The skill in joining or fitting" is exhibited. But then the dancers compose the little play, so to speak, as they perform it. It is not thus with the spontaneous actors, I take it. Their play was written and could be considered beforehand. It would seem stupid not so to

consider it. Well, this considering how to do the thing and the repetition of the excellence achieved in so doing begets in time what is called tradition, the unwritten delivery of doctrines. The devil of it is that when the great actor is dead, the delivery by imitation of what he did and how he did it is of necessity deputed to his inferiors. I have seen hundreds of imitations of Edmund Kean and Macready when I was a boy and later of Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree and Miss Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Pat Campbell. The least excellent qualities of their delivery and deportment were seized upon for reproduction. Very remarkable were the imitations and if imitation could give us the art of the great artisans we would have many Keans and Macreadys and Irvings.

This is not the real tradition of these men, however. That remains an intangible and mostly an unutterable factor. It is in the memory of old playgoers. Now and then it is expressed in the sentence of some wise writer. It is an impalpable influence, which rises again to in-

spire and rouse some new aspirant. It does not consist of how Kean rattled his sword in the tent scene of Richard III, or how Macready cursed other actors and made Macready pauses, or of how Irving talked frequently so one could not understand him and halted in his gait, or of how Edwin Booth acted with inferior companies. It consists of the purpose of these men, what they stood for, what they certainly accomplished—whether as artists or as artisans, it does not matter much—that they did nobly what was noble, gladly what was glad; that they rejoiced the world and themselves and left a sound upon the air which will not die.

It does not do to despise tradition nor to scorn the story of how these actors proceeded—their interminable industry, their infinite pains, their assurance, their humility. These are worthy of contemplation even by the born actor (by the way, other people are born too), also by the spontaneous people. "Watch your step" is a good motto. But it involves watching the steps of other people, especially those who have gone before.

Broadway Sheds Tears

By JACK CRAWFORD

REFERRED last month to Mr. Eugene O'Neill's literary courage as particularly exemplified in *Anna Christie* and *The Straw*. By his literary courage I do not mean calling spades spades. We have all of late grown rather accustomed to a nomenclature unknown to Victorian ears. Spades by their right name no longer terrify us, or at least we pretend they do not. I had more particularly in mind Mr. O'Neill's use of material which is not in itself popular in the sense in which we generally apply this term to plots. *The Straw*, by way of illustration, is a pathetic narrative of a young girl's illness from tuberculosis. By no possible chance was Broadway likely to want so thorough a harrowing of its feelings, and Mr. O'Neill must have known this, yet he wrote and published it and what is more, had it played for a brief while at the Greenwich Village Theatre. Therefore, I shall write my impressions of *The Straw* since the play is available in printed form and because, in my opinion, it is one of the few plays of this year's theatrical history.

I had the good fortune to see it on the last night of its run. My highest highbrow friends had told me I would like it better than *Anna Christie*; my other friends had not seen it, and although I wept all through the last two scenes (and I had not done this in the theatre since I saw Masefield's *The Tragedy of Nan* some years ago) I am enough like the general public to prefer *Anna Christie*. However, I know no other American dramatist who could have written *The Straw*.

STRUCTURALLY the play follows the narrative form, being written in several scenes of which each is a stage in the progress of the story. This is approximately the same form as that of *Liliom* and, to my way of thinking, makes a more interesting type of play than does our old friend the well-knit affair occurring in four acts within four walls. It gives the dramatist greater freedom, variety, and picturesqueness; allows more room for originality; is more plausible in effect, and permits freer character development.

In the first scene, the humble kitchen-living room of an old Irish-American laborer, we are shown the young motherless daughter of the house, who takes care of her father, her brother and her sister. She is engaged to a wealthy man, the son of a

factory owner. The family physician is called in to see about one of her colds, and discovers that the girl has tuberculosis. He orders her to a sanatorium, to the disgust of her selfish father who wonders who will do the house-keeping when his daughter is gone. Also her lover is not eager to come near her now that he knows the truth about her illness. In fact, he is a coward and fears for his own safety. The curtain in the first scene is at the point where the daughter sees the fear in her lover's face and he has gone away for that evening.

The next scene shows her arrival at the sanatorium in the Connecticut hills, accompanied by her father and her lover who are obviously only too eager to leave her there and get away again. Homesickness and despair overcome her and she sits sobbing in a chair in her new home. Near her sits a young journalist, also a patient, who does his best to comfort her.

Through two or three scenes he is a successful consoler. The two young persons have much in common and under her sympathy and inspiration, he begins to write stories acceptable to editors. Also, he is getting well. Meanwhile she has broken her engagement with her former fiancé and is falling in love with the journalist. The latter, however, is too obtuse to notice the direction in which events are drifting. Here, I confess, I found it difficult to believe him or Mr. O'Neill, as you prefer. Perhaps it was because Margalo Gilmore was herself so charming, one felt that any man who did not fall in love with her ought to be shot at sunrise. He might at least have guessed the truth with the encouragement he was given. But all the young journalist can think of is his writing and of the soon coming day when he is to be released from the sanatorium.

The night before he is to be discharged, the girl begs an interview with him in the woods outside the sanatorium where they can talk without fear of interruption. This scene is the emotional climax of the play. She confesses her love and he in turn has to confess that he does not love her. A true friend, yes; a lover, no. Thus he is true to Mr. O'Neill's philosophy of life that things get tangled up, we don't know how, and there isn't anything we can do about it. The curtain falls on the sorrowing girl returning to the sanatorium. I hope gone.

(Continued on page 181.)

Ships on the Sand*

A Play of the Suffolk Broads

By CHARLES A. MYALL

Cast of Characters:

MRS. DANBY - - - - - Keeper of the inn
 JENNY FLIXTON - - - - - Wife of Bob
 DAVID HARTLEY - - Captain of the Rosalie
 BOB FLIXTON - - - - - Owner of a wherry

It is the kitchen of a wayside public house in the dike country of Suffolk, England. A fireplace at the left is reached by a shallow step. A broad high-set, diamond-paned window is at the back. Above it is a lambrequin of muslin with side hangings of the same material. Under the window is a long settle ledge. On the high mantle are Tobey jugs and a pair of candle sticks. At the back, beginning near the window is a partly open stairway leading to the floor above. At the right is a half door leading to the street. There is a large oak table near the fire place, and several stiff, high-backed chairs are scattered about. A kettle sings on the hob, and there exists a general air of thrift and comfort.

MRS. DANBY [*Looking up from the table she is polishing*]:
 Ay, come in Jinny, gal. It's kind i' ye to help me out a bit.

[*JENNY enters. She wears a simple dress, light shawl, and a drooping hat. On her arm she carries a market basket.*]

JENNY: Good afternoon, Mrs. Danby, m'am. I'm glad ye felt free to send for me. It's little enow folks can do for one another.

MRS. DANBY: Ye're in the right of it there, Jinny, gal. I oft' be sayin' that to myself these days with him a lyin' there all twisted with the pain.

JENNY: He's bad agin, I take it.

MRS. DANBY: Ay, they sent for me the dinner time. He's a-askin' for me constant they say. God knows, I'd take the pain from him if I could 'nd bear it for a time. Pain don't make so much difference to us women. I reckon we'm be used to it.—But take off your shawl, lass, or ye won't feel the good of it when ye go out. [*She looks at the girl sharply.*] What's the matter, Jinny? Be he at it again?

JENNY [*Wearily*]: Ay.

MRS. DANBY: What be it now?

JENNY: The drink—as much as anything.

MRS. DANBY: Aw, God help ye. I know how it is. 'Nd I ain't sayin' but what the drink may have its place in the world. We know that Jesus Himself turned water into wine. But with my own eyes I've seen many a good man go all wrong with it.

JENNY: He's a beast when he's had a glass too much.

MRS. DANBY: Lor, bor, that's the way with most of them—beasts or fools. God forgive me for sayin' the thing. But keepin' a pub I've seen every side of it. Many's the night after closin' time I've prayed for some ither way for makin' a bit livin' for him 'nd the childer. But the light don't come, 'nd so I jist keep goin' on, thankful I can pay the bills 'nd keep a roof over their heads.

JENNY [*Bitterly*]: Today he called me a vile name—he called me—Aw, I can't say the word—and me his wife!

MRS. DANBY: Ay, they do that i' the drink. There's no meanin' back of what they say.

JENNY: Do you think so? Aw, I wish I could believe ye. [*She turns away abruptly.*]

MRS. DANBY: You've a somethin' on yer mind, lass. Can't ye tell it me?

JENNY: It be nothin'—nothin' no doubt but my own worritin'.

MRS. DANBY: Ye be all a-tremble. Let me make yer a cup o' tea afore I go.

JENNY: No, please don't, Mrs. Danby. I can get the tea. Ye'll have no visit at all with yer man if ye don't be gettin'

along. 'Nd I must be home by dark. He won't hold these days, with me being a minute late. I couldn't stand it to go through again what I did the dinner time. I lost my temper. I told him—

MRS. DANBY: Ay.

JENNY: I told him if he ever called me such a name as that again I'd—I'd kill him.

MRS. DANBY: Lor, don't take it so t' heart, gal. When the temper is on us we all say things we do not mean.

JENNY: But I meant it. [*Abruptly.*] Aw, why did I marry him?

MRS. DANBY: It be the youth in ye that asks it. When the years have broken us in we don't question any more: but say it be God's way, 'nd that He understands.

JENNY [*Rapidly, seeming almost to forget the presence of the other*]: I was so tired o' the factory. The machines seemed to fair beat into m' brain, day after day—month after month—year after year. 'Nd then Bob Flixton anchored his wherry under the factory walls 'nd asked me to go with him. It was a chance to get away. I knew his trip carried him to the sea. I'd always had a great longin' for the sea. From a wee bit girl I'd dreamed of it. 'Nd so I went. It was better than the factory. I could see the sky, I could feel the wind upon me. 'Nd he didn't beat me at first. He didn't dare to. Some days I was almost satisfied.

MRS. DANBY: Mayhap ye're expectin' too much. From what I've seen o' life, God don't intend us to be happy ower long.

JENNY: Mayhap. But haven't I got the right to just one bit o' real happiness?—one bit o' happiness where nothin' else in the world counts at all?

MRS. DANBY [*With decision*]: Sit ye down, Jinny; there, by the table. I got somethin' to say to you. I'll just finish this bit o' mendin' on the shirt I'm takin' him while I tell ye a few things that 'a' been on m' tongue for some time now. When I hear a woman a-askin' fer her right to happiness I know its time to say somethin'. I ain't blind. A fortnight ago I saw the wonder and happiness upon ye—'nd then the change. At first I thought it was somethin' ye'd be tellin' me about, 'nd I could be advisin' ye on. But when ye grew so pale, 'nd worried I knew it wasn't that. Jinny, dear, it will give ease to ye if ye could speak the thing out. Can't ye try to tell me about him?

JENNY [*Half sullenly*]: Ye've no call to be meddlin' in my affairs.

MRS. DANBY: Lor, bor, I ben't meddlin'. Only my heart aches for ye. From the first when I saw ye step off that wherry o' Bob Flixton I knew ye was none o' the trumpery, silly mawthers I've seen him trapsin' with these twenty years back. 'Nd when I heard ye was properly married, I knew the skipper had met his match. 'Nd now m' lass, ye're in trouble 'nd ye

won't ease yer heart a bit with sayin' a word to me as has known most o' life, good and bad!—God help us all.

JENNY: I ain't in the habit o' discussin' my affairs with ithers.

MRS. DANBY: I know it, lass. 'Nd ye probably take me for an interferin' old woman. But I can't be the one to see ye broken on the sands 'nd not lend a bit o' help.

JENNY: Broken on the sands?

MRS. DANBY: Ay. Many a ship have I seen here at Olten driven up on the sands 'nd we standin' helpless for the most part watchin' her go to pieces. 'Nd in the mornin' there be dead men lyin' on the beach.

JENNY [*Apprehensively*]: Does it happen very often?

MRS. DANBY: Often enow. There be danger fer all that go down t' the sea.

JENNY: It's always seemed beautiful to me.

MRS. DANBY: It do be beautiful—beautiful when it be kind. But, Jinny, gal, ye've known it not ower three weeks. Aw, had ye seen what I ha' seen—God help ye.

JENNY: 'Nd that thing ye spoke of, Mrs. Danby—that thing might happen to him?

MRS. DANBY: He be a sea farin' man then, I take it.

JENNY [*Hardly audible*]: Ay.

MRS. DANBY: From these parts?

JENNY: From York.

MRS. DANBY: Not the captain o' the little schooner lyin' at the Olten pier?

JENNY: Ay.

MRS. DANBY: Many a time I've marked him—a fine up-standin' boy. He's been in here a time or two; just takes his glass 'nd goes his way like a gentleman. There'd be little trade if they were all like him. Did ye know him afore ye came here?

JENNY: No. I went to the beach one evenin' to have a look at the sea; I'd never seen it afore. 'Nd he was there, a-sittin' on an upturned boat. I'd been cryin'. He asked me if I was in trouble—if he could help me.

MRS. DANBY: Ay, dear.

JENNY: 'Nd I told him I had no trouble—that I was cryin' because—because it was all so beautiful, so big 'nd so lonely—I felt that silly when I said it 'nd I thought he mayhap 'ud laugh at me. But he did na'. He said he understood—that he had felt that way many a time hisself. 'Nd then a ship came out o' the dimpsy light, 'nd a faint young moon shone over the mast head. Aw, Mrs. Danby, m'am, it were that beautiful! 'Nd from the first moment he knew 'nd I knew. There wasn't the necessity of a single word.

MRS. DANBY: I'm followin' ye, bor.

JENNY: He knew I loved the sea, 'nd every evenin' he'd tell me more 'nd more about it. Through him I heard the gale singin' through the riggin'; through him I saw the mast head rock in a great circle about the sky. Aw, it were that grand. I got no words to tell it with. 'Nd then—last night—he told me he loved me, that he wanted we should be married.

MRS. DANBY: Ye hadn't told him how it was with ye?

JENNY: No—I just let things drift.

MRS. DANBY: But ye told him last evenin'.

JENNY: No.

MRS. DANBY: God help ye; God help ye both!

JENNY [*Soddenly*]: Yes, that be it; God help us—God, help us both!

MRS. DANBY [*Firmly*]: Ye must tell him now.

JENNY: I can't. I couldn't a-bear to do it.

MRS. DANBY: Then I must do it for ye.

JENNY [*Almost furiously*]: No—no. Ye mustn't. Ye mustn't get him away from me. He be mine. God knows, I've had little enow in this life, 'nd now that somethin' beautiful 'nd good has come to me I'm goin' to keep it. Ye've no right to be interferin' this way. It be my affair.

MRS. DANBY: 'Nd his.

JENNY [*Slowly*]: Yes—'nd his. Ye're right there. But he'll

understand. There ben't anything he can't understand—'nd forgive.

MRS. DANBY: Then, why didn't ye tell him?

JENNY [*Gropingly*]: I couldn't—I couldn't just then. There didn't seem to be the time to say it.

MRS. DANBY: Aw, Jenny, gal, it be two lives ye hold 'n yer hands. Don't tell me ye be goin' to ruin both o' them. They be that young 'nd beautiful now; it 'ud be a fair pity to spoil them both.

JENNY: I know—I know how it be with ye pious kind. Ye'd have me give him up. Ye'd ha' me cast aside my bit o' happiness.

MRS. DANBY: I don't ask ye to give him up.

JENNY: Ye don't?

MRS. DANBY: No. All I'm askin' be that ye tell him how it is. Think of it, gal. Ye've been honest all yer life when it didn't so much matter. But now when yer big moment comes ye ben't willin' to tell the truth.

JENNY: I be willin', if it be necessary.

MRS. DANBY: It be necessary. It be his right to know. Some time he must know 'nd that right soon. Be careful he don't despise ye for not tellin' the truth at first.

JENNY: Aw, I couldn't a-bear that.

MRS. DANBY: No, 'nd ye'd run the risk of it. Aw, Jinny, gal, the moment I put eyes on ye, I knew ye were none o' the dock wenches. I could see the flash 'nd the hot temper of ye. But I knew the heart of ye was true. Promise me ye'll tell him. Ye say he'll understand 'nd forgive. Then ye need fear nothin'. Mayhap he'll find a way out o' the darkness. Promise me ye'll tell him.

JENNY [*Dully*]: I promise—I'll tell him.

MRS. DANBY: Lor, bor; I know it be hard. But ye can't expect aught but misery should ye do otherwise.

JENNY: Mayhap, ye're right. But seems to me it be misery whichever way ye look at it.

MRS. DANBY: Ay; but one may be borne better i' the ither. [*Suddenly.*] Dear heart; the afternoon be gettin' away. Jinny, gal, run upstairs 'nd fetch m' bonnet. Yer legs be younger than mine. Ye'll find m' shawl i' the lower drawer o' the dresser. [*JENNY rises wearily and goes up the stairway. MRS. DANBY calls her directions after her.*]

MRS. DANBY: It isn't likely there'll be many customers in the afternoon. But ye'll have no trouble. Everything i' the tap-room is labeled proper. Ye can chalk up the credits on the slate on the back o' the door.

[*She gathers her work together in a little bundle. Then DAVID HARTLEY enters. He wears a visored cap, and under his jacket shows a thick blue sweater. His air is reserved but full of great force.*]

DAVID: Good afternoon to ye, m'am.

MRS. DANBY: Why!

DAVID: Did I startle ye? I beg your pardon.

MRS. DANBY: Ye did startle me a bit.

DAVID: Weren't ye expectin' any customers this afternoon?

MRS. DANBY: It ben't that. Ye see I was just speakin' o' ye afore ye came in. I was talkin' about ye to Jinny.

DAVID [*Brightening*]: Is Jinny here?

MRS. DANBY: Ay. She be upstairs to fetch m' shawl 'nd bonnet. She'll be down in a minute.

DAVID: Is she goin' out with ye?

MRS. DANBY: No, she be goin' to mind the bar for awhile. I be goin' to see him at the infirmary.

[*JENNY comes down with the shawl and bonnet.*]

JENNY: David.

DAVID: Jinny.

MRS. DANBY: There Jinny throw the shawl over my shoulders; there's a lass. Ye be very good to an old woman. But then ye could na be else to anyone. Good-bye. I'll na be gone long. Ye'll have much to talk about, no doubt, afore I get back. [*She goes out.*]

DAVID: Jinny.

JENNY: Sit ye down, David. Be there anything I can get ye?

DAVID: No, Jinny. When I see ye, ye're drink and meat both to me. Aw, Jinny, ye're the only thing i' the world I want.

JENNY: Hush, David. It might be some one 'll come in 'nd hear ye.

DAVID: What do I care? I want them to. Is there anything to be ashamed of in lovin' ye?

JENNY [*Startled*]: Sit down, David, please. I want to talk to ye—quiet 'nd reasonable like.

DAVID: Aw, Jinny, a man can't talk reasonable when he's in love. Why do yer always act so strange to me? Why didn't ye tell me ye lived here, instead of always runnin' away from me?

JENNY: I don't live here. I be helpin' Mrs. Danby for the afternoon. Her man's taken a bit bad agsin. I haven't a real home. I be one o' the wherry people, ever a driftin' up 'nd down the broads 'nd ditches twixt here and Norridge.

DAVID: But that makes no difference to me. It isn't how ye live, but where ye live so as I can find ye. Why don't ye let me come to see ye?

JENNY: There be somethin' more. [*Suddenly.*] Davy, dear, have you ever heard o' bein' broken on the sands?

DAVID: There ye go. Ever talkin' of the sea. Seems ye care more for it than for me.

JENNY: Aw, hearken, b'y, just the once. I'll no be botherin' ye with it long. Have ye ever seen a ship broken on the sands?

DAVID: What are ye botherin' yerself about? Well, to tell ye, more than once. In the October gale, three years back, now, twelve ships went on the sands tryin' to make the Lowestoft harbor. There was a terrible sea runnin'; not one of the ships but what was stripped and broken.

JENNY: 'Nd in the mornin' there were dead men lying on the shore?

DAVID: Yes—the sea always takes its toll. It seems as if it must have just so many every year; and if it isn't one way it's another. But why are we talkin' like this? Surely we have somethin' more to talk about than ships that go to pieces on the sands. Come! Let me put my arms about ye. When ye're near me I feel strong enough even to beat back the sea. [*She motions him back.*]

JENNY: No, Davy, b'y, let me have my bit o' talk out. It's much I have to say to ye. I just been thinkin'. Us women be much like ships, blown upon by the winds, 'nd our way o' goin' be for the most part fair and useful enow, but many o' us ben't built for the storms; 'nd in the end, helpless, we be driven into the sands—'nd broken.

DAVID: Ye have a black mood on ye.

JENNY: Ay, a black mood.

DAVID: But that's one of the reasons I love ye, lass. Ye're never twice the same. There's always a bit o' mystery about ye.

JENNY: There's a right to be mystery about me. But mayhap we 'ud better call it by anither name.

DAVID: Another name?

JENNY: Ay—deceit—that be the kindest thing I could call it.

DAVID [*Rising*]: I don't understand ye, lass. Have done with these riddles and tell me plain what ye have to say.

JENNY: I'll tell it—plain enow. Davy—I'm no the girl you think I be. I'm married—been married these six months to Bob Flixton, master o' the wherry lyin' now at Olten Broad.

[*DAVID stares at her dumbfounded.*]

JENNY: Speak, Davy, speak. Don't ye look at me that way. I can't bear it. Aw, Davy, I see by yer face what I've done to ye.—Don't look at me that way. I was lonesome, b'y—lonesome 'nd heart-sore. 'Nd then ye came. 'Nd I loved ye—God knows I didn't mean it. I just drifted—just

drifted—. 'Nd then I couldn't bear to give ye up. Aw, I be wicked—a wicked wench, not fitten to blacken the boots ye walk in. But I loved ye, Davy, b'y, 'nd do love ye 'nd always shall—. Aw, Davy, what have I done to ye, what have I done!

DAVID: God knows what ye have done to me. Somethin' inside me is broken.

JENNY: All my life I'd dreamed o' love, not knowin' really what I longed for, 'nd then that evenin' on the beach I met ye. 'Nd everything was different. I didn't a-mind the beatin's nor the vile names any more, for I knew that when he'd gone to the pub after tea time, I'd have a chance to see ye. 'Nd when ye told me of the sea, of the stars over the ship a' nights, of the voices o' the wind, 'nd of the breathin' of the waves my life changed; it was like I was in church, with the organ a-playin' very softly. 'Nd I knew what it was to be good—. I hadn't ever been really good afore—. 'Nd I knew there was somethin' bigger than myself. It was yer love a-teachin me, Davy—. Aw, b'y, the look in yer eyes fair stabs me. Can ye never forgive me, Davy? Will ye always despise me for the thing I have done?

DAVID: I can't see the way out. What's to be done about it?

JENNY: That be the awful part of it.

DAVID: What do ye mean?

JENNY: That there ben't anything to be done.

DAVID: Ye mean we've got to leave things the way they be, 'nd go on the way we're goin' now?

JENNY: Not exactly that, Davy. Not just the way they be goin' now.

DAVID [*Staring at her, half incredulously*]: Ye mean—ye mean—

[*Then, as if throwing something from him suddenly, he strides toward her and takes her forcibly in his arms. Although she struggles, he smothers her face with kisses. But at last he frees her and she stands before him head bowed.*]

JENNY [*Barely audible*]: Aw, Davy, this be the first time ye've misunderstood me. It fair breaks my heart.

DAVID: Misunderstood? What other way be there to go?

JENNY: Ye know, b'y. It ben't for the likes o' me ter tell ye what's to be done. It's I as should be askin' ye, not ye me. It's I as has played false, not ye.

DAVID: Ye mean?

JENNY: Ay, that's what I mean. The thing yer heart whispers to ye now.

DAVID: Ye mean that we've got ter give one anither up?

JENNY: Ay, though the words break my heart whilst I be sayin' uv 'em. That's it, Davy.

DAVID [*Coming toward her, a fierce light in his eyes*]: I can't. I won't. It's askin' too much o' human nature.

JENNY [*Motioning him back*]: Not too much of human nature such as yers be. Aw, that I shoulda made ye suffer so. Only an hour ago in my weakness I was cryin' for happiness, never for a moment thinkin' what my happiness 'ud mean ter ye. I was rebellious when Mrs. Danby said I must tell ye. I thought her an interferin' old woman. But I know better now. She was in the right uv it. When I saw the shock in yer face the truth came, all of a-sudden' like, 'nd I knew the argument in my own mind was over with. [*Her voice falters.*] Aw, Davy, b'y, mayhap some time ye'll try to forgive me. Mayhap ye won't always feel this bitterness ye've a right to now. It be good-by fer us two now. Every day I'll be thinkin' uv ye trapsin' the seas in yonder wee bit schooner, 'nd every night I'll pray fer ye, askin' God that He bring ye safe to port—that He never breaks ye on the sands.

DAVID: Ay, it's well enough for ye to be talkin' that way with the high soundin' words, 'nd me with my heart breakin' in m' breast, with fingers clutchin' at m' throat, shuttin' the breath from m' body. They be fine words—fine words for a man fair driven to desperation.

JENNY: Davy! Davy, man; can't ye see it's killin' me.

[*She sways slightly, clinging to the table for support.*]

DAVID [*Slowly*]: Forgive me, Jinny. Forgive me. I was thinkin' only 'uv m' own hurt. I should ha' seen. Say ye'll forgive me, gal.

JENNY: Don't ask me that. There be naught for me to forgive. It all be the ither way about. Ye make me feel so humble.

DAVID: 'Nd now, Jinny? Is it— is it—?

JENNY: Aw, let us have a moment or two yet before we say the word. I ben't quite strong enow for it yet. [*She walks toward the window, her step unsteady.*] It be growin' dark.

DAVID: Ay.

JENNY: There be men workin' aboard the Rosalie.

DAVID: Ay, that is why I wanted so much ter see ye. I've had sudden orders to leave for Hull. We're sailin' on the evenin' tide.

JENNY: Oh. 'Nd ye're leavin' shortly?

DAVID: As soon as the loadin's done.

JENNY: They're batterin' uv her down now.

DAVID: We be ready, then; we'll sail shortly.

[*He waits for JENNY'S next move. Slowly the woman comes toward him.*]

JENNY: Davy, it be quite a long word I've got ter say ter ye. It be just as if I was in church. Ye always made me feel good i' m' mind. These two weeks 'nd I've hardly known myself. Ye haven't seen m' bad, wicked temper, nor heard m' cruel tongue. It was as if they didn't belong to me any more. 'Nd ye never would ha' known them had I been free ter go ter ye. But that's all past 'nd gone now. I be goin' ter start m' driftin' up 'nd down the Broads agin, 'nd ye be sailin' out ter sea. 'Nd our knowin' one anither has got ter be like a beautiful dream. So, good-bye, Davy, bor. [*She holds up her face like a child to be kissed.*] Good-bye, Davy, 'nd God bless ye. [*He stoops and kisses her very gently and then slowly leaves the room. For a moment she watches him through the window. Then wearily she drags herself about the room, putting the kettle on the fire, setting the table. Sobs shake her and as she goes about her work she moans audibly like a wounded animal. The room has grown quite dark. At last she lights two candles and places them on the table. Then the door opens and Bob FLIXTON enters. She turns upon him with dull, half-uncomprehending eyes.*]

BOB: So here ye be. 'Nd me a sittin' at home a waitin' fer m' tea.

JENNY: I told ye I was comin' here for the afternoon. Mrs. Danby's man was taken bad again. She's gone ter the hospital ter see him. Sit 'nd have yer tea here. I was only doin' her a little neighborly turn.

BOB: Ay, m' hearty, 'nd was that the only thing ye were doin'?

JENNY: What do ye mean?

BOB: Ay, ay! Caught you off yer guard didn't I? Who was here with ye this afternoon?

JENNY: I suppose ye be meanin' the customers?

BOB: How many uv 'em?

JENNY: How can I say?

BOB: How many uv 'em, I say? Out with, 'nd none uv yer snivellin'.

JENNY [*Sullenly*]: I ben't snivellin'.

BOB: Out with it, ye mawther. Out with it. [*He threatens her with his fist.*]

JENNY: Don't come near me. Ye're been drinkin' again.

BOB: How many?

JENNY: One.

BOB: Who was he?

JENNY: David Hartley.

BOB: Skipper o' the Rosalie?

JENNY: Ay.

BOB: Ay, ay. [*He seats himself before the hearth and absent-mindedly takes up the poker and begins to poke the fire.*] Afeard

to lie about it, ben't ye? It's just as well ye be. I seed him come, 'nd I seed him when he went.

JENNY: Be't anything wrong i' that?

BOB: No—not i' that.

JENNY: Then let's have done with it.

BOB: Not so fast, m' lady. I seed somethin' more.

JENNY: Ye were spyin'.

BOB: Ay, some folks ha' need o' spies. I seed yer in his arms; I seed him a-kissin' ye; ye dirty public house wench, ye dirty s—

JENNY [*Suddenly screaming*]: Don't ye say it, Bob Flixton. Don't ye dare say it. I told ye what I'd do if ye ever called me that again, if ye ever struck me again. I ben't that, 'nd ye know it, Bob Flixton. I been true ter ye, in spite o' the beatin's, the drink 'nd the vile names.

BOB: What I seed, I seed.

JENNY I know what ye seed. But ye only looked with yer eyes. But that's as much as ye can ever see. I know, Bob Flixton, as we kissed one anither. We love one anither, we do. But we knew it was no use. 'Nd because we loved we gave one anither up. It was like as if a body could see her own self die.

BOB [*Rising*]: So ye love him, do ye? 'Nd ye've got the bloomin' cheek ter stand there tellin' it to me. When be ye goin' ter see him again?

JENNY [*Going to the window*]: Never—never. It's all over. [*Her voice catches.*] Ye see those lights out there. That be his ship, a-headin' out ter sea.

BOB: Ship d' ye call it—a fine name, that for a tub. Some day the wind'll kick up a bit o' sea, 'nd where'll she be? Lyin' broken on the sands.

JENNY: Broken on the sands?

BOB: Ay.

JENNY: 'Nd i' the mornin', mayhap dead men a-lyin' on the beach.

BOB: Ay, 'nd that too.

JENNY: No, no, ye mustn't say that. I couldn't go on if I thought that.

BOB: Well, uv all the cheek—a-mournin' for yer lover afore m' very eyes. Ye good-f' nothin' baggage. [*With rising anger.*] 'Nd ye think I'm goin' ter swaller all that stuff about yer holy partin's, about yer givin' uv each ither up? No, no, m' fine lady; me as is yer lawful wedded husband has got ter perfect his honor. The first thing I be goin' ter do is give ye the worst hidin' ye ever had, a beatin' a ye'll remember t' yer dyin' day. 'Nd then I'm goin' ter do the same fer him, only worse. An eye f' an eye, a tooth f' a tooth be my motter. Come here, ye—

JENNY: I've told ye all. As God's m' judge, I've told ye all. We couldn't help as we loved one anither. Put the poker by, Bob. Ye can't be goin' t' beat me with it.

[*She tries to escape up the stairway, but he cuts her off and then hurls the poker at her across the room. She runs for the entrance door.*]

BOB: Ay! Ye will, will ye? [*He lunges heavily toward her. They both stagger at the impact. In the scuffle the candles are pulled from the table and the room is left in complete darkness save for a band of red light from the fireplace and a faint bluish glow from the back window. When at last they fall her hand touches the poker he has thrown at her. As he menaces above her she strikes one blow. He rolls over heavily.*]

JENNY: An eye f' an eye, a tooth f' a tooth. [*Mechanically she begins to pick up the bits of broken crockery from the floor. Then the candlesticks. She drags herself to the back window and looks toward the harbor. Her voice rises almost to a shout.*] Oh, Davy, Davy, my own love. Can't ye hear me a-callin' ye? I'm followin' uv ye down ter the sea. Mayhap some day ye'll find me—find me on the sands—broken—but I be comin'. [*She goes out. Dimly her form is seen, arms uplifted, hurrying by the window.*]

Their Anniversary^{*}

A Comedy

By ALICE C. D. RILEY

Personages:

GERALD DRUMMOND, lawyer, 30 years old, dressed in golf togs.
 FLORA, his wife, 25 years old, dressed in a simple evening gown.
 NORA, their cook and house-maid, dressed in black with a white apron.
 Fat, old and Irish.
 TOM JONES, business man, 40 years old, dressed in dinner clothes.
 JANE JONES, his wife, 29 years old, dressed in a very elaborate evening gown, with a handsome cloak.
 A. D. T., messenger boy, in uniform.

The garden side of the Drummond house in a nice suburb of a big city, shows the living-porch and a little of the garden at each end. Paths lead from either side in a curve to the front of the porch, where are steps or stepping-stones. A straight path also leads directly into the left end of the porch. This straight path is the one Gerald uses. The drive is just off at the left. The living-porch is very attractively furnished. In the facade of the house, a door enters at the extreme right, and a window, which is open, gives into an attractive sitting-room. A table with a desk-telephone is just inside this window, so that the receiver may be taken through the window and used on the porch. Besides the usual porch furniture, a small dinner table on the porch is laid for four people. It is nicely set forth with the best linen, silver and china. A bouquet adorns the center of the table. Chairs are placed at right and left places, but not at up and down places. FLORA is putting the finishing touches to the flowers, while NORA is placing the second chair. A clock within strikes seven.

FLORA: There! It's seven o'clock, Nora, and Mr. Drummond's not home yet.

NORA: 'Tis the great play-boy he is, mum.

FLORA: He's playing golf today with his favorite four-some, so he's sure to be late.

NORA: But the dinner, mum?

FLORA: I was trying to surprise him with this anniversary dinner, but I'm almost afraid it was a mistake. Did you lay out his things, Nora?

NORA [*Holding up an electric bell and cord*]: Yis, mum. How do this bell be fixed, mum?

FLORA: Push it in the floor-socket there, Nora. [*Nora does so, and arranges the push-button at the right-hand place. Meanwhile, FLORA hums gaily a little tune.*] These flowers are really lovely, Nora. Wasn't it good of Mr. Jones to send them! I don't see how he gets things to grow so.

NORA: 'Tis the elbow-grease he does be puttin' into that garden o' his'n does it mum. Sure'n he's there hoein' ivery avenin' whiles the missus does be away. Mis' Jones does sure be travelin' a lot, mum.

FLORA: Yes, she's a great club-woman, Nora, and in demand as a speaker. It's a good thing she has such a devoted husband.

NORA: It is that, mum. Shall I be bringin' the other chairs now, mum?

FLORA: Finish laying the silver first, Nora. Mr. and Mrs. Jones will be here before we know it. [*She gives a finishing touch here and there.*]

NORA: Indade, Mis' Drummond, mum, but I doubt Mis' Jones is back yit. Her Bridget went by the hour and she'd not come thin.

FLORA: So? Mr. Jones expected her this morning. By the way, Nora, be sure that you serve the soup and the coffee very hot and the salad and ices very cold tonight. Mr. Drummond hates cold soup.

NORA: Sure, don't I know it, mum!

FLORA: And especially, Nora, be sure you light the three candles on the anniversary cake before you bring it in. You see, Mr. Drummond and I have been married three years to-night, and I want to surprise him.

NORA: Yis, mum, 'tis Mr. Drummond himself must be surprised he's been married three years, mum.

FLORA: I think he'll love his anniversary, don't you, Nora?

NORA: Well, mum, I do be thinkin' 'tis little the min cares fur anny annyvars'ry mostly. God hilp thim!

FLORA: Oh! but Mr. Drummond does, Nora. I'm sure he has an anniversary surprise for me, for he never mentioned a word this morning of what day it is.

NORA: Sure mebbly he forgot it himself, mum.

FLORA: Oh, no, Nora, he *couldn't!* Why, it's only three years ago today we were married. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have their anniversary today, too, though, of course, they've been married longer. That's why I invited them and made it a double anniversary dinner.¹ Is the roast coming on well, Nora?

NORA: Beautiful, mum. [*A motor horn is heard. FLORA runs to the left end of porch and peers down the path.*]

FLORA: There's the car now. [*More motor noises.*] There he is! Oh, Gerald, Gerald!

GERALD: Hello! Hello! [*He enters, running.*] Hello, Flo-flo! [*He kisses her perfunctorily.*] I can't stop a minute, dear. [*To NORA.*] Bring me my overcoat, Nora. [*NORA goes out and returns with the coat, which she gives to GERALD, then goes out again.*] Just thought I'd get my coat for the ride back to-night. We stuek Joe Briggs on the game today, and he asked us to dine with him in his little old shack of a bachelor place. He'll give us that lobster Newburg his Jap makes so well; and you know his cellar—oh boy! Wouldn't miss it for the world! [*Motor horn blows impatiently. GERALD calls.*] All right, boys! [*To FLORA.*] The boys are in a hurry. Going just as we are. Kiss me by-by, Flo-flo. [*He kisses her carelessly.*]

FLORA: But, Gerald—

GERALD [*Noticing for the first time the table*]: Hello! Giving a little dinner yourself, eh? Who are you entertaining?

FLORA: Oh, just the Joneses. But, Gerald—

GERALD [*Relieved*]: Oh, well, the Joneses! Old Tom'll excuse me—he knows what a Briggs blowout means; and Jane will be so busy telling about her last lecture-tour that she'll never miss me [*The horn sounds again.*] Coming! I must run, dear.

FLORA [*Preventing him*]: But Gerald—it's—it's a surprise—and—and an anniversary. [*She looks at him hopefully.*]

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¹Note: In case a porch set is not available, and it becomes necessary to use an interior, a living-room may be substituted; in which case insert the following line in Flora's speech to Nora, at the place where reference appears in her lines "and set the table here in the living-room make things more cosy."

GERALD [*Unsuspecting*]: Anniversary? Whose? Old Tom's? Oh, he's had so many I'll bet they bore him to death. [*Horn.*] Tom won't care a bit, and I've promised to go. Haven't seen much of Joe lately, you know. He's been mooning around since that girl turned him down. So long! [*He kisses her lightly and starts down the path.*]

FLORA [*Wailing*]: But Gerald—it's—it's the anniversary—

GERALD: Hang the anniversary. [*He laughs and calls back*]: Tell old Tom many happy returns of the day. By-by! [*He goes out.*]

FLORA [*Calling*]: But Gerald—[*There is the noise of the motor departing. She covers her face with her hands.*] Oh!

NORA [*Entering*]: 'Tis bilin' hot the soup is, mum, an' the roast done, an' I seen Mr. Jones be the garden path the minute, mum. [*She stands back awaiting orders.*]

FLORA [*Struggling to regain her composure*]: Oh! Oh dear! [*She looks desperately at the table and goes forward to meet her guests.*]

TOM [*Entering by the right-hand pathway*]: Good evening, Flora, I'm afraid I'm late. The truth is, Jane isn't home yet. You know, she went on that speaking tour for the league this time. I expected her home this morning, but she hasn't come yet and I've not had a word. [*He mops his brow.*] I waited till the last minute. I'm—I'm sort of worried.

FLORA: Oh, don't worry, Tom! I'm sure she's all right.

NORA: Ahem! Is it servin' the dinner I'll be, mum?

FLORA: No, no, Nora, not yet. Hold it back a little. Mrs. Jones may be here any minute. [*NORA leaves reluctantly.*] Dear me! [*She gives an embarrassed little laugh.*] It's rather funny, isn't it! Gerald isn't here either.

TOM: So? Where's Gerald?

FLORA: Why—he—he—you see—I wanted to surprise Gerald, so I didn't remind him that this is the anniversary of our wedding. To tell the truth, I thought, when he didn't mention it this morning, that he was trying to surprise me in some way. And I didn't tell him I'd invited you and Jane to dine with us tonight, either; so he's gone off with his foursome to dine with Joe Briggs. [*She is near tears.*]

TOM [*Whistling surprise*]: Hum! Well, I guess I must be going back home. It's too bad Jane didn't get here in time for dinner. Sorry! Good-by, Flora.

FLORA [*Catching his sleeve*]: No you don't, Tom Jones. Don't you dare desert me. If I have to eat this—this old anniversary dinner alone I'll—I'll die. [*She stifles a sob.*]

TOM [*Torn between hunger, pity and propriety*]: But you—I—Jane—?

FLORA: You can't go home. You haven't any dinner at your house, and your maid's gone out—I saw her. Please stay, Tom—I'm so lonesome.

TOM [*Doubtfully*]: Well, of course, if you put it that way—[*Hesitates*] but Jane may arrive any minute. You see, she was away when your invitation came, and she doesn't know about the dinner. I accepted, thinking she would be home this morning. [*Apprehensively.*] If she gets home and I'm not there, I don't know what she'll do.

FLORA [*Playing her last card*]: Please stay, Tom; I've got a very good dinner.

TOM: All right, I will.

FLORA [*Enormously relieved*]: Good! We'll begin at once. I'll ring. Come, sit down at the table and let's be cosy. [*He seats her ceremoniously and then goes to his own seat. As this play of seating is important in effect as the play goes on, it is necessary to establish, in the beginning, the formality and manner of it, and to repeat it exactly each time.*] Tell me, what have you been doing with yourself while Jane has been away?

TOM: Oh, just the usual: work at the office all day, work in the garden evenings and Saturdays. Have you seen my roses? They're fine.

FLORA: You forget you sent some over by Bridget this morning. See, I have them here on the table. I thank you, Tom.

TOM: Pleasure, I'm sure.

FLORA: Does Jane like the garden?

TOM: Well, you see, Jane's mind is taken up with her club-work. She's in such demand for speaking that she hasn't much time for the garden. She's a wonderful speaker—is Jane.

FLORA [*Absently*]: Yes, yes, I'm sure she is.

TOM [*Proudly*]: She's dated up for weeks ahead.

FLORA: For lecture tours?

TOM: Yes, all over the country.

FLORA [*Thoughtfully*]: Tom, how long have you and Jane been married?

TOM: Oh! about fifteen years.

FLORA [*Aghast*]: About! Don't you know? We've been married only three years, but I'm sure I could never forget a single day. My goodness! Why doesn't Nora come? I'm afraid this bell doesn't work. [*She presses the bell hard. They both listen. She shake her head.*]

TOM [*Rising and coming over to her side*]: These electric things are always getting our of order. [*He presses hard on the button without result.*]

FLORA [*Rising, Tom pulling her chair back and waiting beside it while she goes to the door*]: I shall have to call her. [*She calls.*] Nora! Nora!

NORA [*Within*]: Yi-, mum.

FLORA [*Coming back to her place and being seated again with same form as before*]: Sorry!

TOM [*Going to his own place and seating himself*]: Don't mention it.

NORA [*Appearing at the door*]: Mum?

FLORA: Serve the soup now, Nora.

NORA [*In consternation*]: Please mum, the soup's cold.

FLORA: Cold?

NORA: Yis, mum, you said to be holdin' the dinner back, mum.

FLORA: So I did, Nora, so I did. Well, make it hot again as quickly as possible and serve it. Meanwhile, clear away these—places. The others won't be here now.

NORA [*Flustered*]: Yis, mum. [*She goes to the table and gathers up, hit-or-miss, some things from each service and goes out with them.*]

FLORA [*Forcing herself to be gay*]: I hope you don't mind waiting a moment, Tom? I'm sure you like your soup hot.

TOM [*Fervently*]: I do. I've tried for years to convince Jane it should be served hot.

FLORA: Oh! does she like it luke warm?

TOM: She seems not to care how it is. You see, Jane's mind is always on her next speech, and housekeeping bores her.

FLORA: Oh! it bores her! [*She looks keenly at Tom.*] Tom, did you remember that this was your wedding anniversary all by yourself?

TOM: Sure. [*He puts his hand in his pocket and draws out a jeweler's box.*] Want to see the present I got her?

FLORA: Oh, yes! [*He opens the case as pleased as Punch and hands it to FLORA.*] Oh! isn't it lovely! It just suits Jane. She's been wanting a diamond bar-pin for such a long time. How she'll love it! [*Wistfully.*] Tom, you're a wonderful husband. [*She studies him a moment thoughtfully as he puts the jewel away.*] See here, Tom Jones, tell me the truth; do you think Jane has forgotten that this is the anniversary of her wedding?

TOM [*Reluctantly*]: Well, Flora, I shouldn't wonder. [*He slips the box back in his pocket.*] You see, Jane's mind is always—

FLORA: Yes, I know all about Jane's mind. Tom, you and I are going to have a heart to heart talk.

TOM [*Embarrassed*]: Heart to heart?

FLORA: Now don't be silly, Tom Jones! I know how you adore Jane and you know how I adore Gerald, and we both know that they—well—we think they're fond of us, don't we?

TOM: That's right.

FLORA: But—

TOM: But?

FLORA: But that doesn't prevent both Gerald and Jane from forgetting all about us and our likes and dislikes, and our wedding anniversaries and—and things; and from going off on their own whenever it happens to please them to do so—now does it?

TOM [*Ruefully*]: That's right.

FLORA: What's the matter with us?

TOM: Matter? With us? Nothing, that is—

FLORA: Oh yes there is. There is some reason why those two go on their own sweet way rejoicing, while you and I hang around waiting for "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table." We're Lazarus and they're the feast.

TOM: That's right.

FLORA [*Insistent*]: What's the reason? Do we care more for them than they care for us?

TOM [*Considering this*]: Well—I don't know—maybe.

FLORA: They're pretty sure of us, aren't they?

TOM: That's right, Flora, mighty sure!

FLORA [*Scornfully*]: We're just two nice soft cushions waiting for them to come home to when they're tired of everything else.

TOM: Soft cushions? Um! Do you think so?

FLORA [*Decidedly*]: I do. And what's more, I'm going to stop. I'm not going on with it. [*She pounds the table.*] I refuse to lick up any more crumbs.

TOM [*With visions of the divorce court in mind*]: Flora! Flora! What are you going to do?

FLORA: I am going to keep Gerald guessing.

TOM [*Puzzled*]: Guessing?

FLORA: Yes, guessing. This world is made up of people who are sure and of people who guess. Gerald's going to guess a while.

TOM: Um! So? [*NORA enters and goes to take some of the rest of the things from the two set-ups.*]

FLORA: Isn't the soup hot, Nora?

NORA: Yis, mum.

FLORA: Very well, Nora, serve it.

NORA: Yis, mum. [*NORA goes out with a few scattering things.*]

FLORA: Tom Jones, I've thought a lot about this question all summer. I've been alone while Gerald's been off playing golf, and I've watched you alone, working in your garden while Jane has been off galavanting over the country. You've looked as lonesome as I've felt. [*TOM starts to protest but she raises a detaining hand.*] Oh! I know how proud you are of Jane, and of her ability to make a corking good speech. So am I proud of Gerald and his low golf score, and his ability to make friends. Just the same, Tom, it looks to me as if you and I are likely to spend the rest of our lives licking up crumbs unless we do something about it.

TOM: That's right.

[*A. D. T. messenger approaches, whistling, by left pathway with telegram.*]

FLORA: Oh! Oh! Oh! Tom, look! It's a telegram. Maybe something's happened. Maybe someone's dead. [*She rises. Oh, Tom!*]

TOM [*Rising and going to meet the boy*]: Not a chance, Flora, take it easy.

BOY: This where Joneses live?

TOM: I'm Jones. [*The BOY hands him the telegram. TOM signs; tips the boy, who goes out whistling; tears open the envelope and reads the message.*]

FLORA [*She meanwhile has approached with fear and trembling*]: Oh, Tom—is—is she—is she—?

TOM [*Cheerfully*]: Not a bit of it. It's Jane. Listen: "Had an extra speech to make. Delayed. Home on Flyer seven-ten." [*Looks at wrist-watch.*] Gad! Her train's in and I didn't meet her! She'll be home any minute now.

NORA [*Entering with cup of steaming soup*]: Th' soup's grand an' hot, mum. [*They both turn and regard her in a daze.*]

FLORA [*Awakening to her responsibilities*]: Oh!—Oh, Nora,

it's too bad, but I'll have to ask you to hold dinner back a little. You see, we've just had a wire from Mrs. Jones—she'll be here any minute now.

NORA [*Dazed*]: An' ye'll not be havin' ta' soup now?

FLORA [*Apologetically*]: Not for a little while, Nora. I'll tell you when she comes. [*NORA goes out dejectedly.*] Isn't it nice Jane's coming? [*She says this with forced cheerfulness.*]

TOM: It's too bad, Flora—er—perhaps you'd better not wait. [*He says this as a mere formality.*]

FLORA [*Also formal*]: Oh, yes! yes indeed! It's quite all right, I assure you. We must wait for Jane, of course. [*The telephone bell rings. FLORA goes to the window and draws it through to the porch side.*] Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Drummond—Oh, Jane, is that you? [*TOM starts.*]—So glad you're home!—Why—yes,—your husband's here—for dinner,—Yes.—To whom?—Oh, Gerald!—Why—why—well, you see, Gerald isn't here.—No—No—No, he went out to dinner—that is—well, I was trying to surprise him.—Who?—No, Gerald. I was trying to surprise Gerald.—Is he?—Is he what? Oh, surprised! Why—I—yes, certainly—just hold the wire. [*She covers the receiver with her hand and speaks to TOM.*] She wants to speak to you. She doesn't sound very—very jolly. [*She hands the instrument to TOM.*]

TOM: Hello—Yes, hello, dearest!—Yes, I just this minute got it. Glad you're back.—Yes, yes, I'm sorry I wasn't there to meet you. You see, Flora had invited us over to dinner tonight, and I had accepted—what?—Yes, I know, dearest, only I thought you'd like to come, especially on account of the day.—Why, Jane, you surely haven't forgotten what day it is!—Yes, yes, I know it's Saturday, but I mean, sentimentally.—You know—it's the anniversary—no, not birthday—wedding.—Yes, our wedding anniversary.—Of course, dear, your mind has been full of other things—that's quite all right.—Well, if you'd been home—no, no—I'm not finding fault, only it's the Drummond's anniversary, too, and Flora is giving a dinner to celebrate.—What?—Oh, yes, she did expect Gerald, but—well—well—I'll have to explain that later.—Oh, no, dearest,—there, there, you don't understand.—I'll come right home, darling.—What?—Say, Jane—Jane—listen!—[*He stares for a moment blindly at nothing, wiggling the receiver bar up and down.*] She's hung up. [*He hangs up.*] I've got to go right home. [*He starts.*]

FLORA: Tom Jones, if you do, you'll be licking up crumbs for the rest of your life.

TOM: What do you mean?

FLORA: I mean that if you encourage Jane to think she can go off any old time and stay just as long as she wants to, and come back whenever it pleases her; and that meanwhile you'll just hoe in the garden, and be there with open arms to receive her—well, you can just make up your mind that for the rest of your life you'll be doing crumb business.

TOM [*Distressed*]: But what shall I do?

FLORA: Do? Stand your ground. Be a man. Keep her guessing a bit. Do you suppose if I went gadding all over creation, that I'd find Gerald here waiting for me when I got home? [*TOM nods emphatically.*] Oh!—you do? Really? [*TOM nods.*] Oh!—well, maybe you're right. I've let him be too sure of me. Come, Tom, they keep us guessing all the time—let's make them try it a bit.

TOM: But what shall I do?

FLORA [*She thinks a minute and goes to the telephone*]: Let me phone her.

TOM: It's no use; she won't come.

FLORA: I think she will. Hello! Hello! Central, give me 905. Yes, please.—Now, Tom, promise you'll back me up. [*TOM nods reluctant consent.*] Hello! Hello! is that you, Jane? So glad, dear, that you're back in time for our double anniversary dinner. You see, we both have the same date. I just made old Tom accept when I found you were to be back today. He had just come over to say you hadn't come, and

bring regrets.—Yes, you're just in time to save the day—and the dinner. Oh! no, you can't dine at home. Your ice-box is empty and your cook's gone out—and I've got such a good dinner. Yes. Umhummmm! Oh! I've got on just my little blue gown. Don't wait to change, dear, come just as you are.—Well, hurry then, we can't wait to hear all about your trip. I'm sure you made a hit. All right, dear, hurry. I'll hold dinner back. [*She hangs up and smiles at Tom.*] I told you she'd come.

TOM [*Starting to go*]: I'll go bring her.

FLORA [*Catching his coat-tails*]: No you don't! You'll do nothing of the sort. So you want to spoil it all? This is your big chance, Tom Jones, now play up to it.

TOM: But what shall I do?

FLORA [*Smiling at him*]: Do? Why, you're going to make up to me. You're going to make Jane a bit—just a little bit jealous of you—and me.

TOM: But I don't—

FLORA: Oh! don't worry, Tom, it's just a little game. If Jane thinks that, while she is away, you are here dining with me—well, I may be mistaken, but I think—I'll lay a wager—she'll stay at home more. You *do* want her to stay at home more, don't you, Tom?

TOM [*Wiping his brow*]: Good Lord, yes!

FLORA: Well then, play up to me. When I step on your foot, remember you are to seem awfully interested in me. Do you think you can do it?

TOM [*Dolefully*]: I'll try.

FLORA [*Scornfully*]: Thank you so much! Flatterer!

TOM: Sorry, Flora!

FLORA: Now promise me that you—you'll play the game for me, too, so Gerald won't feel quite so sure I'm licking crumbs.

TOM [*Half-heartedly*]: All right.

FLORA [*Discouraged*]: Oh, dear! It won't be any good at all. You can't do it. It's perfectly sickening! You're so much in love with Jane, and I'm so much in love with Gerald, that we never shall be able to hide it; never—never—never! [*She sinks dejectedly into a porch chair.*]

TOM [*Bucking up*]: Oh, come, I say! It's not so bad as that. Of course, it's true that I'm daffy about Jane.

FLORA [*Grimly*]: You certainly are.

TOM: And you are simply silly over Gerald.

FLORA: Oh! Do you think so?

TOM: Everybody thinks so.

FLORA [*Erooding*]: Then that's it.

TOM [*Conciliatingly*]: But after all, you're a mighty nice little woman.

FLORA [*Very low in her mind*]: Thank you.

TOM: And not hard to look at.

FLORA [*Brightening*]: Oh, do you think so? That helps a lot, doesn't it? [*She beams at him.*] I've always admired you a lot, too, Tom. Do you think maybe we *could* put it over?

TOM [*Heartily*]: I'll say we can. [*Doubtfully.*] But how'll we do it?

FLORA: We must seem interested in each other and in *no one else*. I'll hang upon your every word, and you must look at me all the time and not at Jane. [*Overwhelmed at the impossibility of this.*] Oh! it's no use, you'll never do it.

TOM: Honestly Flora, I'll try.

FLORA: Thank you, Tom. And we must seem to have little, private understandings, you know, just between ourselves, which we are trying to cover up.

TOM [*Grinning*]: Gerald will want to punch my head.

FLORA: Oh, wouldn't that be splendid!

TOM [*Doubtfully*]: Fine

FLORA [*Holding out her hand*]: Is it a bargain?

TOM [*Taking it solemnly*]: That's right. [*They shake hands.*]

FLORA: There's that. Now we are all ready for the anniversary dinner. [*They turn back toward the table.*] Oh, my goodness! We haven't got Jane's place set. [*She runs to the door and*

calls.] Nora, oh, Nora!

NORA [*Appearing at the door*]: Yis, mum?

FLORA [*Running back to the head of the table and beginning to rearrange the set-ups*]: Nora, Mrs. Jones is coming after all. Hurry and set a place for her here.

NORA [*Distracted*]: Yis, mum! [*She bustles about and does nothing.*]

FLORA [*Practical*]: Here! We'll take the knife and fork from Mr. Drummond's place. Bring two forks, a small coffee and a soup spoon.

NORA: Yis, mum. [*She goes out muttering: "wan fork."*]

FLORA: We must get it set before Jane comes. She'll never forgive me if it looks as if I did not expect her. Hurry! Hurry!

TOM [*Distractedly*]: How? Where? What shall I do?

FLORA: Go bring her a chair from the dining-room.

TOM: Right-o! [*He makes a dash for the door and collides with NORA coming out with the silver. The silver flies and NORA and TOM crack heads as they reach for it.*]

TOM: Confound it! I beg your pardon! [*He dashes in.*]

NORA [*Bringing the silver to her mistress*]: Here it be, mum.

FLORA: Nora! You know it has to be washed after being on the floor. Or—no—quicker to get others. Hurry, please!

NORA: Yis, mum. [*She goes out rubbing her head.*]

TOM and NORA meet again at the door but avoid each other elaborately. He enters with a chair as she goes out.]

TOM: Where shall I put it?

FLORA [*Indicating place*]: Here. Thank you so much, Tom.

NORA [*She runs in with the wrong silver*]: Here they be, mum.

FLORA: Oh, Nora, these are all wrong. Take these back and bring *two forks, a small coffee and a soup spoon*. Take a tray and bring also the service plate, butter plate and glass. Hurry!

NORA: Yis, mum. [*Nora rushes out, trying to remember her list.*]

FLORA [*Noticing that TOM is poised for flight on the porch-edge*]: Now, Tom be brave.

TOM: Hang it all, Flora, she'll need me to hook her up.

FLORA [*Decisively*]: You stay right here. [*NORA enters with tray with needed articles, which she holds as her mistress takes them from the tray and sets the place.*] There isn't a service plate here. [*One eye on TOM.*] Nora, you go back to your dinner; Mr. Jones will help me. [*NORA goes out.*] Tom, please bring me a service plate. [*TOM hesitates; she points commandingly at the door; he goes in reluctantly; she throws up her hands in despair. Now she hears JANE approaching by the path. She throws up her head, braces herself, and advances to meet her. JANE sails in in full regalia.*] Welcome home, dear Jane! I'm so glad you got here in time for the dinner. It looked for a time as if Tom and I would have to celebrate our anniversaries alone—er—well—not *alone* exactly—eh—but—you know what I mean. How lovely you look!

JANE [*Dryly*]: Thank you! Where's Tom?

FLORA [*Sweetly*]: Oh! he's just helping me set the table. He's so good at house-work, isn't he? You must be a wonderful teacher. You *must* show me how you do it.

TOM [*Entering with a plate in his hands*]: Is this it, Flora? [*He sees JANE, and drops the plate to ruin, starting toward her.*] Jane! [*He stops, views the havoc at his feet; starts to help NORA, who has run from the house at the crash; changes and starts toward JANE; changes again and helps NORA.*] Well, Jane, you're—you're back! [*NORA goes out with the pieces.*]

JANE: So it would seem; but why make it a disaster?

TOM: Sorry, Flora.

FLORA [*Very sweetly*]: It doesn't matter in the least, Tom, you funny big boy! I shouldn't have let you help me—tonight. [*JANE and TOM both start.*] Come now, like a good husband, and greet Jane; she's waiting for you. [*JANE submits coolly to his embrace.*] Doesn't she look lovely, Tom, though a little tired, I'll say. The strain of travel *does* show, in the long run, doesn't it? [*NORA enters with another plate and places it for*

JANE.] Now sit right down here, dear Jane. [FLORA on JANE'S right and TOM on her left, seat her. FLORA goes to her place, followed by TOM, who seats her, and then himself. NORA has fluttered helplessly in the background, trying to see if all is on.] Now, Nora, you may serve the soup.

NORA: Please, mum, the soup's been held back that long it's as cold as the grave it is, mum.

FLORA: Well, heat it as soon as you can, and serve it, Nora.

NORA: Yis, mum. [She goes out.]

FLORA: You won't mind a little wait, will you, Jane dear? I know Tom likes his soup hot, so we must have it hot, you know. These husbands—eh, my dear? They *must* be catered to. [JANE glares at TOM, who fidgets with his silver.]

TOM [Trying to be diplomatic]: What kind of trip did you have, old girl?

JANE [Sharply]: Don't call me "old girl"!

FLORA [Sweetly]: Now that's just what I say. I'm sure when I get to be—well—that is—I shall *never* allow Gerald to call me "old girl" no matter how old I get to be. [She beams, TOM fidgets and JANE glares.] Tell us about your speech, Jane. I'm sure you made a hit.

TOM: That's right.

JANE [Not to be mollified]: I thought you were expecting me.

FLORA [Easily]: Oh, we were, my dear, we were. First we had you on and then we had you off, and then we had Gerald on and then we had him off; it's only good old Tom and I who can be trusted to stay put, isn't it, Tom? [She kicks him under the table.]

TOM: Th-th-that's right.

JANE: Why isn't Gerald here for his wedding anniversary?

FLORA: Well, you see, I was trying to surprise him, and so he didn't know it. Of course, we women always remember anniversaries, don't we Jane? But men—[She shrugs.] Gerald ran off with his foursome to dine with Joe Briggs in his bachelor quarters. I think it's time Joe Briggs got married, myself. So—I was alone and old Tom was alone, and we were just trying to make it up to each other, weren't we, Tom? [She kicks him again.]

TOM [Miserably]: That's right.

JANE: Joe Briggs? Why, he caught the Flyer just as I got off it. As for his getting married, he's evidently going to do that right now, for there was a big crowd of men there, seeing him off; handing up to him all sorts of packages and joshing him about the suddenness of the wedding—something about a last-minute telegram from the girl. He was apologizing to the crowd for a dinner he hadn't given them. Come to think of it, I *did* see someone who looked like Gerald there—yes, I'm sure.

FLORA [Delighted]: Oh! then maybe he'll come home to dinner after all. I'd better tell Nora to hold dinner back. [She half rises from her chair, but receives a kick from TOM which brings her down suddenly.]

TOM: Oh, I wouldn't do that, Flora! They'll probably all go to the club for dinner and play bridge afterward.

JANE: Probably they'll all go to a show. I remember how fond Gerald used to be of a good show before he—settled down.

FLORA: Settled down? Do you find Gerald settled down?

JANE: Oh, yes, awfully! He used to be the life of the party.

FLORA [Weakly]: Oh!

TOM: Oh, well, we all settle down. Look at me! Why, I've become a head-gardener.

FLORA: And *such* a gardener! [To JANE.] Aren't these roses lovely? Tom is always so kind about remembering my favorite flowers. [JANE glares. A motor horn is heard and noise of a machine in the drive. They all listen. The horn blows.]

FLORA [Clapping her hands]: There's Gerald now! [Tom kicks her under the table and she collapses, leaning across toward him and laughing a bit hysterically.] What did you say, Tom?

TOM: I said "the crumbs are falling," Flora. [FLORA and

TOM laugh at each other significantly across the table. JANE looks for crumbs and then watches them suspiciously. GERALD comes running up the path.]

GERALD: Hello, everybody! [He enters the porch.] Hello, Jane! [He shakes hands with Jane.] Hello, Tom, old boy! Wish you many happy returns of the day! [He shakes Tom's hand and slaps him on the back.]

TOM [Significantly, rising]: Same to you. [GERALD starts, looks round, finds FLORA looking fixedly at TOM, recovers himself, and says lightly,] Thank you! Yes, just three years ago tonight, wasn't it, Floey? Truth is, I was trying to fool Flora. Thought she wouldn't remember the date. [FLORA looks at TOM and laughs.]

JANE: You mean you remembered your anniversary?

TOM: Why, of course, he did. I've been telling Flora that for the last hour.

GERALD: Of course.

FLORA: Then you're not dining with Joe Briggs?

GERALD: No, indeed! I should say not! I told Joe: "Why, old man, I wouldn't miss this anniversary with my wife for a cool thousand."

FLORA [Bursting into laughter and controlling herself with difficulty]: Did—ha-ha!—did the rest go?

GERALD: Yes, oh, yes! Of course, the rest did. [He senses something in the situation.] Why, what's up? What's the matter?

JANE: Nothing, only I saw you not half an hour ago at the Flyer, accepting regrets from Joe Briggs that he couldn't give you the dinner.

[GERALD looks quickly at FLORA and sees that the jig is up. She bursts into peals of laughter, jumps up and runs around to TOM catching him by the hand.]

FLORA: Isn't it a funny old world, Tom dear! Isn't it a funny old world! [She laughs.] Come, Tom, come help me bring the things for Gerald. [She pulls him into the house, still laughing immoderately. GERALD stares after her in amazement.]

JANE [Tensely]: See that, Gerald, see that? Do you realize what's going on here, right under our very noses?

GERALD [Still puzzled]: No, what?

JANE: My husband is falling in love with your wife.

GERALD: No!

JANE: He *is*! I tell you, he *is*! I've seen it with my own eyes. I came home just in time. They were having a tête-à-tête dinner here when I returned suddenly, and found them. He has eyes only for her

GERALD: I don't blame him.

JANE: Eh? What's that?

GERALD: Sorry! I beg your pardon.—I mean—oh, hang it all, Jane, it can't be!

JANE: I tell you it *is*.

GERALD: Do you mean to say that she—

JANE [Nodding]: Calls him "big boy" and all that sickening stuff.

GERALD: And he—?

JANE: Oh, swallows it whole. Men *are* such idiots!

GERALD: Eh? What's that?

JANE: Sorry! What's the matter with us, Gerald?

GERALD: Matter? With us? Nothing—that is—

JANE: We've left them alone too much—eh? Do you think so?

GERALD: Evidently not *alone*—but *together*

JANE: Hummm! He—dining with her—while I'm off lecturing. Fancy that!

GERALD [Drawing a long breath]: Guess we deserve it—at least, I do—leaving a sweet little thing like Flora alone so much.

JANE: Yes, and for nothing but an old golf game. Now I—

GERALD: Yes, *you*! You're doing this uplift stuff. Hum! Must be hot stuff for a lonesome husband!

JANE: Then you think that I—?

GERALD: I think you're playing a dangerous game; up-lifting an indifferent world and depressing a devoted husband.

JANE: And I think you are liable to win a low golf score at the expense of high alimony. [*They glare at each other a moment, then GERALD laughs uneasily.*]

GERALD: Jane, we're a couple of idiots.

JANE: We are.

GERALD: Let's cut out the gadding, Jane—[*He extends his hand.*—let's cut it out.

JANE: [*Shaking hands*]: Let's!

GERALD [*Pacing*]: I'm in an awful mess, Jane, about this anniversary. I plumb forgot it till Tom said: "same to you," and then I tried to lie out of it, and you gave me away, confounded you!

JANE: Sorry, Gerald.

GERALD: Do—do you think she caught on?

JANE: *Do I?* Do you think she's an idiot, too?

GERALD: Damn! [*He plunges his hands in his pockets and paces furiously. Suddenly he stops and feels something in his pocket, finally pulling out a ring-box, which he holds toward Jane.*] Lord! here's that engagement ring Joe asked me to race ahead and get for him to give the girl. Had to get Jenkins to open up for me. Now he's off without it. Isn't that the deuce?

JANE [*Suddenly intent*]: Is it a diamond?

GERALD: Sure. A big beauty.

JANE: I know what to do with it, Gerald.

GERALD: Eh? What?

JANE: Give it to Flora for an anniversary present, and let Joe buy his own ring.

GERALD: Jane, you're a peach! I'll do it. Hush! Here they come.

FLORA [*She enters bearing the things for GERALD's set-up, which she quickly lays at the lower end of the table. TOM follows with the chair, which he places*]: Thank you, Tom, I wouldn't know how to keep house without you. [*She smiles at TOM. JANE and GERALD exchange glances.*]

TOM [*Smiling back*]: That's right, Flora. I'm sure it's a pleasure to serve you.

FLORA: Now come, let's all sit down to dinner. [*They do so.*] Oh! I forgot to tell Nora to serve. I'll try this bell again. [*She pushes hard on the buzzer, which goes off like a fire alarm. She laughs hysterically.*] You see, Tom, it will ring when everybody's here.

TOM: That's right. [*They smile at each other across the table. GERALD and JANE exchange glances.*]

FLORA [*To NORA, who has appeared in the doorway*]: You may serve the soup now, Nora.

NORA: Plaze, mum, the soup's all biled away.

[*There is a pause. Everybody laughs.*]

FLORA: Then bring the roast, Nora.

NORA: Sure, I've hild back th' roast till 'tis burnt to a crisp, mum. [*There is another pause and a laugh.*]

FLORA [*Hysterically*]: Well, Nora, bring whatever is left.

NORA: Yis, mum. [*She goes out.*]

TOM: While we are waiting, perhaps our dear hostess will allow me to present to my dear wife this little anniversary present. [*He hands his box to JANE, who hastily opens it and gives a cry of delight.*]

JANE: A bar-pin! A diamond bar-pin! Oh, Tom, darling, what a beauty! [*She holds up the pin with her right hand and reaches her left along the table to TOM, who takes it rapturously.*]

GERALD: And perhaps our dear hostess will allow me to present to my dear wife this little anniversary present.

FLORA: Gerald! You did remember after all? You darling! [*Opening box.*] A ring! A diamond ring! Oh, Gerald.

NORA [*Entering with cake, with three candles, lighted, upon it. She bears down triumphantly upon the table, holding it aloft, and stops at the left of her mistress, facing front.*] Sure, th' annyvars'ry's lift, mum. Ain't it beautiful! I fixed th' candles three-cornered-like. 'Tis a thryangle, mum.

ALL [*Springing to their feet*]: A triangle? *No!* [*They all laugh uncertainly. Then JANE calls "Tom" and he "Jane," and FLORA and GERALD do likewise, flying to each other's arms. GERALD and FLORA at the right of the table, and JANE and TOM left. NORA steps to the table, and stands beaming at the cake, into which she sets the knife.*]

NORA: Sure, mum, the crumbs does be fallin' somethin' awful, mum.

FLORA AND TOM [*Turning toward her*]: Crumbs? Falling? [*They point at each other and laugh.*]

JANE AND GERALD [*Looking questioningly across at each other*]: Crumbs?

FLORA [*Laughing and running to take the knife away from NORA*]: Who's willing to eat crumbs? [*She flourishes the knife.*]

JANE AND GERALD: I am. [*They move up toward the table on either side, and each takes up a plate and holds it out for cake.*]

FLORA [*To TOM*]: Shall we let them?

TOM: Sure! Who licks the crumbs that fall his way shall live to lick another day.

[*FLORA serves the cake, as they all settle into their places at table, talking and laughing together.*]

THE New York State Fair "Little Country Theatre" at Syracuse is the advertisement for the country theatre movement in the state. Besides the crowds seeking entertainment or mildly interested in rural dramatics, rural leaders—country agents, home bureau members, teachers, preachers, grangers—make the theatre one of their objectives at the Fair.

The 1921 theatre afforded a successful third test of the idea: 1921 tripled the business of 1920, as 1920 had doubled that of the first 1919 experiment. This year, audiences of 16,000 saw plays, 6,000 came to the hour-and-a-half of educational movies, and some 6,000 to 7,000 were turned away.

Five plays—*Joint Owners in Spain*; *A Night at an Inn*; *The Boor*; *Feed the Brute*; and *The Striker* played to a total of forty-five performances. The days work began at 10 a. m. and ran to 5 p. m., with moving pictures from the Federal Service from 12 to 1:30. A short talk on the movement, the exhibit, and the play, preceded each performance.

With a much larger auditorium, the exhibit was greatly enlarged and contributed greatly to the helpfulness of the dem-

onstration,—with photographs of amateur work, lists of plays, programs, catalogues, book shelves of the most helpful publications and the like. In this exhibit, commercial publishers, amateur organizations about the state, the Drama League of America, the theatre, and others helped.

The theatre at the fair and throughout the state is growing to a real institution: several county fairs now have their own "country theatres," where community clubs compete for the prize award; 30,000 copies of the Country Theatre pamphlet have been written for; about 250 inquiries a month come to the State College service; a selective list of plays will shortly be issued in a 40,000 edition, to be followed by a bulletin on the historical pageant as adapted to rural communities and their recreational work.

As previously the theatre was directed by A. M. Drummond, head of the department of public speaking at Cornell, director of the Cornell Dramatic Club, and Superintendent of Dramatics for the State Fair Commission. The playing troupe was selected from under-graduates of the Cornell Dramatic Club.

A Pagoda Slave*

A One-Act Play of Burma

By CHARLES KEELER

Characters:

MYA GYI - - - - - An old half-blind priest
 BOY - - - - - A student at the Monastery
 MAUNG SI HTUN - A rich teak merchant from Mandalay
 MA KHIN - - - - - A Rangoon girl
 MA MI THA - - - - - The bride from Mandalay
 MAUNG SHWE LON - - - - - The groom from Rangoon
 MAUNG BA - - - - - The groom's father
 MA PO SAW - - - - - The groom's mother
 RANGOON GIRLS and YOUNG MEN

It is the end of the Buddhist lent, in the month of October, 1880, on the occasion of a pwe or party, held in the outer hall of the monastery under pretext of bringing offerings of food and other presents to the priests. The attendants at the pagodas are hereditary slaves. When they marry, their wives or husbands become slaves, and their children. Not even the king has the power to free them, and they are looked upon as pariahs or outcasts. Many of them are descended from good families, taken as prisoners of war.

It is evening in the Thayet-daw kyaung, Buddhist Monastery in Rangoon. Only a few rays of light filter from behind a tapestry which, in gay colors, ornamented with elephants, peacocks and human figures, hangs across the back of the room, concealing the Buddha. There are numerous unlighted lanterns, hung from cords on pulleys, which can be lowered and lit. The room is lofty and mysterious, with slender columns of gold, dull red at base. To right and left are fences richly ornamented, with peacock panels. Back of the fences are walls with decorative doorways.

Back of the tapestry, at either side, are the dark recesses of the monastery, seen through the columns. At the back is a large white, seated Buddha, richly ornamented with gold ornaments and crown. The Buddha is placed in a niche, with rich scroll-work background. On the front ledge of the platform on which the Buddha is seated are offerings,—white parasols, vases of flowers, oil lamps, and the like. The chant of priests and ringing of a gong is heard. MYA GYI, the old, nearly blind priest enters. He is barefooted, with shaven crown, and dressed in the yellow robe of the Buddhist priesthood. Leading him is a BOY of twelve, a student at the monastery, also with shaven head and barefooted, attired in a yellow robe. The BOY carries a lantern. They pause as they enter the room and the BOY hesitates as if afraid.

MYA GYI: Why do you stop?

BOY: There are things moving about in the dark.

MYA GYI: Things! What do you mean?

BOY: Evil spirits, my lord! Bilus and Nats!

MYA GYI: Light the lanterns, boy. I will say a prayer.

[The BOY gets a light from the lamp he carries and begins lighting lanterns. MYA GYI stands holding the rosary on his wrist, telling off the beads as he mumbles a prayer. Suddenly the BOY stops in his lantern-lighting, pauses and goes to MYA GYI.]

BOY: Look! There stands a Nat in the shadow.

MYA GYI: Where? My eyes are too dim to see.

[MAUNG SI HTUN, a teak merchant from Mandalay, comes in. He is rich, and dressed in the height of fashion, with silk scarf wound around his long hair, done up in a knot behind, his jacket and skirt-cloth of gorgeous figured silk. In his hands he carries a silver bowl of fruit.]

BOY: He is after us! Let us leave, master!

MYA GYI: Which way?

BOY: Oh, it is only a man!

MYA GYI: A man?

BOY: Yes, he is coming with a bowl of offerings.

MYA GYI: Who are you, who come in the dark into the kyung?

MAUNG SI HTUN [He advances and bows to the priest. The BOY stands a moment to listen and then goes back to lighting lanterns]: My lord, your servant kow tows before you.

MYA GYI: Why come you here?

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, I am Maung Si Htun, a teak merchant. I am come with offerings for the son-daw-gyi pwe.

MYA GYI: It is very bad.

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, it is for the priests of the monastery that we bring our gifts.

MYA GYI: It is heresy! To hold a dance in a monastery! We do not allow such things in Mandalay.

MAUNG SI HTUN: No, my lord, but in Rangoon it is different. Come you from Mandalay?

MYA GYI: I am from the Arican Pagoda. Would I were there now!

MAUNG SI HTUN: I, too, am from Mandalay. May I not make a pious offering unto thee, my lord?

MYA GYI: It is not becoming in a priest to receive silver.

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, if you will but make an exception, that I may gain merit.

[The priest takes a yellow colored cloth, lays it over his outstretched palms.]

MYA GYI: There are some needed repairs at the Arican Pagoda. [MAUNG SI HTUN places silver on the cloth. The priest folds it up and calls the BOY who is finishing lighting the lantern.] Boy! Where are you?

BOY [Running to him]: My lord, the lanterns are lighted. [The priest hands the BOY the money folded in the cloth. The BOY takes it.]

MAUNG SI HTUN: When I return to Mandalay, my lord, I would undertake in full the repairs of the Arican Pagoda.

MYA GYI: It would do you much good.

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, you know of the slave girl who ran away from the Arican Pagoda?

MYA GYI: Yes, she escaped. But we will get her back.

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, it may be that I could help you to find her.

MYA GYI: It would be an act of merit. She is considered the most beautiful slave girl in Burma.

MAUNG SI HTUN: Would you know her, in fine attire, coming as a bride?

MYA GYI: What! Can such things be true?

MAUNG SI HTUN: Too true, alas, my lord.

MYA GYI: My eyes are old and dim. I see but little now.

MAUNG SI HTUN: Let me be your eyes. I know the girl and she will soon be here. She has eloped with a Rangoon man

and thinks no one knows her.

MYA GYI: Ah, the cunning and wickedness of woman!

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, when she stands before you, if you but say the word she shall be restored to the pagoda.

MYA GYI: It is strange. Such things could not have happened in the old days.

[MA KHIN, a Rangoon girl, with offerings for the pwe, comes to the door. She pauses in the doorway on seeing people within.]

BOY: Master, there is a woman coming in the monastery.

MYA GYI: Is it possible! Lead me out, Boy!

BOY [Leading the old priest out back of the tapestry]: May I come back, Master, to see the pwe?

MYA GYI: Come back to the pwe! You! To ask me such a thing! You must go and say fifty prayers to take off the sin of such a thought. The curse of mortal desire hangs over you.

[MYA GYI goes out, still admonishing the boy. MA KHIN advances, but stops on recognizing MAUNG SI HTUN. He goes over to her.]

MAUNG SI HTUN: Ma Khin!

MA KHIN: I must leave till the others come.

MAUNG SI HTUN: I have something to say to you alone.

MA KHIN: You have told me many times.

MAUNG SI HTUN [Going and seizing her]: I love you, Ma Khin. Say you will marry me.

MA KHIN [Drawing away from him]: No, I will never marry you.

MAUNG SI HTUN: You are still thinking about Maung Shwe Lon. He is married now and can never be yours.

MA KHIN: I don't know about that. He may get tired of her. Then he will get a divorce and marry me.

MAUNG SI HTUN: If you knew what I know, you would never go near Maung Shwe Lon again.

MA KHIN: Oh, you frighten me! Is he a leper?

MAUNG SI HTUN: He is worse than a leper. He is a pagoda slave!

MA KHIN: A pagoda slave! It is impossible! What do you mean?

MAUNG SI HTUN: His beautiful bride is a slave of the Arican pagoda. You know that whoever marries a slave girl becomes a slave himself, and all their children will be slaves.

MA KHIN: Oh, it is impossible! Who told you this?

MAUNG SI HTUN: There is an old priest from Mandalay who knows her. He will take her back, and Maung Shwe Lon with her.

MA KHIN: I don't believe it!

MAUNG SI HTUN: If I can prove it, will you marry me?

MA KHIN: You can never prove it.

MAUNG SI HTUN: I am rich, Ma Khin, and we can travel to many countries. I will take you to Penang and Bankok and Singapore.

MA KHIN: No, you can never prove it.

MAUNG SI HTUN: We shall see. [A sound of merry voices is heard approaching.] Now the people are coming for the pwe.

MA KHIN: How happy they sound! Would that I, too, were gay!

[The people enter with their offerings. Mats are spread on the floor about six feet in front of the tapestry, and upon them are placed dishes of red lacquer and embossed silver, filled with curry and rice, dried fish, cakes, fruit, cheroots of immense size with wrappers of light corn husk, packages of betel nuts in leaves ready to chew, little earthenware oil lamps, other lamps and lanterns, and torches. In the party are the bride, MA MI THA, a beautiful Burmese girl with dark skin, rather flat, round face, small nose, large eyes, big gold ear plugs with jewels, jewelled hair comb, gay silk jacket and waist cloth, the latter meeting in front where the ends hang loose. The groom, MAUNG SHWE LON, an agreeable young man with silk scarf about his long hair tied in a knot behind, figured silk shirt and waist cloth; the groom's father, a good-natured but rather fussy old gentleman, MAUNG BA; the groom's mother, rather stout and

conventional, MA PO SAW. With them are four or five girl friends and the same number of young men. They are all in a flutter, the girls being especially excited and curious at coming into the monastery.]

MA PO SAW: Dear me, girls, how you do chatter! See, there is the place for you to sit back of the offerings.

[The girls meekly take their places, squatting on the floor in a row between the tapestry and the offerings. They are decked out in holiday finery. The golden bejewelled ear plugs, the jewelled bracelets and rings make a lavish display. A sort of silver or gold mesh collar encircles their necks and hangs upon their breasts with an interlaced design of fishes and flowers. The men squat about on the sides of the room, making a semicircle about the offerings. Little earthenware lamps are about, with wicks floating in the oil.]

MAUNG BA: Holy pagodas, Ma Po Saw, there's a row of pretty girls for you!

MA PO SAW: Never mind, Maung Ba, you needn't be ogling them like a youngster.

MAUNG BA: Ame, Ma Po! I feel as frisky tonight as any of the young bloods.

MA PO SAW: You know the saying, Maung Ba, "If you want to go fast, go the old road."

MAUNG BA: I'm too happy to mind which road I go tonight. Did you ever see such a beauty as that son of ours has brought from Mandalay!

MA PO SAW: But they eloped!

MAUNG BA: Ame! I'm glad they did. It shows their spirit. Come, pass the cheroots about, and the betel.

[MAUNG BA and MA PO SAW start the cheroots and betel about. Girls and men light their cheroots from the little oil lamps, smoke, and chew betel. There is a general chatter of conversation and much laughter and merriment.]

MA PO SAW: We should have some dancing.

MAUNG BA: Quite right, my dear. You are so clever to think of these things.

MA PO SAW: Tut tut, you flatter me! Come girls, dance for us. [The girls rise.]

MAUNG BA: Strike up some music. Here's the drum! [Passing a tom-tom, struck by hand, to one of the men.] And the pulwe! [Handing a rude flute to another.] And the wa le kot! [Handing a split bamboo clapper to a third.] Now girls.

[The musicians play a characteristic Burmese dance and the girls dance. The bride and groom, sitting at right, watch the dance. As it ends, the musicians and others applaud. The girls return to their seats.]

MA PO SAW: Ma Mi Tha! You must dance for us.

[MA MI THA, who has been looking into MAUNG SHWE LON'S eyes, starts on hearing her name called.]

ALL: Yes! Ma Mi Tha! Dance!

MA MI THA: You do me too much honor. I am but a poor dancer.

MAUNG BA: You can't make me believe that. Holy pagodas! With such a figure, and such a face!

MAUNG SHWE LON: You are right, Father. Ma Mi Tha is the queen of all the dancers in Mandalay. Come, Ma Mi, dance for us.

MA MI THA [She rises]: When my husband asks me, of course I must obey.

ALL: Ma Mi Tha! Good!

MA MI THA [Sitting in center of the group]: I will dance for you, but I am shy. I am in the heart of my husband and those dear to him, but my home is in Mandalay.

MAUNG BA: Good, Ma Mi Tha! Well said!

MA MI THA: Rangoon is a pleasant place, and I am happy in the city of him I love, but the Irrawaddy is a long, long river, and my home is in Mandalay. I have lived alone, and my spirit butterfly has flitted amid dream gardens, but they are all in the northland, for my home is in Mandalay. There are pagodas past all counting, and in the shadow of their golden spires I

have held sweet talk beneath the Shan Hills with my Lord Guatama. In the gardens of my home are peacocks with green and purple tails, and sweet songs of birds float from the peepul trees. And lordly elephants with saddles of crimson and gold swing down the streets, and the king in all his glory rides by while people tremble behind their fences at the sight of his white umbrella. Truly it is a land of dreams and my home is in the dream land of Mandalay.

ALL: Ame! Ma Mi Tha! Well said!

MAUNG BA: Holy Pagodas! I'm quite in love with the girl myself!

MA MI THA: If you will play for me, I will try to dance.

MAUNG SHWE LON: Start the music!

[The musicians begin a Burmese tune. She rises and dances, posturing, swaying with sinuous motions of body, arms and head, body bending backward, arms bowed back, moving of separate muscles, with head held rigid and face expressionless. The arms are held out and the muscles twitch, the breast heaves violently. Then the feet move sinuously in time to the music, and the hands are bent back with graceful motions. At the close of the dance she sinks down beside her husband. All applaud.]

ALL: Bravo! Ame! How beautiful!

MAUNG BA: Was ever such dancing seen before in Rangoon!

MAUNG SHWE LON: My little wife, you do honor to our family. You must be hungry. Let me give you some rice and curry.

[He takes a bowl, picks rice up in his fingers and feeds her. She laughs, slightly embarrassed, and returns the compliment, feeding him.]

MA PO SAW: The children are having their wedding ceremony over again. Come, friends, let us all refresh ourselves. [The party fall to eating with much chatter and merry laughing.]

MAUNG SI HTUN [Sitting among the men]: My friends, I am sorry to cast a cloud over this merry party.

MAUNG BA: Holy pagodas! You couldn't do it to save you.

MAUNG SI HTUN: I'm afraid it is my duty. I have bad news for you.

ALL: Bad news! What does he mean?

MAUNG SHWE LON: Out with it, Maung Si Htun!

MAUNG SI HTUN: It is for you that I am feeling sad, Maung Shwe Lon.

MAUNG SHWE LON: Ho ho! Feeling sad for me! I look as if I needed to be pitied! [With an affectionate gesture to his wife.]

MAUNG SI HTUN: Little you know the fate hanging over you.

MAUNG SHWE LON: Are you mad, Maung Si Htun?

MAUNG SI HTUN: No, but when you know the truth—

MAUNG SHWE LON: Out with it! What do you mean?

MAUNG SI HTUN: I mean that you have been deceived by your wife.

MAUNG SHWE LON [Jumping excitedly to his feet]: Liar! How dare you insult my bride!

[MAUNG SI HTUN also rises to defend himself.]

MAUNG SI HTUN: You bride has worked your ruin.

[MA MI THA rises in astonishment.]

MA MI THA: What is he saying? What have I done?

MAUNG SHWE LON: You will pay for this!

MAUNG SI HTUN: Ma Mi Tha is an outcast.

MAUNG SHWE LON: An outcast!

MAUNG SI HTUN: Yes, she is a slave escaped from the Arican pagoda!

MA MI THA: Oh! 'Tis false!

MAUNG SHWE LON [Springing at MAUNG SI HTUN. The latter draws his knife, then, with a gesture of calm, bids him await his words. There are cries of excitement from the company as they shrink away from MA MI THA, as from one accursed]: Prove it or I will kill you!

MAUNG SI HTUN: Here is my knife. If I fail to satisfy you, use it upon me.

[He hands his knife to MAUNG SHWE LON, who takes it from him and examines it.]

MAUNG SHWE LON: With this blade one of us must die. What is your proof?

MAUNG SI HTUN: There is a visitor at the monastery—an old priest from Mandalay. Call him here. He is named Mya Gyi.

MAUNG BA: Yes, yes, Mya Gyi. Mya Gyi, you say?

MAUNG SI HTUN: Yes, Mya Gyi.

MAUNG BA: I'll find him. But, holy pagodas, it's a lie! Why, I'd have married that girl myself if—[MAUNG BA goes back of the curtain, mumbling to himself. He is heard calling in the distance.] Mya Gyi! Mya Gyi!

MA MI THA: O why has he said this terrible thing of me? You know it is not true, Maung Shwe Lon!

MAUNG SHWE LON: I will await the words of the priest.

MA PO SAW: O dear, O dear! These elopements are such dangerous things!

VARIOUS VOICES: Ame, it is terrible! A slave! O! [MAUNG BA enters, followed by MYA GYI led by the BOY. All fall back as he is led forward.] The pongyi! Now we shall know!

[MA MI THA, her face hidden in her hands, stands shaken by anguish. MAUNG SHWE LON stands in the center, holding the knife and defiantly eyeing MAUNG SI HTUN, who anxiously watches the advancing priest. The priest is brought between the two men, who bow respectfully.]

MAUNG SI HTUN: My lord, your children kow tow before you. We have asked your presence that you may enlighten us. Is it true, O Paya, that a slave girl, famed for her beauty, fled not long since from the Arican Pagoda in Mandalay?

MYA GYI: It is true.

MAUNG SI HTUN: Now Maung Shwe Lon, let the venerable priest look on your wife.

MAUNG SHWE LON: Ma Mi Tha, come hither.

[With a look of bewildered terror, MA MI THA slowly advances until she stands face to face with the old priest. Her face is bent down and much of the time covered by her hands or scarf in confusion.]

MAUNG SI HTUN: Now, lord pongyi, tell us if she who stands before you is not the slave of the Arican pagoda.

[MAUNG SI HTUN holds a torch in front of MA MI THA's face, ostensibly to light it, but really making a glare in the dim eyes of the old priest. MA MI THA holds up her head with blazing eyes and a look of defiance as of a tigress at bay.]

MYA GYI [Looking at her for some time. There is breathless silence as all await his verdict]: She is Zawta, the slave girl, and she shall be sent back to Mandalay.

MAUNG SI HTUN: She is the bride of a freeman—Maung Shwe Lon.

MYA GYI: He, too, is a slave now. Let the law be fulfilled.

ALL: Oh! Oh! Horrors! How terrible!

[MA MI THA stands for a moment in a trance, then with a despairing cry falls in a faint. No one goes near her. MAUNG SHWE LON turns imploringly to his friends, who shrink away from him.]

MAUNG SHWE LON: I am lost! There is no escape for me but in death. [He goes up to his bride who lies unconscious.] Witch woman, you have put a curse on me! May you be tormented by devils. May leprosy rot away your flesh. May you be stung by scorpions and cobras! May you be cast into Hell, and may you be reborn a snake in the jungle, and after that a pariah dog, feeding on the bodies of the dead. [He turns toward the curtain.] Lord Buddha receive my soul, for in life there is no hope! [He staggers back of the curtain, the knife in his hand. MA MI, recovering from her swoon, half rises and looks about wildly and dazed.]

MYA GYI: Come boy, lead me out. [Turning to the company.] Have the slave girl and her husband sent to me that I may take them home. [He walks slowly to the rear. MA MI THA, gathering herself together and realizing that the priest is leaving, with a supreme effort rises and intercepts him, throwing herself at his feet.]

MA MI THA: My lord! O gracious master, hear me, I implore thee!

MYA GYI [To the Boy]: Who is it speaks to me?

BOY: The slave girl, Zawta.

MYA GYI [Puzzled]: What? The slave girl?

MA MI THA: O, take away the curse you have put on me and on him I love! You have made a mistake, lord paya. I am not a slave girl. Hear me, I pray thee.

MYA GYI: Truly, it is not the voice of Zawta.

MA MI THA: No, my lord. I am of the royal house! I am a little sister to King Thiebaw. When he murdered my brothers and sisters I fled from the palace and I lived in disguise, hidden away by friends. And that is why I could not tell Maung Shwe Lon about my family when I married him.

ALL: A princess! Ma Mi Tha a princess! Oh!

MYA GYI: Can it be that I am mistaken? I am old and my sight is dim. The teak merchant has misled me.

VOICES: Aye! Poor girl! What a shame!

MYA GYI: There is a certain proof, for every slave of the Arian pagoda has a leogryph tattooed on her left shoulder.

MA MI THA [Uncovering her shoulder]: Then here is the proof. You will find no mark on me.

[A torch is held up and they all gather about her, examining her shoulder.]

ALL: She is free! She is a princess! Ma Mi Tha!

MAUNG BA: Holy pagodas, I knew it was a lie! I knew it!

MA PO SAW: And our daughter-in-law is of the royal blood! Dear Me! Can it be possible?

[All gather in a happy excited crowd about MA MI THA, treating her with the greatest reverence and consideration. There is a

low chatter of voices.]

MAUNG SI HTUN [Outside the group, going up to MA KHIN]: Ma Khin, fly with me! I will take you to Singapore!

MA KHIN: Go away from me! You should be beheaded for this!

MAUNG SI HTUN: Little fool! You will regret it some day! [He goes out.]

MYA GYI: Come, my children. Put aside the curtain that hides the image of our Lord Buddha. Give thanks for the blessings that have come to thee.

MA MI THA: Where is my husband? Maung Shwe Lon!

[All stand with their backs to the curtain as it is drawn aside, revealing the Buddha lighted by lamps. Incense is burning on the altar and floats out into the room. The droning chant of priests is heard from the inner room of the monastery, and a bell is struck. Lying at the foot of the altar, face down, is MAUNG SHWE LON, the knife beside him.]

MA PO SAW: Yes, where is my son?

MA KHIN: He has gone in to pray before the Buddha.

MA MI THA: Let me find him. Let me tell him that he is free, and that there is no curse in my love! Oh, I am so happy!

MAUNG BA: Come on, you shall tell him first!

[They turn and advance back toward the Buddha.]

MA MI THA: Oh! My husband!

ALL: He is dead! He has killed himself! Oh! Oh!

[MA MI THA falls sobbing on the dead body of MAUNG SHWE LON. The chant of the priests comes from the inner darkness.]

MYA GYI: Peace, my children. The path of destiny is changeless and everlasting. We, too, shall follow soon on the way of forgetfulness and rest.

The Loop Laughs Again

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

IT IS rarely that one hears genuine laughter in the theatre these days. Usually it sounds as if the well-known tired business man were making an effort to enjoy himself. Once in a while, at too rare periods, you will have the joy of hearing spontaneous laughter, as I did when I saw Mr. Pim, an unwitting old trouble-maker, not pass by but stop in and start something in A. A. Milne's joyous comedy, *Mr. Pim Passes By*. The play is a light affair which concerns the family life of an English couple happily married until the Dickensian Mr. Pim happens to drop in and inform the wife that he has come on the boat from Australia with her first husband whom she had thought dead. Her present husband is a stickler for the conventions and decides that the marriage must be annulled. The wife doesn't see it that way and there are various and amusing complications. Mr. Pim again drops in as he is passing by and the result is that—well, you will have to see for yourself as I am not going to spoil your enjoyment of the most amusing play I have seen since *The Lodger* by telling you how, as is the way of farcical comedy, matters are straightened out. Miss Laura Hope Crews who is always to be relied on for a corking performance of whatever role she plays, is a delight as the wife and ex-widow, and Dudley Digges, her present husband, is as disagreeable as Mr. Milne intended him to be, by which I mean to say that the part could not be better played. Although "Mr. Carraway Pim" causes all the trouble, he appears rarely in the play. Nevertheless he is so well portrayed by Mr. Erskine Sanford that you are always conscious of his presence. Whatever you have to give up in order to buy a ticket to the theatre, don't miss Mr. Pim.

THERE was a time when the word nightcap had a pleasant connotation. I can hardly say that of Guy Bolton's and Max Marcin's play, *The Nightcap*, which is finding favor with Loop audiences. It is called by its authors a melodramatic

comedy and is of the "who killed Billy Patterson" type. Its only redeeming features are the performances of its players, especially the work of Miss Elizabeth Risdon and Mr. John Daly Murphy.

Miss Margaret Anglin's extended and prosperous engagement at the Princess Theatre, was followed by Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Mrs. Barrymore (Doris Rankin), Miss Irene Fenwick, and others in Henri Bernstein's *The Claw*. Mrs. Barrymore, as the stage daughter of her husband, did to my way of thinking the best acting in the play which is as outmoded as *Jim the Penman*, or any of the early Sardou dramas. Mr. Barrymore, resembling the late Joseph Jefferson at the age of eighty, is for some unaccountable reason the only one of the characters who, in the period of sixteen years covered in the action, shows his age. While the other people seem to have escaped the ravages of time he is senile at sixty. The very lovely Miss Fenwick wears a modern gown in the first act; a modern gown in the second act which takes place two years later, and in the fourth act, fourteen years later, another very beautiful but modern gown. I admire Miss Fenwick and I have great admiration and respect for her manager, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, and it is for this reason that I call attention to anachronism in costuming and the fountain of youth which all the characters, with the exception of Mr. Barrymore, seem to have found.

Mr. Otis Skinner is one of those artists of the theatre who has a following that goes to see him regardless of his play. His present vehicle, a dramatization of the Ibanez novel, *Blood and Sand*, is neither a good play nor one suited to its star. I have seen Mr. Skinner give an admirable performance of Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*, and of many other roles of romantic type, including his matchless impersonation in *Kismet*, but the part of Juan Gallardo in *Blood and Sand*, is not for him, or as a

(Continued on page 178.)

Ever Young*

A cross-section of the life and character of four women

By ALICE GERSTENBERG

Author of "Overtones" and other plays

Characters:

MRS. PHOEBE PAYNE-DEXTER

MRS. AGNES DORCHESTER

MRS. WILLIAM BLANCHARD

MRS. CAROLINE COURTNEY-PAGE

These four distinguished looking women of some fifty and sixty years, but in spirit forever young, enjoy spending a few hours after dinner chatting in a corner of the lobby of the Poinciana Hotel, Palm Beach, from which vantage ground they may view the passing show of fashionables. From the distance come faint strains of an orchestra.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*She enters from the right as if looking for a comfortable chair. She pulls the chairs about until she has placed them to suit herself. She is followed by Mrs. Dorchester, who also chooses a chair to suit herself. Mrs. Payne-Dexter's face is wrinkled but there is little sign of age in her worldly humorous eyes, her tightly corseted figure, her vibrant personality. She wears a lavender brocade evening gown and a dog-collar of diamonds. Her white hair is perfectly marcelled and her well manicured hands flash with rings. She uses a diamond studded lorgnette and carries a large hotel room key. She takes her chair with the authority of a leader*]: There was no need to hurry through dinner, Agnes; there are plenty of chairs.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*She is a sweet, placid-faced woman with white hair, not marcelled, and the rosy complexion of one who has lived without hurry on a country estate. She wears eyeglasses: she is gowned in rich gold silk and is rather too overladen with old-fashioned jewelry, ear-rings, bracelets, pendants, rings, mostly in amber, gold, and black onyx. She carries a capacious bag of black and gold brocade which contains her knitting, which she begins to pull out as soon as she is comfortably seated. The ball of wool and the baby sock she is knitting is soft blue*]: We missed our chance last night because you lingered over your coffee.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Dominatingly*]: I always linger over my coffee. I always did with Thomas when he was alive. Our family always has lingered over the coffee.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Mildly*]: In another moment there would not have been a chair vacant. Which one do you prefer?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Put one aside for Mrs. Blanchard. I nodded to her in this direction as we came out of the dining-room.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*As she sits*]: She will like this corner. We can see everyone who crosses the lobby.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Using her lorgnette*]: How many sights and how many frights shall we see tonight? Really, Agnes, I wish you would give up wearing your old-fashioned onyx and amber. Why don't you turn in all that junk and get something new and fashionable? [*She sits.*]

MRS. DORCHESTER: Oh, I've never had any desire to buy jewelry since my husband died.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: But that was ages ago. I've had all my diamonds reset since Thomas went. I had my wedding ring melted and moulded again into an orange wreath.

MRS. DORCHESTER: There's the young bride who arrived today.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Where?

MRS. DORCHESTER: Over there near the fountain in a very low gown.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I don't see her.

MRS. DORCHESTER: She moved behind a column.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Rising and crossing*]: I can't see her. Why didn't you tell me before the column got in the way?

MRS. DORCHESTER: If you were not so vain, Phoebe, you would wear decent glasses like mine.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Indeed, I can see perfectly well.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Well, I don't blame you for using your lorgnette. It does add distinction to your Payne-Dexter manner.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Amused*]: What! Are you still impressed by my manner?

MRS. DORCHESTER: I have been for forty years—dear me, Phoebe, is it really forty years ago since you and I were debutantes?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Looking about carefully*]: Ssh! Don't let the hotel know I'm sixty.

MRS. DORCHESTER: No one guesses it.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*She rises to find a more comfortable chair*]: I certainly don't feel it, but let me tell you, these young debutantes of today with their supercilious airs, their sophisticated conversation, their smoking in public places, are not going to crowd me back into a grandmother's corner. No! I shall live another twenty years at least, if only to see these young things grow into the troubles of married life, and it will please me.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Why have you such animosity toward the debutantes? You terrorize them. Everywhere they sidestep for you. In elevators, corridors, in the ball-room, on the beach, they put themselves out to be deferential to you. It is "Good morning, Mrs. Payne-Dexter; good afternoon Mrs. Payne-Dexter; good evening, Mrs. Payne-Dexter;" but they never see me, even though we have been here since the opening of the season.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: It is because you don't create the atmosphere which demands their attention. I am putting on all the Payne-Dexter airs I can think of to terrorize them: I want to make the debutantes and their smart young men sidestep for me. Their youth and prettiness is no longer mine, but I hold over them the whip hand. I am a dowager, a member of a society that once ruled New York, and does still to a certain extent and they shall bow to me as long as I inhale one breath of life!

MRS. DORCHESTER: I do believe you are jealous of the present generation.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I am. I am fiercely jealous.

MRS. DORCHESTER: But we have had our own day, Phoebe. It is their turn. It is our time to sit back and give them a chance.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Agnes, you have kept your health, living on your estate in Long Island, but you have watched the

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inevitable drying up of flowers and leaves in autumn and you have followed what seems to you the inevitable progress of autumn into winter—well, *my hair may be as white as snow, but my blood is still red!*

MRS. DORCHESTER: Your vitality is a marvel to everyone. Your club work, civic and social leadership make even the doctors amazed at you.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*She rises again to find a more comfortable chair*]: The doctors are my worst enemies. They tell me I must not eat this, I must not do that. They tell me I am getting old, that I must rest. I do not wish to rest. I simply won't grow old. When one has been a leader, one cannot let younger women usurp one's position.

MRS. DORCHESTER: You still have your leadership.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I still have it because I *will* it, because I will not let it go, but I have to strive harder for it every year, every year I must grow more imperious, more dominating, more terrorizing to hold supremacy over this new independent generation. [*She looks to the left.*] There is that little presumptuous May Whigham. She is eighteen and so rude I should like to spank her.

MRS. DORCHESTER: They all fear you, Phoebe.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*With grim humor*]: I hope so. I shall not be pushed into a corner as long as I still draw one breath of life!

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Looking to the right*]: Good-evening, Mrs. Blanchard.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: We kept a chair for you.

[*MRS. BLANCHARD is thin, a trifle bent with age and needs a walking cane. It is gold-topped and suspended on it is a fan of lavender plumes and a gold mesh bag. In her left hand she carries a book. She is exquisitely gowned in light blue chiffon and rare old lace. Her face is like a cameo, scarcely a wrinkle in it, and her smile is illuminatingly young. She wears a diamond necklace but no rings.*]

MRS. BLANCHARD: Good-evening, Mrs. Payne-Dexter, Mrs. Dorchester.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Helping Mrs. BLANCHARD*]: Sit down, Mrs. Blanchard.

MRS. BLANCHARD: No, thank you, do not help me. I am about to throw it away.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Throw your cane away?

MRS. BLANCHARD [*With a light in her eyes*]: Yes, I am not going to need it in a week or so.

MRS. DORCHESTER: I heard of a woman the other day who dispensed with her cane.

MRS. BLANCHARD: Who was it?

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Nodding toward the right*]: That golf champion, what's her name, she's over there—the one with the burnt V on her chest—she told me all about a case, but dear me, I never can remember names.

MRS. BLANCHARD: I shall have to ask her about it.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Are you getting stronger, Mrs. Blanchard?

MRS. BLANCHARD: I must get stronger. I am tired of depending upon a cane. Everywhere I go people are putting themselves out to be polite to me. Men help me, women send their men to help me, chauffeurs help me, bell-boys help me, waiters help me, debutantes help me—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Debutantes! I scarcely can believe it!

MRS. BLANCHARD: The debutantes hop around me like so many sand-flies—all of them wanting to help me walk. I feel like swatting them with this. [*She shakes the cane.*] Their politeness to my infirmity is an insult. If they would only be rude!

MRS. DORCHESTER: Mrs. Payne-Dexter was just complaining that they were too rude.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Rude! They are!

MRS. BLANCHARD: If they are rude to you it is a compli-

ment. They do not look upon you as old and decrepit. I resent their solicitude. In a day or two I shall throw this old thing away! [*She tosses the cane aside.*]

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Mrs. Blanchard!

MRS. BLANCHARD: It is no idle threat, I mean it!

MRS. DORCHESTER: But you told me you had used it fifteen years.

MRS. BLANCHARD: So I have, and it is old enough to throw away. It is the oldest leg I have and it is going to be thrown away.

MRS. DORCHESTER: *Oldest?*

MRS. BLANCHARD: What are you doubting?

MRS. DORCHESTER: My dear Mrs. Blanchard, you just said your cane is the oldest leg you have—

MRS. BLANCHARD: So it is.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Humorously*]: Mrs. Dorchester would like to know just exactly *how* old the others are.

MRS. BLANCHARD: The others are just exactly *not* more than nine months!

MRS. DORCHESTER: Nine months!

MRS. BLANCHARD: Do you think I should say *ninety* years?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Isn't it a little nearer to the truth?

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Triumphantly*]: But it is not the truth! The wonderful truth is that my legs are not more than nine months old. I have been reading an amazing book. [*She holds the book up.*]

MRS. DORCHESTER: What is it?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Using her lorgnette*]: "Truth and Youth."

MRS. BLANCHARD: This book says that every cell in our body is completely new every nine months.

MRS. DORCHESTER: I heard about that. My daughter was reading a book about that. I forget what it was called.

MRS. BLANCHARD: Each cell reproduces itself according to the impression given to it by our sub-conscious mind. As we grow old we hold a thought of age and impress the cells with that thought, but if we rid ourselves of the illusion of old age we can remain ever young.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Let me have this book. I would pay a fortune for youth.

MRS. BLANCHARD: We do not have to pay for youth. We just have to *think* it and *be* it. It is very simple, they say, when you have faith.

MRS. DORCHESTER: What was that book my daughter was reading—dear, dear, I never can remember names, and titles, and numbers!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Too much wool, Agnes; I tell you you are growing old.

MRS. BLANCHARD: She does not look it.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Her mind is one hundred and fifty years old!

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Good-naturedly*]: Not quite. I have had too many financial matters to attend to since my husband died to let me slip too far behind the times, but I believe in accepting old age with as good a grace as possible.

MRS. BLANCHARD: Rubbish! That is antediluvian! I am just beginning to learn how to live. Do you know I have just obtained my divorce?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Have you divorced Mr. Blanchard, after all these years?

MRS. BLANCHARD: Yes, after all these years. I suppose you know the story of my life. It was nationally commented upon when my daughter married the Duke of Caubreich.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: My St. Louis friends often mentioned you; that is why I was so interested in meeting you here this season. When my husband was alive he used to hear things at the clubs.

MRS. BLANCHARD: No doubt he did. My husband has been notoriously unfaithful to me. I grieved about it for more than forty years and I never had the sense to get rid of him—never

had the courage until now—but now, it is all as clear as day to me—if I have been a fool for forty years, must I stay a fool forever? No, I kicked over the traces, with my wooden leg—and I am a free woman.

MRS. DORCHESTER: How odd, to think of your willfully giving up your husband when we widows so wish ours back again.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Did your husband contest it?

MRS. BLANCHARD: My husband was amazed, indignant. He writes me imploring letters. He is old now and ready to settle down. Now, when he is ready to sit before the fireplace and watch me knit, I have played a trick on him. I am not ready to sit before the fireplace and I would rather play roulette than knit. By the way I gambled three hundred dollars away last night.

MRS. DORCHESTER: We left early.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: That is, at midnight.

MRS. DORCHESTER: We rode around a bit before coming in, it was so balmy and I just love to ride in the chairs.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I suppose it was not quite the thing for two lone women to ride around in the moonlight at midnight, but the colored boy said everyone did it at Palm Beach.

MRS. DORCHESTER: It was very romantic.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: There is romance in every breeze through the palm trees.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Gaily*]: I didn't come back to the hotel until morning. I stayed on and played, had breakfast there—came home without a ring on my finger—handed them over as security to a friend who thought it funny to take them—

MRS. DORCHESTER: We missed you on the beach this morning.

MRS. BLANCHARD: I slept until luncheon. I am going back tonight to win my rings again. [*She dangles a gold bag stuffed with bills.*] Starting with five hundred tonight.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Before you know it you will have gambled a fortune away!

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Laughing*]: I'm not worrying. I receive an amazingly high alimony. The court figured that I would not live long and that I needed much medical care. Well, I am not paying out any money for medical care and when it comes to having a good time I am making up for forty years! I found only one man in my whole life whom I really loved, and he was not my husband.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: What happened?

MRS. BLANCHARD: I have never known what became of him.

MRS. DORCHESTER: I can't imagine what it must be, not to love one's husband. I miss mine so!

MRS. BLANCHARD: I had been married only four months when I heard of my husband's infatuation for a married woman in our own set. He had married me only, it seems, to allay suspicion. Of course, I see now that I should have divorced him then and there, but I was very young and it wasn't being done in those days. In those hours of my disillusion a dashing young lieutenant understood my despair and planned to arouse my husband's jealousy and so bring him back to me—

MRS. DORCHESTER: Phoebe, stop fuddling with your doorway. It gets on my nerves.

MRS. BLANCHARD: He succeeded in arousing my husband's jealousy but meanwhile I had fallen in love with the lieutenant—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: And he with you, no doubt?

MRS. BLANCHARD: Yes.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Mrs. Blanchard, it is a life tragedy but not a line of it shows in your face.

MRS. BLANCHARD: I wouldn't let it show in my face. I harbored a secret thought—a terrible thought that my husband might die, that I might be free to find the other again, that then he should not see an old wrinkled face after he had cherished the memory of my youth.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Think of living like that all these years when you might have had a divorce long ago.

MRS. BLANCHARD: It's humorous in a way, isn't it? That when women like you and Mrs. Dorchester are widowed, I had to put up with a husband who just *wouldn't* die?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: What became of the lieutenant?

MRS. BLANCHARD: He asked to be transferred to another post. He wanted to go as far away from me as possible—no distance seemed far enough to break the magnetic attraction between us. Finally he was sent as far away as China, and there we lost track of him in the Boxer rebellion.

MRS. DORCHESTER: And you never heard from him again?

MRS. BLANCHARD: No. The government reported him as missing. No doubt, the Chinese took him prisoner. I think he must have died for all these years I have imagined that he died. I have felt his spirit near me—guiding me—watching over me—

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Shaking her head*]: Do you believe he could be near you? I don't believe that my husband is. I sit and knit and think of him, but the beyond seems nothing but void and silence.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Practically*]: Well, I believe in believing anything that helps you.

MRS. DORCHESTER: I can't get into communication.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Hopefully*]: Oh! I know Oliver Trent has never forgotten me. If he had lived or escaped, Oliver would have found me. I know Oliver died and that his spirit has been lovingly near me these twenty years!

MRS. DORCHESTER: My husband and I loved each other deeply. That love, it seems to me, should hold us together even after he has gone, but I can't believe that it does.

MRS. BLANCHARD: It does and it will, if you have faith. There is nothing but love, I am beginning to feel. For a long while I tried to make myself believe it—for a long while I could only *think*, but now I am beginning to feel it—deep within me to realize it—and I feel warm all through. Oh, I shall put aside my ancient leg!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Of course, he loved you. I am sure he did.

MRS. DORCHESTER: If he were only alive now that you have your divorce—

MRS. BLANCHARD: So you see my romance is only a shadow—only a thought—there is nothing tangible—I dared keep no letters, not one single token of his—only my thoughts, but those thoughts have kept me from going to pieces all these years.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: And the thoughts have kept your face young.

MRS. BLANCHARD: I couldn't control my body as well—I seemed to get wearier and wearier of life until I needed a cane to lean on—and then I doubled up on that and here I am—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: And here you are threatening to walk without it.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Brightening*]: I will, too, I will. Only if I could be *sure* he died with just me in his heart. I wouldn't mind so much his not being alive—if I knew that all these years it has been he guiding me, and not my imagination and self-deception, that he is near me all the time—if I could but know that.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I should certainly continue to believe that he remembered me.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Consolingly*]: I am sure he did.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Shaking her head*]: I built my life upon my faith in him—if I should be robbed of this belief in his love for me—I think it would—kill me.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: But if you could have proof of his love—

MRS. BLANCHARD [*With shining eyes*]: Oh! If I could have proof.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: There's that beautiful Mrs. Courtney-Page. I should like to know her better. Shall we invite her to sit with us?

MRS. BLANCHARD: Who is she?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: The white-haired woman in white velvet carrying a black fan. She is just coming out of mourning for her last husband.

MRS. DORCHESTER: *Last!* How many did she have?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: The manicurist told me she had three, and the clerk in the jewel shop told me only one—they were appraising her pearls—she has such marvelous pearls—I'd love to see her pearls close by—wouldn't you?

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Amused*]: Oh! yes, do invite her over. I'd like to exchange data about husbands. Is she down here alone?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: They say she came alone, but I've noticed her on the beach with one man, and in a wheel chair with another. She's alone now though and evidently looking for a place to sit. Call her over, Agnes.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Timidly*]: But I don't know her. Phoebe, you call her.

MRS. BLANCHARD: Don't you know her, Mrs. Payne-Dexter?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I might pretend to. How do you do. [*She bows amiably.*]

[MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE enters. *She is white-haired and about fifty but she has dash in her manner and her figure is stunning in a white velvet evening gown. She is the type that can be a vampire at any age. The gown has the medieval charm of long sleeves although it is very low at the throat. Her jewels are pearls, ropes of pearls. She carries a black feather fan, a black velvet bag and a batch of mail, among which is a black-rimmed letter.*]

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: How do you do. You must pardon me. I don't recall the name?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Mrs. Payne-Dexter, of New York. Don't tell me, Mrs. Courtney-Page, that you have forgotten me.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE [*With poise*]: Oh! yes—Mrs. Payne-Dexter—a name so well known—we met, I remember, exactly five years ago at the opera. Your box was next to the Carrolls. We were their guests one evening when my late husband and I were in New York on a wedding trip.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Why, yes, of course, how clever of you to remember. My friends, Mrs. Dorchester, Mrs. Blanchard—

MRS. BLANCHARD: How do you do—won't you sit down?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Yes, thank you. [*She sits.*] I have noticed you, Mrs. Blanchard. Your cane? [*She picks it up and courteously hands it to Mrs. BLANCHARD.*]

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Courteously taking it*]: Thank you.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Mrs. Dorchester and I have been spending the season in Palm Beach. Mrs. Dorchester is a native of Long Island.

MRS. BLANCHARD: And I came down from St. Louis and had the good fortune to become acquainted with them, personally. I have always known Mrs. Payne-Dexter by reputation.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Blanchard of St. Louis. The name is very familiar—

MRS. BLANCHARD: My daughter married the Duke of Caubreigh—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Oh! yes—yes—but just lately—it seems to me I saw that name lately.

MRS. BLANCHARD: No doubt you did. I am celebrating my divorce!

MRS. DORCHESTER: I think she has a great deal of courage to face the world alone—voluntarily.

MRS. BLANCHARD: It is rejuvenating to feel so marvelously free!

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: She is quite right. Why should a woman remain in bondage when there is at every turn a new chance for a better alliance!

MRS. BLANCHARD: Good gracious! Do you believe me capable of marrying again at my age?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Why not? A woman can marry any man she wants.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Mildly*]: Oh! The man may get the

woman he wants. Henry kept insisting until I married him, but I don't think it's the other way round, do you, Phoebe?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*In dominating manner*]: I don't know. I worked very hard for Thomas but I got him.

MRS. BLANCHARD: I haven't an opinion. The one I wanted I met only when it was too late.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: What do you mean by too late?

MRS. BLANCHARD: After I was married to someone else.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: But now you are divorced—

MRS. BLANCHARD: Oh! it's too late now. My romance was over twenty years ago.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Do you really think a woman can marry any man she wants?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: I've proved it. I was engaged three times, married once, once widowed, and now I have another fiance. Isn't that a proof?

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Suavely*]: You are, if you will pardon my frankness, a very handsome woman, Mrs. Courtney-Page. Such attractions would not require much further effort on your part.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Thank you, but there is a science about attracting love as there is about everything else. There hasn't been a moment of my life when I haven't been in love.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Rather snortingly*]: That's impossible! There aren't enough people in the world for that!

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE [*With real tenderness*]: Oh! yes there are—as long as you hold the thought of love, you will find those you can love—and as long as you love you will attract it in return.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Where is your home, now Mrs. Courtney-Page?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Chicago, but I was born in San Francisco. I was Emily Tardon.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Emily Tardon!

MRS. DORCHESTER: You don't mean it!

MRS. BLANCHARD: Are you really!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Why, it just seems yesterday when all the magazines were full of your photographs, the most beautiful debutante on the western coast!

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: They did make a fuss about it when I became engaged to Harlow Bingham. I was only eighteen then. When I look back and think what a brilliant career I might have had with Harlow—well—you know he died—[*She sighs.*]—before we were married—an accident—horse racing. Poor Harlow, he gave me my first pearls. [*She unconsciously plays with a strand of pearls.*]

MRS. BLANCHARD: Magnificent pearls!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Using lorgnette*]: I have scarcely been able to keep my eyes off of them.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: This strand—the shortest and smallest—was given to me by Harlow Bingham upon our engagement. He gave me a solitaire too but the pearls were a gift of thanks because I had given up the desire to go on the stage to marry him.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Oh, did you want to be an actress?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: I have wanted nothing more all my life.

MRS. BLANCHARD: You would have made a good one, too.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: My family opposed me as all families do.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: They did in those days.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: So I had to give up the idea of acting, on the stage. [*But it is evident that she has been acting in real life ever since.*]

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*In a whisper*]: Look, look, that's the man who tried to flirt with me the other day at the tea dance in the Grove.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Don't you know who that is?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: No.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: That's Beverly Strawn, our best seller novelist.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Gracious! Hide me! He must have been picking me out for the dowager mother-in-law in his next novel—

MR. DORCHESTER: Did you marry Mr. Courtney-Page after Mr.—what's his name—your first fiancé died?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: No. I became engaged to Philip Marlow, an Englishman, I met in Egypt. He was on his way to South Africa. He had been in diplomatic service in India and had been transferred. He brought me this second strand—the second largest and longest—from India. He went ahead to South Africa to prepare a home intending to come back for me, but he died of fever—and—we were never married.

MRS. BLANCHARD: How thrillingly tragic!

MRS. DORCHESTER: I could not have endured it.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: And the other strands—you have two more—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: This third one was the gift of my husband, Mr. Courtney-Page. I would not let him give them to me until after we were married.

MRS. DORCHESTER: That was a wise precaution. They say pearls mean tears.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: It is surprising that he risked giving you pearls at all.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: He felt he had to because he was jealous of the others. Of course, I couldn't throw the others away, they were so beautiful and so costly.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Naturally not.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: So he finally purchased a strand in Vienna—larger and longer than the others.

MRS. BLANCHARD: And then did he die, too?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Oh! no, Mr. Courtney-Page was the third man I was engaged to, but the only one I married. He died scarcely a year ago.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*She takes some digestive tablets out of her bag and offers them*]: Will you have a life-preserver? I ate something tonight that didn't quite agree with me. [*She takes one.*]

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Accepting one*]: Thank you.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Offering*]: Mrs. Blanchard?

MRS. BLANCHARD: No, thanks, I don't need them any more since I am taking the new diet.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: What is your new diet?

[MRS. DORCHESTER *silently offers them to Mrs. Courtney-Page, who takes one.*]

MRS. BLANCHARD: Nuts, fruit, no meat, no bread, no hot vegetables, no coffee, no tea—

MRS. DORCHESTER: Have you stopped eating altogether?

MRS. BLANCHARD: Only fruit and nuts. I feel as light as a feather. In another day I shall walk and throw away this stick!

MRS. DORCHESTER: You said in another week you would throw it away.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Now be careful, don't take risks!

MRS. BLANCHARD: The book says we must not have negatives in our mind. I tell you that if I can have enough faith I shall walk alone!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Oh! the book.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Handing book to Mrs. Payne-Dexter*]: "Truth and Youth."

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Reading from book at random*]: "The average man and woman of middle age chooses a comfortable chair and settles down into it with the thought that life is finished and it is necessary to await the end. Women do this more than men. When women see their little children grown to manhood and independent of them, they feel that their use in life is over. Nothing is more untrue. The grandmother is a free—"

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Interrupting as she glances to the left*]: Just a moment, Phoebe; excuse me, but what did you say was

the name of the woman in jet—walking with the aviator—did she fly down with him from New York?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: That's Hilda Dane, one of the Follies. They say she has her skin insured when she's on the beach.

MRS. BLANCHARD: I have never seen her skin. She paints it up with white-wash and her lips are thick with red paint. Yesterday on the beach she wore a lemon colored woolen cape with a big sable collar and every diamond that has ever been given to her.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Is she married to the aviator?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Going back to her book*]: Don't ask absurd questions, Agnes. "The grandmother is a free woman, she has a new youth. She has the wisdom of experience with which to experiment for greater wisdom"—ah, Agnes, you must read this book—it will stir you up—your very mind is getting to be like wool.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Amused*]: I have always been more domestic than you, Phoebe.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Domestic! Haven't I done my-share? Haven't I run a house in New York, a house in Newport, a house in London, apartment in Paris; I even had a palace one season in Venice—no, it is not domesticity that is making you old, it is mental lethargy!

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: That is the worst enemy to youth, mental lethargy. I refuse to have it!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Mrs. Dorchester doesn't live for herself any more. When she is at home, she is a slave to her grandchildren; when she is away she can scarcely take time from the wool to look at a coconut grove.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Looking away*]: Oh, I can knit without looking.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: I am more selfish. I let my children and grandchildren alone. As long as they are not starving, it is no business of mine to live for them. I do not spend my evenings knitting baby-socks. I have my opera box, I give dinner parties and entertain distinguished foreign visitors. I have my club committees, my charities and I am studying art, to be able to add to my husband's collection of paintings—as a memorial to him—and I am taking up Spanish because I am planning to spend next season in Buenos Aires. But you, Agnes, you make your children dependent upon you—you are always nursing some grandchild through something.

MRS. DORCHESTER: But when they are ill, I *must* help them.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: You think you must and they let you think it because they don't want to hurt your feelings by letting you know they don't need you. You take care of a grandchild that its own mother may go and play bridge; you save your son a nurse's bill while he spends the money playing polo at the country club.

MRS. DORCHESTER: But it isn't a happy thought, not to be needed.

MRS. BLANCHARD: You were telling us about your pearls, Mrs. Courtney-Page. It is an exquisite pleasure to look at them.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: This fourth strand, the largest and longest, is the gift of my new fiancé. I am down here waiting for time to pass—we shall be married as soon as it seems correct.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Dear me. [*She looks to the left.*] There's Mrs. Wallace Morse in another gown—and, as usual, no petticoat.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Well, I think she does wear *one!*

MRS. BLANCHARD: Aren't you lucky to find a fiancé again! I am afraid I couldn't bring myself to care for any man as much as I have cared for one in the past.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Nor I.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Humph! Men aren't worth bothering about.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: I was so lost without marriage companionship that when I was in Paris last autumn, I picked out

the most eligible man I could find. He is quite old, but very nice and has valuable mines in Australia.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Is he a Frenchman?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: No, an American, but he hasn't been in this country since he was sent to the American legation in China. He has had an exciting life. He was taken prisoner in the Boxer rebellion and was reported missing for years, but a faithful Chinese servant smuggled him to Australia.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*She begins to tremble with premonition; her hands quiver as they clutch her cane*]: Your fiancé, his name—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Oliver Trent, president of the Australia Mining Company of—

MRS. BLANCHARD [*With a gasp of anguish loses her hold on the cane; it falls unheeded to the floor*]: Oliver Trent—you said Oliver Trent?

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Blandly*]: Why—wasn't that the name of the man you loved?—wasn't that the name, Phoebe?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: The man, Mrs. Blanchard—I don't understand—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Trying to relieve the situation*]: Mrs. Blanchard had been telling us about a friend of hers who had been lost in the Boxer rebellion. She thought he had died. No doubt, it is a consolation to her to know that he still lives.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Wilted and old-looking, and with an effort*]: No, Mrs. Courtney-Page, I scarcely can bear the fact that he still lives. I have held him in my heart as one dead for twenty years. I have lived on the thought that he loved me. He loved me once but I know now that men cannot be true. When he went to China he put me out of his mind forever. He has forgotten me for younger and handsomer women.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Humph! I wouldn't let it worry me. Men are not worth such life-long adoration. You look about and find someone else—

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Gently*]: Perhaps, Mrs. Courtney-Page will give him up, if we tell her what he means to you.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Fiercely*]: I want my own—not what is cast off—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE [*Drawing her chair closer to Mrs. BLANCHARD and speaking gently*]: You want me to give him up? [*She fondles the largest strand of pearls reluctantly.*] It would be hard for me to do. It wasn't easy to win him. I had to use all the art I have learned in past experiences to get him. He has never been married and is a little afraid—but I won him—if I gave him up, are you sure he would remember you?

MRS. BLANCHARD [*In anguish of spirit but under control*]: No. Do not trouble. I shall have to bear it. I—I feel quite blind—as if I had been struck on the head—but maybe it is just my heart. You see he and I were very much in love, but I was married and he had to go away. He promised not to forget. But he was young and—and maybe I shouldn't have believed him. When I never heard again and the Government reported him missing, everyone said he must be dead. That last day before he went, I met him clandestinely in the Park. I cut off a bit of my hair that day. It was golden then, like golden amber he said, and he put it into an amber locket he wore on his watch chain.

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Drops her knitting needles and lets her wool roll to the floor*]: I remember, I remember, amber locket—from a watch chain—I have it here—I've had it twenty years—made into a bracelet. [*She takes off bracelet.*] My son brought it home from the Philippines—it was given to him by a Chinese servant—

MRS. BLANCHARD [*In extreme excitement*]: The locket—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: A Chinese servant—

MRS. DORCHESTER: Yes, the very one you said rescued him. I remember it all now. How stupid of me not to think of it before! But as Phoebe says, my mind's all wool—that Chinese servant—

MRS. BLANCHARD: Yes—yes—go on!

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Speedily*]: You know the Boxers stormed

the legation—he fought desperately and valiantly, the Chinese servant described all that—how he was taken prisoner and tortured so he almost lost his mind. At night he raved in delirium. He called a woman's name but there was no one of that name in the legation—my son told me but I have such a wretched memory for names—but it wasn't a real name that one could identify—it must have been a nickname.

MRS. BLANCHARD: Was it Dee-dee?

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Pouncingly*]: Dee-dee, dee-dee, that's what it was! Oh! My stupid head!

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Pathetically*]: It meant "dear."

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Lovingly at Mrs. DORCHESTER with increasing suspense*]: Why have you kept this from us all this time?

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Gaining assurance*]: How could I know my son's story was about Mrs. Blanchard until she mentioned the watch chain?—but now it all comes back to me—at night in delirium he called this name—how he loved this woman—he took the watch chain and opened it and kissed the blonde lock of hair and he treasured it as nothing else he had. He treasured it so highly that he gave it to his Chinese servant to keep for him—for fear they would rob him of it. They took his money and everything else he had but the servant kept the amber safely—but—but—

MRS. BLANCHARD [*With rapt attention*]: But then how did you forget it?

MRS. DORCHESTER: That's just it—I'll tell you how it was—Oh! my stupid memory. Phoebe, stop fuddling with your door key; you distract me—the amber—the Chinese servant smuggled him into a boat—

MRS. BLANCHARD: Who was smuggled into the boat?

MRS. DORCHESTER: Mr.—what's his name—your—

MRS. BLANCHARD: Oliver Trent—

MRS. DORCHESTER: Yes, into the boat—and in the excitement of concealing him behind some kegs—the ship began to move and the Chinese servant had to run to get off and in running he forgot to give up the amber watch chain—and so he kept it—he kept it as a talisman and a few years later when he served my son in the Philippines, he gave it to him as a talisman when my son was very ill with fever—and my son became superstitious about it and had it set into a bracelet for me as my protection—now, I shall give it to you—for it is your talisman, Mrs. Blanchard, a talisman of his undying love.

[MRS. BLANCHARD is incapable of speech, but she takes the bracelet in both hands and raises it to her lips; a light of inspiration comes into her eyes.]

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE [*Inventing the lines*]: And that is why I had such difficulty making him care for me. He told me about his first love—he spoke of her as Dee-dee and he told me that when he lost the amber—he felt that she had gone out of his life forever—he said that she was married and it was unlawful for him to think of her—but he has never forgotten—he told me he would love her always—and when I tell him of you, Mrs. Blanchard, he will come to you at once, for you have been right—his love has been yours and is yours still. I think you ought to have these pearls.

MRS. BLANCHARD [*Her eyes illumined, her body stronger*]: Oh! no, thank you—I don't want them—I—I have this. [*She holds the locket in her two hands and rises, forgetting her cane.*] Excuse me, ladies, if I go to my room—I—I have had my answer out of the silence—and I'm a little—unstrung. [*She walks out with great dignity and composure, a grande dame in manner even in her ecstasy; and the light in her eyes is a triumph of youth.*]

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [*Looking after her in awe*]: Without her cane!

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Don't remind her!

MRS. DORCHESTER [*Sighing*]: Poor dear—poor dear—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Was that all true what you said, Agnes? I never heard you talk so fast in all your life—and how

you suddenly got such memory—you never told me anything about that amber charm and you've worn it forever!

MRS. DORCHESTER: Father gave it to me my twenty-first birthday to save a lock of my blonde hair. I risked the chance that mine was a duplicate of hers.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: And all you said was a *lie*?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: It doesn't matter. We shall make it true.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: But when she finds out that you have deceived her—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: She will never find out. I shall warn him to hide away his amber watch charm.

MRS. DORCHESTER: Does he still wear it?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Yes; and many other charms, from other loves. They say he has been a great beau—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: The outrageous flirt!

MRS. DORCHESTER: Poor dear Mrs. Blanchard. I thought she would die—I was afraid she was dying—I *had* to say something to bring her to.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: But what have you gained by these lies?

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Does she not walk?

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER [With awe]: Yes, it is a miracle.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Merely a miracle of the realization of love—

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: But it is built on a false belief. He has not been true to her.

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: Mrs. Payne-Dexter, I have never questioned the reality of anyone's love for me. That which counts is, after all, only that which is in our own hearts. If Mrs. Blanchard is convinced of his love, that is all that is really necessary.

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: But when you marry him—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: I shall not marry him—I shall only keep the pearls—

MRS. DORCHESTER: But if *you* love him—

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE: As for that—I, *always*, can find someone else—

MRS. DORCHESTER: Gracious, my wool is a mess!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: You'd better give up knitting, Agnes, and turn to story writing—you've quite surprised me with your sudden brilliancy. Bell-boy, you may have these glasses—

MRS. DORCHESTER: Your diamond, platinum lorgnette!

MRS. PAYNE-DEXTER: Humph! Do you think I have to manufacture a love affair to help me get rid of *my* crutches?

MRS. DORCHESTER [Scarcely able to grasp the idea]: She walked without her cane!

MRS. COURTNEY-PAGE [With a sentimental smile]: Oh! To stay young, one must love.

The Loop Laughs Again

(Continued from page 166.)

matter of fact for any one else. I hope he will forgive me for this comment when he reads what I have to say about his daughter, Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner. On my viewing of the play, I did not know that it was Miss Skinner, who called in unexpectedly to play the part of Gallardo's wife, was giving her second performance of the part. Not knowing it was she, I had commented on her diction, her ease—she said afterwards she was scared pink—and her sense of the stage. She is destined, I believe, to follow worthily in her distinguished father's footsteps.

Mrs. Rida Johnson Young's *Little Old New York*, which features Miss Genevieve Tobin is having a long run at Cohan's Grand Opera House which probably has a more definitely established clientele than any other theatre in the Loop. If you know nothing of New York and its early history, you may like the play whose characters include John Jacob Astor, Fitz-Green Halleck, Henry Brevoort, and Washington Irving. If you do know your history, you will find these famous figures very different from your conception of them. Miss Tobin as Patricia O'Day would be more attractive as the Irish heroine if she did not speak with a Scotch accent.

IF YOU are fond of Sir James Barrie, *The Little Minister*, *Peter Pan*, and other plays by this celebrated author, you will probably go to see *Mary Rose*. You will, I fear, find it a problem play, the problem being "what is it all about?" Although Miss Ruth Chatterton gives a delightful performance of the girl who disappears on the island which, according to the Scottish legend, is known as "the Island that likes to be visited," and comes back as a ghost after an absence of twenty-five years, the play is utterly lacking in motivation as well as in the whimsy that has made Barrie one of your favorite playwrights. In most unghostly fashion, Miss Chatterton in the last scene of the play, sits on the lap of her twenty-eight-year-old son whom she has last seen when he was three years old and whom, as she lacks the precience of the ghosts of our first families, she does not recognize.

The Beggar's Opera, first presented in 1727, is with us once more. It has been written of at length in this magazine but as it is performance that is too notable to be missed, I call your attention to it again.

Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy dedicated *If I were King*, to "the loveliest lady this side of Heaven." He had not Miss Julia Marlowe in mind, but I trust he will not object to my using his phrase in speaking of her. Her beauty, her charm, her eternal youth as shown in *Viola*, her sense of philosophy in her *Portia*, are unsurpassed. Her voice has in it more radiance of tonal beauty than that of any other artist I have heard in many years of theatre-going. Madame Bernhardt's voice has been called golden which it was even the last time she was in Chicago. It reminds me of the voice of Madame Galli-Curci, cold and golden. Miss Marlowe I would compare with Melba or Sembrich. The Marlowe voice has the warmth and depth that was characteristic of these great singers and her impersonation of Shakespeare's ladies is so fine that comment is unnecessary. I like Mr. Sothern's Hamlet more than any other of his Shakespearean presentations, possibly because his was the first Hamlet I saw. I began this paragraph with a reference to the book *If I were King* and I end it with a reference to the play of that title. Mr. Sothern's portrayal of the fascinating François Vililon is one of the finest things he has done. I would like to see it many more times than I have seen it.

The Whiteheaded Boy with the Irish Players tarried but a short time in Chicago. Unfortunately there is a limited audience in America for such plays as Mr. Robinson's. Possibly if a bed and a suit of pajamas had been introduced into the picture, it would have been a success. Without these useful and necessary commodities, however, it is one of the plays not to be missed when it comes to your town. Don't fail to see it.

Miss Elsie Janis was one of the recent visitors to the Loop. Although her field is supposedly musical comedy which is beyond the scope of THE DRAMA, she merits notice in this column because she is one of the great artists of the theatre. Only two others I have seen are in her class: Miss Mary Garden and Madame Yvette Guilbert.

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BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

THERE are few workers in and for the theatre whom I admire as I do Miss Susan Glaspell. I am, therefore, sorry that I can not wax enthusiastic over her recently published three-act play *Inheritors* (Small, Maynard and Company.) The episodes in the play do not lack motivation so much as they do a definite working out. Miss Glaspell's play is well worth reading but you will feel that she has not clearly set forth her theme. You will realize that she means to tell her story concisely but that she does not do it so convincingly as she should. I prefer her as a dramatist to Eugene O'Neill, a fellow-worker with her in the Provincetown Players, and some day she will, I believe, write a great American drama. She has the gift although as yet it has not been developed to its fullest extent. You will want *Inheritors* in your library of American plays because although I may seem to damn it with faint praise, it is a significant example of our native drama. Miss Glaspell is not lacking in inspiration or ideas, but her technique is strangely ineffective for such an experienced worker in the theatre.

* * *

Mr. John Drinkwater's *Mary Stuart* was a disappointment after reading and seeing his *Abraham Lincoln*. His most recently printed play, *Oliver Cromwell* (Houghton, Mifflin Company) is an even greater disappointment. The Lincoln play was definitely of its period. It was, moreover, tense, dramatic, spiritual and convincing. The Cromwell play has none of these qualities and its episodes might have taken place the day before yesterday. Mr. Drinkwater writes too well to write too much and as an admirer of his, I hope that he will not fall into the habit of some of his fellow-countrymen who write sometimes wisely and at other times not too well.

* * *

Friends in Bookland, by Winifred Ayers Hope (The Macmillan Company) is a series of attractive dialogues carried on by a thoughtless but "nice" little girl with the leading characters of several popular books for children and adolescents. Our old friends, Alice of Wonderland, Lancelot, Sara Crewe, Robin Hood, and many another appear in person to weave their charms again. The scene is simple. There are thirty-four characters, none of great difficulty to portray. Some could be omitted if necessary.

* * *

The publication in inexpensive paper form of plays of the recent stage for the use of amateur groups is a rather new phase of the work of publishers devoted to

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the interests of non-professional players. Samuel French and Company have added four plays of more than usual adaptability to amateur uses and abilities. All of them are too well known to need extensive review and all of them are in the lighter comedy vein, devoted to phases of modern life and within the easy grasp of the average player's imagination.

The list includes *Billeted*, by F. Tennyson Reese and H. M. Harwood, an amusing high comedy played first in London and later with consummate skill by Miss Margaret Anglin a few seasons back. The scene throughout is a simple manor house room in England. The cast requires four men and five women.

Clarence, by Booth Tarkington (Samuel French) has already become popular outside the professional theatre. The scenes are two and both are easy of production, an office and a dining room. Five men and five women make up the cast.

Mr. Tarkington's *Penrod*, dramatized by Edward E. Rose, is another of the French publications. The play has considerable appeal because of its material. The dramatization, unfortunately, savors too much of an old-fashioned technique substituting theatricality for naturalness. Nevertheless the characterizations are amusing and creditable and the roles easily handled. Thirteen men and boys and five women are necessary.

The French Company publishes also *The Country Cousin*, by Mr. Tarkington and Julian Street, originally produced in New York as *The Ohio Lady* with Miss Alexandra Carlisle in the title role. The settings are two interiors and one exterior. Six women and seven men are required. The same company also publishes one of the notably good one-act plays of the last few years—*The Philosopher of Butterbiggens*. The plot deals with grandfather's novel method of getting his own way. Two men, one woman, and a small child all simply dressed, make up the cast. The Philosopher should have as much success as *Joint Owners in Spain*, *The Neighbors*, and *Fourteen*. It is adapted to use by players of average ability before any type of audience.

A Short History of the English Drama, by Benjamin Brawly (Harcourt, Brace and Company) is exactly what its title suggests. What is not suggested is the fact that the book is well done. The material is put together in the simple direct form of the usual history of literature used in the schools. Like those histories it has no warmth of detail or interest of individual view. And like those histories which cause endless pain to pupils, it will never give one a love of drama. It is, however, a valuable reference book. Within its two hundred

and fifty pages is compressed a careful outline of the English drama from its beginnings to the present. Movements of importance are traced, plays of note have brief discussion, and dramatists are evaluated according to accepted criticism. So far as I know, there is no other acceptable handy volume covering this field. Every library and school should have a copy.

The earlier volumes of Portmanteau plays have made so many friends that the appearance of a new one is a matter of unusually pleasant comment. *Portmanteau Adaptations* (Stewart Kidd Company) is the title of the most recent addition to the series. Only two of the four plays in the volume are adaptations, however. One is the famous old farce, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and the other a dramatization of Oscar Wilde's exquisite and fairy-book story, *The Birthday of the Infanta*. The other two, *Sir David Wears a Crown*, and *Nellijumbo*, are in moods already established by Mr. Walker as his individual property.

Gammer Gurton's Needle as played by Mr. Walker's company was a gem of healthy, slapstick farce. It should have great popularity not only for its historical significance as one of, if not the first, English dramas of its type, but as modern entertainment of universal if somewhat lowbrow appeal. It is an excellent play for school needs. The adaptation is effectively arranged for present day use without taking from the play any of its original flavor. There are five very short acts which should be played against one setting. Of the ten characters, four are women.

The Birthday of the Infanta is a more difficult undertaking for amateurs for the delicate beauty of the original must be preserved by the actor as it has been by the dramatist. Few stories I have read have been written with finer imagination or more deft workmanship. The five men and two women who give the story, need a perfect feeling for poetic drama for this presentation. If they can supply this feeling, the little play should be a noteworthy addition to any program.

Sir David is a continuation of Mr. Walker's justly popular *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*. It has much of the charm of the earlier play but lacks a certain crispness, a pointing of story detail. *Nellijumbo* also—the story of an undisciplined little boy whose father comes to his rescue—has value but lacks the form of most of Mr. Walker's work. It is weak in dramatic values and inclined to be sentimental.

The publication of recent stage successes goes on apace. It is no longer necessary for the citizen of Missoula, Montana, to

remain unfamiliar with the best work of our modern stage as represented, unfortunately, only in the theatres of the large eastern cities.

Three important additions to the already extensive list of current productions are *Miss Lulu Bett*, by Miss Zona Gale (Appleton and Company); *Dulcy*, by Kaufman and Connelly (G. P. Putnam's Sons); and *The Bill of Divorcement*, by Clemence Dane (The Macmillan Company.) The first as a sincere and significant picture of the psychology of the American small town won the Pulitzer prize of one thousand dollars as the best American play of the year. The second, *Dulcy*, is a scintillating satire of a lady addicted to bromides in her conversation, and is based on a popular creation of Franklin P. Adams, the humorist. The third is one of the outstanding successes in serious drama both in London and in New York. All three have had such wide publicity in the magazines through their stage performances that more extended comment here is superfluous. The fact that they are now available in printed form will be welcome news to many readers of THE DRAMA.

New Plays from Old Tales, by Harriet S. Wright (The Macmillan Company) is a collection of dramatic sketches based upon stories of permanent popularity in literature. *Aucassin and Nicolette*, hardly a play for children; Wilde's *The Birthday of the Infanta*; *The Princess Who Hid Her Shoes*; *Pilgrim's Progress* and similar classics of the youthful library are included. The plays are written with a sincere affection for the original stories but without the fineness of dramatic technique that is needed if they are to appear on programs for the general public. Their chief value will be in their use by groups familiar with the stories, in making more vivid their already delightful impressions. Unfortunately much of the original quality has been lost in the failure to reproduce the style of the writers and the feeling of their periods. A suggestion of writing down to a youthful audience will be especially annoying to many who feel that young people are quite as ready with appreciation of beauty as are grownups.

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Writing the One-Act Play

V

By DELMAR J. EDMONDSON

EXPOSITION

BECAUSE of the short acting time with which the one-act writer deals his story will involve larger presuppositions than the longer play, events occurring before the curtain rises that culminate in the scene to be depicted. But he has little time for exposition. And, moreover, long, narrative speeches are even more reprehensible in the one-act play than in longer works. Witness the retarding effect of the speech that relates Jim's life history, in *Dregs*, a play that requires scarcely more than fifteen minutes for presentation. The one-act playwright is thus between Scylla and Charybdis: while he has more to explain than his colleague, he has less opportunity to explain! The exposition of the one-act play must therefore be brief. In, at most, five lines of *Allison's Lad*, we hear all that we need to know of what had transpired before the curtain rises. In a short speech by Mrs. Bauer the entire presupposition of *The Last Straw* is given.

Nor can our dramatist delay, as his colleague may if he wishes, in furnishing his exposition. Just as a logician supplies two premises that we may strive for the conclusion, the one-act playwright must place his cards on the table instantaneously, withholding only those that supply the outcome. His object being to arouse immediate interest, he must let the audience know at once the situation with which his play has to do.

In the longer play, on the contrary, lucidity in the unfolding of plot does not always necessitate an early exposition. When and how to state prerequisite facts depends upon the nature of the facts. An audience takes pleasure in striving to solve the problem in advance, and thus to anticipate the author's explanation. Usually some stage impression—that is affected by exposition calls for primary consideration—is that impression made more intense by a preceding exposition; or does exposition weaken that impression? In the draft of *A Doll's House* Nora, Helmer and Rank unconcernedly discuss Krogstad's case before Nora has learned of what vital importance it is to her. A great improvement resulted from the deletion of this premature passage, which enfeebled the scene at the end of the act. It is instructive, also, to note the strengthening effect on the finished play, *Rosmersholm*, of the transference of Rosmer's confession of his apostasy from the second act to the first, where it becomes, in effect, the exciting force. Whether an incident that must be known to the audience is to be acted out or narrated is governed by the peculiar nature of each case. Both are of common usage. Molière, in his *Le Misanthrope*, allows Philinte to narrate the trial of Alceste as it happened off-stage, the scene being of too little importance to require that it be shown on the stage.

EXCITING FORCE

FREYTAG defines the exciting force as "the volition or feeling in the soul of the hero which becomes the occasion of what follows, or where the counter-play resolves to use its lever to set the hero in motion." In the longer play the exciting force branches into various obstacles, each of which gives rise to a situation of its own. The exciting force of *The Pillars of Society* is the return of Lona and Johan. Thereafter arises a series of difficulties, each a separate situation, working against the happy conclusion, the marriage of Johan and Dina Dorf. The second act ends with Rorlund denouncing Johan as the man who had had a liaison with Dina's mother. At the end of the third act Rorlund announces his previous engagement to Dina. And as a climactic difficulty Bernick prepares to send Johan to America in a vessel that is sure to go to the bottom.

In the one-act play the exciting force, once it enters, must include in itself all that is to be surmounted. In *Allison's Lad* Colonel Strickland speaks of the courage of Winwood's mother and the cowardice of his father, and wonders whose nature the lad has inherited. Immediately the audience knows that the author will produce *one single situation* which will display whether Winwood is Allison's lad or his father's lad. The exciting force of *In the Zone* is Smith's hiding of the black box under his mattress. The entire rising action is devoted to the efforts of the crew to discover what the black box contains.

FALLING MOVEMENT

THE downward continuity of scenes after the climax is known as the return or fall. The audience wants to witness the final emotional reaction; the aftermath is an answer to this craving, and reveals the effect upon characters of the clashing of forces; what happened after the opposing elements met in the climax. The conclusion of the play thus completes the story. The troubles of the protagonists are overcome. The hero did or did not marry the heroine; the villain escaped; was punished; or was killed.

The technical requirements of the final movement and catastrophe, as laid down by Freytag, may be summarized thus: The number of persons should be limited as much as possible, and the effects should be comprised in great scenes; every unnecessary word should be avoided, and yet no word should be left unspoken which the idea of the piece can, without restraint, make clear from the nature of the characters; elaborate and new or difficult stage effects should be shunned; the best and most impressive should be given in dialogue and action.

The one-act play is in the nature of an O. Henry story to the extent that the falling action is negligible, sometimes entirely lacking. The climax of *The Last Straw* is the suicide of Bauer, and the moment it occurs the curtain falls. The crucial moment of *A Good Woman* is Cora's conversation over the telephone. It is followed by two lines and the play ends.

But sometimes, in deference to one of the unfulfilling impulses of human nature, a falling action is necessary. If, in a struggle of any kind, one of the contestants is overcome by the other, all are eager to know how the vanquished one endured his downfall. The story is not complete, curiosity is unsatisfied, until one knows what happened immediately after the crucial moment.

Where a falling action is necessary in a one-act play it must be quick and to the point. So far as the plot is concerned, after the climax is reached it can develop no farther; all doubts must previously have been cleared away; no threads of the story should be left dangling. The end must be final and entire, and above all, brief; no audience would have patience to sit through a long, dragging aftermath. The crucial moment has revealed the outcome of the struggle; all the audience wishes to know now, is the concluding emotional reaction. The writer has therefore only a few moments before the audience will become impatient and restless, and it behooves him to make the best of them. If the end is brief and direct, giving at the same time a sense of completeness that rounds out the story, it serves as a final means of creating the single effect for which the writer has striven.

Will you not send us the names of your friends who really need The Drama?

DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER

Twelfth Annual Convention

April 20, 21, 22, 1922, at Evanston, Ill., as Guests of the Parent Body, the Drama Club of Evanston

AFTER the dozen years of its existence, the Drama League is holding its convention for the first time in the city of its birth, at the invitation of the parent body, the Drama Club of Evanston. With such a bond, the sessions must necessarily take on a new character and reflect the genial atmosphere of the occasion. Every effort will be made, therefore, to promote a spirit of cheer and good-fellowship, so that just as last year's Convention was dedicated to business, this year's will center around its festive and social activities.

One of the outstanding features of the Convention will be a discussion of drama in the educational field. One whole afternoon will be devoted to hearing from the representatives of leading colleges about their work.

Secondly, a main issue of the sessions will be the support of the acted play as outlined by the Playgoing Committee. With three interested chairmen energetically at work, this department has made headway during the year. The chief problem still is, as before, and even more than before, the paucity of plays for the one night stands. The opening day of the Convention will be devoted to these practical problems of playgoing, with reports by the three Chairmen: Jack Randall Crawford, Harold A. Ehrensperger, and Franklin B. Owen, followed by a luncheon at which the delegates will be guests of the Drama Club when professional actors appearing in Chicago will be guests of honor. The discussion at the afternoon session will be on "What's the matter with the Road Show," from the standpoint of the producing manager, the actor, the local manager, and the playgoer. A theatre attendance in the evening will give point to the day's discussion.

The most important issue of the year's work has been the development of the Little Theatre circuits. Much time will be devoted to a presentation of this work, and it is hoped that the National Little Theatre Circuit chairman, Walter Prichard Eaton, will be present to outline the policies. A big feature will be the report of E. C. Mabie, chairman of the Iowa State Circuit Committee, as he will show the methods and results of that committee's work. In the evening a performance will be given by the Little Theatre Company from the Iowa State Circuit, which, in the judgment of the committee, has done the best work this year. The delegates will be guests at this performance.

One of the events of the Convention will be the afternoon devoted to laboratory demonstrations of the various kinds of League activity. Although this will be all entertainment, it is hoped that there will be suggestions and help for each center in some portion of it. Miss Cora Mel Patten will take a group of children whom she has never seen, tell them the story of a play, cast the parts, hurry them into costumes and then give the performance. It will be extremely interesting to see what remarkable results Miss Patten's simple method can achieve. Following this junior exhibit will come demonstrations of pantomime work.

The third demonstration will be a walking rehearsal, and the final one will be the enacting of a session of the Riley Circle, that historic grandmother of the Drama League itself. This group will demonstrate the charming afternoons that caused the work of the Drama Club to spring into being, and finally produced the League itself. The Riley Circle always ended with a cup of tea, and so the entire Convention will be guests of the Drama Club at tea.

The various formal social affairs of the Convention as already planned will be two luncheons and the banquet at the close of the Convention.

As we go to press it is too far ahead to name the personnel of the Convention, but the occasion will be so unique and brilliant a one that we dare to expect an unusually forceful group of speakers.

Every center should begin at once to plan to have at least one representative present. It is impossible to realize the importance of the stimulus and inspiration that comes from attendance. It is desirable to have the retiring president and the incoming president in attendance. The Drama Club, bent on abounding hospitality, will gladly entertain any delegates in private homes.

Plays Suitable for Easter

The Rock, by Mary Hamlin. Drama League Prize play published by the Pilgrim Press, 35 cents.

He Is The Son Of God, written for the Pilgrim Players of Evanston by Dr. Linwood Taft, published by the Pilgrim Press, 35 cents.

The Resurrection, by Rosamond Kimball, published by Samuel French & Co., 35 cents.

Thy Kingdom Come, by Florence Converse, in the Atlantic Monthly, March, 1921, 40 cents (4 children, 3 adults.)

Youth's Easter, by Hellen L. Wilcox. Published by the Abington Press, 25 cents.

Playgoing Department

BULLETINED PLAYS ON TOUR

The Bad Man, by Porter Emerson Browne, Holbrook Blinn as a vivid and entrancing bandit. A cleverly satirical play.

Declassée, by Zoë Akins. A play which remains for a third year only because of the artistry of Ethel Barrymore.

The Passion Flower, by Jacinto Benavente. Vigorous Spanish tragedy, pictorially set and excellently played by Nance O'Neil and her co-workers.

Wake up, Jonathan, by Thacher Hughes and Elmer Rice. Mrs. Fiske, her company, and a group of talented children in a play dealing with the conflict between sentiment, duty, and pursuit of wealth.

The Emperor Jones, by Eugene O'Neill. An extraordinary monologue depicting the psychology of fear in which Charles Gilpin achieves extraordinary effects.

The Return of Peter Grimm, by David Belasco. David Warfield creates a perfect characterization in a revival of a play pleasantly old-fashioned.

Lightnin', by Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith. Character comedy built around the "pathetic" experiences of a Reno Hotel keeper. Played by Milton Nobles on road.

Miss Lulu Bett, by Zona Gale. Miss Gale's dramatization of her popular novel containing two actor-proof characters excellently played in the two companies.

The Skin Game, by John Galsworthy. A melodrama of English class strife which calls for serious thinking even in America. Played by an English company trained by the author.

The Easiest Way, by Eugene Walter. Frances Starr in the play which first brought her name before the public. An interesting study in the change in standards in the theatre.

The Woman Of Bronze, by Henry Kistemaekers and Eugene Delard. A much mutilated French play in which a noble and self-abnegating wife sacrifices her happiness for her husband. Margaret Anglin helps the play on.

Abraham Lincoln, by John Drinkwater, the best modern historical play picturing episodes in the life of Lincoln. The part is played by Frank McGlynn.

Happy-go-Lucky, by Ian Hay. A sentimental comedy after the Dickens manner, about love and position, involving a bailiff (played by O. T. Heggie) and a decayed gentleman.

The Whiteheaded Boy, by Lennox Robinson. One of the richest Irish comedies of recent years treating the fortunes of the "family pet." Strenuously played by the Irish Players, including Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill.

The Shakespearean productions of Walter Hampden include *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Macbeth*, and Charles Rann Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*.

Those of Fritz Lieber include *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III*, and *Othello*.

The repertory of Sothern and Marlowe is composed of *Hamlet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merchant of Venice*.

BULLETINED PLAYS IN CHICAGO AND ON TOUR

Mary Rose, by J. M. Barrie. A play which passes lightly from fantasy to mystery. Played by Ruth Chatterton.

Mr. Pim Passes By, by A. A. Milne. The Theatre Guild in a play by an English dramatist who finds his prototype in Barrie. Excellent entertainment with Laura Hope Crews and Dudley Digges.

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting, by Zoë Akins. A play which presents a poignant situation and which asks a pertinent question, but which does not elaborate the one or answer the other. Marjorie Rambeau.

Little Old New York, by Rida Johnson Young. A gentle comedy of Manhattan a century ago in which Genevieve Tobin acts Patricia O'Day.

Lightnin', with Frank Bacon. (See on Tour).

BULLETINED PLAYS IN NEW YORK AND ON TOUR

The First Year, by Frank Craven. The many seasoned experiences of a young married couple, the husband adroitly played by the author.

The Green Goddess, by William Archer. A well-dressed and proper melodrama of India in which George Arliss adds another notable role to his list of characters.

Lilium, by Frank Molnar. A penetrating study of interesting characters provoking thought and furnishing the best of theatrical amusement. Joseph Schildkraut and Eva Le Gallienne.

Dulcy, by G. S. Kaufman and Marc Connelley. A satire disguised by a flow of pleasant bromides uttered with delightful ease and cleverness by Lynn Fontanne.

The Circle, by W. Somerset Maugham. An English version of the matrimonial triangle through two generations, which has found good soil in America principally because the acting of the all-star company, including John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Ernest Lawford, Estelle Winwood and John Halliday.

The Claw, by Henri Bernstein. An unrelenting psychological study of a newspaper proprietor and a young girl. A production showing the meticulous care of Arthur Hopkins with a cast including Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick.

A Bill of Divorcement, by Clemence Dane. A stern tragedy of domestic life, treating the problem of the divorce laws of England. Catherine Cornell and Allen Pollock.

Anna Christie, by Eugene O'Neill. An interesting and moving

play dealing with the lives of three characters in their groping struggle in a sordid world. Pauline Lord triumphs with George Marion and Frank Shannon.

The Madras House, by Granville Barker. Rich in characterization and brilliant in dialogue. This play deals with the solution of sex conflicts.

News from Centers

MRS. A. STARR BEST, *Propaganda and Organization Committee*

IN SPITE of the distractions of the holidays most of the centers seem to have been sustaining their activities.

The CHICAGO center has issued an interesting circular announcing that they have increased their membership 75 per cent the past year. During the past month they have held several interesting theatre meetings with large attendances, but feel that they owe their active growth to their energetic playgoing work. They are experiencing unusual co-operation from the managers and the most cordial support from the profession. This is a year when the Drama League's work is needed and appreciated.

GRINNELL, IOWA, is a little college town of only 5,000, yet it has one of the most active, up-to-date successful centers that we have, with a membership of over one hundred. We wish every center had a membership of one out of every fifty inhabitants. But things don't "just happen;" there is usually a reason for success. Some specimens of their work which have come to light, show why the center is so popular. In the first place they belong to the Iowa Little Theatre Circuit and are supplying a company for touring in *Passers By*. Moreover, they are to have the first exchange performance on the circuit. An attractive programme for the year headed "Recreation that will Re-create," has a dignified yet popular schedule for the winter: such things as a reading rehearsal of *How He Lied to Her Husband*; the production of a Spanish play translated by a member of the production class, and an original play by a class member; a lecture-reading by Katherine Jewell Everts, followed by a reception; a Twelfth-Night party reviving the old English custom; the performance by the visiting Newton Players; a demonstration in costume design and exhibition of paintings and scenic designs; a talk by Dugald Walker; the production of the play winning the prize offered by this center, and two benefit performances for the Countryside Theatre. Truly, this is an ambitious and interesting program for this center. The letter which accompanied the program is so unusual that it should be helpful to other centers in planning their campaigns

Dear Friend-of-all-good-things:

Here is the Drama League Program for this season!

Talk about good times! Why! It will take years off your age! It means real recreation. It is an antidote for all busy, harrassed, over-clubbed, ultraserious, too-thin, too-fat, too-old people.

Now really, truly, seriously; drama is the art of fun, the art of play. Folks need it. And we intend to cultivate it—the true play spirit.

Our object, then, is to bring together in a sociable group all who are interested in the drama as a form of recreation.

So leagued together we can bring good things to town and develop opinion and taste to support them; we can discover local talent and give it opportunity for training and service; and linked with our National society we can do our bit to crowd out pernicious plays and movies, and create demand for finer types of entertainment.

The membership fee gives you THE DRAMA for a year, and admits to all the regular meetings of the League; it gives you the personal service of the best experts in all branches of drama and play production. Incidentally THE DRAMA publishes at least twenty-five dollars worth of new plays a year, apart from all kinds of practical articles and excellent illustrations.

No society in the country is doing more to create a better taste and to raise the standard of recreative entertainment than is the Drama League.

If an old member, you want of course to renew your subscription if not a member pack your money in your wallet and break into our new studio in Chicago Hall. You will receive friendly attention.

Until then endure life as you may.

Yours in the meantime,

W. H. BRIDGE, (President Pro-tem.)

WORCESTER, MASS., writes that they are still under 100 and have not yet received their charter, although they are so active and energetic that they were able to help very materially in the support of *Mary Rose* due to advance information from the National Playgoing Department.

ROME, NEW YORK, is also clamoring for playgoing work, and promises to offer a generous guarantee for any bulletined play that we can send them. This is such a bad year that the department has not yet been able to gratify them, but it is encouraging to find them eager to take up this side of the work.

PASADENA, CAL., is so active that it requires a full-sized two-paged bulletin in small type to list all its activities for December alone. The Drama Study Class is meeting twice a month for reading and discussing the current plays. In addition to announcing its own activities the center's bulletin notifies the members of interesting productions at the Community Playhouse, and the local stock company, as well as interesting amateur efforts in the schools and churches.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, is once more on the map with an account of large and enthusiastic attendance at its meetings, so that the new rooms are crowded to overflowing. This is especially significant as they hold four meetings a month, having two study groups and two general meetings. It is also unique to find this center able to maintain a Shakespeare Study Class, along with its other activities.

It is pleasing to have a full account of the year's work of the CLEVELAND center. They have been so busy that they forgot to take time to send word to headquarters about what they were doing. But it has all been interesting, worth-while work.

This center sold out a performance for Tony Sarg's Puppets in the spring without profit to itself, just to help the Ohio Theatre. In return the manager had the members of the League as his guests at his theatre on an opening night. Two suppers in honor of visiting artists resulted in eliciting the interest of a manager of another theatre, who invited the members to a theatre party at his theatre. With the cooperation of this center, the theatre management brought Tony Sarg back again in October, and the center gave a guarantee of 1,500 seats in order to get a special price of fifty cents for the school children. This was sold in large blocks in the schools, and on the last morning a group of 150 crippled children attended *Rip* as guests of the League. During the engagement of Mrs. Fiske in Cleveland, the Drama League gave a reception for her and helped her in a campaign of publicity before the Public Schools. The center's president arranged for addresses before the High Schools and Women's City Club, materially assisting the play. It is significant to read the president's, Mrs. Stewart's, final words:—"You will see that the professional manager has great respect for us at present, and with our very interesting and ever-increasing membership, we really are a more flourishing center than one would imagine, for we have been rather silent."

Enthusiasm still grows in CINCINNATI, and the president writes "We are without doubt the most flourishing organization in Cincinnati. We number 600 and have set our mark at 1,500 by May." This makes Cincinnati fourth in size among the centers. So far during this season they have had a breakfast in support of a visiting bulletined play nearly every week. They have been enormously lucky in having an unusually good run of plays.

This department issues a special appeal to centers to get their department work organized. The Playgoing and Educational national committees are fully equipped now to give excellent service, but so few centers realize that they can benefit by this assistance. Try the Associate Playgoing Chairman and the Drama Study Chairman for advice and suggestions and see if their help does not become indispensable to you. In this number, especially for centers' use, appears the list of committee chairmen. We wonder if you realize what a wealth of incalculably valuable advice is at your service.

LITTLE THEATRE CIRCUIT

THE LITTLE THEATRE CIRCUIT idea is now an accomplished fact. It is no longer a plan but is in operation. The following circular has been sent out to newspapers, clubs, commercial associations and centers in Iowa. It states very succinctly the work, and may be of help to other states desiring to organize a circuit.

The Iowa Little Theatre Circuit is an association of groups of community players representing several towns and cities of the state and sponsored by The Drama League of America. It aims to promote community dramatic activity through the organization of Drama League centers and companies of Little Theatre players. When its work has been well organized, each Little Theatre company will prepare a play to be sent out to other towns under the supervision of the circuit committee. In order to insure the quality of the productions presented under its supervision, the state committee examines both the play and the quality of its acting and producing. Only good plays, plays well acted and attractively produced, are approved for booking on the circuit. In this way the Iowa Little Theatre Circuit furnishes good plays to the many towns and cities which commercial producers do not serve. The project is an artistic and recreational one. The plays are furnished to each community at a charge which is as low as possible. Bookings are made under the auspices of Drama League centers, Women's clubs, schools, colleges, civic organizations and local theatres.

For bookings in Iowa and contiguous territory during the season 1921-1922, the Iowa Little Theatre Circuit offers the following companies of community players in well finished productions of interesting plays:

Passers By, by C. Haddon Chambers, Grinnell Players.

The Truth, by Clyde Fitch, Iowa City Players.

The Mollusc, by H. H. Davies, Bloomfield Players.

Her Husband's Wife, by A. E. Thomas, Mason City Players.

Beyond the Horizon, by Eugene O'Neill, Players from the University Theatre of the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City.

* * *

AN INTERESTING evidence of the practical value of a good drama came in this month from Vermont, Illinois. Especially is this news welcome while we are watching the progress of the Little Theatre circuit. Mr. Phil. R. Wilmarth writes this significant letter from which the following is quoted:

Thirteen years ago I returned here after an absence in the west and found a carnival in full blast. It was one of the old time street fairs, and I quietly made up my mind that if at all possible I would try to replace it with something more desirable. With the aid of one man I undertook the task of working up interest in a fall entertainment by local people principally. The first idea was a corn and farm product exhibition during the day time, and an amateur play each night. Everything absolutely free but the evening show, to which a small admission was charged.

The first year we induced the business men to guarantee us against a loss not to exceed \$300. We spent \$417—\$117 more than we were guaranteed, but we took in \$507. The second year we secured a guarantee of \$450 and spent \$600. Our receipts were \$648. As it had not cost them a cent for two years the men sat up and took notice; and we held a public meeting, appointed committees and all went at the affair together. The guarantee was over \$1,200, but we made all kinds of money.

I put on five amateur plays the evenings of the week we put on the two or three day corn and horse shows and every year our crowds grew larger and larger, until it was impossible to secure a tent large enough to accommodate them. We have played to over 1,200 people, turning others away. This was kept up for years (until the war conditions interfered) and in all of these years we have not had a carnival or a street fair.

Twice during these years some of our people who had gone to Chicago and had seen a show there, got the idea that it would be great to secure some metropolitan attractions to better our night shows. We secured one of the best dramatic companies we could and also one of the best musical attractions and gave them special advertising. The dramatic company played to a little less than one-half the money which the home company drew the night before and the night after. The musical company to about one-third.

We have tried everything else, and this year the business men's association have asked me to take up the old idea again and put on the five clean, home plays next summer.

Not only this, but in the past few years our little company has been in demand in five or six surrounding towns every year and is always greeted by a capacity house.

Drama League Committees

NO APOLOGY is necessary for the display of names that is given below. The need for such a list of the committees has been evident for a long time and now it has been compiled for reference. Your problem can be solved through the advice of one of these committees.

Editor of the Drama—Theodore B. Hinckley.
Editor Drama League Activities—Harold A. Ehrensperger.

PROPAGANDA AND ORGANIZATION DEPARTMENT

Mrs. A. Starr Best, Chairman, Evanston, Ill., and the State Representatives.

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Louis K. Anspacher, New York City.
Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, New York City.
George P. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
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Richard Burton, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Mrs. Alvah Lemuel Carr, Seattle, Washington.
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Wm. Norman Guthrie, New York City.
Louise Hackney, Chicago.
Jeannette Kling, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Frederik H. Koch, University of North Carolina.
Fola La Follette, New York City.
Percy MacKaye, Miami, Ohio.
George Middleton, New York City.
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R. A. Swink, Delaware, Ohio.
Montrose Moses, New York City.
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High School Committee—Clarence Stratton, Board of Education, Cleveland, Ohio (and a joint committee from the English Council.)
Amateur Committee—Winifred Ward, School of Speech, Northwestern University.
Pageantry and Festivals Committee—Dr. Linwood Taft, Greenwich, Conn.
Lecture Bureau—Managed by Organization Department.
Religious Drama Committee—Clara Fitch, New York City; Dr. Theo. Soares, Chicago University; Geo. Craig Stewart, D. D. Rector, St. Luke's Parish, Evanston, Illinois; Rita Benton, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chicago; Dr. Norman E. Richardson, Head of School of Religious Education, Evanston, Illinois; Mrs. A. Starr Best.

SPECIAL COMMITTEES:

Little and Community Theatres Committee—Gilmor Brown, Pasadena, California.
Stagecraft Committee—Irving Pichel, University of California, Berkeley, California.
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Rural and Industrial Drama Committee—Edgar B. Gordon, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Little Theatre Circuit Committee—Walter P. Eaton, New York City; E. C. Mabie, Iowa City, Iowa; Henry P. Harrison, Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Mrs. A. Starr Best, and the Chairmen State Circuit Committees.

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W. W. Bridge, Grinnell, Ia., Secretary.
Mrs. F. W. Weitz, Des Moines, Iowa.
Mrs. H. C. Taylor, Bloomfield, Iowa.
Mrs. Ina K. Trissel, Mason City, Iowa.
W. R. Moore, Newton, Iowa.
James Hayes, Sioux City, Iowa.
George W. Williams, Des Moines, Iowa.

DRAMA LEAGUE INSTITUTE:

Alice M. Houston, Chairman.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE:

Mrs. A. Starr Best and heads of sub-committees, appointed by the Drama Club of Evanston, Illinois, the Hostess Club.

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North Dakota—Alfred B. Arvold, Abbie Simmons, Fargo.
Montana—Alexander Dean, Missoula.
Colorado—J. F. Reynolds, Boulder.
Utah—Earl C. Pardoe, Provo.
Washington—William Gorsuch, Seattle.
California—Leo Cooper, San Francisco.

Drama League Institute

THE third annual Drama League Institute will be held in Chicago for two weeks in August of this year. The demand for and the astonishing success of this training school for workers in drama has been a surprise even to the League directors. Beginning as an experiment with thirty pupils, the second year the enrollment was over one hundred. The coming session promises to be so popular that an entire school has been rented on one of the parks.

Practical courses will be offered in costuming, lighting, scene designing, dancing, school, religious and community drama, and in other related fields.

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The building of a successful play lies in the intelligent direction of study—in the guidance of a master-critic. Mr. Hinckley has devoted his life to the study of the drama. He has guided many successful playwrights. He knows what to stress, what to avoid. He will train you to sense the changing demands of the public. Manuscripts with the endorsement of THE DRAMA receive the attention of producers.

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Broadway Sheds Tears

(Continued from page 152.)

THE final scene is several months later. The girl lies on the porch at the point of death. Since she lost hope, she has not cared to get well. The young journalist returns to visit her, not dreaming how things have gone in his absence. A trained nurse tells him a few plain truths, he goes to the dying girl, and lying to her, tells her he loves her. But he can not stand up to his lie when he sees the light in her face, and breaks down and confesses. Then he is suddenly awakened at the thought of losing her forever—he can't do without her—he does love her. He begs the nurse for one ray of hope, for anything, for a straw to cling to. She replies that with their love there may be one ray of hope.

This scene is truly pathetic, made more so by an incident I have omitted in the telling. The father returns with a new wife and he no longer has any need of his daughter or much interest in her. The child is alone with the hand of Death reaching out for her.

One would have to be an optimist indeed to regard this as a happy ending. It is too frail a straw on which to depend with any degree of confidence. I saw no one in the audience who appeared to feel that there was any hope. In fact, the scene had the extraordinary power of putting the audience through a real experience. We were limp at the end—a silent crowd of tear-stained faces.

I have already referred to the charm of Miss Margalo Gilmore's acting. She will be remembered for the scene she played with real thrill and pathos in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*. She can strike charming and pathetic notes to perfection, but has less power as yet in emotional scenes. She is very young. She lacks at present the experience of the stage which Miss Pauline Lord uses with such telling effect in *Anna Christie*. For this reason the latter play was much better performed than *The Straw*, although the comparison is not wholly fair. Miss Lord is giving as *Anna Christie* the fruits of longer preparation, while Miss Gilmore is but on the very edge of her career. And no one else could have done more with the last scene than she did.

A word should be added for Mr. Otto Kruger as the journalist. It is a somewhat thankless part, to be indifferent to Miss Gilmore's beauty and charm for a whole evening, but he played with delicacy and finesse, and reached real heights in his last scene.

TO change the subject, there are several plays at present worth seeing in New York, although none of them has great importance. A list of them not previously mentioned follows: *The Dover Road*, by A. A. Milne, who, as proved in *Mr. Pim Passes By* and other of his plays, has a delightful sense of humor; Granville Barker's *The Madras House*, an old favorite with readers of published plays, and now to be seen for the first time in America. It is well played but as drama appears to have aged a lot since the war. *The S. S. Tenacity*, by Charles Vildrac, which I thought an interesting play when I read it in the French version. It was produced in Paris by Copeau at the Vieux Colombier; Walter Hackett's *Captain Applejack*, which I wrote of earlier in the season in connection with its English production as *Ambrose Applejack's Adventure*; and for light entertainment there is the extremely good *Music Box Review*, by Irving Berlin, which is exceptional enough to be mentioned.

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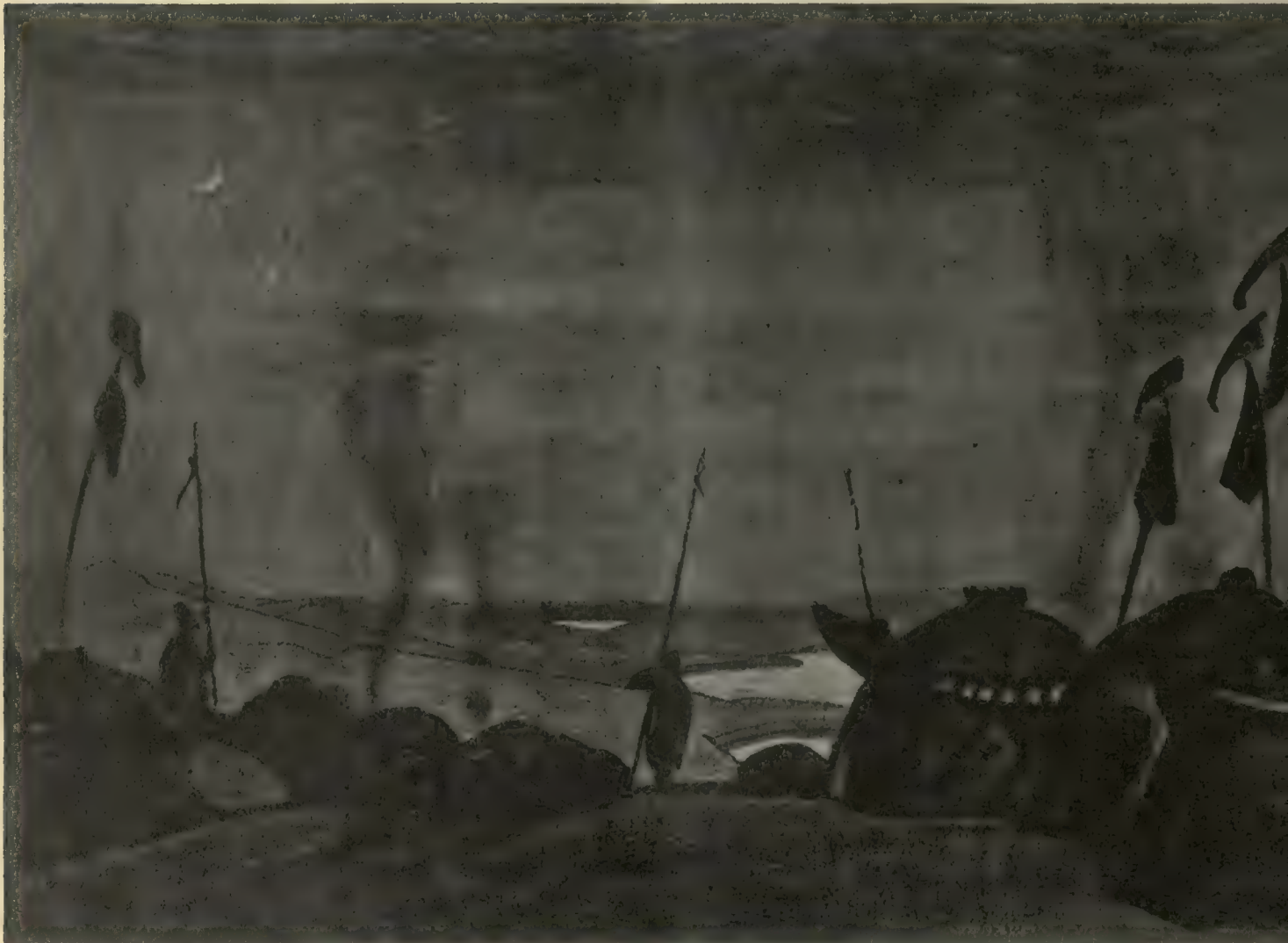
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THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

MARCH, 1922

NUMBER 6

The Writing of a Play

By ZOE AKINS

PLAYWRITING is a divine pastime, and the writing of plays is only another aspect of the same instinct within all of us which leads us to the theatre to see a play. All our life is an attempt at play, for play is like the golden hours of a lustreless day.

It seems to me that I have always written plays. When I first saw the painstaking little models of stage settings which producers have in their offices, I had become rather familiar with the theatre, but those models took me back to the vanished and unfulfilled wistfulness of my childhood when I longed for such settings in which to make my paper dolls go through the actions I devised for them.

As I look back, I can recall four distinct forces which influenced me in my early days. The first of them was the discovery of a volume of Shakespeare among my father's books, and a little later the discovery of Julia Marlowe in this same Shakespeare on the actual stage. Hardly less influential was the critical leadership of William Marion Reedy and his weekly paper, *The Mirror*, which helped to make St. Louis an independent artistic center two decades ago. No one out there gave much thought to Broadway. The best of Broadway came on the road in those days—all of the Frohman and the Belasco stars and companies. Mr. Reedy always wrote most intelligently and fearlessly and yet sympathetically about them a week in advance and I saved up my pennies to go to the Saturday matinee.

The third guiding influence was the Castle Square Company which came to St. Louis and sang Grand Operas in English. I have been deeply impressed by Grand Opera ever since and my hope is to be able to write plays that will affect people the way Grand Opera music does—grand plays, if you wish to call them that. And finally came the molding influence of Ibsen and Shaw through three productions which I saw at about the same time: Nance O'Neil in *Hedda Gabler*; Arnold Daly in *Candida*; and Nazimova in *A Doll's House*.

Ibsen and Shaw set my dramatic standards for me, even to this day, although my three favorite plays are Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and Gilbert Murray's translation of *Phaedra*.

THE first play that I ever tried to sell—a poetic tragedy in five acts—was based on the story of Isolde. Harrison Grey Fiske took an interest in it and promised to produce it if he should be successful with Percy Mackaye's *Sappho and Phaon* which he was then rehearsing. That seemed to me a short-sighted policy, for if the public refuses one poetic play, that is no assurance that they will refuse another, any more than the failure of a crook play means that all crook plays are unpopular.

The Meddlers was my next play and Mr. Fiske considered it favorably, too. But it was all about anarchy and another play on the same subject, *On the Eve*, had just failed and so mine was passed by. *The Learned Lady* came a little nearer the coveted goal, for I was summoned to New York to assist in rehearsals. But after four weeks of rewriting in an attempt to meet half way the muddled demands of the producer and the star, I tore up the manuscript and returned home. It was a victory after all, I suppose, for I determined to write what pleased me whether it pleased anyone else or not.

The result of this decision was my comedy, *Papa*. In this play, in which I still have faith, and hope to revive some day, I tried to break away from all the formalities of the theatre and to fly straight in the teeth of all the prejudices and taboos of traditional drama. I set out to write a play that was penetrating and sophisticated but neither flippant nor cynical. Sometimes I think I made the mistake of making it too realistic.

After a one-act play, *Such a Charming Young Man*, which Dr. Vollmueller translated into German, I wrote a one-act tragedy in free verse, *The Magical City*, which the Washington Square Players accepted and presented with success just as I had written it. I sometimes think that no play is worth writing that is not difficult to do. I don't wish to be an aimless story teller in the theatre. The problem with *The Magical City* was to give a sordid tragedy an unreal, illusive quality by means of verse without losing the audience's attention.

Technique, I believe, is that which enables the playwright to work out in cold blood what he has conceived in hot. And one of the technical expedients in which

I put faith is to place an apparent climax in my story in the first act, to crowd that act with concrete action, with developing details piled on one another to catch and hold the attention of the average homogeneous audience which becomes restless unless you hit it hard at the beginning.

I believe in putting a great deal of thunder in the first act. That is why I crowded the opening scene of *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting* with action, with many details of action surrounding the return from Paris of Julian Fields after a year of study as an artist. After I had placed all this crowded action before the audience

I was ready to develop the study of Edith Fields, the wife, and her attempts to understand Julian's new philosophy of life. She fails to understand him emotionally but she grasps at an intellectual understanding of his viewpoint. She tries to justify him in her own mind and to her admirer. Greenough, as a lost and groping soul hunting for something else than mere freedom in love, for something spiritually finer, for a freedom abstract and noble. It is only when he looks calmly at the bracelets on her wrists which Greenough has given her that he realizes there is no hidden fineness after all; that he has no standards for her.

French and American Audiences

By JEANNE MAIRET

I HAVE always greatly enjoyed the theatre. During many years, when my husband was the dramatic critic of the *Siècle* in Paris we assisted at all the first presentations—and in those days a first presentation was a great event. Long before the curtain rose the new play, of which, as a general thing, one knew nothing, was the subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, in the restaurants, everywhere. Each tried to guess from its title the subject of the forthcoming tragedy or comedy. All Paris grew excited over it. Did the title indicate that the subject was either political, or social, or religious, interest grew into passionate controversy.

When, after a very long lapse of years, I returned to America, I, naturally, from time to time, went to see a much heralded play or a successful actor. I found myself much perplexed by the attitude of the audience. To go to the theatre was "the thing to do" and Americans always submit to "the thing to do," whether they like it or not. There was no evidence of enthusiasm, or even of curiosity, certainly of no violent passion for or against what they had come to see. They were much in the mood of the "movie" spectators, who assemble to pass an hour or two with a party of friends. I once asked some young people who had gone to see a favorite play what it was all about: "I really cannot remember . . . but we had such a good time!"

Since these days, I think that things have somewhat changed. I no longer hear men say, as they used to do, that a serious play, a Shakespeare tragedy, for instance, was a "confounded bore" . . . That, if they consented to take their wives to a "show," it was to have "a good time" and laugh at some inane farce. American women have always, as a rule, taken the theatre more seriously than their over-worked husbands. Some even write short plays—sometimes indeed long ones—and enjoy the work. But that is quite a novel phase of their intellectual life.

What is the reason for this great difference between

two civilizations which in many ways have so many points of contact? I have found no satisfactory answer to my own question. But, I am studying it. I am trying to understand.

MEANWHILE my mind wanders back to the past—which to me has remained singularly living and vivid. I recall the feelings which in these far-off days, stirred us all and I very clearly see that, for the French, the stage was not only a source of amusement, but of interest, passion; was, in fact, an essential part of life itself for all of us. I shall take a few examples to illustrate what I mean.

Some time after the terrible war of 1870-1, which nearly killed France—if France could be killed—political passions were over-excited, as are the nerves of a poor wounded soldier after a terrible operation.

At that time two Alsatians, both good writers, had—the custom was not then unusual—signed their books, written in common, with their double name—Erckmann-Chatran, and these books had had great success. But, among the last published was one *Le Conscrit de 1813*, which told of the end of Napoleon's extraordinary career, when the enthusiasm of the first volunteers who had answered the call of "La Patrie en danger"—the military ardor also of their brothers, who had followed Napoleon from victory to victory—disappeared in the disasters of 1813-1814. During that dreadful time, the peasants refused to fight and often mutilated themselves so as not to be forced to follow the poor dying eagles. When a play by these authors, so lauded at one time, so hooted later on, was announced at the *Comédie Française*, there was a veritable outburst of patriotic indignation. Ah! . . . the authors would see how a French audience would receive this play! . . . which, as an added insult, bore a German sounding title: *L' Ami Fritz*."

Naturally, everybody was wild to be at the première. At that time my husband was not yet a dramatic critic,

but he knew the authors and we had our two seats. The audience was in a state of irritation and excitement. I rather dreaded that there might be some serious trouble in the crowded house. Then, the curtain rose, revealing the most peaceful and home-like scene. On the table covered with a red embroidered cloth (which soon became the fashion in artistic houses) steamed a soup tureen, with real soup in it, and, from the cellar, carefully carrying a basket filled with delectable, cobwebby bottles came the master of the house of this pleasant Alsatian home *L'Ami Fritz*, whom everybody loved. And instead of the anti-patriotic play which the excited audience expected, the sweetest, simplest of love stories came to soothe and delight the excited audience. The charming ingénue, M'lle Reichenberg, that evening enjoyed her greatest triumph and sent away the belligerent audience calmed and delighted.

THUS all the feelings, the passions and the aspirations of a whole people are reflected as in a mirror, in plays given in Paris, especially at the *Comédie Française*—a theatre which really deserves its name, as it truly represents the entire nation. That is why the stage in France is something very superior to a mere amusement. A première is an event and an event for all, young and old, men and women. In advance, a play is discussed, its author praised or trampled upon according to the ideals or fancies of the moment. When political or religious passions had been aroused (political especially) when the leading newspapers had discussed the pros and cons, one could be sure that some dramatic author would seize the problem and make of it the subject of a comedy or tragedy, as the case might be. Long in advance, the lovers of the stage would discuss the subject—often completely at random—and the author's friends or foes would be wrought up to fever heat. Then, as with *L'Ami Fritz*, the tempest would turn to smiles—but all would have enjoyed the turmoil of passion.

And, so we would reach the theatre ready for the new presentation. The house was always packed. The known critics were at their accustomed places, so that the spectators (those of my time at least) would say to each other "Good! . . . there is Sarcey. Now, at least, we shall hear the three knocks" . . . the invariable signal for the raising of the curtain—which was never raised until the arrival of the well-known, stout, hearty critic, who, as the saying was "made sunshine and rain" in the theatrical world. Or, we would hear: "Wonder of wonders, Lemaitre is on time! . . ." as a man, unmistakably of the class of learned professors—he had belonged to the University, and to the last of his brilliant, sparkling career he remained a teacher—slipped a little timidly, awkwardly even, into his accustomed place. We always thought that he was already preparing one of his brilliant, enigmatical "feuilletons" in which so much common sense mingled with his delicate and exquisite wit.

Oh! what delightful evenings we spent at the Fran-

çaise, at the Odéon also, or the Vaudeville—and even at the Palais Royal and the Variétés! We like all our friends adored the stage—that mirror of life. I remember that the first time I saw *Oedipe Roi*, with that marvellous tragedien, Mounet-Sully in the title rôle, my emotion was such that I gripped the edge of the box.

BUT, it is especially of modern plays (that is modern in those already distant days) that I want to speak, plays that reflected the political or religious conflicts of the day. At that time the laws against the convents excited the whole of France, for or against, according to the different convictions. The question of marriage, religiously celebrated, was a very grave one in many a family. The future bride nearly always, and most naturally, insisted on the blessing of a priest. If her future husband was a free thinker, the struggle became acute—sometimes tragically so. I remember, at the *Comédie Française*, having seen Delaunay, in *Daniel Rochat*, stopped in the midst of a tirade, by a veritable storm of whistles and vociferations. Delaunay was a wonderful actor, who had remained extraordinarily young, the most exquisite of lovers and with it all an extremely intelligent man. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, without so much as a gesture, and waited. The storm at last wore itself out. Then, Delaunay finished his sentence, as quietly as though he had been at a rehearsal.

The same thing happened when Sardou's play of *Thermidor* was given also at the Française. The first presentation took place in the very midst of the disturbance caused by the party that called itself the "Jeunes Frances" of which the son of the great novelist, Daudet, was the leader. It was a time of violent passion and unrest. The mal-contented felt certain of overthrowing the Republic. Coquelin—the inimitable Coquelin—played the principal part—and how wonderfully!—when a veritable storm of hisses and whistling interrupted the performance; and not only did the whistles sound, but they were used as missiles. One of them struck Coquelin on the cheek. The actor quietly took it between his finger and thumb, examined it with an ironical smile, then quietly slipped it into his pocket. The noise suddenly stopped, and the play continued.

In the days of Molière—before Molière even—the stage was already of extraordinary importance in France. It formed an essential part of that period's civilization, and often created public opinion instead of following it. The "Petits Marquis" who quietly sat on the stage itself, to the great inconvenience and annoyance of the actors, fancied that they led public opinion, whereas those whom they applauded or hissed knew that it was they who led that opinion, as they declaimed the ringing verses of Corneille and Racine, or the joyous tirades of Molière.

Without being aware of it, the frivolous audiences of the eighteenth century, applauding the sparkling

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Mid-Season on Broadway

By JACK CRAWFORD

MID-SEASON has passed its crest on Broadway and I find to my dismay that I have spoken of only three or four plays of the many that have strutted their brief hour or have succeeded in traveling further, by a week or two. It has been a strange season, taken as a whole, and were it not for its promises that American drama was beginning and that the art of production was advancing, it would be almost as discouraging to contemplate as some managers have found it. But it has been redeemed by certain plays and certain productions, leaving a fair net dividend of progress.

When my friends of the intelligentia complain to me that the drama is declining because each of the fifty-eight, or more, theatres of Broadway are not occupied by masterpieces, I find it wearisome to reply. I imagine that when *Hamlet* was first running at the Globe, the offerings of the other theatres seemed somewhat inferior. "Gadzooks," exclaimed the Elizabethan high-brow, "look forsooth at our Bank-side. Only one play worth the seeing and that by an ignorant player from Stratford. As for *Hamlet*, 'tis well enough, I graat, yet withal his plot is overwrought. A ghost, quotha! Are we not intelligent men? Must we have our tragedies tricked out with these fripperies?"

Art is a rare bird; it is not found in coveys in every wood. Many theatres do not mean many good plays—you may finish these platitudes for yourself, reader.

I do not mind so much replying to the sneers and lifted-eyebrows of our home-grown intelligentia as I do to refuting a certain condescension in foreigners. Fortunately, my friends abroad unroll for me week by week the panorama of London and Paris and keep me supplied with plentiful matter for reply. Paris is still quite happy with the conventions of cleverly written and acted triangle-plots, with one or two bolder spirits like Copeau and Gemier making interesting experiments. London has managed to be satisfied with about one-third as many interesting plays as New York has seen. If one were to choose among

these three cities as a residence this year (one's choice being conditioned by a love of the drama), one would have to select New York. Perhaps it is only human to think the other fellow's garden has the better fruit, but this is not a critical attitude.

Some of our interesting plays have been by foreign authors, which is matter for congratulation so long as

there is evidence that the American playwrights are also getting their deserts. And this has been the case. Miss Akins, Eugene O'Neill, and Frank Craven, not to mention Kaufman and Connelly with *Dulcy*, have all scored with plays which were distinctively American. We have finally broken with the tradition that an American play is either a conventional melodrama or the imitation of Pinero or Wilde.

OF THE foreign authors, A. A. Milne's *The Dover Road* is one unquestioned example of good comedy. Mr. Milne has a delightfully irresponsible sense of humor that nevertheless reaches deep as does true comedy always. One laughs to exhaustion and then pauses to think. He has constructed an entire comedy on the idea that if one stopped to reflect before eloping, one probably would not elope. It is a slender idea but Mr. Milne knows how to dramatize it. *The Dover Road* must be included in the plays worth seeing.

Then there is one of the Theatre Guild's best productions, Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped*, in a fine translation by Gregory Zilboorg, well-known to all readers of THE DRAMA. I admit frankly that in spite of my confidence in Broadway's future, if I had been asked what I thought of Andreyev's chances on our *via humorosa*, I would have replied "extremely doubtful." Fortunately for the American stage, I was not consulted about this play. The Guild have given *He Who Gets Slapped* an extraordinarily good cast, plus a production perfect in its details. Richard Bennett, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Reicher, Helen Westley, John Blair, and John Rutherford—not to speak of others—all in one bill! One

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Photographed by Marcus Stern

Richard Bennett in the title role,
"He Who Gets Slapped"

The Theatre of the Past in Soviet Russia

By GREGORY ZILBOORG

HAVING enjoyed the hospitality of these columns for more than a year, I think the angle from which I approach the theatre is fairly well known to the readers of *THE DRAMA*. May I, however, restate in but a few words the main principles of my theatre theory: (1) Drama is essentially the artistic expression of our social ego in its conflicts with our other egos. (2) Being a complex synthetic phenomenon theatre is not theatre at all, if one of the many elements of the drama is deliberately given a predominant part to the detriment of others. Hence my negative attitude toward the star system, the bowing to the mob taste, the domination of the *régisseur*, and the like. (3) Theatre is symphonic—a compound expression of interrelations and interactions among individuals, masses, principles, traditions, initiatives, personalities and conventionalities; hence my religion of artistic freedom—unhampered, unimpeded freedom, not interfered with by any authorities legal or moral. The lawmaker or politician has no right to interfere with the freedom of the theatre any more than he has the right to prescribe the use of certain manners of yawning or sleeping. The official moralist has no more rights than the politician. It is useful constantly to bear in mind Oscar Wilde's saying that Art is a-moral, that Shakespeare was no more a mad man for having written *King Lear* than is X, Y, or Z for having depicted a prostitute. (4) Since freedom is the essential part of any art and especially that of the theatre, the drama *must* be free of the mob spirit which is slavish by nature and cruelly absorbing the creative initiative of the individual. Now having recalled that, I invite my readers to approach the problem of the theatre in Soviet Russia, a problem that seems to preoccupy many a circle in America and a problem susceptible to misleading conceptions and ideas.

I must confess, I do not like to write on the theatre of Soviet Russia any more than to deliver a lecture on the abolition of slavery directly after a southern "lynching party." I was prompted to write what follows only after I had read "The Theatre of the Future in Soviet Russia" in the January number of *THE DRAMA*. Russia is so fascinating a subject that we are inclined to idealize too many things Russian; we are apt even to forget certain important facts and run full speed in the wrong direction. Russia was one of the few countries where the problem of the theatre of the future was not acute, if it existed at all. We had a great theatre, we constantly evolved toward new forms, new ideas; theatre was the integral part of our national life; the theatre of the future was gradually coming to our boards, transforming itself into the theatre of the present and then giving way to something new again. The fact that the Russian revolution destroyed the

old order does not mean yet that everything that came in its stead is new and loftier and more perfect. It remains to be seen, whether artistically and intellectually speaking Soviet Russia represents a future or a revived past.

ESPECIALLY strong must our doubts become when we approach the theatre. Let us examine the facts. The old Russian theatre is actually destroyed. The Russian theatre is now scattered into bits. You will find some of its members in Vienna, some in Warsaw, some in Prague, some in Berlin, in Paris, in London and in New York. Why? Because the essential element of the drama—freedom—has gone. The Russian theatre under the Soviets, being fettered by political compulsion and social creed could not live any longer. A play by Gorki (who would dare suspect a reactionary in Gorki?), a non-political, very clever comedy, was suppressed. A play by one of the greatest young Russian dramatists—Zamiadin—was suppressed. It was called *The Day of St. Dominic*. It deals with an episode of the Spanish Inquisition of the XVI century, but it was considered unsuitable in spirit so strongly was it opposed to the Inquisition! The author in Russia is thus deprived of his freedom, the actor as the bearer of spiritual, social values and energy is put in a position of either being a parrot and playing *permitted* plays in which he does not believe, or remaining stagnant by repeating the trite things of long ago, or starving. Yes, *dying of hunger*, because if a theatre and an actor are considered *aristocratic* from the artistic standpoint, and are therefore deprived of Government help—since the source of living in Russia is Government or nothing—the "aristocrats" die of starvation. This is the fate of Stanislavsky's remaining collaborators in the Moscow Art Theatre, where often actors faint of hunger before the curtain rises. This is apparently the fate of Stanislavsky himself. Think of Stanislavsky in torn clothes and torn, half rotten boots! The lucky ones in flight as Balieff and his *Chauve Souris* did, as Kachalor did with part of the Moscow Art Theatre, as Kuznetsor and Ivan Schmidt did by going to Berlin.

Mr. Carter in his article apparently overlooks these facts, because he seems to have discovered a new dramatic art in Russia, which may to his mind compensate our losses—the cooperative mass art. Is there such a thing as cooperative mass art? Art finds its expression through the individual. It is the preservation of individual self assertion that makes for artistic creation and expression and not the dissolution of the individual into the mass. "An audience is impressed"—means that every single individual consciousness which composes the audience is impressed. A mass is primitive and can hardly create. This is the elementary law of

mass psychology or psychopathology. As soon as we decide to rely upon the *mass* as the dominant factor in art, we actually give up art. Mr. Carter points out the specific character of the mass: workers, soldiers, peasants. To this class character he sees a special value. But elementary crowd psychology points out that a mob of professors or artists, workers or politicians is nevertheless a mob only. In war time, for instance, we are under the spell of mob psychology. This made most of us blind as the soldiers in the dug-outs or the learned ninety-three German doctors.

HOWEVER it may be, Mr. Carter sees in the so-called "cooperative mass art" The Theatre of the Future. If we agree with him, we will find ourselves compelled to agree also that the famous Dempsey-Carpentier spectacle was a performance of the theatre of the future. The "cooperative mass art" then expressed itself so spectacularly that when Dempsey knocked out Carpentier, the 90,000 men and women stood up and cheered and yelled: "Kill him! Kill him Jack!"—apparently demonstrating their psychological mass cooperation with Dempsey.

The statement made by Mr. Carter that Russian Soviet workers and soldiers behave somewhat in the same fashion in improvising anti-capitalist mass plays only emphasizes the fact that in Soviet Russia people returned to the long forgotten past, when instead of theatre we had mass rites of victory or defeat performed by warriors and slaves. Mr. Carter's description of a "performance" in front of the Winter Palace where the fall of Kerensky was depicted is suggestive of the above mentioned fact.

It is true Mr. Carter points out that the peasants deal little with the revolution against the bourgeoisie; they find expression of their "cooperative mass art" in musical, religious improvisations where the showmen and beholders are one. This art is hardly new and hardly is it of the future. It has been known since the XII century flagellants and I saw something of the same kind quite recently in America—I have in mind the "Holy Rollers." I must confess I failed to be inspired by what I saw as a great vision of the theatre of the future. There was mass, spontaneous cooperation and even what Mr. Carter calls "creative uplift."

I FOR ONE refuse to accept this form of theatre as a form of the future since it is based on "emotional uplifting." Through the transformation of an audience into a permanent herd, Mr. Carter sees in the mass theatre the result of assimilation of the new liberty by workers and peasants. If liberty is the free development of individual initiative and its free expression, then evidently there is no liberty in a mob. What seems to me more in accordance with the facts is that Russia, being in a state of revolution, lives on man psychosis and on compulsion. Therefore the theatre as

a whole is inevitably made subservient to the abnormal psychic state of the people, therefore again Theatre (with a big T) is gone, and therefore there is a certain retrogression toward primitive pageantry, spontaneity of mass emotions, the desintegration of intimacy and lyricism, which always are the characteristic traits of dramatic art even in dialogue and mass movement. Briefly what we have in Russia is the theatre of the long lost past, which came back to us quite naturally just as many of our slumbering primitive instincts awake in us in time of distress and moral exhaustion.

French and American Audiences

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tirades of Beaumarchais in *Le Mariage de Figaro* were in reality applauding the downfall of those "who merely gave themselves the trouble of coming into the world" and it was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette who laughed most heartily at the joyous comedy which announced the fearful tragedy, of which she was to be one of the pitiful victims.

And thus, from its earliest days, those of the miracle plays, the theatre in France has always been, not only a favorite form of national amusement, but a warning sometimes and a sign of the times, always. In order to understand what the nation desired, what were its aspirations, its joys and its woes, one needed but to consult the dramatic authors and their wonderful interpreters.

What of all that do we see in America? I should like better to understand, better to appreciate, also, the meaning of the American stage. I feel that I am incompetent to do it full justice, that I understand but vaguely the state of mind of American spectators; what kind of pleasure they find in following the plot, what profit, what joy, they carry away with them from a good—or even a passable—representation; or if they simply forget as soon as they get home, what emotions they may have felt, or even the passing pleasure of some pretty love scene. Generally, the plays I see interest me but little. Is this through some fault of mine—or is it theirs? In all sincerity, in all modesty, I ask myself the question—and I find no answer.

THE two outstanding events of the Italian theatre today are the revival of D'Annunzio's *Parisina* which is taking place in Rome at the Argentina Theatre and the recent premiere of a play which promises to be the success of the season: *Rambaldo di Vaqueiras*, by Nino Berrini. The latter met with great success in Milan last December. Berrini who is probably the most successful of the younger Italian dramatists is the author of *Il Belfardo* (*The Scoffer*) the startling success of last year, a play which was reviewed in THE DRAMA last June.—[R. A.]

The Dream Maker*

A Fantasy In One Act

By

BLANCHE JENNING
THOMPSON



Characters:

PIERROT

OLD MAN OF THE MOON
THREE MOON MAIDENS

PIERRETTE

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON
THREE STAR MAIDENS

A SPINNER OF SONGS

It is outside of PIERROT'S house which is of gray or green curtains or screens with applied designs of astrological figures. PIERROT is sitting on the ground beside a large rag-bag filled with brilliantly colored silks, ribbons, and the like. He and PIERRETTE wear the traditional costumes. The THREE MOON MAIDENS in long, loose robes of misty blue enter, their hair unbound and silver fillets ornamented with crescent moons girding their foreheads.

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: What are you doing, Pierrot?

PIERROT: I am making dreams.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: O how dear of you! How do you make them, Pierrot?

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: What do you make them from?

PIERROT: Out of my mother's rag-bag.

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: O what is in it?

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: Do show us, Pierrot.

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: Yes, let us see.

PIERROT: It is full of strange things. Here are flower petals, pink and white [*Holding up one piece after another.*], and there's a crystal dewdrop. See, a rosy scrap of the dawn's soft robe—a golden web of sunlight; here's the foamy crest of a green-blue wave—but here's the loveliest of all, a scrap of silver moonlight. See how it shines! [*He holds it to his heart.*] I love it!

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: What do you do with your dreams, Pierrot?

SECOND MOON MAIDEN [*Laughing*]: I know—he makes them for Pierrette.

THIRD MOON MAIDEN [*Shaking her finger at him*]: Yes, that is what he does.

PIERROT [*Sadly*]: Yes, I make them for Pierrette, but she does not want them. She laughs at me.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: Oh! How can she!

[*The OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON a querulous old crone with full skirt, apron, cape and cane, and high crowned hat, enters.*]

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON [*Tapping angrily with her cane*]: Here, here, what's this! Idling again? Out with you. (*MOON MAIDENS leave hastily.*) How many times must I tell you not to

waste time with those Moon Maidens—lazy, idle creatures, always playing ball with those little Planet boys down the Milky Way. What are you doing?

PIERROT: Only making dreams, mother. [*He rises.*]

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON: Dreams indeed! And so much work to be done! Dreams, dreams, dreams! There are dreams enough in the world.

[*The OLD MAN OF THE MOON in grotesque costume, full knickerbockers, broad collar and belt with large buckles on belt and slippers; broad, high-crowned hat, and carrying a long pipe, comes in.*]

OLD MAN OF THE MOON: Dreams! Who speaks of dreams?

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON: This foolish boy. See how he wastes his time—always about my rag-bag—making dreams, he says. [*Scornfully.*] Dreams!

OLD MAN OF THE MOON [*Pompously*]: Strange whims you have, my boy. You always were a queer one. What do you expect to do with such foolishness? Can you sell your dreams and earn a living? [*He winks portentously and nudges OLD WOMAN with his pipe.*]

PIERROT: No, but I can give them away.

OLD MAN OF THE MOON: Bah! Give them away.

PIERROT: They are worth a smile at least.

OLD MAN OF THE MOON [*Becoming angry*]: It's such as you that make the world what it is—idlers, dreamers, mischief-makers. Come, into the house with you!

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON: There's milk to be churned.

OLD MAN OF THE MOON: The Green Cheese must be made. Green Cheese means money. It's something people want. Everyone must eat. But dreams—bah!

[*The OLD MAN OF THE MOON and the OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON*

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go out. As they enter the house the MOON MAIDENS tiptoe in again.]

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: Are they gone, Pierrot?

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: How cross they are!

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: Tell us more about your dreams.

PIERROT [*Half to himself*]: They want me to make Green Cheese. I hate Green Cheese.

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: So do I.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: And I too. [*They nod at each other.*]

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: Star-Cakes are better.

PIERROT: Here come the Star Maidens now. We can have a game. [*Wistfully.*] I wish Pierrette would come.

[*The STAR MAIDENS enter. They are dressed like the MOON MAIDENS but in yellow and white and their fillets are adorned with stars of gold. They carry empty flat trays suspended from the shoulders.*]

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: Are your cakes all gone?

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: Yes, all gone.

SECOND STAR MAIDEN: We cannot make them fast enough.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: They are so good! When I eat them, I want to do wonderful things. I feel as if I could do anything.

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: They make me feel that way, too.

PIERROT: I do love Star-Cakes but Mother Moon won't let me have them. She says they make me lazier than ever.

THIRD STAR MAIDEN [*Indignantly*]: Nothing of the sort! Old Comet says he always shoots much faster after eating Star-Cakes.

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: Why Saturn says he would sell all his rings for a single cake.

SECOND STAR MAIDEN: Orion ate so many yesterday that his belt was too tight. [*They all laugh.*]

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: What makes your cakes so good? What is in them?

THIRD STAR MAIDEN: Oh, that's a secret.

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: We never tell.

SECOND STAR MAIDEN: No one else can make them.

PIERROT: They are like my dreams. No one else can make them. Will you sell me a Star-Cake for a dream? I have no money.

THIRD STAR MAIDEN: Oh yes, I'll bring one next time I come.

FIRST STAR MAIDEN and SECOND STAR MAIDEN: So will I.

PIERROT: What kind of dreams do you like best?

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: Oh, golden dreams.

SECOND STAR MAIDEN: And silver dreams.

THIRD STAR MAIDEN: And dreams of rainbow colors.

PIERROT: You shall have them all. How I shall love to make them.

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: Pierrot, sing us the song you made up yesterday.

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: Please do.

PIERROT: I cannot remember the tune. Ask yonder Spinner of Songs. Sing us a song, old man.

[*The SPINNER OF SONGS, who has slipped in during the conversation, is sitting cross-legged on the ground at one side. He wears a long, flowing robe of gray and carries a small harp or lute.*]

SPINNER OF SONGS: Nay, O Pierrot, my songs are old and my heart is not in them. Once I was young like you and my songs were full of fire. People listened then. Ah, yes! But now I cannot spin gay songs. My colors are faded and the thread breaks often. Sing to us, Pierrot. Sing of your dreams. It brings back my youth again.

PIERROT: Then I'll try. [*He stands while the others sit in a circle about him, and sings*]:

"Little White Moon of my Dreams,
I cannot reach you, it seems.
You are so far, dear
Just like a star, dear
Lost in your own misty gleams.
You are my moon of delight

Little white moth of the night

Sweetest of all, dear

Come at my call, dear,

Little White Moon of my Dreams."

THIRD STAR MAIDEN: What a lovely song! Has Pierrette heard it?

PIERROT: No. She will probably laugh at me, anyway. How I wish she could see things as I do. How happy we should be and what lovely dreams I could make. Every time she smiles at me I think of the most beautiful things—all the colors are brighter. But when she frowns, my dreams turn gray and dingy and there's nothing but rags in a rag-bag. [*He kicks the bag impatiently.*]

THIRD MOON MAIDEN [*Eagerly*]: Pierrot, I have an idea. If we could make Pierrette eat a Star-Cake!

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: If we only could!

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: She never buys any.

PIERROT [*Sadly*]: She won't eat them at all. Her mother says they are in-tox-i-cat-ing. [*He says the word very slowly.*] I'm not quite sure what that means, are you?

SECOND STAR MAIDEN: I think it means that you feel very happy—so happy that you want to dance and sing. [*To the other STAR MAIDENS.*] Do you remember that Spirit in the flame-colored cloak—he was a poet I think—the one who lost his way to Paradise and said he was so hungry because no one had told him to bring a lunch?

THIRD STAR MAIDEN: Oh yes. He ate so many Star-Cakes and he said [*Mimicking*]: "I haven't beer so intoxicated since I abandoned the Great White Way for the Milky Way." [*All laugh.*]

SECOND STAR MAIDEN: Wasn't he funny? Do you remember how he danced and how his cloak spread out behind him like shining wings?

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: If Pierrette should eat a Star-Cake, perhaps she would want to dance, too.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: I have an idea. She likes Green Cheese, doesn't she?

PIERROT [*Wearily*]: Oh yes, she likes that.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: Well, let's get a Star-Cake and cover it with Green Cheese—soft cheese, you know. Then we'll get her to eat it and everything will come out right. [*She goes out.*]

FIRST STAR MAIDEN [*Clapping her hands*]: Good! I'll get a cake. I won't be gone a minute. [*She goes out.*]

PIERROT: And I'll get the cheese. [*He runs into the house.*]

FIRST MOON MAIDEN: What fun we shall have with Pierrette! [*They catch hold of hands and dance in a ring singing "An April Day." One voice may sing the verse and the others the little refrain or all may sing together. At the end of the song they sit down in a circle breathless and laughing.*]

PIERROT [*Running in with the cheese—green colored frosting in a bowl—and a spoon*]: Here's the cheese.

FIRST STAR MAIDEN [*Running in, out of breath*]: Here's the cake.

PIERROT: Now to mix the cheese and cake.

SECOND MOON MAIDEN: To charm Pierrette for Pierrot's sake. [*They surround PIERROT while he covers the cake with cheese.*]

FIRST STAR MAIDEN: Now let's put it over here until Pierrette comes. I saw her getting a drink out of the Big Dipper as I came by. She'll be along soon.

THIRD MOON MAIDEN: Teach us your song, Pierrot. Then we can sing it to Pierrette when she comes. Well then, let's try it together.

[*They sit in a circle with PIERROT standing in the center, and sing "Little White Moon of my Dreams." PIERRETTE enters during the song and at the end PIERROT sees her.*]

PIERROT [*Softly*]: Little White Moon of my Dreams.

PIERRETTE: What a pretty song! Did you make it up, Pierrot?

PIERROT: Yes—for you.

PIERRETTE: How silly of you! It's a pretty song, Pierrot, but you can't earn a living by making songs and dreams. Nobody wants them. Why don't you help your father with the Green Cheese?

PIERROT: Oh, that Green Cheese again! I tell you there are people who want dreams and some day I shall have a little dream shop—and over the door it will say, "Pierrot, the Dream-Maker" and whenever you see a baby smile in its sleep or a tired mother smile at her work or a miser smile when he spends his gold, you will know they are buying my dreams. And all they shall pay is a smile. [Softly.] "Pierrot, the Dream-Maker."

PIERRETTE: How silly you are Pierrot! You would much better have a Green Cheese Shop.

PIERROT [He looks dejected, then brightens]: Oh, I forgot! I did make some cheese myself this morning. It's good, too. Won't you have some? [He offers the star-shaped cake to PIERRETTE.]

PIERRETTE [Taking it]: How did you happen to make it such a queer shape? [She takes a bite.]

PIERROT: Oh, I like that shape just for a change. [They all watch her eagerly.]

PIERRETTE: M-m-m! This is good. It's much better than the cheese your father makes. What did you put in it?

PIERROT: Oh, just a little essence of dreams for flavoring.

PIERRETTE: Essence of dreams! I never heard of that [She looks about strangely.] How light and happy I feel—like the tip of a pink cloud—[Raising her arms.] I could dance and dance.

PIERROT: Won't you dance with me, Pierrette?

[She takes his hand and they dance while "Little White Moon of My Dreams" is played softly. The MOON and STAR MAIDENS dance or sway lightly in time to the music. The music of PIERROT'S song may be played by an orchestra, sung by the dancers or played by the SPINNER OF SONGS on a violin, or mandolin. At the end of the dance, the OLD WOMAN enters.]

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON: Pierrot—come at once! Pierrette, get you home, you saucy baggage. [To PIERROT.] Bring in that rag-bag.

OLD MAN OF THE MOON [Shouts from door]: Pierrot, shall I bring a stick? I've called you twice. The cheese is ready to cut. [The OLD MAN OF THE MOON and the OLD WOMAN OF THE MOON and the STAR MAIDENS slip out quietly. THE SPINNER OF SONGS rises, shakes his head slowly and goes out.]

PIERROT: I'm coming.

PIERRETTE [Running up and touching him on the shoulder]: Pierrot, you won't laugh at me if I tell you something.

PIERROT: No, I won't laugh, Pierrette.

PIERRETTE: Well then—I rather like dreams after all. I just pretend not to. Will you make one for me, sometime?

PIERROT: Will I! Oh, Pierrette—the loveliest one of all—stardust and moonshine and flowering sprays—jeweled dream-flowers with petals of gold . . .

OLD MAN OF THE MOON [From within]: Pierrot!

[PIERRETTE jumps. PIERROT kneels to kiss her hand and she runs off lightly, blowing a kiss from her finger tips as she goes.]

PIERROT: "Pierrot, the Dream-Maker!" How happy my heart is now. Oh, there's nothing in all the world so lovely as dreams!





Photograph by Wayne Albee, McBride Studio

The cathedral in "Mr. Faust," by Arthur Davison Ficke, as mounted by Maurice Browne in the Cornish Little Theatre Moroni Olsen as Satan, and Maurice Browne as Mr. Faust.

Maurice Browne's 1921 Season in Seattle

By GLENN HUGHES

ONE of the most significant seasons of art-theatre production in America was brought to a close recently with Maurice Browne's presentation of Paul Claudel's masterpiece, *The Tidings Brought to Mary*, at the Cornish Little Theatre in Seattle.

It is probably quite well known by now that Mr. Browne and his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg, have been devoting their summers to repertory work in the Pacific Northwest, and that the Cornish School of Music last year constructed a beautiful intimate theatre largely for the purpose of housing the plays which Mr. Browne and his company were to produce. In July the theatre was dedicated with a brilliant performance of Shaw's *The Philanderer*, with Maurice Browne himself in the title role, and with Ellen Van Volkenberg, Moroni Olsen, Janet Young, Robert Bell and Byron Foulger in the supporting cast.

The Philanderer was the first of six productions, each of which played eight performances in a two-week period. The entire season consumed, therefore, twelve weeks. And in each production there was achieved some unique quality, either of acting or of staging. In the case of the Shaw comedy, the novelty rested largely in the stage settings. Screens and draperies were employed with striking effect, especially in the second and third acts, where a most astonishing depth of scene was obtained through the incorporation of actual rooms and corridors behind the stage proper into the picture. It is a remarkable and noteworthy experiment that Mr. Browne made in planning the theatre so that the stage would come midway in the large building, thus affording an opportunity to turn rehearsal rooms and hallways into a supplementary stage when occasion required. Most theatres, as every producer has discovered to his chagrin, place their stages against another building, or upon an alley, so that the thirty or forty feet of depth which

is originally allowed for the setting of scenes, constitutes his absolute limits of activity. Not so in the Cornish Little Theatre. Here one may extend himself for eighty feet if he wishes. And the result of so doing is not only gratifying to the producer, but it is also pleasantly startling to the audience, who are accustomed to depending upon the fallible brush of the scenic artist to conjure up distance for them.

BUT to return to the plays themselves. After Shaw came, as a matter of affinity, Ibsen. And, as one might divine, he came via *A Doll's House*. And while there were those who felt that one of the Norwegian's less hackneyed works would have proved more enticing, they were agreeably thrilled by the performance of Ellen Van Volkenberg and Moroni Olsen in the roles of Nora and Torvald. Miss Van Volkenburg is an emotional actress of undoubted strength, and Mr. Olsen is a brilliant and powerful actor. *A Doll's House* held up very well from the point of view of the audiences and the season was well on its way.

The third production was less successful, chiefly on account of the weakness of the play itself. I refer to a three-act comedy called *Yesterday's Husband*, by John Joseph Martin. This play was an experiment on the part of Mr. Browne, and no doubt there was justification for his interest in the experiment, for it is part of his professional creed to make up at least half of his productions from hitherto unacted plays by American authors. And when one attempts such a thing, it is inevitable that one will try some plays which were never intended by the gods to enjoy the fame which all playwrights covet for their progeny.

But at this point in the season the tide began to turn. Realism had held the field, and had met with only fair success.



Photograph by Wayne Albee, McBride Studio

A smart setting for the Ibsen club in Shaw's "The Philanderer," as produced by Maurice Browne at the Cornish Little Theatre. A good illustration of Mr. Browne's use of permanent screens and draperies.

The fourth production kept its feet fairly well on earth, but it stuck its head into the clouds. And this ethereal venture was occasioned by the play *Mr. Faust*, by Authur Davison Ficke. I assume that many persons know Mr. Ficke for his lovely lyric poetry and for his writings on Japanese art, but I doubt greatly if many know him as a dramatist. His play, *Mr. Faust*, was published several years ago, but never until September, 1921, was it attempted on any stage. It is a poetic drama, based on the Faust legend, but treated in a modern spirit, and with a blending of realism and romance which is at times marvellously effective, and at other times somewhat confusing. In spite of its technical shortcomings, however, it is a spiritual adventure, and, what is more pertinent still to the present discussion, it lent itself beautifully to the imaginative skill of Maurice Browne. Faced by the problem of interpreting a semi-symbolical play in which the action moves from a modern drawing-room to a temple in India, thence to a cathedral, and back again to the drawing room; in which the characters are twentieth century men smoking cigars and questioning in blank verse the purposes of God and the devil, Mr. Browne set himself bravely to the task, and with an originality which was unmistakable, he created a group of stage settings which not only carried the dual atmosphere of the play, but which were pictorially fascinating. And it did not take long for his observers and followers to perceive that it was in the field of the fantastic that he was most strikingly at home.

Mr. Faust, then brought a fresh interest to the work of the repertory company, and when the next bill was offered, an enthusiastic reception was accorded it. This fifth production marked a departure from the use of full-length plays. Four one-acts made up the performance, and the plays were chosen with an eye to variety and contrast. First came the omnipresent *The Neighbors*, by Zona Gale; then *Aria da Capo*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; then *Riders to the Sea*, by J. M. Synge, and finally, *Joint Owners in Spain*, by Alice Brown. The success of this bill was instantaneous and enspiriting. The fact that Miss Van Volkenberg first created the leading part in the

Alice Brown comedy added special interest to that diverting piece. The Synge tragedy was presented with great sincerity and fineness of understanding, and of course *Neighbors* always "goes."

BUT it is of *Aria da Capo* that I wish particularly to speak. To my mind, and to the minds of others who witnessed Mr. Browne's production of it, this fantastic satire reached a height of artistry and dramatic appeal which eclipsed everything else which the company had done during the previous weeks. Here again, we discovered the remarkable sensitiveness and ingenuity which had made itself felt in the handling of *Mr. Faust*. In stage design, in costumes, in lighting, in the treatment of dialogue, the producer exhibited his happiest self. The performance was esthetically alive and inspiring at every moment. Of course the reader must take into account the fact that I am prejudiced in favor of the play itself, and consider it a work of exceedingly great merit—in spite of the comment made by Mr. J. Vandervoort Sloan in a recent number of *THE DRAMA* to the effect that he never met anyone who liked *Aria da Capo*. I regret that I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sloan, but I promise him that if he comes to Seattle he will find many persons who share my taste in this matter.

Again I have digressed, and I should not have done so, for the most important thing is yet to be said. That is, the finest and by far the most noteworthy production of the season was the sixth and last, *The Tidings Brought to Mary*, by Paul Claudel. Revealed to an eager but suspecting audience, this play created the most complete sensation of anything of an artistic nature occurring within recent years in the Pacific Northwest. Those who attended the first performance left the theatre bewildered by a spiritual and esthetic emotion impossible to describe or analyze. Many were searching vainly for an interpretation of the play; others abandoned this hope and limited themselves to ejaculatory remarks concerning the stupefying beauty of the staging; a few were able to grasp the essential significance of the drama, and to appreciate this significance in relation



Photograph by Wayne Albee, McBr de Studio

The orchard scene from "The Tidings Brought to Mary" at the Cornish Little Theatre. First production of this play in America. Byron Foulger as Jacques and Ellen Van Volkenberg as Violaine.

to the producer's conception of it, as expressed in subtleties of lighting and intricate arrangement of characters and scenes.

Briefly, and for the sake of those who have not read the play, I may say that *The Tidings Brought to Mary* is a modern mystic's interpretation of the romantic mysticism of the middle ages. In its prologue and seven scenes are bound up not only the fundamental philosophic and religious convictions of medieval France, but also the wierd and ornate architectural principles embodied in Gothic cathedrals. There is a human story involved, but it is a story only half-real, and built upon individual lives which are in themselves symbolic expressions of the large forces that made the middle ages so mysterious and dramatic.

TO prevent this becoming a literary essay, I must hasten to speak of the projection of the play, rather than of the play itself. And it is my belief that Mr. Browne, by putting his whole soul into the intriguing and difficult task of mounting the play adequately, achieved something that will stand as one of the major accomplishments of the American art theatre. With an almost uncanny manipulation of screens, draperies, arches, lower and upper stages, and his specially designed lighting equipment, he created scene after scene of varied effect, each one completely satisfying to the spirit of the play, and so lovely in its own composition that one lost himself utterly in the spiritual intensity of the production.

It is a long play; so long that it runs a full hour longer than the average professional play; and there is not a line of comic relief in it. Neither is there a moment which calls forth applause (physical applause, I mean). Yet during the entire performance

there was not an expression of restlessness or ennui on the part of a member of the audience. This is sheer hypnotism—the kind of hypnotism which only a great work of art can effect.

The Seattle production of this miracle play was the first to be made in America, and it should be recorded that it was an exhibition of exquisite workmanship and noble conception.

So ended the season—in a flare of glory. Mr. Browne and Miss Van Volkenberg have come into their own in the Far West, and what they do in the future will be awaited with impatience by those who followed them through their work of the past few months.

The Pilgrim Players Go on the Iowa Circuit

THE little group of church players, which, for four years has been distinguished by its work in producing religious drama in the First Congregational Church in Evanston, is planning to make a five-day tour of Iowa with its production of Mrs. Hamlin's prize play *The Rock*.

The Players have chosen Holy Week because the play deals with Simon Peter's tragedy of weakness and betrayal and is an ideal performance for that special season. This tour is by way of an experiment to see if the churches will further cooperate in the bringing of religious drama to their doors.

The Players are not desirous of making money, but rather, want to carry their message as far afield as possible. Any five towns will be visited that will pay their share of transportation expense. The dates for the performances will be April 13-17, including a Sunday performance. Write to Professor E. C. Mabie, Iowa City, for particulars.

An Opening Matinee at Amsterdam

By CHARLES BREASTED

A CHARACTERISTICALLY informal Dutch train, after desultory progress, finally nosed its way cheerfully into Amsterdam at noon—two hours late—on Saturday, January twenty-first. With a large package of Mr. Rutherford's drawings under one arm (Mr. Rutherford does all the stage designing for the Birmingham Repertory Theatre) and another even larger under the other arm—the Claud Lovat Fraser section of the exhibit—I caddied Mrs. Fraser to the American Hotel, and then to the Municipal Museum.

One hears much about the calm stolidity of the people of Holland. Picture to yourself eight rooms full of excited individuals dashing here and there, bumping into one another, hammering this and straightening that, painting mountings, scribbling guide cards, asking for tacks, asking for numbers and artists and scissors and cheesecloth and glue, stepping backward to make sure of alignments and falling over innocent and Dutchly bulky scrubwomen vainly trying to clean up in the trail of this tornado of sawdust and bent nails and spilled paint and street mud. Noise, a babble of Dutch, German, French, English, staccato hammering, the screech of nails drawn from packing cases—and all about a disorder and chaos which left one terrified. Like some angel of wisdom and guidance, tossing this person a hammer, that one a word of advice, another a card of tacks, giving a helping lift to a heavy burden, straightening a drawing knocked askew by a passing whirlwind—there stood the unforgettable figure of Gordon Craig. One glimpse of Mrs. Fraser, and he was at our side, helping with the last drawings to be mounted, those we had brought. In a jiffy he was assuring me that a little crookedness in nailing them up would only add to the spirit of the craft which they symbolized, and in another jiffy the wall which had been reserved for them was filled, and there remained only the clearing away of all the stuff which littered the place from one corner to another. A sly wink from Mr. Craig—that those who had been working steadily all night long might not be incensed—spirited us away to a familiar restaurant of his, and we left the impossible task of reclamation of the devastated area to a regiment of quaintly dressed, long haired artists' apprentices and bobbed haired Dutch maidens and ridiculously undignified dignitaries and architects who were lending their services for this significant occasion.

Over viands and wet addenda which were a credit to Holland, Mr. Craig explained to us some of the difficulties encountered in the past three weeks. The Exhibit—or as the Dutch would have it, the "Internationale Theater Tentoonstelling te Amsterdam, Januari en Februari, 1922"—is the first international affair of the kind since well before the War. Shipping conditions are still very uncertain, customs regulations ever changing, and the disorganization of all transportation and communication is only gradually giving way to the regularity of peace—or at least, cessation from the recent vogue of active warfare. Though every country was anxious and delighted to send its work to the Exhibit, conditions made it often impossible. England, America, Russia, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany and, indirectly Sweden, Switzerland, and Italy comprise practically the entire list. After hastily preparing his speech for the opening to occur at two-thirty, he led us back to the Museum, arriving promptly at three o'clock. Mr. Craig believes in the heightened dramatic effect wrought by a delayed entrance. The dignitaries mentioned earlier, now clad (Heaven knows how they got the time to change) in frock coats and Prince Alberts—garments still extant only in Holland—were in a terrible state lest the dominating figure of the occasion

should fail to appear. The very large crowd subsided into more cheerful silence, and the Burgomaster-in-Chief or some other altogether worthy individual, however innocent of the theatre, read his speech of welcome, et cetera, et cetera, and to an innocent American listener, even a college acquaintance with Greek and Latin would have rendered an address in either more intelligible. Followed several more like the first; and then Gordon Craig, who, bless him, said nothing—not a word—of what he had firmly decided to say. He loathes public speaking, and really ought never to talk, for he can't express himself verbally; one should watch him in silence at his work. He had the virtue of being exquisitely brief, ending with a graceful wave of the arm which wafted us all into the Tentoonstelling.

The tremendous amount of labor involved, the quantity of material exhibited, and the unavoidable haste with which most of it had to be mounted, resulted in a scarcity of explanatory notes and labels. Even names are not yet attached to many things. The catalogue, due to the late arrival of many sections, was not ready for the opening. The Exhibition comprises eight rooms, of which the English, have two, the Americans one, the Dutch one, the Russians one, and the Germans two. One room is devoted to models alone with special, and thus far, poor lighting. The other countries mentioned above occupy sections of wall wherever the larger exhibits fail to fill an entire room. The first room contains only the work of Gordon Craig, of England, and Adolph Appia, chiefly of Switzerland. It is a fitting introduction to all that follows, for Craig, Appia, and Fraser seem to set the note of so much of the work of the Continental Theatre craftsmen. Their products either resemble the work of these three or they are an obvious effort to be different. The spirit of these three pervades the place. The mere presence of Gordon Craig with his strong personality lent a distinct atmosphere to the entire exhibit.

THE work of Gordon Craig is too well known to require comment here. But perhaps the work of Adolph Appia, now living in Switzerland (Craig, by the way, now lives in Rapallo, Italy, next door to Max Beerbohm) is not quite so well known. His drawings in the exhibition deal almost entirely with the bare scene—they would almost be spoiled by the introduction of any human figure, and though really magnificent in conception, they suffer because of this very unrelatedness to human life, and so to the theatre. Appia's drawings belong in one's study or library; they symbolize, perhaps, that detached realm of the mind which is extra-human, and they reflect the ultimate loneliness of life. That is big, it is awe-inspiring—but it is not theatre. One would have to meet, to associate and work with Appia—just as with Craig—fully to understand his relationship to the theatre. His section of the exhibit is merely a glimpse into one corner of a very great soul. The technique and spirit of Fraser's work has been brought before readers of *THE DRAMA* before, and needs no reiteration. The extent of his influence can be noted in the number of unconscious imitators who have submitted their work to the exhibit—and they are not confined to England. Mr. Rutherford, though he betrays contact with Fraser, is a young man in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre who gives promise of excellent things. He carries into his costumery the same keen sense of the artistically correct which marks his success in stage design. Among the remaining English exhibitors there is little of special interest.

The American room, to my mind, ranked very high. One design of Robert Edmond Jones is very fine. But the designs

of Norman-Bel Geddes for the presentation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* are startlingly powerful. By means of a masterly sense of lighting he combines at once the majesty of multitude and mass with an equally tremendous effect of focus upon a single human figure. European critics at the opening were impressed by his work. Lee Simonson submitted some excellent photographs of various of his most successful sets, and they prove him one of our rare American craftsmen who never loses sight of the fact that neither too much stage effect nor too much "the play's the thing," but an intangible blending of these, spells success. Many excellent photographs also testify to the artistry of Rudolph Schaeffer and Norman Edwards' sets in connection with Sam Hume's work in Shakespeare for the Detroit Symphony Society. Hung modestly below the larger works of others are those of John Wenger, a name new to me. His things are so small they approach the miniature type, and they reveal a riot of color and design which places them high in oil landscape work; but they seem to bear no relation to the theatre. Certain ones of them one would prize as possessions, but only as most exquisite oil miniatures. They put one in mind of some of our best illustrative art. The generous interest of *The Theatre Arts Magazine*, even to the extent of carrying the expense of their shipment abroad, enabled Mr. Mordegai Gozelik, a very young but evidently talented young man who has worked briefly with the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, to submit a set of designs for Tolstoy plays. They carry promise of more able and mature work in the future.

To enter the Russian room is to throw reason to the winds, to cut away all stays and anchor ropes, and roam in a gaudy wilderness of grotesque irrelevancy. One recalls Albert Chevalier's burlesques of *Macbeth*, or the futuristic epidemic. It is the jazz of color. You assume uncomfortable postures, you bring tears to your strained eyes in the honest effort to understand the meaningless bargain display of assorted chaos in pigments. It is like an attempt to read with eyes drugged with belladonna—it may be clear enough, but you can't for the life of you distinguish it from a mangled fried egg. At least the work of Bakst, thoughtlessly crowded into one corner, affords a brief respite from this jungle of color gone amuck. One's mind is thrown into a state of disorder which reflects the political situation in Russia today. Surely the best of Russia's work is not represented here.

Among the Belgian things of particular interest is Heer Herman de Velde's small theatre seating six hundred people. Erected before the War, it is a complete theatre plant, capable of independent work of wide scope. The greater part of the Belgian section is disappointing. France, too, has contributed little of compelling interest. Aside from the work of Le Vieux Colombier, already familiar to DRAMA readers and students of the Little Theatre movement, and the very deft designs of Louis Jouvet, there is nothing which displays aggressive creative advance. The French have inherited a theatrical legacy which is like some fine old mahogany heirloom—a ponderous, beautifully wrought four-poster or side board or the like, which has taken on an even richer finish with age and generations of polishing than one would suppose possible—the style of which, however, renders its disposition in the modern artistic household a distinct problem. One must either chuck it altogether, or furnish everything in the same style. The dearth of new ideas from France at the exhibit leads one to suspect that she will be content with her heirloom for some time to come.

THE variety and extent of the Dutch section is a distinct surprise. The most imposing individual exhibit is that of Heer H. Th. Wijdeveld to whose indomitable effort is due so much of the credit for the assembling and organization of the masses of scattered material which have gone to make this Tentoonstelling such a successful and significant one. But with most of his own designs and models neither I nor those of us who discussed them can sympathize. His elaborate model

for a proposed new civic theatre for Amsterdam is a subtle blending of a dry-dock, a Stilton cheese, and a conventionalized pineapple tricked out in a motif of canal boat prows and wooden shoes. Still another for a large folk theatre suggests rather an anatomical drawing, or a study in still life, its subject the gigantic hind quarter of a porker hung against a background of box trees. These things can hardly be indicative of the ideal future playhouse. But several of his drawings prove Heer Wijdeveld endowed with a strong theatre sense and the insight of both architect and artist.

Especially noteworthy among the Dutch things is the work of Fritz Lensvelt, who has developed conservative ideas in an altogether new and charming manner. His period costuming, his designs for *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, and certain plays of Schnitzler, are splendid, in some instances even exquisite. Heer Lensvelt is a comparatively young, bashful, sandy-haired Dutchman with winning ways and the soul of a genuine craftsman—much is to be expected of him. Still another group of designs is by Heer Jaap van Dam, consisting of some excellent studies in Shakespearean settings, as well as for *The Wandering Jew*. It is astonishing how much of the Continental work is in connection with Shakespearean sets.

The German section is extensive and powerful, though for the most part very much "in the rough." It quite properly does not regard drawings and designs as anything but a means to an end, and ideas are consequently often only roughed in. Much of the German, like the Russian, simply defies all intelligence or the most elementary conventions. Perhaps even this is potentially great, but my eyes were blinded to that aspect by their harsh color schemes and pagan crudity. Emil Pirchan of the Berlin Staatstheater contributes some powerful stage designs. Rochus Gliese's work in *Macbeth* sets is strong, and Oskar Kauffmann, of the Volksbühne in Berlin, reveals a masterful understanding of stage construction. The Deutsches Bühnenverein of Charlottenburg, Berlin, contributes a large and more conservative section, much of which seems to have been executed during the war period. Ludwig Sievert's exhibit is exceptionally versatile and compels attention. One is impressed with the fact that the German section as a whole, for strength and creative value, outdoes all the others. To the Germans the theatre is a science, a craft which must be mastered like their other sciences, both methodically and imaginatively, and thus far their steady application and quiet persistence have brought them nearer such a mastery than any other country. In what a contrast is this phase of the Teuton temperament with that which the Great War revealed to us!

The room devoted to models is disappointing. I had always attached great importance to models designs first, then the models, then the set. But judging from the exhibit, my views are quite wrong. The exhibition contains some forty-five models over against hundreds and hundreds of drawings. While models are less easily shipped, still, the ratio is small. So far the lighting fails to do most of them justice. The models of Lovat Fraser, and those of Norman Wilkinson, who has done so many successful things for Granville Barker, stand out well. Several excellent models were unlabelled, and no information about them being available, they must share the fate of the anonymous.

TO SUMMARIZE, one can not overemphasize the significance of this international exhibit. Much of the best is not represented, but the very exhibit itself is evidence of the initiative, the creative desire flaring up again after the withering years of war, a desire shared by the older as well as the younger men. The impetus which such gatherings give to the development of the art of the theatre is inestimable. But while it is all a healthy, splendid thing, and the only effectual means of bringing public and craftsman into mutual contact, one can not deny the impression that nearly ninety per cent of the Internationale The-

(Continued on page 215.)

Lights in the London Fog

By CHARLES BREASTED

FEW fogs, an unprecedented dearth of wet weather to drive people into warm places of amusement, the world wide business depression, and the topsy-turvy after-the-war trend of so-called public taste have all combined to make it a strange theatre year for London. The public has been more fickle than ever. There are two or three holdovers from last year—Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement*, which opened last March, and Sir Charles Hawtrey's (he was knighted along with Gerald du Maurier at New Year's) *Ambrase Applejohn's Adventures*. To be sure, there is also Peggy O'Neil in *Paddy the Next Best Thing* still rolling along at the Savoy.

The *Chauve Souris* finally folded its wings and forsook its London night haunts. The Russian Ballet with its *Sleeping Princess* leaves this week. That inimitable English classic, the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, an enduring proof that Britishers really can take a ragging and laugh at themselves till more purple than wind and wine could ever make them, has met with such a remarkable success that the Rupert D'Oyly Carte Company is extending its season at the Princes Theatre until May.

Quality Street's revival bids fair to outrun its original season, and attained its 200th performance on January 28. *Welcome Stranger* with Harry Green played its 100th performance on the 12th, and carries on its American proverbial success. Things which didn't do well at all in America have opened here and become notable successes. Witness *The Sign on the Door* with Gladys Cooper in Marjorie Rambeau's original role. The film version is also running in London now. The Grand Guignol with the marvelous Sybil Thorndike ever in the foreground is presenting new things at intervals of two or three weeks.

J. B. Fagan has met with some success in his revival of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is being taken off this week. Henry Baynton has been offering some Shakespeare matinees at the Savoy, the quality of which has been tantalizingly uneven, the cutting psychologically unreasonable, and the support both excellent and poor at once. But public support—unfortunately the more powerful of the two—has been very light indeed. Present day London and Shakespeare will ever be a paradox.

The able producer, Mr. Lions, to whom John Galsworthy entrusts so much of his delicate work, is profiting by the notable success and really consummate acting of Godfrey Tearle in *The Faithful Heart*, a very clever play with a most misleading title (I was sure I would witness a penny-dreadful type of thing) and is planning to inaugurate a cycle of Galsworthy plays in addition to the several things which he at present has before the public. As usual, Mr. Galsworthy himself will direct their production. This has been a splendid season for Mr. Lions. Holland has already secured from him the rights to Monckton Hoffe's *The Faithful Heart*, and other companies are being organized.

A revival of *The Bird of Paradise* with Willette Kershaw in the lead, is to take place shortly. Bennis Eady and Gilda Varesi are presenting toward the end of February *Enter Madame*. On January 31st, *The Bat* opened at St. James's Theatre.

THE fate of *Will Shakespeare*, though sad, is partly to be attributed to Clemence Dane's failure to understand that obtuse as is the present day audience, it will not suffer such hoakum as flocks of ghosts and movie fade-ins and outs of murdered ladies and historical shades behind abominably decorated gunny sacking, while the actors carry on, blissfully unconscious of the fol-de-rol all about them up stage. Philip Merivale, a splendid actor—whom many DRAMA readers will remember with George Arliss in *The Mollusc* and *A Well Remembered Voice*—despite his efforts to do so, could not overcome the insurmount-

able initial handicap of being miscast. These, and certain other lesser details, predestined a play which contains lines quite worthy of Shakespeare himself—some of the most exquisite verse I have ever heard spoken from a modern stage—to a certain failure. The scripts are now in America. May these glaring defects be removed before it is unveiled to the critical gaze of New York!

Before being verbally nearly beaten to death by a zealous watchman to whom a theatre was like any other "blimed build-ink," and discovering that once in, it was a man's task to get out again, I was able to prowl through and learn a great deal about the old Drury Lane Theatre, now far from being old. Those who have known it before will now look in vain for any traces of their former playhouse. From foyer to stage it has been revamped, redecorated, rebuilt. Though ginger-bready, the new decorations are infinitely easier to the eye, and the new seats will indeed meet with the approval of those whose enjoyment of a play rests upon such fundamentals. The reconstruction of the tremendous stage and its large raisable sections is a complicated matter, and to the initiated very baffling. The first piece which is to crown this debauch of renovation, and expenditure of startling sums of money,—balm to the unemployed—is very fittingly to be a piece founded on Boccaccio's *Decameron*, a "play with music" to be called *Decameron Nights*, from the original scenario by Robert McLaughlin of America. Sir Alfred Butt and Arthur Collins are responsible for the brew. To the modestly sophisticated, the title at least is fruity.

London is becoming very gradually accustomed to the presentation of big film plays in her regular theatres. *Way Down East* has enjoyed a very long run. Lady Diana Manners has just broken into the game in Stuart Blackton's *The Glorious Adventure*, and *The Queen of Sheba*, just opened, promises a long sojourn here. Whether it will be because of or despite Betty Blythe's wardrobe of three beads and a doily, the extent of her costume for this production, it is hard to say. London is pretending to be shocked—but rushing to it in order to be sure what it ought to be shocked about, you understand.

ONE more item. However much may have been said in former issues concerning the work of the late Claud Lovat Fraser, one can not refrain from mentioning the exhibition of his works at the Leicester Galleries in December. To wander through it was more than an experience. The youth, the courage, the indomitable promise which literally vibrate in his things quite filled the rooms, and despite a gray London sky, created an effect of sunlight. He was most at home in the period of *The Beggars' Opera*, he loved the humorously artificial world which it represented, the self-foolery, the false pride, the peacock plumage, the childish riot of color in its dress. But it is the word "promise" which is so significant in connection with Lovat Fraser's brief career—he was hardly at the doorstep of the things which might have been. He was the first to realize that these initial efforts displayed at the Leicester Galleries were but the crudest index to the great things which were still to come. He had much to learn, but he was so diligently, so joyously learning it. To his friends—I never knew him, but have observed this—to his friends he is still alive and pulsating with aggressive eagerness and a boyish craving to be ever creating something newer and bigger and always finer. And that is the impression one carried away from the exhibition; that is what led me back again for a second long visit. I feel that he has left in his work an unspoken wish that those of us who loved him and believed in him should endeavor in some sort to carry on what he was not allowed to finish.

Tatters

A Character Sketch

By RICHARD BURTON

Persons:

JUDGE BROWN - Of the Juvenile Court
 PHILLIPS - - - - - A police officer
 PETE - - - - - A reclaimed hoodlum
 TATTERS - - - - - A "tough kid"

A lawyer's chambers, in a typical American city is a large high-ceiled room with plain, dignified solid oak furnishings, the side walls lined half way up with legal volumes in book-cases. Several portraits of members of the bar and bench are on the walls. At the right is a good-sized flat writing table, strewn with legal papers. At the back is a bow window, with the middle sash open, showing a fire escape outside. A comfortable leather-covered sofa is at the left with a chair near it. Another chair is near the writing table. At the left there is a small table holding a type-writing machine. A door at the left opens into a hall. JUDGE BROWN, a kindly looking man of about fifty-five, hair iron grey, wearing black clothes, is seated writing at the table. PETE, about fifteen, is busy putting the room in order. He is dressed in a neat office uniform, and looks self-respecting and happy, though with touches of his past in speech and carriage.

JUDGE [*Picking up a letter from his desk*]: Billy Tellers seems to be doing splendidly up at Hopehill, Pete. [*PETE comes down to him as the JUDGE reads and comments.*] "Made captain of his company, and was the hero of Saturday's baseball game; has developed into a remarkable pitcher—his curves are the envy of the whole place." [*He chuckles.*]

PETE: Billy had a dandy spitball when he was with us kids, Judge. And, Gee, his curves was sumpin' fierce!

JUDGE: So *that's* the kind of crooked work he's doing now, is it? [*He picks up another paper from the desk and scrutinizes it with a frown.*] Hm! Jake's in the pen again. That boy would be all right, if he could only overcome his periodic desire to jump his job and take to the road.

PETE [*Much interested*]: Humph! That Jake feller dunno when he's well off. He's a quitter, he is.

JUDGE [*Taking up another paper*]: Here's Mr. Staples' report on that larger Fillmore fellow. [*He reads.*] "You never saw a bigger change in a shorter time than Fancy Fillmore shows; he has entirely lost that hang-dog, shifty look he had when he first came up here." [*Musingly.*] It's queer how alike a man and a dog are; you try to stroke one that's been abused, he shrinks and cowers; treat him well, and in a little, he begins to wag his tail. [*With a genial laugh.*] You prove that. Don't you, Pete?

PETE: Yes siree! Why, I ain't afraid of nothin' now—except of losin' my place!

JUDGE: Oh, *that's* safe. I was only thinking of the difference between you now and when you were traveling with the River Gang.

PETE: I was sure a jay then—beg pardon, I mean I was certainly no good, sir.

JUDGE: Enjoying life better nowadays, eh, Pete?

PETE: Am I? Look at me— [*Indicating his clothes.*] But you can't look inside of me—that's the most difference.

JUDGE [*Cheerily*]: You're a comfort, Pete. When I get discouraged over a particularly hard case, I cheer up on you. [*A knock at the door is heard.*] Come in! [*The door opens. A POLICE OFFICER enters, stands at the door, and respectfully touches his hat. PETE, saluting the officer genially, goes back to his work.*]

OFFICER [*Approaching*]: Good morn-
ing, yer honor.

JUDGE [*Leaning back in his pivot chair*]: Well, what is it this morning?

OFFICER [*Pointing toward the door*]: I've got that feller Tatters outside; was takin' him to the court but supposed you'd want to have a look at him, as you generally do. Will you see him?

JUDGE: Yes, certainly. [*OFFICER turns to go.*] Oh, Phillips, this Tatters has an unusually bad record, hasn't he?

OFFICER: That he has, Judge. Jugged two or three times for plain drunks and vagrancy and sneak-thieving, too. His photo's in the gallery all right. And now the other night he nigh to blew his head off trying to pour dynamite into a safe; reg'lar young yeggman, he is—dangerous to have loose, yer honor.

JUDGE: Yes, I know. How old is he?

OFFICER: Sixteen, maybe.

JUDGE: Hm! I'm glad of that.

OFFICER [*Puzzled*]: You're glad? How do you mean, sir?

JUDGE: He isn't too old for the Juvenile Court: the Grandpa's Court, as my dear enemies call it. [*He chuckles.*] I may be able to get him into my school up at Hopehill.

OFFICER: Not if you leave it to him, yer Honor.

JUDGE: I certainly shall leave it to him.

Show him in, Phillips.

OFFICER [*He has started to go but wheels around as if in protest*]: Beg pardon, Judge, but—I hope yer won't be too kind o' trusting with Tatters; he's a tough if ever there was one. It ain't safe, sir.

JUDGE: Phillips, haven't you yet noticed that my principle in dealing with these fellows is to trust them; and with nine out of ten in proportion as I do trust them, they act on the square.

OFFICER [*Shrugging his shoulders, and touching his cap*]: Oh very well, yer Honor. [*He goes out.*]

JUDGE: Sixteen, and an extra bad record. Hm! A test case for my theory. The Lord help him—and me! [*Half sadly, half humorously.*] Pete will help me anyway, if the Lord won't. [*There is a knock at the door.*] Come in! [*PHILLIPS enters with TATTERS. TATTERS is hand-cuffed, about sixteen and a tough specimen; dirty, ragged, sullen; face not naturally ignoble but the battle-ground of evil forces; big; hulking; strong. He stands a little behind PHILLIPS, who preceds him into the room and stands, military fashion, as TATTERS hesitantly enters. PHILLIPS motions him to approach the JUDGE.*]

JUDGE: All right, Phillips, you may go. Wait a moment. [*He sees the handcuffs on TATTERS.*] You may take off those handcuffs before you leave, please.

PHILLIPS [*Hesitating, aside to JUDGE*]: I wouldn't pull off them bracelets, yer honor.

JUDGE: You can't tell a man you trust him, with a chain on him like that, that gives you the lie—my orders, Phillips! [*PHILLIPS reluctantly obeys, then leaves the room, shaking his head. PETE has shown lively curiosity at the entrance of TATTERS, who throws a contemptuous nod at him, showing they are acquainted. The JUDGE sees they know each other.*] Pete, is this a

friend of yours? You might introduce me.

PETE [*Shortly*]: Humph! used to know him. [*To TATTERS.*] How's your face, Tatters? This is the Judge—Judge Brown of the Juvenile Court—the best ever. [*Nearer to TATTERS, in a lower tone.*] Take off your cap, you big mug. [*TATTERS makes a sort of inhibited gesture toward his cap, then takes it off and half bows, and stands sullen and awkward.*]

JUDGE: Glad to meet you, Tatters. Take a seat—both of you. [*He indicates the sofa. Since entering, TATTERS has been casting frequent furtive glances at the open window at the back as if measuring the distance. Now he gives one quick, impulsive step toward it. PETE makes a movement to stop him.*]

JUDGE [*Sharp, imperative*]: Stop, Pete. [*There is a pause.*] Tatters, if you want to escape by that window, you are at perfect liberty to do so.

TATTERS [*He pulls back a step, astonished*]: Wot's that?

JUDGE: I mean what I say. You can go—and so far as I am concerned, without being stopped. Of course, you'd probably be caught before you had gone a hundred yards. But I shan't lift my finger to stop you, personally; you're a free agent in this room. That's why I had the handcuffs taken off; so you could be free to act.

TATTERS: It's a trick.

JUDGE: No trick, at all. I hope you won't run away. I want to talk with you, on the level, as a friend.

TATTERS [*Sneering*]: Friend—nothin'! [*He stands irresolute, then makes a dash for the window, throws one leg over the sill, one hand up to the sash, so as to slam it down after he is out.*]

JUDGE [*Rising. In clear, low, firm voice*]: I want to help you, Tatters, remember that. [*TATTERS, impressed in spite of himself, hesitates a moment, then steps slowly inside the window; slams it down, breathing hard. PETE shows signs of satisfaction. The JUDGE, tension off, sinking back in chair, speaks quietly.*] Thank you, Tatters. Now, take a seat here. [*Pointing to the chair near his desk.*] Tell me all about it.

TATTERS [*Still sullen, he slowly approaches and sits down*]: 'Bout wot?

JUDGE: About your troubles; what you've done to get a sentence?

TATTERS [*Suspicious*]: I ain't goin' to snitch on nobody.

JUDGE [*Promptly*]: That's right. We've got no use for snitchers here. The only person to snitch on is yourself. Tell me what you've done, and why you did it.

TATTERS: What do you want to know fer?

JUDGE: I may be able to help. I'd like to help you, Tatters, if you'd let me. I can't help a fellow, you see, unless he'll work with me himself.

TATTERS [*Pointing to the window*]: Well,

I didn't duck, did I?

JUDGE: No, and I'm mighty glad of it. It shows you believe what I say. Who were your father and mother?

TATTERS: Don't know; never had none.

JUDGE: Been on the streets all your life, eh?

TATTERS: Yep.

JUDGE: How did you live?

TATTERS: Oh, any old way. Bumped it, hoboed some. [*He smiles a bit.*] Went on me travels, Jedge.

JUDGE [*Taking the cue, genially*]: I see; traveled on the brake-beams. You don't see so much scenery that way but you get there. But that didn't land you in jail, did it?

TATTERS: Nope. I pinched a twenty in a bank down in Reno, Nevada.

JUDGE [*Interested*]: How was that?

TATTERS [*Warming with professional pride*]: Why you see, boss—Jedge, I mean, I bought me a cane and a stick of chewing gum. Then I walks into de bank and up to de cage, and tells de guy wat was standing there as how I wants work. And when he went to tell de main guy, I rams de gum onto de end of de cane, see, and runs it tru de hole and swipes de twenty, and sneaks; den I tries to hike out that night; but—[*Disgustedly.*] dey nails me just when I'd made a good get-away, too!

JUDGE: That was the first. How many times since?

TATTERS: Twiet. Last time for touch-in' a saloon in the night.

JUDGE [*Thoughtfully*]: Tatters, how would you like to go to Hopehill, my school, where they give you a square deal and if you do well you have a first-class time? They have a military organization, baseball nines, plenty of out-door work.

TATTERS [*Suspiciously*]: It's a bull-pen, ain't it, like the rest?

JUDGE: Nothing of the sort. It's a pleasant place where you study and exercise and have some social life. It's up in the hills, and healthy. It isn't a prison, not even a reformatory; just a school for folks like you that haven't had a fair chance.

TATTERS: A school is a place where you play hookey from, ain't it?

JUDGE [*Smiling*]: Well, that's one definition. But I think you would like Hopehill, Tatters.

TATTERS [*Grimly*]: If I don't, I guess I'll have to go if you say so.

JUDGE: Oh, no you won't.

TATTERS: Wot's that?

JUDGE: Nobody goes to Hopehill except of his own free will. When you promise to go, I arrange it with the police court, and money is furnished you and you go quite alone. It's considerable of a trip; you take three lines of railway and it takes a day and a night to get there. You have all kinds of chances to escape.

TATTERS [*Almost speechless with amazement*]: You mean to tell me, Jedge, you gives me money and trusts me to go to dat place?

JUDGE: That's how, Tatters.

TATTERS [*Turning to PETE, who on the sofa has been deeply interested in the conversation*]: Is dat straight, Pete?

PETE: Sure, it is, and Sandy McAllister and Little Harry and—and lots o' the kids has gone.

TATTERS [*Slow, half to himself*]: Well, I'll be ——!

JUDGE: Yee, a lot of fellows have done it already—and liked it too. You liked it, didn't you Pete?

PETE [*Eager to give testimony*]: 'Deed I did, Judge. It's great up there. Say, but it took nerve, though, to leave the River Gang and take the train that day. And then when I got to Hopehill, to hit the road up that long hill till I come to the school. But 'twas a fine place all right, all right.

JUDGE: You know, Tatters, how well Pete is doing now. He's got a steady job, is saving money and everybody trusts him. No one trusted him but me, at first. Will you give me a chance to help you? Will you go to Hopehill, if I can fix it with the authorities?

TATTERS [*As if half-convinced, slowly*]: I'll think it over. [*There is a knock at the door.*]

JUDGE: Come in! [*PHILLIPS enters.*] What is it, Phillips? [*PHILLIPS crosses to the JUDGE and whispers to him. The JUDGE nods and rises.*] All right, I'll step in there a moment and see. [*To the boys.*] Sit down and wait for me, Tatters. Pete will do the honors. I'll be back in a minute or so.

PHILLIPS: Hadn't I better stay, and ——?

JUDGE [*To him as they go out*]: No, they'll be safe alone. It's part of my experiment. [*Both go out and PETE and TATTERS come together.*]

TATTERS: What's the guy's game, anyway?

PETE: He's a friend. He stands in with you against the cops.

TATTERS: Humph! What's there in it fer him?

PETE: Nothin' I guess. He's just a— a friend, like we used to be together. He's great, the Judge is.

TATTERS [*Grudgingly*]: Oh, he may be all right enough. [*He begins to look back longingly at the window.*] But I'm sorry I told him wot I did. [*Contemptuously.*] I ain't going to no school! I'd look fine, wouldn't I, sittin' in with a bunch of lulus, sayin' me prayers, like as not, and learnin' me letters off a blackboard? God! I guess nit.

PETE: No, 'taint a bit like that, honest.

TATTERS [*Sudden determination*]: Well, now look at here, Pete, I ain't goin' to lose no such chance as this. If that feller is

damn fool enough to leave me like this and that there window a dead-easy get-away, I uses it, see?

PETE: No, you don't.

TATTERS [*Savagely*]: Why not?

PETE: I'll stop you.

TATTERS: The devil you will! I can chew you up, and leave my hands free.

PETE: I'll get help if I have to.

TATTERS: I thought you and me was pals onet?

PETE: That's why I do it.

TATTERS: Why shouldn't I skip? Wot do I owe him? He talks smooth, but he's only a stiff wot sits in a box and gives yer "time"

PETE: No he isn't; he's a friend and you know it, you big chump.

TATTERS: Well he ain't as bad, perhaps, as the rest of 'em; but, by God! I hate 'em all!

PETE: He don't hate you. If you skipped out of that window he'd feel mighty bad in his solar plexus.

TATTERS: You believe that? By God, I don't.

PETE: I know it. He loves us kids just like his own, and when we throw him down, it breaks him all up.

TATTERS [*Slowly*]: If I thought that —

PETE [*Struck with sudden thought*]: I can prove it!

TATTERS: How do yer mean?

PETE: You get behind that finger machine and when he comes in he'll think you've skipped, and I'll give him a spiel about it. Here, I'll open the window [*He does so.*] then you can see how he'll take it. Hurry up, or he'll be back. St! there he is now. [*After a second's hesitation, TATTERS hurries behind the typewriter*

table and hides. PETE resumes seat on sofa. The JUDGE enters and goes toward the desk.]

JUDGE: Now then Pete—[*He stops, missing TATTERS; sees the open window, then shakes his head slowly.*] So, Pete, he went, did he?

PETE: It looks like he'd flew the coop, Judge. Sometimes a feller just naturally has to—gets the itch in his legs.

JUDGE: Yes, sometimes it is like that.

PETE: [*Cheerfully*]: So he hiked. Look how the window's open!

JUDGE: You seem pleased rather than otherwise, Pete.

PETE [*Suddenly sober*]: No, I'm not. I'm awful sorry for you, Judge. I always said Tatters was the limit, anyway. [*Showing secret amusement.*]

JUDGE [*Sadly*]: My test failed this time, didn't it? Well, the town will rejoice, that is one thing. It seems to wish nothing so much as to disprove my faith in human nature. I'll have to give up my motto, Pete, if this keeps on.

PETE: What motto's that, sir?

JUDGE: Don't you remember what Little Harry, of the River Gang, said that day when six of the boys kept their promise to me about being square—six out of a possible seven—and they licked the seventh, Sandy, too, for failing me? Little Harry said: "Judge, there ain't no really bad kids." But I musn't sit here doing nothing. Pete, do you think there's any chance Tatters may weaken—give himself up? I liked that chap. There's good in him.

PETE [*With surreptitious glance at TATTERS' hiding place*]: Well, he might.

JUDGE: Oh, well, we can always hope.

I dare say I am an old ass. [*With head on hands, elbows on table.*] So he's one of my mistakes. Poor old chap! I thought I had won him. [*Musingly.*] Well, Mother, you know I tried, any way.

PETE [*Pricking up his ears at the word "mother"*]: Does—does your mother know about the boys sir? I—I thought she was dead.

JUDGE: She is, Pete. That's why she knows about them. I promised her to save boys that were running wild in the streets like me.

PETE: You, Judge?

JUDGE: Yes—it was years ago, Pete, long before you were born. I was a bit wild, and only God's mercy, and a good mother, kept me from perhaps landing where Tatters is. On her death-bed she made me promise to help all the little chaps, the young helpless things, the way she helped me. It was a sacred covenant, and I've kept it. But I've failed this time.

PETE: Maybe not, sir. [*He motions TATTERS to act, then tiptoes out.*]

TATTERS [*Slowly, shamefacedly he approaches the JUDGE, fingering his cap*]: Jedge!

JUDGE [*Not looking up*]: Yes, Pete. [*He wheels and sees TATTERS.*] You! Tatters! You came back! You didn't go at all!

TATTERS: I ain't goin' to tro' you down, Jedge, honest to God, I ain't. I'll go to Hopehill—if you say so. [*He falls on his knees beside the JUDGE, sobbing convulsively.*]

JUDGE [*Very tenderly*]: That's right. You're going to be one of my boys. [*Stroking TATTERS' hair.*] One of the best of 'em, Tatters, one of the best.

Writing the One-Act Play

VI

By DELMAR J. EDMONDSON

CLIMAX

THE exciting force is the beginning of the rising action, and carries the play through to the climax. The climax is the culminating situation. Here are summed up all the ramifications of the plot; in it the components of the preceding situations have their fullest fruition and their greatest strength. The climax is the apex, the turning point. The hero will either sink from here to calamity, and perhaps death, or ascend to the happiness of an untroubled existence, depending upon how he passes the climax. If he is fighting against fate and the immutable laws of nature the play will inevitably end in tragedy: If he has struggled against a mere combination of untoward circumstances, there will be what is commonly called a "happy ending." The passion for happy endings among the masses leads to the debasement of many fine dramas when they are transferred to motion pictures. The requirements of poetic justice are ignored so long as the unthinking crowds be pleased. On the stage the male protagonist of *Fine Feathers*, for example, committed suicide. On the screen all troubles were smoothed away and he lived happily ever after. Thus was another desecration perpetrated.

With the introduction of the exciting force the action and complication are started in a certain direction. The protagonists

of the counter-plot, if there be one, are introduced, and the ascent to the climax continues. The scenes have to create a slowly or swiftly increasing intensity of interest. They must indicate progress in their suggestion; unless they do there is no play, naught but a monotonous succession of events.

The words of Edgar Allan Poe on this point are instructive. In discussing the composition of *The Raven*, in his *Philosophy of Composition*, he says: "I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query—that query to which 'Nevermore' should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word 'Nevermore' should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

"Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin; for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put my pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

"Prophet, said I, thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden from the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!
Quoth the Raven, Nevermore."

"I composed this stanza, at this point, first, that by establishing the climax I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover, and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza, as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climactic effect."

The point in the piece at which the results of the rising movement culminate is called, as has been stated previously, the climax. This is the peak of the entire play, enclosed by the lower crests, on the one side, of the rising situations, and on the other, of the falling action. The middle of the one-act play is surmounted by this one great and gripping scene. It exists to present the crowning effect in such a way as to bear out all that has happened, and to point most sharply the import of the whole play. A series of incidents, opulent in their suggestion, leads to an ultimate outcome.

The rising movement of the one-act play is compact. It has to make no allowance for entr'actes. With the one-act playwright, it may almost be said, the three unities are a necessity and not a rule to be regarded or ignored at his pleasure. There are few exceptions to this rule. The writer has but one scene, a limited time, and a single, usually continuous action. It is even more imperative in the one-act play than in the longer play that the scenes follow each other in an order of increasing power. The closer a subordinate movement is to the climax, the stronger and shorter it should be. The general movement is one of abrupt, sharp, emphasis, as one's breath becomes quicker and quicker at the approach of danger. Each subordinate movement grows out of the present circumstances and leads to new ones. The first movement of *Allison's Lad* shows a group of Cavaliers that have been taken prisoner by the Roundheads. The second movement reveals that one of the group is to die, who it will be is to be determined by the throwing of dice. The third movement finds breathless interest centered upon the throwing of the dice. Each movement, in a word, has a progressive and tense nature that precipitates the climax, that repository of the emotional effects of all antecedent incidents. It is the whirlpool, fed by the rapids; the moment toward which everything has flowed. Its multiple nature partakes of each one of the preceding impressions, which, though peculiar, each in itself, contribute their respective shares to the larger unity. The reaction of warring forces can increase no longer; complication must cease; some vital change must take place, the knot must be cut or the threads unravelled.

The climax must, of course, be shown on the stage; hence the term *scène à faire*, which the French have given it. This scene above all that occurs in the drama must not, as it were, take place behind the scenes; nor must it be narrated. The audience demands that they see it.

Often the climax in the one-act play is presented by acute and poignant stage business with a strong undercurrent of emotion while dialogue is reduced to the minimum. In *Dregs* the crucial moment is Jim's discovery that the dead boy is his own child. The whole situation of the play turns on one climactic line: "The Judge has a sentimental prejudice against arresting a father for stealing his own child." The crucial moment of *A Good Woman* is when Cora answers the telephone against the will of Hal.

Though the climax may present any one of a number of aspects, it should be an event extraordinary in one way or another. As the climax is the turning point of the play, it is succeeded by an entirely new state of affairs: characters assume different relations to each other; incidents and circumstances are no longer as they were. Sometimes character is thrown into high light, and sometimes situation is given the salient place. The crucial moment of *Mrs. Pat and the Law* brings out Mrs. Pat's funda-

mentally forgiving and wavering nature. The crucial moment of *Funiculi Funicula* shows Alma that the maternal instinct in her is not, as she had thought, subordinated to art. In *Ryland* it is the situation, Ryland's preparation for execution, that receives the crucial emphasis. But however it is represented, the climax must engender a feeling of satisfying finality, and therefore cannot be other than logical and plausible.

Brunetière holds that struggle is the *sine qua non* of all drama. "The theatre, in general," he says, "is nothing but the place for the development of the human will, attacking the obstacles opposed to it by destiny, fortune, or circumstances." The quickening spirit of a one-act play is this clashing of forces, sufficiently impressive to awaken interest and cause reaction, and so planned as to create suspense. The clash of opposing elements may take any one of a number of forms. In *The Merry, Merry Cuckoo* it is the struggle of love against narrow-minded prejudice. In *Sam Average* it is the struggle of patriotism against uxorial urges. A large number of one-act plays are based upon quarrels, or at least involve moving quarrel scenes. Examples are *In the Zone*, *Suppressed Desires*, *Dregs*, and *Martha's Mourning*.

CONCLUSION

THE conclusion must be closely indigenous to the plot. It must bear out and sustain the general trend of the whole piece. The one-act play fails of being a complete unit if the dramatist, having shown that the crucial moment involves a change of relation between characters, neglects to present that change in his Conclusion. The crew of the *Glencairn*, in *In the Zone*, discovers that the black box contains only harmless letters and grows ashamed of its suspicions of Smith. The author permits us to behold their changed attitude toward him before he feels that his play is completed. *Allison's Lad* goes to his death bravely, Strickland cries, "Well done," drops dead himself, and the play ends. Hattie in the play of the same name is left alone and the concealing curtain pauses long enough to let us see her throw her drooping body on the bed.

Just as each act of a long play must end in a strong situation so it is important that the closing speech of a one-act play be effective. It should be, virtually, a sort of secondary climax. It is the thing that polishes off the whole dramatic action, and gives the audience one strong, final impression. The line may be fundamentally emotional; or it may sum up in a sharp epigram the philosophy of the play; or it may reveal some trait of personality. "But he didn't laugh this time," says Cora in *A Good Woman*, and thereby displays what is uppermost in her mind. The Satisfied One in *Hunger* cries: "Satisfied! Ha! Fools! Stupid fools!"; he knows the disillusionment that awaits those who seek satisfaction. Shelton in *A Question of Morality* remarks, "From now on I'm prepared to enjoy life"; we understand that he has learned a profitable lesson.

BLENDING

IN order that the paramount effect of unity be achieved in a one-act play, it is obviously necessary that the parts, beginning, exciting force, rising action, climax, fall, and conclusion, be smoothly blended, and dovetail, each with its successor. When there are no hitches, no fits and starts; when the action runs along evenly, the divisions will not be apparent to the audience. If each incident has been conceived with an eye to its relative place in the whole action; if, according to the method of Poe, the play has been plotted with the comparative strength of the climax well in mind, the problem of blending will be negligible. Situations must be carefully linked, as coaches are coupled in a train; the writer has but to see that each one is based upon its predecessor and lifts its successor, as it were, toward the climax, and the necessity for subsequent blending will be obviated. It is required, after all, only that the incidents move by studied causation from the least emotional point to the most emotional one.

The Case of Mrs. Kantsey Know*

A Playlet by MYRA WILLIAMS JARRELL

Cast:

MRS. KANTSEY KNOW
MRS. DOOWIT NOWE
MRS. MAKET WRIGHT

ELAINE KNOW
BILLY KNOW
MRS. LEESHUR LEE
MRS. TENDOR LEE

BENNY KNOW
RUTHIE KNOW
BEA CHUMME

The sitting room in Mrs. KANTSEY KNOW's home is very disorderly. The telephone rings insistently. Mrs. KNOW, wearing a kitchen apron over good clothes and wiping a piece of china, enters and seats herself by the telephone. She takes down the receiver.

MRS. KNOW: Mrs. Kantsey Know speaking. [*There is a pause.*] Oh, good-morning, Mrs. Sayett. Why, no, not especially busy—no more so than usual. You know how it is with those of us who have little ones to look after, and no maid. Yes, of course,—the penalty one pays for blessings. The first question asked is, "How many in family?" yes? Oh, I have long since ceased trying to hire one. Yes? Oh, the legislature? Yes, of course I registered as a lobbyist on behalf of the child welfare bill—naturally the one nearest my heart. Tomorrow afternoon? Let me see—yes—I believe I can. Of course I would like to see the dormitory bill go through. We mothers are all interested in everything pertaining to education. Yes, Elaine will finish high school in three years, and doubtless will go to the university. The others are still in the grade schools. Oh, of course, children are a grave responsibility, but one's greatest joy as well. What is it? Do I know Senator Price? Oh, very well. Yes, he would be a good one to see. Why, yes, I believe I can meet you there tomorrow afternoon. All right. Good-bye. [*She hangs up the receiver, sighs, and starts toward the kitchen. The door bell rings. She goes to the front door and opens it. Mrs. NOWE comes in.*]

MRS. NOWE: Good-morning, Mrs. Know. I won't keep you a minute, for I realize how busy you are. I tried to get you by phone, but you are not in the book, and information said there was no such person. [*They both laugh.*]

MRS. KNOW: Yes, she tells many people that. Our phone was in just too late for the last book, and it seems to depend upon the mood she is in, whether or not information cares to give out my number. I phoned Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Lee and a few other club friends, giving them the number, so that there would be no delay in reaching me. Busy women, you know, do not like to be kept waiting. I recall that I tried to get you also, but your maid said you were out and I feared it would be useless to leave the number with her.

MRS. NOWE: Oh, utterly! She is really impossible when it comes to putting down telephone calls, and when she tries to remember, she makes the most absurd mistakes. [*Looking around.*] How do you like your new place?

MRS. KNOW: Really, I haven't been in it long enough to find out. I haven't met any of my neighbors yet. I'm afraid it's not very desirable but it was the only place we could find after we sold our home. [*There is a knock at the back door.*] Excuse me, please. That must be my iceman, and I have to get some new tickets. [*She goes out and is heard saying:*] Put in twenty-five, please. Did you bring me a new card? [*She returns carrying an ice card which she puts on the table.*] Oh, these household duties!

MRS. NOWE: I won't stay, for we are both busy. I just stopped to ask if Mrs. Wright got you about the child clinic this morning?

MRS. KNOW: No, I haven't heard from her.

MRS. NOWE: She phoned me, and said she was going to try to get you. A sad case of neglect has been reported to her, and she was forming a committee to investigate. Much to my regret, I cannot go today.

[*The telephone rings.*]

MRS. KNOW: Excuse me a moment. [*She goes to the telephone.*]

Mrs. Kantsey Know speaking. Oh, good-morning, Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Nowe is here, and has just told me something about it. Yes, of course, I am always interested in child welfare work, being a mother myself. Oh, not at all, Mrs. Wright. I am no more efficient than the average woman. Well, perhaps, being a mother, I may know better what is needed than one who is not. Oh, shocking! I'm not surprised at your interest!—At one? Yes, I believe I can. I have an appointment at noon with a committee of the Art Club, to arrange about bringing the Smalley exhibit here.—Yes, art is educational, and I think we should spare no efforts to bring the best to our children.—I think I can leave in time to meet you.—At your home, Mrs. Wright? Very well. Don't wait for me if I should be a little late. Just leave the address, and I'll follow you. Good-bye. [*She hangs up the receiver, and turns to Mrs. NOWE.*] It was Mrs. Wright, and naturally, I am willing to serve in such a good cause.

MRS. NOWE [*Rising*]: I was sure you would be. I am only sorry I can't go also, but I have a prior engagement. I suppose I will see you at the club Thursday?

MRS. KNOW: Yes, indeed. I wouldn't miss it for anything. Besides, I am to have a paper for the home economics department, on developing the home instinct in the child.

MRS. NOWE: So you are. That will be most interesting, and I shall expect a treat.

MRS. KNOW: Oh, don't expect too much! I may disappoint you.

MRS. NOWE: I have no fear of that. Until Thursday, then, good-bye.

MRS. KNOW [*Walking to the door with her*]: Good-bye. Come again.

[*As Mrs. NOWE leaves Mrs. KNOW glances at the clock and starts rapidly toward the kitchen.*]

MRS. KNOW: Mercy! I must leave a note for Elaine, telling her where the sardines are. [*The telephone rings. Mrs. KNOW goes to it and seats herself.*] Mrs. Kantsey Know speaking.—Oh, good-morning, Mrs. Lee.—Yes, Mrs. Wright told me. It surely does need investigating! Who else is on the committee?—Your sister-in-law, Mrs. Tendor Lee?—No, Mrs. Nowe can't join us. She has a prior engagement. [*She looks at her wrist watch, taps her foot, and shows signs of impatience.*] Oh, no—no indeed—no hurry—my engagement is at eleven.—Yes, I'll meet you after that. [*The door bell rings.*] Excuse me a moment, some one is at my front door. [*She goes to the door and opens it a crack.*] No, I take the Woman's Home Journal and the Ladies' Companion.—Oh—working your way through college?—The Home and Fireside? No, I haven't that. That will give you 200 votes? All right, wait a minute till I get my purse. [*She hunts through things on the table and on chairs, and finally finds her purse on the sofa. She goes to the door and hands out money.*] All right, don't mention it—always glad to help an ambitious boy. [*She returns to the telephone.*] Hello, Mrs. Lee, sorry I kept you waiting. You were saying? [*There is a knock at the back door.*] Just a moment, please, some one at my back door. [*She goes out and is heard saying:*] No, I don't

want my trash hauled away this morning.—What's that?—The neighbor next door told you I did! Why, I never saw her in my life!—What's that? She said it *needed* to be hauled! Well, I like her nerve! How much do you charge? All right, take it then. How many loads will it make? Wait till I get my purse. *[She comes in and hunts again for her purse, this time finding it on the table. She goes out.]* All right, come again next month. *[She enters, goes to telephone, very nervous.]* Hello, Mrs. Lee, so sorry—yes?—Your committee on raising money for the suffering Armenians? I believe I can. Yes—when?—Friday at three at the Y. W. C. A.? All right, I'll be there.—Yes, I'll see you today at noon. All right, good-bye. *[She hangs up the receiver, looks at the clock, hurriedly scribbles a note, pins it to the lamp shade, and hastily dons her hat. The door bell and telephone ring and there is a knock at the back door. She starts first toward one, then the other, but refrains from answering any. The door bell ceases ringing but the telephone continues, also the knocking at the back door continues. She goes out but almost immediately returns, taking off her apron which she throws into the kitchen, goes out the front door.]*

[ELAINE and BEA come in.]

ELAINE *[Calling]*: Mother!—Oh, a committee meeting, I suppose. Stay for lunch, can't you, Bea? I don't know what we'll have. *[She sees note, takes and reads it.]* Here's a note from Mother. Sardines again! What wouldn't I give for a real, honest-to-goodness lunch once more! Bea, can you stand sardines?

BEA: Sure I can, if we can make fudge to go with it. What does your mother look like, Elaine?

ELAINE: Oh, Mother's really wonderful—soft-voiced and sweet and witty. Here's her picture—only she's *much* better looking than that.

BEA *[Looking at picture]*: She's lovely! You must be awfully proud of her.

ELAINE: I am. Of course, we don't see much of her. She's so much in demand. She says there are so many things which need righting in the world that she can't turn a deaf ear to them. She isn't home much but she makes us have an awfully good time when she is here. She has so much to talk about. You wouldn't believe how many children there are in the world with ignorant mothers who don't know how to take care of them!

BEA: My Mother never does anything away from home. She says we keep her busy enough.

ELAINE: Dad laughs at Mother for doing so many things. He says he's afraid folks will call him Mrs. Kantsey Know's husband. Let's go to the kitchen and make the sardines up into sandwiches. Maybe the kids will eat 'em if they don't know what they're made of.

[BEA and ELAINE go out and almost immediately BILLY and BENNY come in. They throw their caps into the air and call "Mother."]

ELAINE *[Looking in at them]*: Mother's at a committee meeting, and then after that she's going to investigate some poor little children who have no one to look after them.

BILLY: Wonder if they feed 'em when they investigate 'em.

BENNY: Wish't they'd investigate me!

[RUTHIE enters and runs toward the kitchen.]

RUTHIE *[calling]*: Mother! *[She comes back around the table.]* Where is Mother?

BILLY: Mother's gone on a 'vestigating trip.

RUTHIE: Bye baby bunting, Mother's gone a' hunting—

[ELAINE and BEA enter with a plate of sandwiches.]

ELAINE: Here's your lunch. Just eat in here.

BENNY: Bet you there's sardines in those sandwiches!

RUTHIE *[Crying]*: Don't like sardines! Won't eat sardines!

ELAINE *[Crossly]*: None of us like sardines, but I hope you're not going to be selfish and not want Mother to help those poor little children!

RUTHIE *[Still weeping]*: Want Mother to help me!

BEA: Anyway, there *are* children that'd be glad to have sardines.

BEN *[Eating fast]*: Yes, sardines is good.

[The telephone rings. BILLY answers it.]

BILLY: Hello—Dad? Sardines—committee meeting—so long, Dad.

RUTHIE *[Wiping eyes with her hand and smearing her face.]*: I want candy!

ELAINE: Stop crying now, and eat your lunch like a good little girl, and maybe Bea and I will make some fudge after a while.

BILLY: After a while's after Ben and me has gone back to school, I s'pose.

ELAINE: We'll save some for you.

[BEN snatches a sandwich from BILLY.]

BILLY: Gimme my sandwich!

BENNY *[Choking it down his throat.]*: Haven't got it.

[BILLY grabs BENNY and they wrestle. The girls, accustomed to these antics, pay no attention, but seat themselves on the davenport, whispering and giggling. RUTHIE plays with her doll. The door bell rings, but they don't hear it. The door opens and MRS. MAKET WRIGHT, MRS. LEESHUR LEE and MRS. TENDOR LEE enter. MRS. TENDOR LEE separates the boys.]

MRS. TENDOR LEE: Boys! Boys! You mustn't fight!

MRS. LEESHUR LEE: Our services are certainly needed!

MRS. T. LEE: If only Mrs. Know had come with us! She would have known just how to cope with the situation!

MRS. WRIGHT: I left the address with my maid, with instructions for her to follow. Doubtless, she will soon be here. *[She looks around the room.]* Ah, some really good things, though sadly neglected. Very likely a case of having seen better days. *[To ELAINE.]* My child, do you have enough to eat?

RUTHIE *[Beginning to cry]*: Ruthie don't.

MRS. WRIGHT *[Benignly]*: We did well to bring along some food. Here, little one, take this apple and sandwich. And here are some for you, little men, only you must not fight any more. *[She hands food around to all including the big girls who exchange amused looks but accept the food.]*

BILLY *[Indicating BEN]*: He swiped my sandwich, and I was just punishing him.

MRS. T. LEE *[Sitting down and taking RUTHIE on her lap]*: And do you go to school, dearie?

RUTHIE *[Eating fast]*: Go to kindergarten.

MRS. WRIGHT: What a boon to poor children is the kindergarten! And doubtless the mother of these poor children goes out every day—

BEN: Yes'm.

MRS. L. LEE: Does she ever take you to the Provident Association?

ELAINE: No, she goes often herself, but she does not take us. MRS. WRIGHT. *[Significantly,]* Ah, poor thing, she has to apply for help, I suppose, yet is too proud to let the children know!

MRS. L. LEE: The belongings bespeak refinement, even though a broom and dust cloth are much needed. *[She runs her fingers daintily along the top of the table to show that it is dusty.]* What did the neighbors say, when they complained?

MRS. WRIGHT: That the children were neglected, and that their clothes needed mending. *[She points to a tear in ELAINE's dress, as ELAINE is endeavoring to conceal the tear.]*

MRS. L. LEE *[To ELAINE]*: If you'll get me a needle and thread, I'll mend your dress.

ELAINE: Thank you.

[ELAINE paws through a disorderly mending basket, finds a needle already threaded, and hands it to MRS. LEE, who sews up the tear.]

MRS. L. LEE *[As she sews]*: Has not your mother taught you to sew?

ELAINE: Oh, Mother doesn't have time to teach me to sew.

MRS. T. LEE: Don't be too hard on the poor thing! A woman

who goes out every day to work cannot be judged by our standards.

BILLY: Dad says Mother lets herself be worked too much.

MRS. WRIGHT [*Severely*]: Just like a man! And what, pray, does he do?

ELAINE: He's—

MRS. T. LEE: Oh, dear, Mrs. Wright, let us not antagonize these blessed children. We can serve them better by obtaining their confidence. Besides, we would not like to breed disloyalty in them, I'm sure.

MRS. WRIGHT: Perhaps you are right. We will begin in a practical way. My dear [*To BEA*] get me a broom and a dust cloth. [*BEA looks at ELAINE who nods. BEA starts toward the kitchen.*]

MRS. L. LEE [*To ELAINE*]: And I wish that you would get me an apron, my dear.

[*The girls go out returning at once, BEA handing broom and dust cloth to MRS. WRIGHT and ELAINE giving apron to MRS. LEE*]

MRS. T. LEE [*To MRS. WRIGHT*]: Does it not warm your heart to be engaged in such noble work?

MRS. WRIGHT: Yes, it does, but I'd like to be assured that there were no germs in the dust I am about to stir up.

MRS. L. LEE: I think I'll take a look at the kitchen.

ELAINE [*Running between her and the kitchen door.*]: Oh—please—!

MRS. L. LEE [*Firmly*]: I thought so!

MRS. T. LEE: Oh, ladies, this darling baby is going to sing us one of the songs she has learned at kindergarten. Sing it to us, dearie.

[*RUTHIE sings. The ladies stop to listen.*]

MRS. WRIGHT: Very sweet. [*She picks a violin up from the piano.*] Who plays this?

ELAINE: I do.

LADIES [*To each other*]: How astonishing!

MRS. L. LEE: Will you play something for us?

ELAINE: Yes, if Bea will accompany me.

MRS. WRIGHT: And is Bea your sister?

ELAINE: No, just a friend.

[*The girls play.*]

MRS. L. LEE: Really, quite remarkable!

MRS. WRIGHT: The child's a genius. We must report the case and see what can be done to have her talent cultivated. She should have lessons.

ELAINE: I do have lessons.

[*The door opens and MRS. KANTSEY KNOW enters.*]

MRS. KNOW [*Laughing*]: There has been a queer mix-up.

[*The boys, who have been playing marbles, and RUTHIE, who has been dressing her doll, run to her.*]

BILLY, BENNY, RUTHIE: Mother!

MRS. T. LEE [*Throwing up her hands*]: Their mother!

MRS. KNOW [*Her arms about her children*]: I went to your house, Mrs. Wright—late, as I feared I would be—and your maid gave me my own address. You decided to wait here for me, I suppose, before going on our tour of investigation? I hope I have not delayed you too long—

RUTHIE: Mother, ladies bring me some cookies.

[*MRS. WRIGHT drops her broom, MRS. LEE doffs her apron, and lays it over a chair. All express consternation.*]

BILLY: Mother, Ben swiped my sandwich.

MRS. KNOW [*Reproachfully*]: Why, Benny!

MRS. WRIGHT: We have enjoyed meeting your charming children, Mrs. Know.

MRS. L. LEE: I really must be going. Good-bye. [*She goes out.*]

MRS. T. LEE: And I. Really, dear Mrs. Know, I wish I might steal your little Ruthie. Good-bye, Mrs. Know. Good-bye, children. [*She leaves.*]

MRS. WRIGHT [*Turning toward ELAINE*]: And what a gifted daughter you have, Mrs. Know. She must have had the best of instruction.

MRS. KNOW: Yes, her father and I feel that her talent deserves the best. But are we not going on the investigation visit?

MRS. WRIGHT [*Embarrassed*]: Not today, I believe. It is growing late—some other day—I will notify you. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Know. Good-bye, children. [*She goes out, the children running to the door after her.*]

RUTHIE [*Calling*]: Bring me some more cookies!

BEN: And me too.

BILLY: And bring me a ball bat.

MRS. WRIGHT [*Outside*]: All right.

MRS. KNOW: Children!

ELAINE: Mother, this is Bea I've told you about. You've never been at home before when she's been here.

MRS. KNOW [*Cordially*]: I'm very glad to meet you, Bea.

BEA: I've just been wild to meet you, Mrs. Know. But I think I'll have to go. Mother will wonder where I am. Good-bye. Come over, tonight, can't you, Elaine?

ELAINE: If Mother will let me.

BEA [*As she goes out*]: Good-bye, Mrs. Know.

MRS. KNOW: Good-bye, dear. Come again.

[*ELAINE begins to study, the boys to play marbles, RUTHIE to rock her doll. MRS. KNOW takes off her hat, slowly and thoughtfully puts it on the piano. She sees the broom and the apron, picks them up wonderingly, and places them near the kitchen door, then sits down by the center table and begins to straighten her work basket.*]

MRS. KNOW [*Turning to the children*]: What were you children doing when the ladies came today?

ELAINE: The boys were scrapping, and Ruthie was crying because she didn't want to eat sardines again. Bea and I weren't paying much attention to them.

MRS. KNOW: And what did they say when they came in?

BILLY: One of 'em grabbed us an' said we mustn't.

ELAINE: And they asked me if I had enough to eat—

[*MRS. KNOW is horrified.*]

RUTHIE: And I tole 'em I didn't an' they give us cookies. They must a' been Santa Claus's wives!

BEN [*Scornfully*]: Crazy! Santa Claus don't have three wives, I guess.

BILLY: Mormons do.

BENNY: Santa Claus ain't a Mormon.

RUTHIE: Maybe it's his wife an' sisters. Anyway, they give us apples an' cookies.

ELAINE: And they asked me if you ever took us to the Provident Association.

[*MRS. KNOW gets up and walks back and forth.*]

MRS. KNOW: Oh! How humiliating!

BILLY: And they talked about our poor mother goin' out an' workin' every day—

MRS. KNOW [*Sadly*]: I guess I deserve it!

ELAINE: And one of the ladies mended my dress, Mother— [*MRS. KNOW seats herself, takes a stocking from her darning basket, threads her needle and begins to darn. The boys resume playing. ELAINE seats herself at the piano and plays softly. RUTHIE rocks her doll.*]

MRS. KNOW [*Turning toward her children*]: Shall Mother make some gingerbread for supper?

ALL [*Ecstatically*]: Gingerbread!

RUTHIE: And make me a gingerbread man!

MRS. KNOW: Yes, and Mother's not going to gather so many goat feathers hereafter.

RUTHIE: What's goat feathers?

MRS. KNOW: A funny, wise man, named Ellis Parker Butler, says that goat feathers are useless honors— [*The telephone rings, MRS. KNOW sits at the table and takes down the receiver.*] Yes?—This is Mrs. Kantsey Know.—Yes? Mrs. Whippitt? I really don't think I can—so many home duties, you know. I have decided to withdraw from many of my activities.—No—really,—What's that?—Oh,—for the club house! Well, of course, I can't refuse to help about that—yes—I'll be there.

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BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOOT SLOAN

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN says in the preface of his latest volume, *Angels and Ministers*, Four Plays of Victorian Shade and Character, (Harcourt, Brace and Company) that he is a Victorian. If you do not know him personally, you will be led to believe that he was a grown-up Victorian during the late seventies of which he writes. Mr. Housman has written a trilogy of one-act plays which have to do with Queen Victoria, Lord Beaconsfield, and Gladstone. The three are not plays to be acted, at least not in America, as they concern affairs with which the majority of students of drama are not familiar. They are largely political in tone, but you will find them of absorbing interest.

The first, *The Queen: God Bless Her!*, is a delightful revelation of Queen Victoria at Balmoral, busily writing letters some of which may have eventually reached Mr. Strachey. The faithful and celebrated John Brown is in attendance while Her Majesty awaits the arrival of Lord Beaconsfield. When the former Mr. Disraeli arrives, he and Victoria discuss affairs of state: the Crimean situation and Mr. Gladstone especially. There is a streak of humor running through this first play but I have a feeling that it is Mr. Housman's and not Victoria's. He rather destroys the value of what to me was the most humorous line put into the mouth of the Queen, by repeating it in a later speech of Beaconsfield's. Says Beaconsfield, "You must have had interesting conversations with him (Gladstone), Madame, in the past." To which the Queen replies very emphatically, "I have never once had a conversation with Mr. Gladstone in all my life, Lord Beaconsfield. He used to talk to me as if I were a public meeting—and one that agreed with him, too!" If the Queen ever said so clever a thing, more power to her; if she didn't, more power to Mr. Housman.

His Favourite Flower, a Political Myth Explained, is the second play in the series. The persons in the play are The Statesman, The Doctor, The Housekeeper, and The Primroses. Unless you had an English grandmother or remember your English history, you will need to be told that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower and that it was in honor of him that Primrose Day in London was established. The play pictures vividly the statesman fallen from power, an old man hoping to rise to his former position once more. Mr. Housman gives you a hint—if the primroses haven't already done

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so—that it is Disraeli, by describing him as dressed in an oriental dressing-gown. To a British audience these hints to suggest that it is the Jewish statesman one is seeing, are obvious touches, as no doubt Mr. Housman intended them to be. They are naturally subtle to the American. The play continues the political discussion which began in the first play, with the primroses used, if one may say so, as a matter of decoration. The Statesman has had a strange dream which he tells to the Doctor. The whole place has seemed to him to be alive with primroses. He says "As the victim of inebriety sees snakes, I saw primroses." In this play the author has written a gripping story of the last days of a great man. There is no Victorian sentimentality in this picture of the decay of a master mind, but there is great drama, especially in the last scene between the Doctor and the Statesman.

The Comforter, a Political Finale, takes place in 1894 at the home of the Gladstones. Disraeli after being superseded by Gladstone who had returned to the field of battle, had died in 1881. This is not referred to in the play but I mention it to save you the bother of consulting your encyclopedia which I am sure you will want to consult after reading the plays. Mr. Housman has written history as it should be written—in tabloid form. The characters in this play are Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Rendel, and John Morley. Mrs. Gladstone sits knitting while she chats with Morley.

Gladstone and Lord Rendel play at backgammon while the other two discuss the political situation. As in the case of the primroses in the second play, the knitting is figuratively a matter of stage décor. Politics is the theme. Says Mrs. Gladstone, after Morley tells her that Gladstone is going down to Windsor, "Oh, I'm sorry! That always depresses him. He and the Queen don't get on very well together." There you have in that one speech, more history than your history books could tell you. The game of backgammon finished, Lord Rendel and Morley leave. A long scene follows between the Gladstones, possibly the most truly Victorian scene in the trilogy. You feel the breaking down of the Grand Old Man; the anguish of the woman who had wanted him to go even farther than he had gone, but you do not have the tragedy that Mr. Housman has written into the second play.

Possession, a Peep-Show in Paradise, is included in the volume with the other three plays of Mr. Housman's. One of the great qualities of Laurence Housman, to my way of thinking, is his broad vision. He can write such grim tragedies as *The Christmas Tree*, which was published in THE DRAMA, December, 1920, and on the other hand, comedy peeks out, even in the Victorian trilogy. It is, I suppose, simply a matter of having an inherent sense of humor. In *Possession* you see the old family drawing-room reproduced in Paradise. Julia Robinson has arrived to join her father and mother. Hannah, the old family servant, is present in the other world, serving tea and putting coal on the fire, this Paradise being, apparently, a cold place. A sister, Laura James, a widow comes in, wearing her mourning clothes. She has recently passed on and is in a rage because she didn't like the funeral wreaths that were around her coffin, and she suspects that another sister, Martha, who comes to the so-called Paradise later, stole the family's silver tea-pot. There are also various family complications involving Laura's husband who prefers to live with his first wife and children in Paradise. Just before the gong rings for supper Laura asks "What is this place we've come to?" The gentle Julia answers "Our home." Laura: "I think we are in Hell!" Julia: "We are all where we wish to be, Laura," whereupon she unlocks a mysterious door, leaving Laura as Mr. Housman says, "in undisputed possession of the situation she has made for herself."

* * *

Three Oriental Plays, by Frayne Williams (J. A. Alles Company, Los Angeles) is an attractively bound little volume which contains *The Rose Garden*, given its first presentation at the Arts

Club of Chicago; *The Blue Vase*, and *The Man with the Bundle*. Mr. Williams is not a great dramatist but he paints very pleasing, colorful pictures, and in time, I believe, he will write better poetic drama than he has done so far. By that I do not mean to damn his work with faint praise because there is much of value in it. He has a rare quality of being able to infuse atmosphere into his work. For instance, I was conscious of the rose color as I re-read the first play, and the blue vase of the second play permeated its entire action. The third play seemed to me a rather bad imitation of Alfred Kreymborg to whom the volume is dedicated. It is, however, full of color which is a comparatively rare quality in these days when futuristic poets think that to be colorful in a poem, one must say, "The grass was green when she stepped on the grey stone, thus keeping her red slippers out of the saffron mud." I like Mr. Williams' work and I look forward to reading the plays that I am sure he is going to write.

* * *

The plays of Edmond Rostand have appeared so often in translation and have been seen so frequently on the American stage that comment as to the plays themselves is unnecessary. This paragraph, therefore, is devoted to the work of Henderson Daingerfield Norman, whose translations of *Les Romanesques*, (The Romantics), *La Samaritaine* (The Samaritan Woman); *La Princesse Loïtaine* (The Princess Far Away); *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *L'Aiglon* (The Eaglet); and *Chanticleer*, are unquestionably the best that we have had. Mrs. Norman has not only retained the French atmosphere of the original texts but she has translated the plays into very lovely verse. Whether you have read the plays in the original or in translation, you will want Mrs. Norman's two volumes for your library. They are beautifully illustrated by Ivan Glidden, and published by the Macmillan Company.

* * *

Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama, a compilation by Barrett H. Clark (Stewart Kidd Company) rather belies its title as the three plays contained in the volume are translations of *El Gran Galeoto* (The Great Galeoto) by José Echegaray, which was published in 1881; *La de San Quentin* (The Duchess of San Quentin) by Benito Galdos which was first produced in 1894; and *La Pecadora* (Daniela) published in 1902. None of the three is modern Spanish drama although they are valuable representations of the best work of the Spanish dramatists just as Wilde's *The Importance of Being Ernest*, and *Lady Windermere's Fan*, together with Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are classics that will, I hope, continue to be produced. The best translation of the three in Mr. Clark's book is that of Mr. Underhill, *Daniela*. Having read many translations of Echegaray's famous play, including the Charles Nirdlinger adaptation, I failed to get a thrill from Eleanor Bontecou's translation of *El Gran Galeoto*. That the book is popular and valuable is proved by the fact that the present edition is the second one to be issued. Incidentally, students of drama will find his preface to the volume helpful.

* * *

A Bill of Divorcement, by Clemence Dane (The Macmillan Company) had considerable success in London and later in New York. I have not seen the play in production but it is badly written and its last scenes which take place in the nineteen-thirties might have taken place yesterday. In reading the play one feels that there is no vision as to what conditions may be ten or fifteen years from the present day. I am told that in England, it was regarded as American, and that in New York it was considered English. It tells the story of an English woman whose husband has become insane as a result of his war experience, and whom she has had committed to an asylum, after which she divorces him. In 1933 as she is about to remarry, the former husband returns. Their daughter is to be married but decides, in a super-sentimental mood, that mother shall marry while she, the daughter, breaking her engagement, will

stay at home and care for father. Why daughter did not marry and have father come to live with her and her husband is unexplained.

* * *

Having been unkind to *A Bill of Divorcement*, I will now say the nice things I have to say of Miss Dane's work. *Will Shakespeare, an Invention in four acts*, (The Macmillan Company) does not, according to Mr. Charles Breasted who saw it in London, play well, but it has great charm as one reads it. Miss Dane has written very beautiful verse which is rhythmic and of the Shakespeare period. She proves by this play that she is a poet; her poetry is much better than her prose. In spite of Mr. Breasted whose criticisms are dependable, I should like to see *Will Shakespeare* acted. Unfortunately, in America—and probably in England—poetic drama appeals only to a limited audience.

* * *

The Harp of Life, by J. Hartley Manners (George H. Doran Company) is one of the plays written by this well known dramatist for his wife, Miss Laurette Taylor. Miss Taylor played the role of the mother of the boy who in the first act is in Boyhood; in the second act in Adolescence; and in the third act, in Manhood. It is, I think, one of the best plays that Mr. Manners has written. While not a great drama, it is a play worthy of study by dramatists-in-the-making. It tells a story, albeit not a new one, concisely and with a technique that other writers for our theatre might well study.

* * *

Some time ago THE DRAMA tried to find really dramatic material about the great poet Dante and his period to be used in celebrating this, the six hundredth anniversary of his death. Unfortunately nothing worth while was found and consequently it was with a feeling of hope that I opened Heloise Durant Rose's *Dante* (The Oxford University Press.) Alas! my hopes were still-born. Mrs. Rose's work has some interesting and occasionally beautiful verse, and it is to be commended for its accuracy of detail. However, it lacks entirely the feeling of the period, a period of red blood, of turbulence, of passion. And it lacks, too, to a singular degree, a feeling for dramatic technique. If you are a Dante devotee, you will find the book worth reading. It is not to be considered for production. The aforementioned devotees to the great Italian poet will, I think, agree with me that it is strange that a personality so charged with dramatic possibilities, in such a vibrant stage setting, should have been so long neglected as material for a powerful play.

An Opening Matinee at Amsterdam

(Continued from page 204.)

atre Tientoonstelling fails to relate itself to the theatre, forgets the place of the actor in the ensemble, and lightly ignores the platitude, "the play's the thing." Actor and play are not only subordinated to impossible sets and questionably artistic vagaries—they are completely forgotten. Even the finest work, with rare exceptions, fails to relate all the elements to each other, and tends to advance one to the sacrifice and detriment of the other. Aside from the lamentable misdirection of creative effort, such a condition is not remotely conducive to the genuine advancement of the theatre. Nevertheless, one returns to London most decidedly glad of the pilgrimage to Amsterdam, convinced that not only is Broadway beginning to bend its managerial ears and resources toward the work of Robert Edmond Jones and Norman-Bel Geddes, and musical-revue-mad London watching enviously the success that greets and continues to greet *The Beggar's Opera*—which seems to have found its permanent home in Nigel Playfair's Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith—but that the theatre world is beginning to shake off the bonds of inherited tradition, and to follow in the road of the courageous and daring pioneers whose faith and hope are symbolized in the Internationale Theatre Tientoonstelling at Amsterdam. Truly has it been said—you can't beat the Dutch!

Opera in the United States

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

WE MIGHT describe it thus: Drama + Music = Opera; or use the inelegant and trite expression, "50-50", to show the exact relation or proportion of the drama to music in the creation of the most popular form of musical entertainment, which is the opera.

This article, now, may not be considered intrusive in the columns of this valued journal, to which it is a privilege to contribute. A short while ago I was surprised to receive discouraging answers from two noted musicians in the east upon a request that their immediate interest and action be given relative to the operatic works of American composers. One answered thus: "It seems to me that it is not a matter for the American Academy of Arts and Letters to interest itself in at the present time." The second was: "Neither England nor America has, as yet, developed a great operatic composer, and for this reason I think it will be some time before opera in our vernacular is accepted in these countries.

In answer to the first letter, let us ask at once: Why not now? As to the second letter, we ask: What do we, in America, consider great? In this country there have been, so far, but two established opera houses (in New York and Chicago) and in both places the system being foreign (artists, languages and operas) what chance has the American composer had to prove his talent, much less his greatness? In looking over the list of published American operas, alone, we can refute the statement in the second letter concerning our country, and have a list of endorsed American operas in manuscript sufficient in length to astonish the most pessimistically inclined. The following list of published works will also interest the dramatist and librettist:

Judith, Poia, Daughter of the Forest, Mona, Fairyland, The Pipe of Desire, Madeleine, Natoma, Zenobia, The Scarlet Letter, Azora, Cleopatra's Night, Canterbury Pilgrims, Rip Van Winkle, Shanewis, La Corsicana (The Corsican Girl.)

OUR system is all wrong, if, as a people, we care for the art and music of this country, if we wish to be recognized as a land of music makers, not borrowers, and if we choose to adhere to two *isms* of no minor importance: Americanism and Patriotism. So long as English is the language of this country, we should use English texts to our operas, operettas, oratorios and cantatas, and hear the foreign operatic repertory only through the medium of the best English translations obtainable.

Due to the broad-mindedness of one of our music patrons, Chicago—in a private library—is to have translations from the pen of Charles Henry Meltzer, who, with the assistance of Curtis Melnitz, is writing English to the entire foreign repertory. What will be done with this valuable musical library rests with its owner, Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick. However, if the public cares to hear these English versions—which are masterpieces in themselves—I imagine it needs but the asking, or insisting (which is better) to have them heard on all of our operatic stages.

Germany has 207 opera houses. Think of the stimulus to the composer and librettist. We should have an opera house in at least one city in every state (and this would give us less than exist in France today) where, on alternate nights, the best operas and dramas could be heard. The foreign repertories (adequately translated) should be heard, but *prior rights* be given to properly endorsed native works and artists. These companies (in opera house and theatre) should be established on the stock company system, with a long ten month season, and full two-month vacation. The ten-week hectic season with over-paid stars may mean art and money for Europe, but it develops nothing with us but artistic snobbery and superficial knowledge. Other subjects pertinent to opera in our language can be treated later.

Why not ask a friend to join the Drama League?

DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER

The Directors Review the Half Year's Work

By the ACTING PRESIDENT

“DO OUR members realize what the Drama League means as a national organization? Do they ever stop to think what their meager dues make possible? This question was asked insistently by some of the visiting directors at the mid-winter directors' meeting in February, the query being occasioned by their own unqualified surprise at the accomplishment which had been possible during this difficult and taxing year, as evidenced by the inspiring reports from committee chairmen before the all-day session. One by one, throughout the entire day, chairmen appeared before, or sent reports to, the directors representing outside territory, even as far as southern Georgia, who had come to Chicago for the chief purpose of helping to outline policies for League activities during the coming six months. Viewing these reports without bias, the directors felt that, in the face of the discouragement and depression generally abroad, they reflected unqualified success and genuine accomplishment. Without exception, each department of the League work showed significant accomplishment. Problems there were, of course, a-plenty, but these were signs of life, of conflict, of actual need for the work. Where all is easy running and where there are no problems, an organization is near stagnation, and may as well shut up shop and pull down its shingle. Not a department of importance but brought in a request for broadening its activities and increasing its responsibilities.

After passing through an overwhelmingly exacting year, fraught with many burdens, the League at this meeting, without outside gifts of any large amounts, faced the world free of debt and with no incumbrances, but with a very tiny balance.

Nevertheless, the plea, as always at the board meeting, was for funds; the stringency in the treasury that keeps back the work and prevents our realizing the possibilities before us. The fundamental weakness of the League work is the fact that the percent paid by centers as pro-rata for the national support, does not cover the actual expense of carrying the centers. Of the dollar paid by centers, eighty cents is paid to the magazine, leaving only twenty cents for national support. There is a heavy loss on both sides of this proposition, since it costs THE DRAMA two dollars and fifty cents for every member, for whom it receives only eighty cents. It costs the Drama League, for administration purposes, about thirty-five cents for every member, for whom it receives but twenty cents. It is easy to see why there is a heavy financial problem before the League.

THE centers often say “What do we get for our twenty cents?” Listen, with the directors, for a few moments to the accounts by the chairmen of the accomplishments in their departments.

First of all is the Playgoing Department,—basic in the principles of League organization. A skilled expert, cheerfully giving his services, reviews New York plays, from which reviews, and the bulletins of producing centers, an associate chairman compiles facts and information of untold value to center playgoers. A complete list of all plays ever bulletined by the League, has been compiled by him, and will soon be at the services of the centers. Moreover, this department has again taken up the long-lapsed work of following the play on the road, with League support. Through the efforts of Mr. Ehrensperger, the associate chairman, fifteen bulletined plays have been followed across country, heralded in advance to our centers so that they might know of the worthwhile plays and support them. In many cases this support has meant everything to the needy play; at least seven testify gratefully to the League's assistance. Still more immediate is the help given to centers: Worcester, Detroit, Rome, Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and other centers have appreciated the advance information sent them by this department. Any center is urged to send in its list of plays for the year and receive counsel and advice from the associate chairman. In two cases at least—that of *The Emperor Jones* in Cincinnati and Rome,—the League was responsible for changing the booking of the play, and securing its performance locally. If the League rendered no other service to centers than this newly organized one of not only passing judgment on plays, but also sending advance information and advice, and by its printed lists and tabulations, keeping the center member conversant with the happenings in the theatre-world, it would have repaid the twenty cents per member.

The drama study chairman brought to the directors the story of a new undertaking of the committee which seemed to be meeting a general need in the preparation of a popular study course for clubs, equipped with a loan library. This course covers thirty-two of the best plays of last season with outlines by experts made especially for club use, and is being used extensively over the country. Scarcely a day passes but some club or individual orders a copy of it. A second study course has also been prepared by the committee—the Continental study course, based on representative plays of different nations and equipped with outlines

by experts. A complete and comprehensive bibliography of all books on drama also has been printed. These three big pieces of work, made available during the year, are a great boon to any student of drama, and their preparation is genuine service to the member. If you teach or study drama, could you get along without these helps?

THE chairman of the Amateur department brought the results of a year's work in the compilation of a new list of plays suitable for amateurs, including all necessary data regarding publisher, price, and, above all, royalty. There is no greater need today, in the field of recreation, than expert advice on the selection of material. If the League can find the money to print this invaluable new list, the most reliable advice of experts will be made available. In addition to this, and also ready for publication, but with no funds to finance it, is a list of one-act plays for amateurs, compiled especially for the League, by B. Roland Lewis.

The Junior department, through its chairman, has been advising workers with children to the extent of a letter a day. Think of it! A labor of love for the League,— a letter a day to people lending help in training our children in sane recreation, and making trained audiences for the future. A new list of plays for children, compiled by this chairman, is nearly ready for printing. Do you wonder that your twenty cents doesn't even pay the postage for all this work?

From chairmen of each of the other committees came word of advice and help given in problems of stagecraft; in compiling a questionnaire on work done in colleges; in advice regarding little theatres. This last committee has added another service and has compiled a list which may be consulted at the office, of little theatres of the country, as well as monthly lists of plays suitable for little theatres.

The Religious Drama department has increased the interest in drama in the churches, and during the year has secured the publication of nine plays which otherwise would not have been available. These plays are much needed in church work and no royalty is asked. Much other service, in the way of correspondence, averaging two letters a day, and several conferences with interdenominational commissions entitle this chairman to her share in the dwindling twenty cents.

As a result of the successful Institute held last summer, the Pageantry department has ready for use, a pageant dealing with Brotherhood. The plan is to produce this pageant and send it out under a skilled director to communities. Here is a much needed pageant service alone worth the existence of the League. Did you know you were doing all this constructive work with your tiny pro-rata fee?

The lecture bureau reported that it had been able to secure special rates on six different lecturers for a large number of centers and that all of these lecturers had met with much enthusiasm. Through this bureau,

without charge for service, the centers have been able to get not only authoritative advice about desirable lecturers, but also a very material reduction in the fee paid. Here is cash return for the pro-rata fee.

THE hope of the future of the theatre in America lies in the development of the taste in drama all over this country. To accomplish this, we look to our little theatres. The Little Theatre Circuit committee reported an astounding labor of love,—a story of committee members traveling over the state to establish the work, of printing done without charge, and of expert service freely given, in order to try out this new phase in the neighboring state of Iowa. If the plan succeeds, which seems certain, the establishment of little theatres might well be an adequate sole reason for the levying of the fee.

The Convention committee reported the absorbingly interesting sessions to be thrown open to League members next month when the best experts of the country will meet to discuss plans and possibilities. To these sessions you may come, indeed are welcomed, *because you are a part of this big national movement* which we call the Drama League.

Of the organization work also the directors heard; of the help given little towns to organize; of the advice and inspiration sent out to newly awakened communities; of the support to older sections needing rebuilding. But, as never before, came the plea from the chairman of this department that there must be something done to help finance the department. For twelve years, not one cent has been spent by the Drama League for either stamp or traveling expenses for the extension work of the League! Whatever correspondence has been done, has been done at the expense of the chairman; whatever centers have been visited have either paid for themselves, or received it as a personal gift. Think what it would mean at once to the solidarity of this tremendous organization with its great opportunity for service, if it could be placed on a self-supporting basis, with a salaried executive using a budgeted traveling expense account. Do you understand now why the visiting directors wondered if the League members realized all that they are making possible, if they ever stop to think what they themselves get from their twenty cents?

To the convention must come the question: a greater means of support or a curtailment of activity and relinquishing of opportunity. Are there many organizations that can show so much done and so little spent? The directors thought not. Therefore the directors, realizing with pride the actual accomplishment of the past six months, felt that you should know in detail of the work which you share and make possible, before you were asked to decide if you would lessen its accomplishments.

The Twelfth Annual Convention

of the Drama League of America

as guests of the Drama Club of Evanston

Evanston, Ill., April 20, 21, 22

Headquarters, Evanston Woman's Club

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM

THURSDAY—Under the able leadership of its three Playgoing Department Chairmen, the League will at the morning session discuss the problems of the Professional Theater and the One Night Stand. An interesting plan for a national bulletin will also be explained.

The opening luncheon as guests of the Drama Club will be in honor of prominent actors playing in Chicago.

The afternoon session will take up the problem of touring professional plays which will be discussed from the point of view of the manager, the actor, and the audience. MR. ARBA BLODGETT representing MR. HARRIS will speak of the manager's difficulties. MR. ARTHUR BYRON will give the actor's point of view, and MR. WM. OWEN will tell of trials on the One Night Stands.

The first evening will be devoted to an attendance at a professional performance in Chicago.

FRIDAY—The second day of the Convention will in the morning tell of Center activities with addresses on League Ideals from Dr. WM. NORMAN GUTHRIE of New York City and LOUIS K. ANSPACHER.

The luncheon will again be given by the Drama Club and will be followed by a discussion of Dramatic Criticism with talks by leading critics of Chicago and by WALTER P. EATON, THEODORE B. HINCKLEY and HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER on Drama League Bulletin criticism.

In the afternoon PRESIDENT WALTER DILL SCOTT of Northwestern University will welcome representatives from other universities for a discussion of Drama in Schools and Colleges.

In the evening an exhibition performance will be given by the Little Theatre Company from the Iowa State Circuit which is chosen by the State Committee as most representative of the State Circuit work.

SATURDAY—A general survey of League activities in educational lines will be given by the chairmen of the various committees. MISS PATTEN will tell of the Junior work, MISS WINIFRED WARD of the Amateur work, MISS ALICE M. HOUSTON of the brilliant Institute program; and the Drama Study, Lecture Bureau, Religious Drama, Pageantry and other departments will also be represented.

MR. WALTER PRICHARD EATON will give an address on the Little Theatre Circuit as a solution of the One Night Stand Problem and PROF. E. C. MABIE will tell of the actual experiences of the Iowa State Circuit Commission.

MR. HORACE J. BRIDGES will speak on Creating a trained Audience.

The afternoon session will have unusual interest as it will give a demonstration of various forms of Drama League work. MISS CORA MEL PATTEN will conduct a rehearsal performance with small children; the Northwestern School of Speech will present a pantomime; the Caluthia Literary Society of Northwestern University will give a Walking Rehearsal of *The Mandarin Coat* by Alice C. D. Riley written for the Drama Club Workshop; the demonstration will close with a meeting of a Reading Circle, the reading and discussion of a play, and the serving of afternoon tea.

The Banquet in the evening will take up the discussion of the Community Theatre. Among the important speakers to discuss the subject will be DONALD ROBERTSON and DR. FRANKLYN BLISS SNYDER.

A performance of the *Quadrangle* by Louise Ayres Garnett written for the Drama Club Workshop and performed by the Drama Players of Evanston will close the regular convention sessions.

THE DRAMA CLUB will entertain any delegates desiring entertainment or will secure rooms at the North Shore Hotel for all making reservations. Rates—Single Room and Bath \$3.00 and \$3.50 Double Room with Bath \$6.00.

Tickets for Luncheons (\$1.25), Banquet (\$2.00), Theatre attendance (\$2.75) must be reserved at headquarters before

April 18th. All Drama League members are admitted to all sessions.

In accordance with the regulations of the By-laws the attention of members is called to the intentions of the directors to suggest amendments at the annual meeting in connections with dues and the Bulletin system.

News from Centers

ONCE or twice a year the monthly letter from this department must perforce take on the aspect of conversational communication rather than a recounting of actual happenings in centers. At convention time especially is this the case. The convention is such an important occasion, it means so much to the life of the organization, and it is so dependent upon the intelligent participation of the representatives from centers, that it is imperative to prepare properly for it, and to insure adequate forethought in its planning. Although it is planned primarily to be of service to the delegate, to give him, not only information and insight, but also inspiration and method, nevertheless, unless it receives the whole-hearted enthusiastic support of the centers in the sending of data and delegates, it cannot fulfill its proper function. By its very name is this necessity stressed: it is a "coming together" of representatives of the work in various communities, each bringing his contribution of work well accomplished, as well as of problems yet to solve. The unsolved problem is as great a stimulus to the activity of convention, as is the story of deeds well done. If you have nothing but problems and discouragement to bring, you may yet be all the more a spur to the active mentality of this gathering of workers, and, in the effort to solve your problems, they may work out solutions of their own.

First and foremost, then, in the department's message this month is the plea that your center be represented at the convention. There can be nothing more important to your year's work than the reaction that comes from attendance at the convention. Every one of the centers having delegates at the convention last year has done active and worth-while work this year. There is no other way to train new workers so effectively as to send them to the convention. It should be the first care of every center in mapping out its year's budget, to plan for representation at the convention. It is not fair to your local work to deprive it of adequate presentation to the field, or of the stimulus of contact with other active points. Each center is entitled to one voting delegate for every one hundred members or less, but every member is eligible and welcome to all sessions.

Another word about the convention. It always pays to put one's best foot foremost because this usually insures the happiest of advances. This is the one time in all the year when we tell the world just what we are doing in every nook and corner of the country, so that every center is of equal importance in its activity. We are on exhibition, as it were, to make an accounting of our accomplishments of the year. Therefore it behooves each center to rally its forces, take account of stock and see whether the balance lies on the credit side. There is yet time to remedy defects or failures before our public appearance; but it must be done at once. If your membership has lapsed and you have postponed your membership campaign, undertake it now, before the convention, in order that you may be at the top notch of your influence. It is astonishing how easy a membership campaign becomes with a group of enthusiastic, influential workers. An endless chain, starting with ten members, each pledged to get ten more, mounts up overwhelmingly.

THE convention this year will be a red letter one in the already notable annals of the League. Not only does it round out our even dozen years of achievement, but it is to be held, for the first time, in the place of its birth. Relatives and friends, who welcomed the lusty infant into the world on April 25, 1910, will gather at its homecoming to pet and praise it, and will rejoice at its surprising growth and well-being. In recognition of the nature of this occasion, the sessions will be bound to take on an unusually festive note and the three days will be a gala occasion. The Drama Club of Evanston—the mother and fairy godmother of the League, with all a true parent's hospitality, has thrown open the doors of the old homestead

and will entertain all delegates to the convention. Many distinguished and interesting speakers will be our guests, and with all the resources of Evanston back of the occasion, it cannot fail to be a memorable one.

Features of the convention will be the discussion of Playgoing Problems, as seen by our Playgoing Department; the danger threatening the one-night-stands, and the best solution of their difficulty; the hope of salvation from the forming of Little Theatre Circuits over the states; the present status of drama in educational work; and a demonstration of various forms of activity as carried on by different centers.

The Organization Department has planned an entirely new and original program. It is hoped that it will be not only interesting but significant. Realizing that the greatest strength of the League lies in its varied appeal, in the different forms of active work that are permissible in its routine, the department has planned to stage a series of demonstrations of various forms of center activities, such as Junior Work, Reading Rehearsals, Pantomime, and Play-reading. From some one of these, any center may get a suggestion for new activity.

In your plans for the next two months let the convention be your outstanding interest, realizing that it means as much to the center as to the national Drama League.

DURING the year, charters have been issued to all centers which have duly qualified. Quite a few centers have not yet completed the requirements. The additional charters will be awarded at the convention. It is hoped that every circle that can possibly do so, will increase its membership before that time, in order to be entitled to a center charter. Time will be set aside when center officials may meet the Department chairmen for consultation and advice on any administration problems.

Owing to the re-organization of the Playgoing work, conference with this department will be especially valuable. All three charimen of the Playgoing department will be there, and it is planned to present an interesting proposition looking toward the establishment of a national bulletin.

Playgoing Department

AT THE MORGUE 1921-22

WITH the promise of still more failures to crowd the overflowing storehouses, the New York theatrical season, according to Roland Holt, is already the poorest in many years. About sixty plays, he writes, exclusive of musical comedies, have failed. Of these, only eight were bulletined by the Drama League of America.

The season opened with two farces that died quickly. *The Skylark*, and *The Teaser*. Gilbert Emery's *The Hero*, and Arthur Richman's *Ambush*, Sidney Howard's *Swords*, Owen Davis' *The Detour*, Hirschbein's *The Idle Inn*, O'Neill's *The Straw*, and the Theatre Guild's *The Wife with a Smile*, and *Bourborouche* should have been successes. The Provincetown Players have failed in Susan Glaspell's *The Verge*, Dreiser's *The Hand of the Potter*, and Ficke's *Mr. Faustus*.

Hervieu's *Don Juan*, Arnold Bennett's *The Tille*, and the stage version of *Lancelot and Elaine* represent plays that were expected to fare better. The bad taste of too much sex may have settled *The White Villa*, Gible's *March Hares*, *As Ye Mould*, *A Bachelor's Night*, *Danger*, *The Fan*, *The Great Way*, and *The Children's Tragedy*.

Marie Lohr's failures in *The Voice from the Minaret* and *Fedora* are to be regretted. *Tarzan* and *The Blue Lagoon* failed to arouse the interest of the readers of *White Shadows in the South Seas*.

Rachel Crother's *Everyday* and Milne's *The Great Broxopp* died young.

The other failures represent a great variety of plays. *The*

Mad Dog, The Champion, We Girls, The Married Woman, Marie Antoinette, The Skirt, Her Salary Man, The Man's Name, The Fair Circassian, Two Blocks Away, The Six-fifty, The Right to Strike, Pot Luck, Sonya, Wait Till We're Married, The Wren, The Wandering Jew, Difference in Gods, The Great Way, Oh, Marion, Golden Days, Nature's Nobleman, The Wild Cat, Face Value, Rosa Machree, The Critics, Desert Sands, and four revivals, Trilby, Bought and Paid For, Alias Jimmy Valentine, and The Squaw Man.

The Drama League Institute

THE announcement last month of the Drama League Institute to be held in Chicago at the Francis W. Parker School, August 14 to 26, has aroused no little interest. From Idaho and from Pennsylvania come requests for information and registration blanks.

That this year's Institute will double its numbers seems almost certain even at this early date.

Although the complete rostrum of the faculty cannot be given now, the old as well as the new students will be interested to know that Dr. Linwood Taft will be back again for the work in pageantry. Last summer a pageant that is commanding national attention because of its excellence in technique and powerful appeal in its immediate message was written by this class. To do more than this, seems like a challenge for the pageantry class next summer, yet Mr. Taft is returning with plans and ideas that may develop even greater results than those already attained.

Equally welcome is the news that Dugald Walker will be back. In his inimitable way Mr. Walker stimulates his students to work for a more beautiful and yet simpler drama. He is widely known as the man who can create the beautiful out of almost nothing. Mr. Walker has been exceedingly busy this spring in New York, and he will return to his work in stagecraft at the Institute with a still broader and richer experience.

Classes will be held in the morning for the theoretical work while the afternoons are being held open for the laboratory work from which the greatest possible practical benefit can be derived.

Besides the use of the well-equipped stages, gymnasium and cool class rooms, the Parker school is to keep open its cafeteria at noon for the Institute students.

The Institute Registrar is now ready to receive applications for admission and will send information and further details to any one interested. Address The Registrar, Drama League Institute, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

May-Day Plays for Children

CORA MEL PATTEN, *Chairman Junior Department.*

Sweetbriar, a poetic May-Day play in four acts by D. G. Browne, for six boys and three girls with extras. (Elkin Matthews.)

The Heart of Youth, a May-Day Festival, for any number of people from seven to eighteen years of age. Indifferent lines but excellent pantomime. \$5.00 for typed copy with permission to use. Address the author Miss L. Katherine Keifer, Marshall, Illinois.

First May Baskets, by F. C. Wickes. (Macmillan.) Two scenes for seven little boys, two girls and extras.

Merrymount, from *The Hawthorne Pageant* by Constance D'Arcy Mackay in *Patriotic Plays and Pageants*. (Henry Holt.) For eleven boys, eight girls and extras. Contains a May Pole dance.

May-Day, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, in *Plays of the Pioneers*. (Holt.) One act, for four boys, three girls and extras.

Miss Pansy's May Party, by Noyes and Ray. (Ginn.) For twenty-one or more little people.

Midseason on Broadway

(Continued from page 194.)

must go back to the days of A. M. Palmer's Union Square Company for another comparable to this. And Miss Gillmore has again demonstrated that she is a young actress to be reckoned with. She has an unusual power of striking a note of genuine pathos without sentimentalizing or otherwise overdoing it. When her emotional range equals her command of the pathetic she will take a place very high up on the American stage. As for the play itself, it is so Russian that one finds it absorbing—one feels afterwards as if one had visited another planet and had many things to compare and think about. And it had the same effect upon all types of the Broadway public.

The courageous Theatre Guild, not content with the worlds already conquered, have also embarked on no less a thing than Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, which is being given in three parts, one each on three successive weeks. To see the whole, you must stay three weeks in New York and buy tickets for all three performances. The third section of this play was not easy reading, yet Shaw has a curious way of acting better than he reads—the sign of the true dramatist—witness *Heartbreak House*.

The Moscow Bat Theatre—the *Chauve Souris*—has taken Broadway by storm. Here I smile pleasantly, for did I not write an enthusiastic review of it after I saw it in London last summer? Likewise, immediately upon landing, I hied myself to some Broadway friends and implored them to import M. Balieff's company, and was indulgently smiled at for my pains. Messrs. Comstock and Gest had the bravery to do it without my advice, and now like the cat that swallowed the canary. I sit back and smile at my other friends. The Broadway engagement of this company is limited, so you must hurry up if you wish to see it.

Mary Shaw has been giving a series of Ibsen plays at the Punch and Judy. The first bill was *Ghosts*, followed by *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Another interesting revival is that of Galsworthy's *The Pigeon* at the Greenwich Village.

Of the plays which are not perhaps of so much literary importance, yet are well acted and produced, is *The Czarina* with Doris Keane. The public appear to like Miss Keane as Catherine of Russia as much as they liked her as La Cavalini in *Romance*. The farce which I laughed so heartily at in London under the title of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* has repeated its English success with the new title of *Captain Applejack*. It is worth seeing because amusing, clean farce has become rare.

The distinguished English actress Marie Löhr is now playing an engagement on Broadway. Her first venture *The Voice from the Minaret*, by Robert Hichens, I saw her do in London, two years ago. I thought it then falsely romantic and sentimental, an opinion

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in which the New York public seemed to concur, for the bill has been changed to Sardon's *Fedora*, which Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport, at different times, made famous in this country. Miss Löhr is an actress of great charm and skill; it is a pity that she has not more impressive plays to show Broadway. Her *Lady Teazle*, for example, is delightful.

Laurette Taylor has made another personal triumph in a new play *The National Anthem* by her husband Hartley Manners. The *National Anthem*, it appears, is jazz. Mr. Manners' comedy of manners takes jazz a little too seriously. Beyond giving me several headaches, I never found this music so dangerous as Mr. Manners seems to believe it.

And finally, in this summary of what is going on, should be included Lenore Ulric's "stunt" performance of *Kiki*. It is called a "character study" by André Picard, but Mr. Belasco's skill in directing has more to do with it than the author's suggestions.

Perhaps in all around interest, this season is not so important as last year's—there are, however, a few weeks yet to go. And the financial slump, while it has not seriously hurt the best plays, has cut off prematurely a few interesting ones, and limited the bringing forth of others.

Two delightful dance pantomimes have been devised and produced by Marion Cole, the Lincoln School, Providence, Rhode Island. Arranged for out of door use, they retell the stories of Cinderella, and of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Manuscript copies can be obtained from the author.

* * *

Sweet and Twenty, by Floyd Dell, author of "Moon Calf," is published by Stewart Kidd Company in the attractive inexpensive paper edition of their modern plays series edited by Frank Shay. The publishers deserve more than a word of praise for bringing so many good plays to the easy reach of amateur players. Though thin in both probability and plot, this one-scene sketch is so full of clever turns and amusing lines that it will be used to balance heavier plays on amateur programs. One woman and three men are involved. The scene is the corner of a cherry orchard.

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Edited by
J. Berg Esenwein, Litt. D.

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Voting members of the League will kindly send this ballot, properly checked, to the League office before April 20, 1922.

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THE DRAMA

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Prologue

or, An Excuse to Indulge in Personalities Regarding our Contributors.

Rehearsal

or What is Taking Place Behind the Scenes Prior to Coming Performances.

LADIES and gentlemen, you all know Miss Billie Burke. Some of you have seen her "in person" and many of you have seen her in motion pictures. If you were fortunate enough to be among those present when she appeared in *The Intimate Strangers*, the Booth Tarkington play, I am certain that you will agree with me that she is our foremost comedienne. Before she comes on, I'll tell you a secret. Matrimony and maternity have developed Billie Burke, and by the same token, kept her youthful. Miss Burke, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld in private life, is devoted to her work in the theatre, but her first interest in life is the care of her young daughter, Miss Patricia Ziegfeld.

Bernice Oehler appears in a brief sketch on our boards this month but although her monologue is not lengthy, she is represented elsewhere by her exquisite friezes of Margaret H'Doubler's dances. Miss Oehler is a former pupil of Miss H'Doubler's and speaks, therefore, with authority. We shall throw other drawings of Miss Oehler's on our screen at later performances.

Louise Ayres Garnett's *Hilltop* went from our stage where it was originally produced, to many other stages. *The Pig Prince* will have, I believe, even greater popularity. Mrs. Garnett lives in Evanston and besides the plays she has written, is the author of some exquisite verse.

Charles Henry Meltzer, whose sketch has to do with opera in English, was for many years music critic on various New York papers. He is at present living in Chicago.

Perry Corneau, of Chicago, has won recognition through his plays for children, especially his dramatizations of the Robin Hood stories. On our current program, he presents himself in an entirely new type of sketel.



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WE ARE trying to live up to a compliment recently paid us by Miss Alice Gerstenberg, one of the most successful young playwrights in America, who said "THE DRAMA is the best friend that the young dramatist has."

This is, of course, what we are striving to be. We therefore take pleasure in announcing to our audience that on our next bill we shall present a one-act play by Miss Bertha Hedges, of Oakland, California, who is a new-comer to our stage. Miss Hedges' sketch is called *The Dead Saint*, and we hope you will like it as much as we do.

Mr. Barrett H. Clark, one of our editors, who is well known to our audience for his past performances, will be with us again next month with an intensely interesting monologue on *The Swedish Ballet* which has recently been seen at *Le Théâtre des Champs-Élysées* in Paris. Mr. Clark's monologue will be illustrated.

Miss Leila Wilson appeared on our boards some months ago in an illuminating sketch regarding the work of the Vassar College Theatre Work-Shop. On our next program she will make her re-appearance with us as a playwright in an amusing skit entitled *The Lady Loses Her Hoop*. Let not the present generation be misled into believing that it concerns the hoop that children of our grandmothers' time used to trundle in the parks. It has to do with the kind of hoop that our Victorian grandmothers wore. We hope to book Miss Wilson for future performances.

Mrs. Archibald Freer (Eleanor Everest); Gregory Zilboorg; Huntly Carter; and Jack Crawford, are some of our established contributors who will be with us in May.

Come to the performance. We believe that you will like it.



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Miss Billie Burke
as the fascinating spinster of uncertain age in the Tarkington
comedy "The Intimate Strangers"

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

APRIL, 1922

NUMBER 7

The High Purpose of the American Stage

By BILLIE BURKE

IT is a source of gratification to me that THE DRAMA should have seen fit to commend to its large clientele and to the public generally my production of Booth Tarkington's wholesome and genuinely American comedy, *The Intimate Strangers*, which has signalized my return to the speaking stage after a long absence.

In common, I am sure, with many other American actresses whose ideals for their art are high ideals, I have come to feel how keenly dramatic art in America is in need of well-meaning and able friends. We have come upon an age in which advertising and "boosting" propaganda seem to be a necessity to healthy growth, if not to continued existence. The churches have felt this need and to meet it they are not only popularizing their services with motion-pictures and lectures, but they have even borrowed in many cities directly from the theatre illuminated signs for in front of their edifices emphasizing the call to righteousness in precisely the same way that the playhouse utters its call to pleasure.

The daily newspaper, except in rare instances, does not care to take the pains to be discriminating. All is fish that comes to the newspaper's net, and the drivelling, pornographic farces which capitalize bedrooms and sex inhibitions receive quite as much, if not more, consideration from the journalists who pander to uneducated tastes, as do the worthy plays dealing with sane, healthy and wholesome American life as it is really lived. This should not be so. There should be—if the American stage is to exert a vitally good influence on our social life—voices raised, even in the wilderness, to declare that:

" . . . It is better to fight for the good
Than to rail at the ill."

THERE are those who never tire of asserting that after all the business of acting and of play-producing is only a question of money-making. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and it is not too much to

declare that, even in this materialistic age, the theatrical producer, the playwright or the actor who is imbued only with the commercial spirit, can never hope for the larger and the finer success that comes from fighting bravely for high ideals.

One can always, I suppose, better make clear one's point from personal instances and though, in my own case, this may seem to savor of egotism, it may not be amiss to say something of my own return to the speaking stage. Since my first experience on the stage as a young girl in London, the record of my stage career, which anyone may read, will show that having from the first, certain very clear and definite ideals in my mind, I have always avoided appearing in any play that depended for its point or its success on any lascivious situation, any *double entente*, or vulgarity. For many years I was identified—entirely by my own choice—with ingenue and semi-ingenue roles, so that parts I was called upon to play came to be known as "Billie Burke" parts, and I am gratefully proud that this rather flattering sort of trademark won me, through the length and breadth of America, a host of friends among home-keeping and decent-thinking Americans, on whose loyal support I can even to this day depend.

When, at length, a new form of popular artistic expression was found in the motion-pictures I, always desirous of reaching as large audiences as possible, gave up for a time the speaking stage in favor of the silver screen. It was a profitable work and pleasant, but it did not take me long to learn that the "movies" never could and I believe never can be of the same force or artistic value as the speaking stage. Before the silent, inexorable camera one lacks all the fine stimulus that goes with the pulsating, throbbing hearts of the sympathetic audience just beyond the footlights. In place of the one cold eye of the lens, I see in the theatre a thousand glittering, expression-full eyes, now glinting with happy laughter, or moist with tears of sympathy and appreciation. One's voice becomes an instrument that reaches out with its inflections and gradations; its notes of laughter or of pathos; its merriment of comedy

or its grave tones of serious import, and it finds its immediate echo in a hundred hearts.

And I hold it as a great blessing that I have been able to secure for presentation to my audiences—who have all been so kind and loyal to me since my return to the stage—the finely literary high comedy of such a genius as Booth Tarkington. Surely there is no man in America today who has so interpreted for us the child-heart of youth itself. For, as he says in his comedy, *The Intimate Strangers*, which is as clearly high comedy as that phrase was applied to the works of Goldsmith, Sheridan or Congreve, "Youth is the thing so ardently desired by every man." The loss of wealth, the sacrifice of prestige, the fading away of reputation—all these are less bitter than the sad inevitableness of youth. It is a comedy that Mr. Tarkington has made of it—for the theatre should be a temple of great and cleanly-joyous art—but underlying it one does not need super-intelligence to note the pathos of it all, or to sense with the inner spirit, tears. And, after all, it is both smiles and tears that make life strong and beautiful! †

Believing thus in the high mission of the stage to bring joy and happiness into somber lives, those who chance to read this will appreciate, I am sure, the delight with which I return to my first love in art, and am privileged once more to make an artistic appeal to the very spirit of youth. The evil gods of the senses, Silenus and Dionysius, with their vulgar leers and ribald laughter are very old and decrepit gods. In their places on this our American stage I see the younger gods of a happier, brighter day step forth to fill the world with beauty. It is they who shall speak messages of hope to the youth of America. It is their fresh, clean young voices that shall uphold the new traditions of beauty and of home-life. It is through these that you will hear the splendid music of children's laughter; through these you will be brought into the knowledge that "Life is real; life is earnest" and through their aid—the wondrous strength and faith and optimism of youth—you will see the stage whereon I play so humble a part come to take that worthy place in the social uplift of the nation which so glorious a daughter of Thalia richly deserves.

The Novel Dramatized

By ARTHUR ROW

ONLY a short time ago an English Professor of my acquaintance told me he was directing a course of study with his students on the divers ways of plays and novels; why some dramatized and why some did not, and asked me as an actor and writer to talk to them on it and tell what had been my experience and observation.

Instantly some remarkable instances flashed through my mind and appeared cameo-like as examples of pro and con.

Briefly and succinctly to make a drama of a novel they must perforce both be going in the same direction. Unfortunately many novels that have been attempted to be put in play form have been found in the opposite direction and diametrically opposed to stage use or expression.

What is then this direction?!

It is definite yet hard to express. To say the novel in its essence is introspective, analytical, contemplative, and that the play is external, full of action and comparatively blatant does not tell the whole story; but one can readily see the charm of many a story is the laying bare of the processes of the human mind—the inner workings of the soul—the development of character which in a play proves tedious, dull, and distinctly not theatrical material. These qualities do occur in many a successful play but in play form and of the kind of introspection that is interesting and illuminating and dramatic on the stage,

TAKE the case of Dickens for instance. Here is a writer of renown, a novelist whose plays abound in extremely clever character drawing indeed characters of such bizarre quality of such extreme eccentricity that he of all writers it would be thought had created for dramatization. Furthermore his books are most dramatic and abound in intense situations. Yet as plays they do not exist—they have always failed notoriously so—except as a vehicle for some distinguished actor as when Sir Herbert Tree appeared as Fagin in *Oliver Twist*, or our own Nat Goodwin or Lyn Harding triumphed in the same role

but it was Fagin, or rather Tree or Goodwin or Harding as Fagin, the public went to see—never the play. As a play it simply did not exist.

Among American novelists Gertrude Atherton is another example. Yet her books are most dramatic, full of romance and adventure, tense, graphic, brilliant, human and true but for the stage no, never. This has been proved time and again by actors as expert as Mrs. Fiske, and Margaret Anglin. * Mr. and Mrs. Fiske were obsessed with the idea that there was a play in her book *Julia France And Her Times* and further—that Mrs. Atherton "herself"—as they say in the movies—was the one and only person to do it, to transplant it to the stage. They bombarded her with letters and, finally, much against her convictions, she undertook the job after months of labor. Mrs. Atherton even traveled with the company. The play was produced in Toronto with Mrs. Fiske and an excellent company including the late Shelley Hull, and was a complete failure. Both Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Atherton laughingly admitted it was the worst play they had ever seen.

Miss Anglin had the same experience with *Perch of the Devil* a novel full, seemingly, of dramatic material. Furthermore Miss Anglin is as famous as a producer as she is illustrious as an actress. Mrs. Atherton has acknowledged in print that her medium is the novel and not the stage. Yet even stage experts have been woefully deceived. It is a notorious fact that no one in this world can tell if a play will succeed, in other words what a play is. Charles Frohman once said the people who know least about plays and acting are managers, actors and critics presumably because they were too near—did not have enough perspective—in a way knew too much about it! They saw it so close they could not see it so to speak. The final test seems to be in the motif or subject matter of a play running back into the processes or recesses of some human mind which goes inevitably over the footlights into the receptive and welcome

(Continued on page 248)



"Old King Cole," as presented by Margaret H'Doubler (See page 236.)

Broadway Goes Back to Shaw

By JACK CRAWFORD

THE production of Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* in three massive chunks, one week apart, has not only crowned Broadway's theatrical season with the largest wreath of bays on record, but it has also placed a feather of magnificent proportions on the cap of the Theatre Guild. Certainly it took courage to offer three hundred pages of Shavian dialogue to the wayfarers along our glittering street. There is no other theatre management in New York, and apparently none in London, that would venture to put Mr. Shaw's cycle upon the stage, particularly when it is remembered that the subject-matter of these plays has to do with creative evolution.

But once more courage has been justified. It has been exceedingly difficult to procure seats for these performances because the house has been sold out each time well in advance. Of course, a part of the audience may be accounted for on the ground of sheer curiosity; a play requiring three successive weeks to perform with a time scheme beginning in the Garden of Eden and coming down to 31920 A. D., will attract a few souls on the score of its audacity. The New York public, however, is not one that packs a theatre out of curiosity alone, especially if the gratification of that curiosity includes listening to three hundred pages of dialogue devoid of action. The answer seems to be that Mr. Shaw's dialogue always acts surprisingly well. *Heart-break House* was a convincing demonstration of this fact, and now comes *Back to Methuselah* to clinch the argument. And the other part of the argument is to be found in the excellence of the work done by the Theatre Guild in putting this cycle on the stage. In acting and setting it ranks among the best things the Guild has done.

It is difficult to give an account of Mr. Shaw's latest play that will mean much to one who has not read the whole. The text is, however, available and it may be a long time before a production of it will occur outside of New York, simply because the problem of putting it on the stage is so enormous. I suggest, therefore, that all good Drama Leaguers begin by reading it. Now you have finished reading it, I shall proceed with my comments!

MR. SHAW is believed to prefer an intellectual appeal to an emotional one. On the other hand he is so skillful a theatre writer that the emotional appeal is the quality which carries quite often the intellectual appeal. The discovery of death, for example, in *The Garden of Eden*, I find deeply stirring. It is a dramatization of our unuttered feelings. The dialogue between Adam and Eve concerning this strange phenomenon—death—is thrilling in the true sense of that word.

Then there is what the Serpent says to Eve—incidentally beginning the exposition of Mr. Shaw's version of creative evolution. But the Serpent has many things to say that are dra-

matically interesting—"imagination is the beginning of creation;" "things wear out by practice; they do not grow by it;" "it takes will to produce growth." I could go on quoting the Serpent for a long time just as Mr. Shaw does.

Act two found one of the dull spots—the dialogue between Cain and Adam and Eve—and there are dull spots in those three hundred pages. I am not attempting to defend the whole but to point out the—yes—greatness of much that Mr. Shaw has written in this play.

In *The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas* Mr. Shaw, without losing the track of his theory of creative evolution, turns, nevertheless, to most delicious political satire. Here I find a series of hearty laughs, albeit much of the material is topical, local, and for that reason likely to grow out of date rapidly with the passing of the years. But with Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Asquith fresh in our minds, it is superb. In the same way the *Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman*—which sounds as if it were an essay by Mr. Chesterton on himself—Mr. Shaw has a great deal of satirical fun at the expense of his own countrymen—the Irish. Says the Elderly Gentleman, among a great many other things, "Can I, a scion of the illustrious British race, ever forget that when the Empire transferred its seat to the East, and said to the turbulent Irish race which it had oppressed but never conquered, 'At last we leave you to yourselves; and much good may it do you,' the Irish as one man uttered the historic shout 'No. We'll be damned if you do,' and emigrated to the countries where there was still a Nationalist question!"

IT was only when I came to the year 31920, *As Far as Thought Can Reach*, that I began to have trouble making my thoughts follow with the same interest and enjoyment. By now one knows all about Mr. Shaw's views on creative evolution. Furthermore, I found his picture of longevity almost as depressing as the portrayal of the subject of Jonathan Swift in *Gulliver's Travels*. The Struldbrags of the great eighteenth century satirists are rather an effective answer to Mr. Shaw. Nevertheless there are amusing moments, such as the birth of the flapper from the egg and some of the dialogue of the young with the ancients. And Lilitti's superb epilogue of summing up the whole must not be overlooked. It is a magnificently written speech.

But in the face of this achievement of the Theatre Guild, it is hard to make other current productions seem important. Mr. Lee Simonson has outdone himself in artistic settings, and the acting of at least the following must have especial mention: Margaret Wycherly as the Serpent; George Gail; Erinta Lascelles; Claude King; Moffat Johnson; and Martha-Bryan Allen, all of whom may rest content in the thought that they have helped to make artistic and important dramatic history.

Masks*

By PERRY BOYER CORNEAU

People of the Play:

A MAN
HIS WIFE

Time:
THE PRESENT

In the small, pleasantly furnished room in the MAN'S house, a door leads outside and another opens into a room or closet where the masks are kept. Or possibly there is a chest that is used for this purpose. There is a wide window through which are seen only sky and distant mountains, glowing with the approach of sunset. The weather is warm; and the window is wide open. Through it a strong breeze is blowing. There is a couch near the window and a mirror on the opposite wall. The MAN'S WIFE comes in. She wears a hat which she removes. She goes to the mirror and arranges her hair. She goes to the window and moves back the curtains so that they will not blow so much in the breeze and picks up a paper that the wind has blown on the floor. There is a noise at the door. She turns expectantly. As the MAN enters she bursts out laughing. He makes a ridiculous figure. He is dressed in ordinary clothes, but over them he has thrown a white sheet which he has wrapped around himself in the fashion of a toga. On his shoulders are awkwardly fastened two large feathery wings. He wears a mask and a wig of long, curly hair. In one hand he carries a small harp. He is slightly annoyed at his WIFE'S laughter.

WIFE: At it again?

MAN: Can you never be serious?

WIFE: Not when I look at you with that stuff on.

MAN: My dear, can't you see that you pain me by such language? Stuff!

WIFE: Your wings aren't on straight.

MAN [*Looking anxiously over his shoulder*]: Oh, dear me! The wind is so strong it must have blown them loose.

WIFE: You didn't fasten them on straight in the first place. You never do.—Oh dear! Oh, dear! [*She goes into another paroxysm of laughter.*]

MAN: That's always the way! I get no sympathy from you. I go to address a meeting of the Associated Sunday School Superintendents. I do address them. They are charmed and uplifted. I am uplifted. I come home full of noble thoughts and aspirations. And I am greeted with ridicule. Have you no feeling at all for the higher things of life? [*Unconsciously he begins to accompany himself on his harp.*] Do you never give yourself up to the contemplation of the good, the beautiful, the true? Look at life in its larger meaning. The birds, the trees, the flowers, the purling brooks—

WIFE: Don't be ridiculous. [*Bursting out laughing.*] Oh, you are so funny!

MAN: The Associated Sunday School Superintendents did not think me ridiculous or funny.

WIFE: Didn't they notice that your wings were crooked?

MAN: No. I was eloquent. I quite carried them away. My costume was a compliment to them. And it pleased them. [*He begins to accompany himself on his harp again.*] And when I spoke of antelopes and grazing gazelles and little children they wept. Ah, what a beautiful thing—

WIFE [*Interrupting*]: I wish you would not try to play on that harp. It is horribly out of tune.

[*MAN stops playing and throws the harp angrily on a chair.*]

MAN: You find fault with everything.

WIFE: Oh, take that stuff off and be yourself.

MAN: To the Associated Sunday School Superintendents this was myself.

WIFE: The Associated Sunday School Superintendents can't be very observing.

MAN: They look at me with sympathy.

WIFE: I know you too well. I know how easy those things are to put on. Now take off that horrid mask and give your little wife a nice, long kiss.

MAN *removes his mask. But beneath it is another, less obviously a mask than the first one. In fact it is difficult to distinguish the fact that it is a mask. It is more human than the first and extremely handsome, but a little cold in its regularity and the intelligence of its expression. He kisses her.*

WIFE: Now let me put away those wings. The feathers keep coming out and getting all over things. We must have them fixed before the next Associated Sunday School Superintendents' meeting. [*She removes his wings and wig. He unwraps his toga and throws it aside.*]

MAN: That's better. That wig and mask are a little too much in this warm weather.

WIFE: I like your own real face ever so much better.

MAN: Do you?

[*She picks up the wings and wig and mask and puts them in the closet or the chest. An automobile horn is heard outside.*]

WIFE: Oh, I forgot to tell you. Mr. Jenks telephoned he would stop here on his way home. That must be he now. I think he wants you to go out with him to-night.

MAN: You know, darling, I'd much rather stay home with you.

[*The horn sounds again.*]

WIFE: Of course. But he is waiting for you.

MAN: He doesn't expect me to go now?

WIFE: Oh, no. Not till this evening.

MAN: I'll just slip on a mask while I talk to him.

WIFE: How silly!

MAN: It gives me quite a reputation as a joker among my friends. [*He puts on a Mephistophelean mask which he selects from a number. As he puts on the mask his manner changes noticeably.*]

MAN: I tumbled them about a good deal.

WIFE: Never mind. I'll put them back while you are talking to Mr. Jenks.

MAN: So long, Bright Eyes. [*He goes out with a jaunty manner. She picks up the masks one by one and replaces them.*]

WIFE: Goodness! I haven't seen this one for a long time. It's the one he wears when he goes around to pay our bills. [*She picks up another mask.*] And this one—I wonder what it is—I've never seen him wear this. [*She picks up another mask.*] This mask he wears when we dine out is getting awfully worn.

[*MAN comes in again, humming a popular song. He clasps his WIFE in his arms, bending her head back and kissing her long and passionately.*]

WIFE: Oh, don't! Take that horrid mask off.

MAN: Oh, Baby Doll ———

WIFE: Take it off. [*She snatches off the mask and puts it away. His manner instantly changes.*]

WIFE: Are you going with Mr. Jenks?

MAN: No. I'm too tired this evening. I could hardly keep awake at the office this afternoon. You've been putting the masks in order. That's nice of you.

WIFE: Your dining-out mask is pretty badly worn. Don't you think if you will persist in wearing one that you had better get a new one?

MAN: That one is good enough. People know it. I don't think they'd like it if I wore any other. Besides it harmonizes so perfectly with my dinner conversation.

WIFE: It mightn't be a bad idea at that to get some new conversation.

MAN: At my age? Oh dear no! [*He puts on the dining-out mask.*] It's a pretty good old mask. Yes, I'm fond of the opera—some operas. I don't know much about music; but I know what I like. That reminds me of a story I heard an Englishman tell on the boat to Honolulu last winter. You know running off for a little sea voyage now and then has got to be a sort of habit with me. I thought this story was rather clever. Why, you see he

WIFE [*Snatching off the mask*]: For mercy sake, don't!

MAN: I don't understand your not liking that.

[*Shouts and laughter are heard outside. The WIFE goes to the window.*]

WIFE: Oh! There are those children running across my flower beds again! Go out and drive them away.

MAN: Where's that mask? This one— [*He finds a hideous and imposing mask, something like those worn by the warriors of old Japan, and puts it on.*] I'll fix the little devils! [*He goes out. He can be heard outside speaking in thunderous and terrifying tones. MAN dashes into the room.*]

MAN [*Ferociously*]: Get me my business mask.

WIFE: Which one?

MAN: My borrowing mask. Hurry, you fool! The president of the bank is coming down the street. [*He throws off the mask he has been wearing and puts on the one his WIFE hands to him. It is a mask with an expression of combined shrewdness and humility.*]

MAN: Oh, thank you. I am negotiating for a loan at the bank. I don't want the president to see me with a different mask from the one I wear when I call on him at his office. It will be good policy to be standing in front of the house as he goes by—to let him know I live in a pretty good neighborhood. And this isn't a bad-looking house. [*The MAN goes out. His WIFE continues to sort and replace the masks. She sits down, holding some of the masks in her lap and looks at them thoughtfully.*]

WIFE: Masks—masks—. Why does he do it?—Am I the only one that ever sees him without a mask? I—I wonder—. He wore one when he used to come to see me before we were married. It is broken now. Masks—masks—. Do people never wonder what is behind them? This mask

of flesh? [*She puts her hand to her face.*] What is behind it? That is the secret that the world has striven to know—and striven in vain—Oh!!! [*She jumps up, startled, as the MAN comes in. He carries his business mask in his hand.*]

WIFE: Oh, you startled me. I was talking to myself—dreaming—

MAN: It seems he knew this was a mask all the time. He laughed and asked me if I didn't take off my mask even at home.

WIFE: So you took it off—

MAN: He seemed in a good humor. He laughed again and said, "Oh, I see. You wear a mask at home, too." What do you suppose he meant?

WIFE: He meant the mask you've taken off.

MAN: No, he didn't. Do you suppose he thinks this is a mask too? [*He puts his hand to his face.*]

WIFE: I would not blame him if he did. Isn't it natural for him to suspect that if you wear a mask before him, you wear one before me also?

MAN: Before you?— My dear—

WIFE: I never thought of it before. I thought that when your courtship mask fell and was broken that I saw your true self. But I see it now. That face is a mask! You have been deceiving me.

MAN: My dear—You don't know what you are talking about.

WIFE: I used to laugh when you put on masks and fooled other people—fool myself! To think that you didn't deceive me too.

MAN: I assure you—

WIFE [*Bitterly*]: You have had your joke—but take it off now. It can never deceive me again.

MAN: You are out of your head. This is no mask.

WIFE: No mask?! Any fool but me could have seen it long ago.

MAN: Won't you believe me? This is no mask. I tell you this is no mask. I've never had it off. I mean this is my face—my face. Won't you believe me?

WIFE: Of course. You always tell me the truth.

MAN: I give you my word. Won't you take my word for it?

WIFE: Of course I'll take your word for it. [*She goes up behind him and with a sudden, swift movement attempts to remove the mask. He jumps away from her in alarm.*]

MAN: What are you doing?!!

WIFE [*Sweetly and innocently*]: Nothing.

MAN: You tried to see if this was a mask. Didn't you? Didn't you? Didn't I give you my word?

WIFE: Yes.

MAN: Do you still doubt it?

WIFE: Of course not. I never, never doubt you. —But—if it is not a mask why were you afraid I was going to take it off?

MAN: I wasn't. You startled me coming up behind me that way.

WIFE: Oh, I see.

MAN: [*Angrily*]: What do you see?

WIFE: Nothing—I mean of course.

MAN: I tell you this isn't a mask. It is ridiculous to think it could be.

WIFE: Oh, I believe you. You needn't shout at me. —But—

MAN: Why do you always say "but"?

WIFE: I know you believe what you say. But it might be a mask and you might be so used to it you didn't know it

MAN: That's ridiculous.

WIFE: You deceive other people with your masks. Perhaps you deceive yourself too.

MAN: That's like a woman. She gets an idea in her head; and all the reasoning and logic in the world can't get it out.

WIFE: I'm not that kind. I know it is not a mask. I was only teasing.

MAN: What is the sense in doing that? When I'm tired out with being at the office all day.

WIFE: Oh, I'm so sorry that I bothered you. —Forgive me—Please—Of course it isn't a mask. —But—

MAN: There you go again!

WIFE: But wouldn't it be interesting if it were a mask? Mask beneath mask; and beneath the last mask—what?

MAN: Haven't we had enough of this discussion?

WIFE: After every mask is torn away—would we find the soul itself?

MAN: You've been going to some of those crazy high-brow lectures again.

WIFE: You asked me a while ago to look at life in its larger meaning.

MAN: That was when I had my Associated Sunday School Superintendents' costume on. [*He goes over to the couch and lies down.*] Don't bother me. I want to rest and look over the paper. It's getting pretty dark. Let's have a little light.

WIFE: I'll light the lamp. [*She does so, placing it near him. The wind blows it out.*] Oh! I didn't know the wind was so strong. I'll light it again and close the window.

MAN: Don't close the window. It's too hot. I won't read. I'll lie here and rest my eyes. Don't disturb me. I may doze a bit.

[*She puts the rest of the masks away, then goes to the window and stands looking out, now and then furtively watching her husband. He closes his eyes and is soon apparently asleep. It is evident that she has restrained her curiosity with difficulty. After a moment she turns and tiptoes over to the couch. She then takes the lamp, and moving it farther from the window, lights it again. It flickers in the wind, but does not go out. She approaches the couch again, doubtfully, struggling with her curiosity. She is about to touch his face when she hesi-*

tates and draws back. Again she approaches. This time she moves her fingers lightly over his face. He stirs. She draws back. Again she approaches.]

WIFE: Is it, is it a mask?—What is beneath it? [With sudden resolution she goes to him. Her hands are at his face. She gives a pull; and the mask comes off. She gives a cry, half of triumph, half of terror. The MAN awakens with a cry of pain. He sits up and looks about as if dazed. The light falls on him revealing a face (a mask) commonplace, dull, wicked except for the fact that it expresses insufficient intelligence for wickedness. She gazes at him, horrified. The mask slips from her hand and is shattered on the floor. She gives a cry of terror. The MAN leaps to his feet. His hand goes gropingly to his face.]

MAN: God! [He rushes to the mirror. He looks at himself a moment. He trembles and seems to shrink. He turns and faces his WIFE.]

MAN: It—it was a mask—?

WIFE: It was a mask.

MAN [Dully]: I—I know myself—at last—! [He puts his hands to his face.] This is what I was—after all—this— [His WIFE begins to cry.]

MAN: I—did—deceive myself. I thought I was handsome and noble—and—I know—You know—But—but the world needn't know. Put back my mask—we'll try—we'll try to forget—Where is it? My pretty face—where—?

WIFE: Oh, why did I? Why did I do it? You can never put it on again.

MAN: Never—? Why?

WIFE: Oh! It is broken.

MAN [Dully]: Broken—?

[She points to the fragments on the floor. With a cry he kneels to pick them up, trying to piece them together. He throws them down in despair.]

WIFE: I am sorry—terribly sorry—

MAN: You broke it—you—[A strange light shines on his face giving it a tinge of ferocity and brutality.] I told you not to touch it. You—you—Do you know I could kill you for this! [He approaches her threateningly.]

WIFE: Oh—please—please—look— There are plenty of other masks. Here—this one—Put it on.

[He takes the mask and tries to fit it on. It falls off.]

MAN: It—it will not stay.

WIFE: This—[She hands him another mask.]

MAN: No. They were only meant to fit on my pretty face—my pretty face—It's broken—broken— [He begins to sob. It is like the whining of a whipped animal.]

WIFE: Don't. Don't. Don't feel bad about it. I love you just the same. Oh, what can I do?!

MAN: What can you do—

WIFE: This is not your real self. No one's real self is like that. It can't be.

MAN: It can't be—No—it can't be.

WIFE: I see it all now! That is a mask too.

MAN: A mask too—?

WIFE: We'll take it off. We'll find what is beneath it. There is something beneath every mask. There must be. There is something deep, deep in each of us—something beautiful—something good—something true—

MAN: Something true—

WIFE: If we could throw aside every mask we could find it. The world has always sought to know it—to know what we are—what we really are deep, deep within ourselves. There must be something divine there—

MAN: There must be. There must be.

WIFE: And we shall find it. It will be a glorious thing. The first man and woman to find it, to know what is behind the last

mask of all. Perhaps this mask of yours is the last one—and behind it—behind it—

MAN: We'll know. Take it off. You'll find something there—something divine—something—

[She approaches him and is about to take off the mask when a strong gust of wind extinguishes the light.]

Wife: Wait—I'll light the lamp.

MAN: Hurry. Oh, hurry.—Think. We'll know now what man really is.

WIFE: I must have light to see it.

[She lights the lamp. The MAN, now facing the back of the room, has approached her. She grasps the mask and tears it off. Behind the mask there is—NOTHING.]

WIFE: Behind all masks—Nothing?! [She stands holding the empty mask in her hand. The figure of the MAN collapses like a house of cards, his clothing falling in a little heap on the floor. She screams and clutches the empty mask. A gust of wind extinguishes the light.]

* * *

[NOTE.

[When the wind extinguishes the light the next to the last time, it is of course to give an opportunity for the actor playing the MAN to leave the stage. In his place there is to be substituted a suit of clothes of very light material and similar in appearance to those the MAN wears, this with the mask and a wig to be hung on a frame or suspended in some way from above in such a manner that the WIFE in removing the mask causes the whole thing to collapse and fall to the floor.

After the removal of the mask, (the pretty-face mask)—make-up may take the place of a second mask as the audience will have no opportunity to examine closely the last mask removed by the WIFE.]

The Joy of the Dance

By BERNICE OEHLER

THE stimulating academic freedom of the University of Wisconsin has enabled Margaret H'Doubler, to evolve out of the Greek classic dance a form which she believes is properly known as the educative dance, an art form that meets our needs of today. Miss H'Doubler's work has attracted distinguished visitors from abroad, as well as from all parts of our own country.

The purpose of Miss H'Doubler's *A Manual of Dancing*, which was published last July, is concisely expressed in the preface.

Section one discusses "Interpretive Dancing as an Educational Activity." Her scheme is to make dancing a "self-expression through the medium of bodily movement," and, in order that the physical mechanism may respond freely to thought and feeling, she first aims to build up complete muscular control, through a series of fundamental movements, as explained and illustrated in the second section on "Exercises for Fundamental Motor Control."

When the bodily movements are coordinated, the student applies the acquired control to the elemental activities of walking, running, leaping, galloping, sliding, skipping, and the like, directed by a study of musical note values, time beat, and grouping according to emphasis. The music is later studied in relation to different tempos, measures and phrase grouping.

When muscular control and conscious knowledge are achieved the student is ready for creative work. Any of the arts may fail in either of their two essential factors: a sufficient vocabulary and technique and a genuine expression of personal feeling. Both are absolutely necessary to artistic soundness.

Section four gives a carefully selected plan of twenty-four lessons for beginners of college age. The lessons show fundamental movements used, appropriate musical selections with analyses, and types of locomotion.

Section five contains an unusually helpful bibliography of literature for a philosophic background, as well as for the dance and for music.



"The Belgian Refugees," as interpreted by pupils of Miss H' Doubler (See page 236.)

The Theatre's Contact With Life

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

THERE has been too much of a tendency to consider the theatre as an institution apart, on the one hand by people who felt that it was only a place of amusement and distraction, and on the other hand by people of the opposite pole, who felt it was only a place for artistic expression. Both of these positions are wrong. The theatre must have a definite relationship to all of life, it must have its place in life, and, to the extent that it can justify itself in that relationship, it is deserving of respect. That situation is not only characteristic of the theatre. It is characteristic of the church and of the school. The church starting out with a very general relationship with life, gradually became an organized thing of itself, a sort of abstract removed thing that life had to go to. And very much the same is true of schools and colleges. The tendency to organize into creeds and curricula, by its very nature, means separation.

So far as I am concerned, I can see the theatre only as an opportunity to give people a better understanding of all life as through the eyes of those who are removed from it, so that we establish some sort of general charity toward all life, that we do not dismiss any phase of life, nor do we fully accept any phase of life. It is this fusing of all phases of life which is the great opportunity of the theatre. It is peculiarly blessed in this respect, far more so than the church or the school, since it is bound by neither creed nor curriculum. It is free to express anything that it wants. It is free to show any phase of life, any kind of life, any philosophy of life or attack upon any kind of philosophy. It is absolutely a free medium.

It seems that the only justification that any sort of public agency has is the contact that it sets up with all people. If we can only live and see enough of life and understand enough of life, the chances are that we will begin remotely in that way to approach all the things that Christ tried to teach. It is the intolerance of life that keeps us all small, that keeps us all re-

stricted, that keeps us apart from each other, that keeps us as individuals. It seems that there can be no good in any social activity that maintains separation. After all, no one can come into close contact with any phase of life, no matter how superficially degrading, without finding that it really isn't quite so.

EARLY in my life, I worked as a police reporter. I had very definite ideas of good people and bad people, virtuous people and malicious people. I came into contact with many criminals. I interviewed murderers, shoplifters, burglars and police officers. Somehow I have yet to meet a bad person. And the fact is, the closer you come to observe them and their view of life and their attitude toward life, the more pathetic they become. You come to feel that, instead of their being offenders against society, society in some way has offended against them, society has failed to give those people the views and the understanding of life that would make their predicament impossible.

When a clergyman goes into a cabaret and then devotes an entire sermon to it and in the nature of his sermon is apparently having the time of his life, when he goes into such minute details of the actions of the people, how they looked and what they did, though seeming to speak in terms of anger, it seems to be rather a case of envy—something was happening in the cabaret that by the nature of his activity was being denied to him.

As a matter of fact, all of the so-called licentiousness of actresses and actors is so sadly exaggerated that it is not even deserving the time taken in contradiction. That is not to say that the people of the theatre are extremely moral people. They are no more moral than the readers of these lines.

The very fact that the normally intelligent person can look upon this as an important phase of a great institution shows how sadly all of us have erred in totally failing to realize what the theatre might be.

And of course, the only way to discuss the theatre is entirely in terms of what it might be, because, if we set an ideal, there is a chance for some slight progress toward that ideal. With no special ideals, just a haphazard production, haphazard patronage and haphazard appreciation on the part of the audience, we get nowhere. I think that there is a great public that would feel its obligation to the thing we are striving to obtain if we expressed our ideals. I think it would approach our efforts in an entirely different mood, not seeking pastime, but seeking to do its part toward bringing into existence an institution which could be of great social benefit.

It now simply resolves itself down to this: is there \$2.50 worth of amusement in this play? And I think the public has been very lenient in answering this question.

MY first awakening to what the theatre really might be, I must admit, took place in Berlin in 1913. I had gone to the theatres in London and I had seen nothing in particular. In the theatres of Paris there were occasional original brilliant, rather amusing, things. But in Berlin there was an entirely different atmosphere. There were audiences who went to the theatre as intelligent people go to lectures and concerts, and an audience had been developed with a very distinct literary taste and real knowledge of what was good in the theatre.

There will always be an audience that wants to be amused. That audience has a right to be amused. There are always people who want to produce for people who want to be amused. These people have the right to produce that sort of thing. But there is no reason why the great audience that has learned to be critical, that has learned to take the theatre seriously, should not have what it desires. There is no reason why the producers who want to produce for that audience should not produce for them. It is not a matter of changing the theatre. Let us have our representation.

Dramatic criticism, for instance, unfortunately is not founded on the search for the ideal theatre. Criticism confines itself altogether to the particular produc-

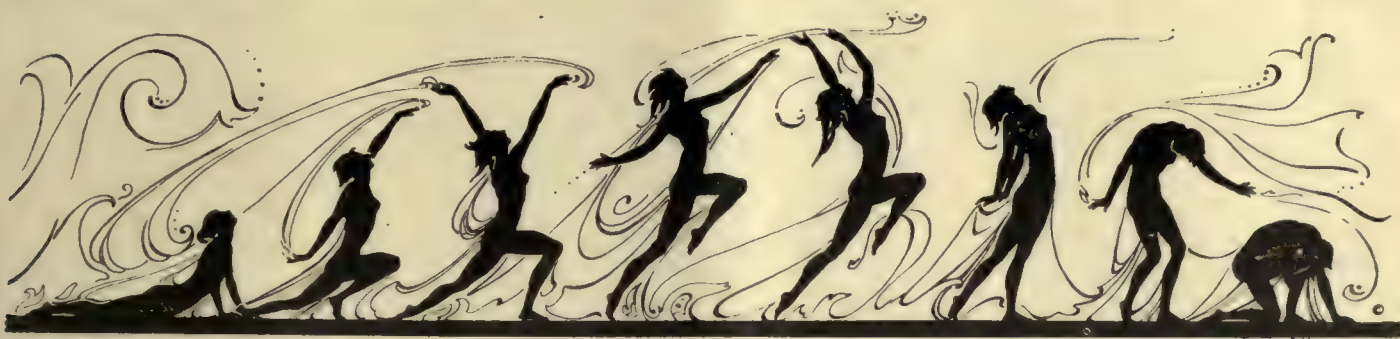
tion of a particular night. It is indifferent to the relationship of that production with something that will continue and be worth while. I think a production of obviously fine intent should always receive great credit on that score. The intent should always be taken into account. I don't think criticism can be adequate and confine itself to individual efforts, regardless of what the relationship of that effort is to the whole thing.

I keep harping on the same thing, because to me that is the real significance of it. The relationship to all life and not to an evening. I believe that the moment that that kind of theatre comes—and I believe that it will come, because I believe enough people are yearning for it, and when enough people yearn for a thing, they will get it,—when that theatre comes, it will react immediately in so many other ways that are helpful. For instance, the potential playwright with imagination and ability, who goes to the average successful play on Broadway, knows that he cannot possibly write that kind of play. He does not believe in it, he has no respect for it. To him it is a conscious effort to get people into a building. He has a feeling about the sort of thing he likes, so he cannot stoop to the other. Instead of writing for the theatre, therefore, he expresses himself in some other way.

That is why the success of the really worth while play counts, since one doesn't know what effect the success of that play may have on other people who can bring us great things, because the artist is confounded by the general appearance of the spurious. He cannot fight it. It is discouraging, but he cannot fight it, because the artist as a rule is not a militant person. Now the same thing is true of actors, the same thing is true of scene designers, the same thing is true of producers. It is constant reaction and inter-reaction. That is why the success of the worthy is not only essential in itself, but it is essential for all the other things it can bring to us, other things that should not be denied. If we are to have artists in the theatre, they must be convinced, therefore, that there is a public and that there is an audience for the kind of thing that they can do.



"The Cycle of the Hours," by pupils of Miss H'Doubler (See page 236.)



"Flames," by pupils of Miss H'Doubler (See page 236.)

Endearing Young Charms Return to the Loop

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

WHEN I first saw Miss Billie Burke some years ago in *My Wife* with Mr. John Drew, I thought her a pretty young child of great charm, a sense of light comedy, the most peaches and cream complexion and the loveliest Titian hair I had ever beheld. Later she appeared in some plays that I didn't like but I shall pass that period by as I am in haste to tell you how alluring she is in *The Intimate Strangers*. She has retained all her charm, including complexion and hair, and into the bargain has developed, to my way of thinking, into the best light comedienne of our theatre. I forgot to mention in enumerating Miss Burke's charms, her voice. I am not addicted to motion pictures and I have never seen Miss Burke on the screen, but to those of you who have only a screen acquaintance with her, I would say, "See her in person and hear her voice." Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Miss Burke's husband, might object—managers always do—if I waxed more enthusiastic about Miss Burke, so I'll say no more. The Booth Tarkington play, *The Intimate Strangers*, is a fragile comedy having to do with the affairs of a young woman who has as a great-niece, the flappiest flapper that ever flapped, and a niece who remembers the days of rick-rack, anti-macassars, and the Philadelphia Centennial. All of which adds to the consternation of the impromptu suitor of the heroine. Mr. Tarkington has never done a better piece of work and I know of no one else who could play the role of the young great-aunt so admirably as Miss Burke plays it.

Miss Elsie Ferguson, after a long absence from the Loop, came back in *The Varying Shore*, by Miss Zoë Akins. Miss Ferguson, like Miss Burke, is an artist of much charm and much ability. The play, which found great favor in Chicago, begins at the end and ends at the beginning, if you know what I mean. In other words, the prologue discloses a lady of ninety, and the last act, the girl of sixteen, the intermediate scenes having portrayed her career backwards. Personally, I disliked the play, as it made me feel that I was standing on my head, the same feeling that I have when I try to make my check book agree with the bank's statement. To my way of thinking, *The Varying Shore* would be much better drama played from beginning to end rather than from end to beginning. In any case you will like Miss Ferguson in it and to see it will be an evening well-spent.

The third young charmer to return to our midst was Miss Ina Claire as the eighth wife of a modern Bluebeard, played by Mr. Arthur Byron, in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. Miss Claire is another young artist of the theatre who grows on acquaintance and it is like adding smoke to the Illinois Central to comment on the very fine acting of Mr. Byron. As to the play, the less said the better. It is not nasty but tries to be. It reminded me of the

small boy who said to his pal "Let's be dirty and say nasty words. I'll begin: stomach." I take no issue with plays, such as *The Silver Fox*, which are frank and unashamed but I do resent the kind of play in which a man or woman, as in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, partially disrobes, disclosing bare legs, which we all have at times, garters and B. V. D.'s. To me suggestiveness is more obscene than nakedness.

The Silver Fox, Cosmo Hamilton's clever comedy, sprang into the Loop and out again. Mr. Hamilton, along with the rest of us, knows that a spade is a spade and not a shovel and doesn't hesitate to say so. His plays are for the sophisticated, which, I suppose, in these days includes any one from ten to one hundred years old, but they are not for children under ten. If you are over ten and not less than one hundred, you will enjoy *The Silver Fox* as it is one of the best of modern high comedies of which there are all too few.

If Miss Grace George, one of the best comediennes of our American theatre, does not revive *Divorçons* or *The School for Scandal* soon, I shall be forced to agree with Mr. Mencken that, with the exception of Mr. Skinner, she is the worst selector of plays we have. By the time this column reaches you, *The Exquisite Hour*, which belies its title will probably be on its way to the oblivion which it deserves. Miss George worked valiantly to make a silk purse out of less than the proverbial sow's ear but without success.

Miss Frances Starr came back to the Loop in Eugene Walters' *The Easiest Way*, which is the best drama that Mr. Walters has written, and its leading role, the best in Miss Starr's repertory. That it has been revived is proof that the public and I agree in the matter.

Dog Love of which its star, Mr. William Hodge is co-author, played a not too brief engagement in the Loop. Mr. Hodge might have been an actor of parts but he has allowed himself to become an actor of one part, which he plays from year to year, either in the clothes of Mr. Stebbins—I think that was his name—in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, or in *The Man from Home*, or in the white-flanneled curer of souls in *Dog Love*. The more I see of men, as George Sands said—well, anyway, I think the hearse containing Mr. Hodge's play will arrive at the morgue as soon if not sooner than that bearing the embalmed remains of Miss George's *Exquisite Hour*.

Mr. Walker Whiteside, a very capable actor, masqueraded as a Hindu in a play called *The Hindu*, which I believe is now being played in New York. It is supposedly a mystery play but Mr. Whiteside and his good company give to it all the quiet and calm of a Victorian drawing-room. It lacks all the thrills which one expects in mystery plays or in modern drawing rooms.

The Pig Prince*

A Play in Two Acts and a Frolic
By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

The Characters are:

THE KING		PYGMALIAN	} Poland Chinas	
THE QUEEN		SYMPHONI		
RONALD, the Prince		LORD BACON		
UNRIGHT, the tutor		BARNYARD PSHAW	} Durocs	
SHARLIE, the serving maid		GERALDINE		
BERYL, a page		MME. DE STAËL		
CALIBAN	} Berkshires	OMELETTA	} Chester	
MRS. GRUNDY		MARCELLA		
MAMMY BRISTLEBACK		BABY PIGS, or hamlets		Whites
WHAT AM				
OLD SLOBBERJAWS				

TIME: Summer.

PLACE: Any place where there are Kings.

SCENE: The Royal garden and the Royal Model Pig Sty.

(The following verse is to be used where there is a lack of scenery, before the rise of the curtain on Act I.)

Good morning, sirs and ladies all,
Each laddie and each sweeting!
We welcome you with open hearts
And give you gallant greeting.

I prithee take it not amiss
We ask consideration,
And beg you drive full speed the ear
Of your imagination.

We wish you to pretend to see
A garden green and fertile,
Alive with roses, pink and white,
And banks of flowering myrtle.

The garden is upon your right;
Continue your pretending
And on your left please to behold
A pig sty unoffending.

A fine white rail encloses it;
A gate is in the middle,
And it is locked as snugly as
The answer to a riddle.

And having asked this much of you
Again we seek your pardon,
And beg you see a high green hedge
Between the sty and garden.

Now, if we are agreed upon
Our stage's simple setting—
The hedge, the garden, sty and gate
(And mind you, no forgetting!)

We'll bid the prompter take his book,
The starter raise the curtain,
The actors take their cues, while I
Retire for sure and certain!

ACT I

THE KING'S Garden is at the left. The Royal Model Pig Sty at the right: a six-foot hedge divides them. The sty is enclosed by a white railing about two and a half feet high. It is separated from the hedge by a path of pleasant width, the path also running in front of the sty. A gate, padlocked, is in the middle of the railing. In the foreground of the garden a table is set for three. A bench is at the left. Some chairs are placed here and there. It is about four o'clock in the afternoon of a summer day. SHARLIE comes in, bearing a bowl of flowers which she places in the center of the table, stepping back to get the effect.

SHARLIE [Placing the chairs]: The King [Putting chair at right of table.] The Queen [Putting chair opposite.] The Prince [Putting a higher chair at back. She looks at the table, ticking off the items on her fingers as she names them.] Bread; milk; butter; tea-cups; spoons; knives; forks; plates; goblets; bowl; serviettes; strawberries; muffins; cream jug; sugar—[She gives an impatient stamp of her foot.] Oh, sugar!

[BERYL enters, carrying a cage containing a canary.]

BERYL: What's the trouble, Sharlie?

SHARLIE: I forgot the sugar. Oh Beryl! what a darling bird.

BERYL: It's a present for the little Prince.

SHARLIE: I wish it were my birthday!

BERYL: You wouldn't get a mechanical bird if you had three birthdays all at once. Just princes get things like this.

SHARLIE: It looks real.

BERYL: It sings when I press the button—listen! [SHARLIE listens attentively as BERYL presses the side of the cage. A whistling is heard.]

SHARLIE [Clapping her hands.]: That is lovely! lovely! Do it again.

BERYL: No, we must put it in the center of the table. It is the Queen's order.

SHARLIE: Oh, my pretty bouquet! Never mind—I'll divide it. [She hastily places a handful at each plate while BERYL puts the cage on the table.] The sugar! I'd nearly forgotten it again. [She goes out.] BERYL makes the bird sing. As SHARLIE returns with a sugar bowl BERYL steps back and, bumping into her, upsets the sugar.]

SHARLIE: Now see what you have done!

BERYL: We'll scoop up what we can.

SHARLIE [Gleefully]: And eat the rest.

[They drop to the ground and partially fill the bowl, eating the remainder of the sugar, and licking their fingers with enjoyment as they talk.]

SHARLIE: The Prince is a lucky boy to get such nice presents just for being ten years old.

BERYL: Sometimes he acts only three.

SHARLIE: You'd be glad to be in his shoes just the same, wouldn't you?

BERYL [Sturdily]: No, I wouldn't.

SHARLIE: Oh, Beryl! Why not?

BERYL: I'd rather see more of my father and mother. He has only a king for a father and a queen for a mother. I'd rather have a father for a father and a mother for a mother.

SHARLIE [Thoughtfully]: There's something in that.

BERYL: Why, this is the first time his little Highness has been allowed to be at the table with his parents!

SHARLIE: He always eats with his tutor.

BERYL: I don't wonder his manners are bad and that he is spoiled. Unright lets him have his own way all the time.

SHARLIE: For the sake of peace.

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BERYL: I'd rather have a father who paid more attention to me than to his cows and pigs and fowls.

SHARLIE: Still, a Model Farm Yard is a fine thing. Think of having people come from all over the country just to look at the creatures and their clean surroundings!

BERYL: Fancy washing pigs as clean as babies!

SHARLIE: Ugh! I'm glad the job isn't mine. *Sh-h-h.* I hear the Prince.

[RONALD, THE PRINCE, runs in as SHARLIE and BERYL rise guiltily. SHARLIE hastily places the bowl on the table and they put their sticky hands behind them.]

RONALD [Skipping over to them.]: What were you doing down there? What's that? [He points to the remains of the sugar.]

SHARLIE [with a curtsy]: It's—it's sugar, your Highness.

RONALD: Why, what happened?

SHARLIE: I spilled it, your Highness.

BERYL: It was my fault.

RONALD: How jolly! I like sugar, too. [He begins to gobble it as THE KING and THE QUEEN enter.]

THE KING: I thought Ronald was already here.

THE QUEEN: So did I, my love.

THE KING [Seeing RONALD]: That can't be—is it?—why, it is!

THE QUEEN: So it is, my love.

THE KING: Ronald, what are you doing down there?

THE QUEEN: And in your new birthday suit!

RONALD [Merrily]: Saving money for the kingdom, Mamma; eating sugar that was spilled.

THE QUEEN: I really think he will lose in clothes what he would save in sugar, don't you, my love?

THE KING: Still, if he is doing it to be saving, it's commendable—very commendable. He shouldn't be discouraged in the practice of economy. [RONALD reaches for the sugar bowl and upsets it.]

THE KING: Why did you do that?

RONALD: To save more sugar for the kingdom, Papa.

THE KING [to THE QUEEN]: I fear he has been jesting.

THE QUEEN: I fear the same, my love.

THE KING: Let us divert him.

THE QUEEN: Ronald, we wish you a happy birthday.

RONALD [Still eating]: Thank you, lady Mother.

THE KING [To THE QUEEN]: He has great power of concentration. I have great concentration myself.

THE QUEEN: Quite true, my love.

THE KING: Try again.

THE QUEEN: Ronald, dear, come that I may greet you properly.

RONALD [Rising reluctantly and giving a parting lick with his tongue]: What do you wish, Mamma?

[THE QUEEN, drawing him to her, kisses him ten times, THE KING counting one, two, up to ten, as each loud buss is given, RONALD holding himself gingerly away during the process. A slight pause, then THE QUEEN gives an extra hearty smack.]

THE QUEEN: And one to grow on!

THE KING [To THE QUEEN as RONALD moves away, rubbing his cheek]: You did well. He is diverted.

THE QUEEN [Moving her tongue slightly over her lips]: That sugar tasted very good indeed.

RONALD: I'm glad I'm not forty years old!

THE KING: Oho, my young jackanapes! If that's the way you feel about kisses, I'll give you another kind of salute. [He puts RONALD over his knee and gives him ten lively spans, THE QUEEN counting them, as did THE KING her kisses. He gives an extra loud span.] And one to grow on!

[RONALD moves away and rubs himself ruefully, THE KING and QUEEN laughing immoderately, THE KING being obliged to wipe his eyes.]

THE KING: I'm a great joker!

THE QUEEN AND RONALD [RONALD facing front as he still rubs himself]: Oh, very, my love! [RONALD adding.] I should say I am glad I'm not forty!

THE KING: Let us have tea.

[He leads THE QUEEN to her chair, seating her ceremoniously. SHARLIE stands curtseying. RONALD hops into his place with a clatter. BERYL draws out THE KING's chair, THE KING seating himself augustly, he and THE QUEEN exchanging startled looks at RONALD's noisiness.]

THE KING: He is a very strong child.

THE QUEEN: Very, my love.

THE KING: I am strong myself.

THE QUEEN: Oh, very, my love. [RONALD has been restless, tucking his serviette under his chin, and balancing a fork on his nose.]

THE KING [To THE QUEEN]: Shouldn't he be diverted again?

THE QUEEN: He should. Ronald, dear, are you—

THE KING [With irresistible interest, he has been watching RONALD's attempt to balance his fork]: Keep still! He almost did it that time.

RONALD: A pippen to a farthing you can't do it, Papa.

THE KING: Of course I can.

[He lifts his fork to his nose and starts to balance it, then hastily replaces it on the table.]

RONALD: What's the matter?

THE KING [Solemnly]: Kings don't balance things on their noses.

RONALD: I'm glad I'm not a king.

THE KING: One day you'll not be able to help yourself.

RONALD: Then I'll make it a rule that only kings can do the balancing act and the people will have to sit back and wish they could.

THE KING: A sound idea. I'll make a note of it. [He draws a memorandum from his pocket. To THE QUEEN]: He is a very intelligent child.

THE QUEEN: Very, my love.

THE KING: I am intelligent myself.

THE QUEEN: Oh, very, my love.

[BERYL and SHARLIE serve at the table, SHARLIE having brought in the teapot which she places before THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN pouring for herself and THE KING. BERYL has placed a bowl of milk before THE PRINCE.]

RONALD [His mouth full of bread and milk]: Where's my presents?

THE KING [Startled]: What did you say?

RONALD [Putting in more bread and milk]: Where's-my-presents?

THE KING [To THE QUEEN]: He is a large eater.

THE QUEEN: You are a large eater yourself, my love.

THE KING [Hastily]: Not so very.

THE QUEEN: Oh, not so very.

RONALD: I said: Where are my birthday presents?

THE KING: Ah, to be sure! Beryl, his little highness must listen to the bird. [BERYL comes forward and, pressing a button, the bird sings.]

THE KING: How do you like it?

THE QUEEN: Isn't it a beautiful toy?

RONALD: I like live birds better. Buttons and birds don't go together.

THE KING: Um-m! [To THE QUEEN.] Really, there's some truth in that. But I think he is a trifle fastidious—still, I am fastidious myself.

THE QUEEN: You are, my love.

THE KING [Sharply]: Not so very.

THE QUEEN: Oh, not so very.

RONALD: What else is there?

[THE KING summons BERYL and whispers to him. BERYL goes out.]

THE QUEEN: Such a fine surprise is coming! [BERYL returns leading a dog, or rather, the dog is leading him. THE QUEEN claps her hands.]

THE KING: What do you think of him?

THE QUEEN [With anxiety]: And he has such a funny name—Grump! [THE PRINCE looks at the dog, walking around him critically.]

THE KING: Well—don't you like him?

RONALD: Is that all?

THE KING: All!

THE QUEEN: All!

RONALD: Isn't there anything special to eat—cakes, or candy, or—or pickles!

THE KING: Cakes!

THE QUEEN: Candy!

THE KING AND QUEEN: Pickles!

RONALD: My cousin Waldo got a twenty-pound box of sweets on his birthday.

THE KING: So you like best of all to eat, do you?

RONALD [His finger in his mouth]: Yes.

THE KING: Take your finger out of your mouth.

THE QUEEN: Surely you don't wish to eat *that!* Bring in the other surprise, Sharlie.

SHARLIE [*Curtseying*]: Yes, your Majesty. [SHARLIE goes out.]

RONALD: Oh goody! Another surprise. I hope it's something to eat this time.

THE KING [*Sourly*]: Remove the dog. [BERYL and Grump leave as SHARLIE enters bearing an enormous white frosted cake on which is a circle of ten blazing candles, the eleventh, a tall fellow, standing in the middle.]

RONALD [*Jumping up excitedly*]: A cake!

THE QUEEN: How pretty!

THE KING [*Expansively*]: How far the little candle throws its beams.

THE QUEEN: How far does it?

THE KING: Does what?

THE QUEEN: Throw its beams.

THE KING [*Testily*]: I don't know. It's not necessary to know.

THE QUEEN [*Soothingly*]: Of course not, my love.

RONALD [*He has been blowing out the candles and has now reached the last of them*]: And one to blow on!

THE QUEEN: Oh, why did you blow them out?

RONALD [*Seizing a knife*]: Because I am going to eat my cake. [*He begins vigorously to cut it.*]

THE QUEEN [*In excitement*]: It's too soon to eat cake—it's too soon!

THE KING [*Soothingly*]: Boys will be boys.

THE QUEEN [*Calmed*]: How true, my love.

[RONALD is gobbling cake and continues to do so with mounting enthusiasm. THE KING and QUEEN look at him, then at each other, in consternation.]

THE QUEEN: Ronald! [RONALD pays no heed and gobbles greedily.]

THE KING: Ronald! [RONALD proceeds with his task of destruction.] He does not hear even Me!

THE QUEEN: It's concentration, my love. You say yourself he has your concentration.

THE KING: That is not concentration; that is—that is—[*He sputters for a word.*] I don't like to say it, but that is downright pigginess.

THE QUEEN: Oh, no, no! surely not, my love! Your son—my son—piggy! [*She goes to THE KING, draws a large handkerchief from his pocket and weeps into it.*]

THE KING: There! there! don't take it so to heart.

THE QUEEN: But you say yourself he is like you—ou—ou!

THE KING: Not in respect to his—er—pigginess.

THE QUEEN: Are you su—ure?

THE KING [*firmly*]: Quite sure.

THE QUEEN [*Consoled and brightening*]: Very well, my love.

THE KING: Look at him now. It is shocking! It is unbelievable!

THE QUEEN: My love! I have an idea.

THE KING: Delighted. [*He takes out his note-book.*]

THE QUEEN: It is not his fault.

THE KING: No?

THE QUEEN: No.

THE KING: Whose fault is it?

THE QUEEN: It is the fault of his tutor.

THE KING: His tutor?

THE QUEEN: Yes, my love, his tutor.

THE KING: My dear, you are inspired. Beryl!

BERYL: Yes, Sir.

THE KING: Send Unright to me at once.

BERYL: Yes, Sir. [BERYL goes out.]

RONALD [*Not too absorbed to spare an ear for the outside world*]: I say, Papa, don't be hard on Unright. He's a nice sort and lets me do as I please.

THE KING: A nice sort, I must say!

THE QUEEN [*Sighing*]: He does write lovely poetry. At times he even talks in poetry!

THE KING: Mooning about instead of looking after his business.

THE QUEEN [*Again sighing*]: No, there is no excuse for him, I am afraid. He is given an extravagant salary just to teach young ideas.

THE KING: How to shoot.

RONALD: Bang! [*He runs off, turning cartwheels as he goes. BERYL comes in.*]

BERYL: Unright, your Majesty.

[UNRIGHT enters. He advances enthusiastically. The royal pair look severe but as he proceeds with his speech THE KING gradually smiles blandly and THE QUEEN self-consciously.]

UNRIGHT [*With his courtliest bow*]: Your Majesties, I was composing a poem in your praise when the royal summons came. It starts like this:

Imperial ones, my Queen! my King!

Inspirer of my muse's wing,

I lay my being at thy feet.

My spirit's bird cries: Tweet! tweet! tweet!

THE QUEEN [*To THE KING as she extends her hand to UNRIGHT*]: How searching that is!

UNRIGHT [*Kissing THE QUEEN'S hand, then bowing to THE KING*]:

You brim my twilight with romance.

THE QUEEN [*To THE KING*]: His twilight!

THE KING [*To THE QUEEN*]: What does he mean?

THE QUEEN: Who cares?

UNRIGHT: You brim my twilight with romance—romance; I do not get the rhyme that satisfies.

THE QUEEN: Perchance?

UNRIGHT [*Meditating*]: No, that does not bring the picture.

THE QUEEN [*With alphabetical zeal*]: Aunts—bance—cance—dance—Dance! how is that?

THE KING [*With conviction*]: Pants.

THE QUEEN: Sh-h-h-h

THE KING: What's the matter?

THE QUEEN: You should say trousers.

THE KING [*Peevishly*]: It wouldn't rhyme.

UNRIGHT: Pants will do—poetic license, you know. [THE KING is vastly pleased with himself.] As a poet I may clothe my figures of speech in pants instead of trousers, if I choose.

THE QUEEN: I have it!

THE KING [*Taking out note book*]: Another idea! Wonderful woman.

THE QUEEN [*Drawing a series of quick hard breaths*]: Use these pants.

UNRIGHT: Charming! poetic!

You brim my twilight with romance
And cause my soul to fly in pants.

THE QUEEN: Beau-ti-ful!

THE KING [*Royally*]: It will suffice.

UNRIGHT: You sent for me, Sir. How, may I serve you?

THE KING [*Becoming severe as he recalls his business with the tutor, THE QUEEN also changing her manner to refit the interview*]: I wish to know why you have neglected my son and heir?

UNRIGHT: Neglected him—I, Sir?

THE KING [*Fiercely*]: He has the manners of a—of a—

THE QUEEN: Don't say it, my love.

THE KING: Snipe—of a snipe.

UNRIGHT: I am a student of ornithology, your majesty, and the snipe has manners beyond reproach. But the bird that interests me—

THE QUEEN [*Aside to THE KING*]: He is trying to divert you, my love.

THE KING: Me! Divert Me! Unright you cannot divert Me.

UNRIGHT: Quite right, your majesty. Forgive me if I digressed. We were speaking of—?

THE KING: Of—of—of—

THE QUEEN [*Whispering*]: Snipes.

THE KING: Snipes. We were speaking of snipes.

UNRIGHT: Ah—snipes. They are care-free bipeds. They—

THE QUEEN [*Whispering*]: No, not snipes; Ronald and his table manners.

THE KING: Not snipes—table manners. Why are my son and heir's table manners the worst in the kingdom?

UNRIGHT: The worst?

THE QUEEN: The very worst.

UNRIGHT: Because coupled with his father's strength he has his mother's imperious imagination.

THE KING: Um—m—m [*To THE QUEEN*]: There may be something in that.

THE QUEEN: Undoubtedly, my love.

UNRIGHT: Do you wish your child to be a prig?

THE KING [*Startled*]: Pig, did you say?

UNRIGHT: No, prig.

THE KING: I wish him to be neither prig nor—

THE QUEEN: Don't—don't say it, my love.

UNRIGHT: I do not teach a child to eat like a machine. I teach his spirit how to flit.

THE QUEEN [*Nodding to THE KING*]: To flit.

UNRIGHT: And the mind to shed its overalls.

THE QUEEN: Its overalls.

UNRIGHT: As it were.

THE KING: Yes, as it were.

UNRIGHT: Plato made his observations on the training of youth. I am making mine.

THE KING: We begin to get your meaning.

[RONALD enters, hopping and crowing from sheer gladness. He carries a pan, around which he runs his finger, licking the latter lustily.]

RONALD:

Frostin'! frostin'!

Bettern'n beans from Bostin.

It's lickin' good. Have some?

THE KING [*To UNRIGHT, stamping his foot*]: You have tried to divert me again. I will no longer be hoodwinked by your feather-headed theories. Give me a little machine, if you must, but not a—

THE QUEEN: Don't say it, my love.

THE KING [*Roaring*]: Pig!

THE QUEEN: Oh!!

THE KING [*To UNRIGHT*]: You are dismissed—do you understand? You are discharged on the spot.

UNRIGHT [*Bowing*]: Oh, Sire, I shall do my best to go, but you know how full is my mind of other things. Both you and I, Sire, often fail to remember. If I continue to remain, please attribute it to my forgetfulness. [*He bows and leaves.*]

THE KING: Now I shall attend to that boy's manners. Ronald!

THE QUEEN [*Nervously*]: Don't be too firm, my love. Perhaps he just needs diverting again.

THE KING [*Looking at RONALD who, having disposed of the frosting, is now attacking the dishes on the table*]: It's too much of a diversion with him already. It's nothing short of a picnic. Ronald!

THE QUEEN: Oh dear! Can't you even get his ear.

THE KING: I can and I will. [*He strides over to RONALD and takes him by the ear.*]

RONALD: Leggo my ear.

THE KING: What do you mean, you young outlew, by gorging in this fashion? You are a—you are nothing but a Pig Prince.

THE QUEEN: And all over your nice birthday suit!

RONALD [*In a temper*]: I wish I could wear my birthday suit—that means just your skin. I wouldn't have to be primped up all the time then. As for being a Pig Prince, I'd be glad to eat with the pigs if I could be left in peace!

THE QUEEN: Ronald!

THE KING [*Solemnly and awfully*]: You heard what he said?

THE QUEEN [*In a shaking voice*]: I am not sure, my love.

THE KING [*To RONALD*]: You shall have your way, sir.

THE QUEEN: What do you mean?

RONALD: I don't care what he means.

THE KING: Come with me.

[*He seizes him by the arm. RONALD protests and kicks, but the royal hand is firm and he is taken through a gap in the hedge, thrust within the sty, and the padlock securely snapped. THE QUEEN wrings her hands. BERYL and SHARLIE are tense listeners. THE KING mops his brow feelingly.*]

RONALD [*Kicking*]: Let me out! Let me out!

THE KING: Kicking will do you no good, and there is no use trying to climb over. The top of the fence is covered with a patent glue that would hold you in a fast grip should you so much as touch it. You shall be put in with the pigs for every meal. Beryl!

BERYL: Yes, Sire.

THE KING: Tell the porter, until further notice, to put his Highness in the sty when it is his meal time.

BERYL: Yes, Sire.

THE KING: If he needs help, he is to get it.

BERYL: Yes, Sire.

THE QUEEN: Oh, how cruel! How cruel!

THE KING [*To RONALD*]: When your manners are improved you may again be allowed to eat with your royal parents.

RONALD: I don't want to eat with 'em. Let me out! Let me out!

THE KING: Sharlie, you may take his meals to him. Let him have the remainder of his lunch now. He may be hungry!

SHARLIE: Yes, Sire. [*She takes a plate with bread and muffins on it and thrusts it through the fence. RONALD seizes it and dashes it on the ground.*]

RONALD: Let me out! let me out!

[*The pigs, hitherto out of sight at the left of the sty, rush forward grunting and greedy, and try to get the food.*]

THE KING [*Rejoining THE QUEEN*]: Come, my dear. It is too sad a sight for a mother's eyes.

[*KING and QUEEN go out, THE QUEEN weeping on the royal shoulder. SHARLIE has entered the garden and she and BERYL giggle behind their hands. THE PRINCE continues to kick and the pigs grunt noisily.*]

ACT II

The scene and hour are the same as before but it is a month later. The tea table is again set but only for two, and SHARLIE is putting on the finishing touches. BERYL sits on the ground, Turk fashion, playing with a spelling-board. He moves the letters busily saying: P, I, G, P, R, I, N, C, E, as he finds the letters,

BERYL: There! see that.

SHARLIE [*Running over to him*]: What have you spelled this time? [*BERYL holds up the board, SHARLIE spelling slowly, hands on hips.*] P, I, G, P, R,—Pig Prince. O Beryl!

BERYL: Sh-h-h! He might hear you. [*SHARLIE peeps through the hedge.*]

SHARLIE: Poor fellow! What a difference though from a month ago. If you hadn't gone home to visit you would have seen some strange sights.

BERYL [*Tossing aside the spelling-board and clasping his knees*]: I saw the Prince throw his first meal on the ground and refuse to eat it. Did he do that again? [*SHARLIE gives one parting look at the table re-arranges a goblet, then comes down to BERYL, sitting on the bench.*]

SHARLIE: Did he? Well, I rather think he did! For days it was all the porter could do to get him inside the sty.

BERYL: Did he try climbing out?

SHARLIE: Once, and only once. The patent glue held him so fast it took several people to peel him out of his suit which was left sticking to the rail. I thought they'd never get the suit off after they got the Prince out. Every time I brought him his nice plate of hot food, he would dash it down and scatter it about.

BERYL: The pigs must have liked that!

SHARLIE: 'Deed they did; they gobbled it as fast as the Prince used to.

BERYL: Used to? Doesn't he do it any more?

SHARLIE: Wait! I'm getting ahead of my story. For the first day or two he wouldn't take a bite of anything. Then he grew so starved he was glad enough to slip off a crust on the sly.

BERYL: He must have been as hollow as a drum.

SHARLIE: As two drums! You see, orders had been given that no one was to feed him so much as a whiff of anything. By and by hunger got ahead of pride and he ate every crumb on the plate. But the pigs grunted and made such a noise he couldn't stand it any longer.

BERYL: Oho!

SHARLIE: I'd hear him say: "Don't push so hard! Don't make such a noise! I can't hear myself think." Then he used to linger while they were fed and say: "There's plenty for all. Don't be so greedy! I never saw such manners!"

BERYL [*Rocking back and forth with laughter*]: Good enough!

SHARLIE: Then he began to teach them things. The porter no longer had to put him in by force. He'd march in of his own accord and stay to give them regular lessons.

BERYL: Lessons?

SHARLIE: Yes.

BERYL: In what?

SHARLIE: Manners.

BERYL: Whew! That's a funny turn for things to take.

SHARLIE: Yes, and all of them have names. There isn't a single pig that he doesn't call by name.

BERYL: Oh, Sharlie, what a lark!

SHARLIE: The old nosey one is Mrs. Grundy, The Chester White with the extra wavy tail is Marcella. Some of the Berkshires are Old Slobberjaws, Mammy Bristleback and What Am.

BERYL: What *what*?

SHARLIE: What Am. And the big one that looks like the Old Nick's nightmare is called Caliban.

BERYL: I'll wager Unright named him.

SHARLIE [*Nodding*]: He named most of them. He's still here.

BERYL: Who?

SHARLIE: Unright.

BERYL: Why not?

SHARLIE [*Imitating THE KING's manner*]: Unright, you are discharged on the spot.

BERYL: And he hasn't gone?

SHARLIE [*Imitating UNRIGHT*]: My mind is so full of other things, your Majesty, that if I do not leave, pray attribute it to my forgetfulness.

BERYL: Oh me! Wish I were a poet.

SHARLIE: There are lots of things we'd not remember—eh?

BERYL [*Nodding and rising*]: For instance, I'd forget I had to take this spelling-board to the little Princess, and I'd remember to stay here and talk to you.

SHARLIE: Well, you wouldn't have me to talk to because I'd remember I have to slice the peaches.

BERYL [*As they leave*]: I think you might at least play that you'd forget!

[*There is a loud grunting from the sty. Some of the pigs scramble forward. THE PRINCE runs in from the garden, followed by the more deliberate UNRIGHT. RONALD goes through the hedge and leans on the fence.*]

RONALD: For shame on you, pushing and chattering like this! Caliban, you old scout, what do you mean, sir?

CALIBAN [*In a bass rumble*]: Oy-nk! Oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD [*To UNRIGHT*]: He is ashamed of himself. See how sorry he looks!

UNRIGHT: Can't say he looks very heartbroken to me.

RONALD [*Seriously*]: He is, though. Marcella, take your foot out of the trough.

MARCELLA [*In a suave tone*]: Oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD: That's right. Ladies don't do that. Omeletta!

OMELETTA: Oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD: You are running over everything.

OMELETTA: Oy-nk!

UNRIGHT: I feel like inditing a sonnet to these primeval creatures. It would go something like this:

O, noble hog, thou brawny bristling brute—

Fine alliteration that—brawny bristling brute.

PIGS [*Listening in solemn rows*]: Oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk!

UNRIGHT [*Sweeping off his hat and bowing*]:

O noble hog, thou brawny, bristling brute,

Thy too, too solid flesh a prison wall,
How canst thy soul escape its fatty thrall

And munch the spirit's immaterial fruit?

PIGS [*In concert*]: Oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk!

UNRIGHT [*Again bowing*]:

As round as Giotto's, O thy circling snoot!

Like plume of Lancelot, thy tail so tall.

PIGS [*Shaking heads slowly and emphatically from left to right*]: Oy-nk! oy-nk!

UNRIGHT: What's the difficulty?

RONALD: Their tails are not tall.

UNRIGHT: A sonnet is so exacting. I did it for the sake of the rhyme. O Poetry, how many rhymes are committed in thy name!

PIGS [*Nodding slowly up and down*]: Oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk!

UNRIGHT:

Like Burgomaster's belt, thy waist so small!

Like siren's song, thy voice's crystal flute.

PIGS [*In gratified chorus*]: Oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD: They are full of appreciation.

UNRIGHT: And I had always thought of them as full of nothing but—er—miscellany!

RONALD: They are full of ideas, too. You should see Lord Bacon swell out his chest for a drum and play music on it to the moon.

LORD BACON [*Crisply*]: Oy-nk!

RONALD: It's time for tea. One, two, three, ready!

PIGS: Oy-nk! oy-nk!

[*They obediently retire to the rear of the sty, marching in pairs.*]

UNRIGHT [*With upraised hands*]: Such military spirit! Such precision!

[*RONALD and UNRIGHT walk between the hedge and the sty. THE KING and THE QUEEN come into the garden. THE QUEEN walks with a folded green parasol*

and leans heavily on THE KING's arm.]

THE KING: There, there, my dear! You must brace up and not take things so much to heart.

THE QUEEN: But think how a mother feels to have her only son eating with pigs.

THE KING: Think how a father feels to find his only son is a pig.

THE QUEEN: *Sh-h-h-h!* I wish you would not use that dreadful word.

THE KING: A king may do and say and think always and under all circumstances exactly as he pleases.

THE QUEEN: And so may a queen.

THE KING: To be sure—provided she does and says and thinks exactly as the king.

THE QUEEN: Oh, this is intolerable! I would weep but I will not make use of your handkerchief or your shoulder.

THE KING: Come, come, my dear! You must help me to train our son. You must help me to be firm.

THE QUEEN: Firm! You call it *firm*, you inhuman, stony-hearted, goggle-eyed parent!

THE KING: Take that back!

THE QUEEN: Take *what* back?

THE KING: Goggle-eyed.

THE QUEEN: Never.

THE KING: If you do I will compromise.

THE QUEEN: That makes a difference. You are not so *very* goggle-eyed.

THE KING: Thank you. We will watch Ronald take his next meal and if he has improved, and appears to have profited by the lesson, his punishment shall be ended.

THE QUEEN: Agreed.

THE KING: You are always agreeable. Here comes Sharlie. Let us conceal ourselves.

THE QUEEN [*Opening her parasol*]: I have let it be known to all that when my parasol is raised, I am not present. It insures great privacy.

THE KING: Excellent, my dear.

[*They seat themselves on the bench, the parasol opened behind them. SHARLIE enters bearing a plate of food. She sees the parasol, and saunters down just behind THE KING and THE QUEEN.*]

SHARLIE: How I do enjoy being here alone! [*She makes a saucy grimace at the backs of the royal pair and goes through the hedge.*]

THE QUEEN: How dare she—in our presence!

THE KING: Your parasol was raised.

THE QUEEN: But her voice should not have been.

SHARLIE: Prince Ronald! Prince Ronald! [*RONALD comes forward at the left of the hedge.*]

RONALD: Here, Sharlie, and hungry as a hunter.

[*THE KING and THE QUEEN carry the bench to the hedge and stand on it so they can*

overlook the sty. THE QUEEN continues to keep her parasol raised. SHARLIE unlocks the gate, curtsies, and THE PRINCE enters and takes his plate, the pigs rushing toward him and grunting a welcome. SHARLIE goes out.]

RONALD: Gently! For shame, being so noisy! One would take you for nothing but pigs. [The pigs slink back and are much ashamed. RONALD seats himself on a high stool.] Say excuse me.

PIGS: Oy-nk—oy-nk—oy-nk!

THE QUEEN: How perfectly sweet.

RONALD: Very well, I'll excuse you this time, but not again. Understand? [The pigs nod in earnest unison.] I shan't eat my goodies till you get yours. There is Beryl now. How do you like your new job, Beryl?

[BERYL comes in, bearing some shining pails.]

BERYL: I shall like it, I know, your Highness. [Occasional grunts and gobblings can be heard. As BERYL returns he bows in passing THE PRINCE.] Excuse me, your Highness.

RONALD: I don't know which is more polite, you or they. [He motions toward the pigs.]

BERYL: They say we are known by the company we keep. If I am often with them, your Highness, I shall be noted for my manners. [He goes out. RONALD eats with extreme daintiness.]

RONALD [Sharply]: Go slow there. Don't struggle with your food, What Am.

THE KING: Ronald certainly has a way with him. I have a way with me, myself.

THE QUEEN: Oh, you have, my love, you have!

RONALD: Now we are finished, aren't we?

PIGS: Oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD: Very well. You are excused. [The pigs march forward in pairs and station themselves near RONALD.]

THE QUEEN: What are those reddish ones, my love?

THE KING: Durocs; full-blooded Durocs.

THE QUEEN: They look like rusty iron banks and I keep wishing to drop pennies into them.

RONALD: All ready for our singing. It is not too soon after eating?

PIGS [Shaking their heads]: Oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD: Geraldine, I hope your cold is better. Let me hear you run a scale. [GERALDINE grunts a scale in a brave manner.] Good, Geraldine! Except for a little huskiness you're as clear as a bell.

GERALDINE: Oy-nk! oy-nk!

RONALD: You are welcome. [UNRIGHT has entered the garden. He places a chair beside the bench and, unobserved by THE KING and THE QUEEN, climbs upon it.] Symphoni, you're of good musical stock; will you help me conduct?

[SYMPHONI comes forward and mounts RON-

ALD's stool. He sits on his haunches and beats time, RONALD assisting him when the chorus is sung.]

RONALD: I'll sing the verse and all of you come in good and strong on the chorus. Don't forget your P's and Q's—P for Pig, and Q for Curly Q! Now, Symphoni; one, two, three, ready!

[SYMPHONI raises a willing hoof and RONALD sings. SHARLIE has entered the garden and placing a chair beside UNRIGHT, becomes one of the eavesdropping audience.]

RONALD [Singing]:

I wouldn't be a pig like you, like you,
I wouldn't be a pig like you!

Your temper's surly, your voice is burly,
And you gobble enough for two.

Your manners at table are greedy and
bad;

Your appetite's all that is good.

I wouldn't be a pig like you, like you,!

I couldn't, and I wouldn't if I could.!

Chorus of all the pigs: Oy-nk! Oy-nk!
Oy-nk!

[BERYL has entered the garden during the singing of the chorus and has placed a chair next to SHARLIE'S, upon which he stands beating time. The tune is rhythmic and all five of the spectators sway their bodies, each unconscious of the others.]

RONALD [Singing]:

Who wouldn't be a pig like me, like me,
A cute little pig like me?

A full existence, a good subsistence,
And a life as it ought to be.

A nice little sty with the world shut out
And a nice little world shut in.

A double ring in your nose, nose, nose,
And a triple fold in your chin.

Chorus: Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk!

[During the singing of the chorus, the rhythm proves too much and before they realize what they are doing, THE KING and THE QUEEN, SHARLIE and BERYL, and UNRIGHT, alone but with abandon, descend and dance gaily about. At the conclusion of the chorus they whisk back to their places and look eagerly over the hedge.]

RONALD: That was very well done. I am proud of you.

THE KING [To RONALD]: And I am proud of you.

THE QUEEN: So am I.

UNRIGHT: I am, as well.

SHARLIE AND BERYL: We, too. [They stop in sudden confusion, their hands to their mouths.]

THE QUEEN: How did you get here, girl? And you, fellow? Did you not know I was present?

SHARLIE [Curtseying on the chair]: Your parasol was raised, your Majesty. How could we know?

THE KING: She is technically correct.

THE QUEEN [Royally]: You are forgiven.

SHARLIE AND BERYL: Thanks, your

Majesty.

RONALD [Eagerly]: Mamma! Papa! Didn't they do well?

THE KING: My son, you are a born reformer. I am something of a reformer myself.

THE QUEEN: You are, my love. Ronald, come and have tea with us this very minute.

RONALD: May I bring my friends?

THE KING: Your friends?

RONALD: Yes—these. [Waving his hand toward the pigs. In a half whisper:] I don't like to call them pigs; they are so sensitive.

UNRIGHT: It would be a very democratic thing to do, your Majesty.

THE KING: Do you think, if it became known, that it would please the people?

UNRIGHT: Sire, I am certain of it.

THE KING: Ronald, bring your friends. All are welcome.

[THE KING, THE QUEEN, UNRIGHT, SHARLIE and BERYL descend, THE KING assisting THE QUEEN. BERYL places a third chair at the table and SHARLIE lays another place.]

RONALD: Caliban!

UNRIGHT: If you must be in a tempest, let it be in the Queen's teapot.

RONALD: Mrs. Grundy!

UNRIGHT: Thou horizontal pillar of propriety—fair, fat, and snorty!

RONALD: Barnyard Pshaw! [BARNYARD goes in the opposite direction.] Barnyard Pshaw will please not join us in the garden. [BARNYARD immediately falls in line and goes through the hedge.]

UNRIGHT: Why did he do that?

RONALD: He likes to do what is not expected of him, so I ask him the opposite of what I mean. Marcella!

UNRIGHT: Wave your tail and pass on.

THE KING [Puzzled, to UNRIGHT]: Did I not—it seems to me I asked you to do something—a long time ago, too. I don't recall what it was—do you?

UNRIGHT: Sire, it does seem to me you made a request—but what it was—! Alas! My mind is so full of varied things.

THE KING: Well, well, just let me know if you bring it to your remembrance.

UNRIGHT [With an elaborate bow]: I shall be inexpressible, Sire, if I miss an opportunity of serving you.

RONALD: Go, one at a time as I call you, and sit where they place you. Symphoni, you may conduct them. [SYMPHONI grunts and takes the lead, BERYL having unlocked the gate. As RONALD names the pigs, they grunt and fall in line. UNRIGHT watches near RONALD.] Come, Geraldine, my beauty.

UNRIGHT: Her very grunts are fairer far than songs of other maidens are.

RONALD: Pygmalion!

UNRIGHT: Or you might say, Malepigian. He doesn't seem to be pork-upining for his Galatea.

RONALD: Omeletta!

UNRIGHT: Scramble through.

RONALD: Lord Bacon! [LORD BACON saunters importantly.]

UNRIGHT: Make haste, Lord Bacon; be a little rasher. [Shakes his head.] And they say he wrote Shakespeare!

RONALD: Mme. de Staël!

UNRIGHT: Don't call her Mme. de Staël; call her Mme. Recamier. She is celebrated for her beauty rather than her wit.

MME. DE STAËL [Happily flattered]: Oy-nk! Oy-nk! [UNRIGHT bows and sweeps off his hat.]

RONALD: Old Slobberjaws! Mammy Bristleback! What Am! Now for the little fellows.

UNRIGHT: The hamlets! [A number of baby pigs go through the gate.]

RONALD: Come on, babies, don't push. [The pigs have filed through the gateway, on through the hedge, seating themselves on the ground on each side of the table as their hosts, already seated, have courteously indicated. When the last piglet has been placed, RONALD takes his chair facing front. UNRIGHT assists SHARLIE and BERYL in passing muffins to the guests. The guests sit solemnly and politely, each balancing a muffin on his fore-hoofs. They are expectant. One or two cannot resist a wheedling grunt.]

THE QUEEN: The darling things!

RONALD: One, two, three, ready! [In a twinkling the muffins are cordially, but not too cordially, disposed of.]

THE KING: There is a proverb in my kingdom: Pigs is pigs. Henceforth it shall read: Pigs is not pigs.

RONALD: I shall teach them.

UNRIGHT: I shall write poems about them.

SHARLIE AND BERYL: We shall feed them.

THE KING: I shall reign over them.

THE QUEEN: I shall make silken purses out of their ears.

PIGS [In discontent]: Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk!

THE QUEEN: No, I shall make whistles out of their tails.

PIGS [In increasing discontent]: Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk!

THE QUEEN: I,—oh dear!—I shall embroider love-knots for their noses.

PIGS [In appreciative accord]: Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk! Oy-nk!

UNRIGHT [Seizing a goblet]: I propose the health of one who has made it an honor to be a pig. Here's to his little highness, the Pig Prince!

[THE KING and THE QUEEN stand with their goblets raised, SHARLIE and BERYL wave their hands, the pigs grunt enthusiastically, and RONALD running in front seizes MAMMY BRISTLEBACK and they dance riotously.]

SUGGESTIONS

The King and Queen are dressed in traditional royal fashion.

The King wears a rich purple costume; cream stockings; black slippers with golden buckles. His purple hat bears a forest green plume.

The Queen's costume is mauve and forest green. Her garden hat is of tuscan straw with mauve flowers and green ties.

The Prince is in forest green full trousers and bolero; tie, stockings and blouse of a soft ecru; black slippers. In the second act, the Prince wears a cream colored wash suit.

Unright's suit is russet brown; brown stockings and slippers; cream colored shirt. His hat is small and jaunty, a peacock feather in the band.

Sharlie wears a dress of old blue, full in the skirt which is of scant ankle length; the collar is rolling and V-shaped; the sleeves are above the elbow with flaring cuffs. Stockings and apron, the latter a perky little affair, are ecru in color, with black slippers and ribbon ties.

Beryl's trousers and blouse are of old blue; rolling collar; ecru stockings; black slippers.

The number of pigs may be reduced to suit the producer.

The King and Queen play their roles with convincing seriousness. They must not farce the parts; the same with Unright.

When the pigs move their heads in assent or dissent, they do so concertedly. When they go from the sty to the garden, the action must not drag.

If the Prince cannot sing, the singing may be done off stage close to the Prince. Should an encore be desired, it is suggested that The Pig Song in "The Merrymakers" (Rand, McNally & Co.) be used. There are many popular melodies to which the words of the song in the play may be adapted.

David Bispham and Opera in English

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IT was my privilege, for many years, to know David Bispham, both as an artist and a man. He was a splendid singer, a great interpreter of many parts, and a musician of unusual gifts and learning. But he was more than all these things—a good American. And he had done his best to help the cause of art here both in theory and in practice. He was an ardent and persistent advocate, above all, of the use of our own speech in Opera. Not very long before his death, indeed, he bade Mrs. Archibald Freer keep up the fight now being waged for "Opera in Our Language."

So there is surely something fitting and appealing to all true Americans in the announcement which was made some time ago by the Opera in Our Language Foundation, founded by Mrs. Freer (Eleanor Everest) of Chicago, of a new movement to raise funds for an appropriate David Bispham Memorial, intended partly as a tribute to the singer who had often given us pleasure, and chiefly to perpetuate his memory by assisting our musicians, and more especially our composers, to produce good works.

Under the auspices of the Opera in Our Language Foundation, represented by Mrs. Freer, Mrs. Louis Yager, and Mrs. Albert Ochsner, the David Bispham Memorial Fund has been incorporated. The cooperation of Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick has been enlisted in support of the movement and she will act as treasurer of the fund.

Mrs. McCormick has already come out as a friend of opera in English, and by supporting the idea of making opera vital and intelligible by its interpretation both in words and tones, she has done much to make it possible. It was, until lately,

quite the fashion in this country to speak scornfully of English as a medium for the operatic art. By some wise persons it was even thought intelligent to brand the wish to have our opera made clear to us as a mere fad. For two long centuries our oratorios had been sung to us in our own tongue, and in the lighter field of Broadway operetta, we had always been given English. But it was still assumed by many, if not the majority, that English words in what we call "Grand" Opera must be quite ridiculous.

Well—David Bispham felt sure of the contrary, and countless others have now come to think as he did.

THERE is a chapter in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, from which Mr. Bispham was fond of quoting, in which the Apostle Paul says this. "I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." And, in the same chapter, Paul adds this: "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

One of the chief aims and objects of the Opera in Our Language Foundation is, like David Bispham's, to give Americans the right—enjoyed already by all European nations—of understanding what is sung to them in Opera. For Opera is not symphony, but music-drama, for which words are written. Another object of that much-discussed society is to help struggling and neglected American artists, composers, librettists and singers, to their own place in their own sun; to enable them to compete, on at least equal terms, with foreign artists; and to build up a national school of Opera.

The Silent Tragedy of the Actor

By GREGORY ZILBOORG

IN THESE lines I shall not dwell at length upon the cause of all causes—American theatre commercialism. It is true that the commercialized system has broken many a wing of American dramatic art, but it is not less true that some resultant characteristics became independent factors in the theatre and now influence its development as if they were independent of commercialism; they became traditions so to speak.

The actor is a nomadic being. This is a universal trait of all actors. The actor seldom has a permanent home. He usually lives between the dressing room, the restaurant and the hotel. Even in the countries, where the repertory theatre is an established institution, he seldom establishes himself in the same town for more than one season. The nomadic character of his life is part of his artistic personality. It prevents him from becoming an integral part of the sedentary, well regulated, "normal" life, it makes him a constant observer, a sightseer of well established forms, it prevents him from becoming covered with the motionless hard crust of mechanization. Hence his characteristic restlessness, his feeling that life should be *shown* in dynamic, spiritualized forms, as opposed to the static and automatic regularity of the world—on the other side of the footlights. But America is a country of extremes, despite its dull philistinism. And the nomadic character of the actor's life is carried, as many other things, to its extreme. The actor in America is usually engaged for a certain play only. Every theatre office in New York offers a sad picture of a "labor exchange" all year around. A play, even the best play is a gamble: who knows whether it will succeed or not? Who knows how long it will run? The actor is never sure, what the morrow will bring him. He eagerly awaits the sign on the wall telling that the play will be "taken off" on such and such a day. The least important actor acquires an eager interest in the box office activities—the thermometer of his economic existence. The receipts are falling, this means that his economic existence is coming to an end. The box office money temperature reaches the point below normal and his economic existence grows cold and expires. Tomorrow he will again start the round of crowded and unpleasant "labor exchanges." Briefly the actor's life has but one name; extreme insecurity, mental restlessness, lack of balance. His nomadic state drove him farther out of life than he deserves, he became an outcast. To many of my readers it may seem that this picture is too gloomy. To this, I can answer only by saying: it is not gloomy enough. Take into consideration what follows and you will see.

The system of the casual engagement of the actor for a certain play creates a peculiar situation as far as the artistic side of the theatre is concerned. The *régisseur* under this system is compelled always to deal with new people, whose ability, idiosyncrasies, merits and faults are unknown to him, he not only always loses time becoming acquainted with them, but his artistic work is bound to suffer, since he seldom, if ever, can succeed under these circumstances in creating a real ensemble. How can he, since the cast is permanently a casual group of casual workers who accidentally "dropped in," were accidentally engaged and will incidentally play a part. A repertory theatre group seldom suffers of these accidents and incidents—hence there is always a common spirit among the cast, a thing without which there can be no good theatre.

Another thing: This system makes the actor nomadic not only in relation to the towns where he plays, but even in relation to theatres and stages, where he plays. The actor never

has time to assimilate himself for any length of time with the character of his own laboratory, his dressing room and stage. Today he is in one theatre, tomorrow in another. He acquires a more or less permanent laboratory only at the time, when he needs it least of all—during a long run, when he grinds the wheel instead of working and creating. But we shall speak of the long run later.

SO far it is apparent that the one play system creates a certain environment for the personality of the actor, an environment that is bound to shape the psychology of the actor. His psychology becomes commercialized despite himself. And this is not the only anti-artistic thing, he, the artist becomes interested in. Take the young actor. What is his dream? There is but one answer. To become a star, to become the most unartistic element of the theatre. Why? A Star may have a long contract with a manager and thus become economically more secure. The actor, himself may not realize that his desires, dreams, plans are all directed by the economic factor; just as the simple laborer is seldom conscious of the fact that the economic factor becomes the main-spring of his mental, spiritual and emotional make-up. Here I want to point out incidentally, that I am not at all a fanatic of economic determinism, I do not try to analyze Dante from the point of view of the trade conditions of the Florentine Republic, but it is hardly necessary to stress the point that the actor's life of today is controlled by the economic structure of the American Theatre. I stress this fact only to point out, that the American actor is put in the abnormal conditions of a day laborer, that economically he is a proletarian; this is an abnormality, a dreadful abnormality, created by commercialism in dramatic art.

To correct this abnormality is one of the greatest, sublimest tasks of every worker in the theatre, but in order to fulfill this task we must not close our eyes to these ugly facts. The day laborer's psychology is an inevitable consequence of circumstances over which the actor has no control. This is his silent tragedy. I shall say more: his uncomprehended tragedy, of which he, himself, may be absolutely unaware. The reader will find below a few characteristic illustrations, that may give point to my main idea.

Is the actor naturally interested in the long run? Apparently not. To grind day after day the same thing, to forget that there ever was any other trait in your dramatic gift, any other color, any other set of emotions, than those you represent night after night, week after week, and at times year after year, to be transformed into an automaton constantly repeating the same set of words and gestures hardly makes for the development of the personality of the actor. Sacha Guitry's theory, that to act every night in the same play is equal to acting every night in a new play because there is always a new audience, reflects only the trend of our commercial age, when the public, the crowd, the mob, the box office—make the theatre and not its real creator—the actor. It reflects only the utter disrespect of personality so characteristic of our age; it reflects the idea (actual, if not conscious) that the actor is but a machine, a mechanism created for the performance of certain tricks which amuse, entertain or skillfully mystify. The actual soul of the actor is a human soul after all and as soon as the actor indulges in the development of mechanistic automatic tricks, he loses his genuineness, he loses his emotional sincerity, he is compelled by circumstances to use tricks, to artificially screw up his tired slumbering, exhausted tempera-

ment and act either with his nerves as a substitute for emotions, or with his head and tricks as a substitute for artistic authenticity of life.

THE result is that the theatre, instead of being a creative agent becomes an agent of equalization, normalization and monotony. All these latter characteristics have nothing to do with art. More than that, the long run becomes a habit which the actor himself does not notice. He appreciates the long run as an artistic success although it may mean only a financial one. He thinks in terms of tens and quantity of masses instead of in intensity of impression and quality. One of the leading actors in America, objecting to my negative ideas about the long run told me recently: "You are not accustomed to that in Europe and therefore your psychology is different. You cannot understand that we are accustomed to playing every night the same thing not less than you to playing different things. The artistic quality remains the same." I do not doubt the sincerity of that actor's opinion, and it is precisely the sincerity of this opinion, which makes it so sad. The actor in America is brought to that stage, when he does not even realize the precarious condition in which his artistic personality is placed by the circumstances described. He does not even realize that to play 32-33-34 times a month leaves him no time, no energy, no spiritual sturdiness for creation. There may be exceptions, but they are only exceptions.

The *Freeman* recently raised the question of the long run in an illuminating fashion and attacked the commercial system of the theatre. To that, *The New York Globe* rightly replied, that the actors themselves are not energetic enough, that they rejoice over a long run, that they love idleness. *The Freeman* and *The New York Globe* are both right. But *The New York Globe* is wrong in overlooking the fact that the morbid psychological characteristics it refers to are direct results of the economic position of the actor. He is tired of being unsecure, he is sick of sitting for hours at the door of the manager's office; he strikes at last a long run, like a gold mine and thus may be secure for a while. He exchanges his artistic mission for security. This is his tragedy.

And not only this. One of the most disheartening things I notice on the American stage in this connection is what I call the "Rule of the Mob." The play is a success; in order to have a long run, it must be a success, it must be applauded by mobs, big mobs. Never mind the critics, the authorities, the literati, what do they know? The play is a success, is it not, despite their foolish talk? I dropped into the dressing room of a great American actor after one of the first nights. He did not let me say anything, he did not ask me what I thought of the production. "Please don't say anything," he exclaimed. "Don't. The play is a big success, and we are all happy. Don't destroy our illusion." That actor was unaware that he expressed the quintessence of what may be justly called the resultant economic psychology of the American theatre. The play is a success. The crowd loves it. Instead of being its leader, the actor gladly accepts the role of an entertainer. The crowd likes it, the crowd is the supreme judge!

I remember a leading authority of the American theatre stating in these columns that the first task of the theatre is to be interesting. He was wrong. Theatre must be theatre. Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes gloomy, sometimes sad, sometimes not, sometimes heroic, sometimes petty. To be interesting, amusing only, means to be the servant of the mob, instead of its master, to be its fool instead of its god. The American actor, unfortunately has not as yet realized completely to what an extent he is a product of a morbid commercial system. This, I reiterate is his tragedy, because it is he, together with the coming playwright, who controls the destinies of the future of American Drama, and unless he realizes it, he unconsciously will continue to multiply the number of thorns and thistles on the road to a better future.

The Novel Dramatized

(Continued from page 232)

intelligence of what we call in the theatre "an audience."

In my personal experience as an actor was another instance—to wit the dramatization of *Ruggles of Red Gap*. Here was a notable example of miscalculation. First the manager was none other than William Brady, one of our most astute managers and the adapter was the distinguished Harrison Rhodes, well known for his delightful stories and essays. Finally the company included such names as John Cope, Louise Closser Hale, Edwin Emery, Lawrence D'Orsay, Lynn Pratt, not to omit the star Ralph Herz. In managerial circles it was looked upon as the big find of the season, the one sure-fire success. At the opening dates in Wilmington and New Haven all the big managers came or sent representatives. We were the cynosure of all eyes in the theatre world. The first production lasted one week. Then it was laid aside for weeks for revision then, finally, it had, I think, a run of a few months but it did not finish out the season.

The reason for all this? Its values lay in *character drawing* not in situations and it is the *situations* that evoke the risibilities of an audience. The lines may be brilliant around situations, or quaint, or otherwise, but the situation must be there in the first place. Yet the story of *Ruggles of Red Gap* was enormously popular, though why this should make its stage success seem assured is a mystery.

THE case of *Becky Sharp* is an interesting one on the other hand as an instance of a successful journey to the stage. *Vanity Fair* is a sturdy classic of substantial and steady vogue but for over fifty years no one successfully accomplished its transplanting to the stage. There is record of Laura Keane having attempted it but that's all. I think Mrs. Fiske rejected several versions and by distinguished writers, before Langdon Mitchell submitted the idea she finally produced. In a conversation I had during rehearsals with Mr. Mitchell I gathered he decided to concentrate on the one big dramatic situation or moment where Rawdon knocks Steyne down—in other words the one melodramatic scene of the play—and write back and forward from *that*. Mary Shaw is quoted as saying "Don't talk to me of melodrama; it is the blood and sinews of the drama."

Melodrama has also been described as 'mock drama' but that applies to the more inferior kind. There has been no question as to how *Vanity Fair* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* "got over" though without Mrs. Fiske in the roles of the diverse heroines their fate might be dubious. They gave her the greatest opportunities of her splendid career.

To the Editor of THE DRAMA:

The Oral Arts Association of Southern California, consisting of the membership formed by the teachers of Dramatics and Public Speaking in the high schools, plans to repeat the Shakespearean Festival, inaugurated in 1921. Various scenes from Shakespeare's plays were presented by high school students in two performances. Although the performances took place in Los Angeles, scenes were sent from, not only Los Angeles high schools, but from surrounding cities.

This year ten entirely different scenes will be selected and presented, in two performances, in the same city. Appropriate music is also contributed by the Music Departments of the various high schools.

Remarkable acting ability and flashes of genius are discovered at these performances, and the interest in the Bard's masterpieces is becoming so developed, that to these students, the word Shakespeare is no longer a vague term or an incomprehensible study.—[CAROLINA S. ABRAMS.]

COMMUNITY THEATRES

Drama and the Garden Terrace Theatre at Yankton College

"THE play is never a plaything at Yankton College." Fourteen years ago when acted drama was first introduced at this institution, it was conceived as an enterprise in education. From that day to this, it has not been proscribed to raising funds for this or that college activity or to gratifying the desire of groups or individuals merely to have fun or achieve fame, giving a play. It began and has continued under the leadership of an English teacher who had his inspiration in drama under Professor Baker at Harvard, and has been developed as a part of the regular training of the English Department, with English credits given for the more important parts of the work.

That first play was Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, produced at commencement time on a temporary open-air stage which sought to approximate conditions of the London stage of Shakespeare's time. No student or faculty member had realized before how valuable training in acted drama might be. No one had really appreciated how the apron stage with no wings and almost no properties, with its two entrances at the rear and the balcony above, fits a play of Shakespeare as the glove fits the hand. Here was the vivid initial impulse which established the custom at Yankton of a Shakespearean comedy as a commencement feature, and led in due time to the Garden Terrace Theatre, with the further development of school and community drama along lines suggested by that permanent and beautiful open-air stage. In the policy of these fourteen years, the aim has been quality, not quantity. The number of productions and the proportion of time devoted to dramatics has been probably less than the average for a small college like Yankton, during a period when activity in this field has increased so conspicuously in schools and communities everywhere. But at Yankton every stroke has counted and an educational and artistic ideal has been achieved which has commended itself to teachers, students, and community, and has certainly exerted a far-reaching influence.

The Garden Terrace Theatre in its elementary features of structure was based upon the experience of the series of annual productions of Shakespearean comedies on the temporary Elizabethan open-air stage. With the lesson thoroughly learned of what that type of stage could do, the time had come for giving this dramatic idea not only a local but a permanent habitation and a name. The plan adopted for the Garden Terrace Theatre incorporated these proved features of the Elizabethan stage, in a landscape design of a formal garden in the Italian style, 140 by 180 feet, with cupped and sloping lawn, and terraced stage, 30 by 60 feet, the whole enclosed by clipped hedge and garden wall. Through the wall at the rear of the stage are the two Elizabethan entrances, and above at the rear center, wrought into the wall architecture, is the Elizabethan balcony. Supplementary garden areas at either side of the stage proper, together with quarter-circling corner balconies at angles of the stage-and-wall end of the enclosure, provide for picturesque special effects in any romantic play, and afford the space for large pageants and scenes of spectacular or professional character.

THE conception of the Garden Terrace Theatre was derived from the Italian garden theatres of the Renaissance, and it was proposed from the beginning as a legitimate modern and local adaptation of the romantic Italian *al fresco* stage, just as the Greek theatres in America are an adaptation of the classical stage of Greece. It is much larger than the Italian garden theatres, but the effect of intimacy is not sacrificed, if action and

lighting are limited to the smaller "stage proper." At the same time the additional stage area available, and the large seating capacity, make the theatre practical for a growing range not only of dramatic uses but a variety of college and community occasions where an open-air auditorium is an opportunity and an inspiration.

Built in 1914, the theatre was the first in this country, so far as its promoters have ascertained, to adopt the style of the garden theatres of Italy and inaugurate what has come to be known as the garden type of open-air theatre, as distinguished on the one hand from the Greek or classical type and on the other from the natural or woodland type. It represents nature methodized and conformed to the structural requirements of the most effective stage production. Its general spirit is romantic, and free enough for a charming illusion of the Forest of Arden, and yet adaptable in its degree of formality, to the production even of a Greek play.

This permanent open-air theatre, increasing in beauty from year to year with the growth of shrubbery, trees, and flowers, and with ivy extending over the stuccoed walls, has not only lent charm to the Shakespearean plays at commencement, but has called forth other good things in dramatic art, especially productions composed expressly for the Garden Terrace stage.

College and community in 1916 joined hands in *The Pageant of Yankton*, presented in honor of the 50th anniversary of the town; written by Major Joseph Mills Hanson of Yankton; and produced by a cast of one hundred seventy-five students and townspeople with great popular success.

A lesser pageant, *The Mother Church*, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the Congregational church of Yankton, oldest in the Dakotas, was effectively produced two years later. A number of masques, mostly in amplification of the annual May Day fete, have been brought out on the Garden Terrace stage with beautiful effect. Milton's *Comus* was given three years ago. In 1920 an original masque, *The Fountain of Youth*, in honor of the gift of a fountain for the stage by one of the college classes, was the dramatic feature of the May Day program. A year or two previously an original pantomime, masque-like in character, *The Heart of Spring*, was presented very successfully as a full evening's performance.

THE dramatic feature of the May Day fete last spring was the *Masque of the Yankton Bridge*, a simple but striking composition and a palpable hit with the audience of fifteen hundred that saw it, celebrating the construction, then in progress, of a million and a half dollar bridge across the Missouri at Yankton. The principal characters were Dakota, Nebraska, The Missouri, and Yankton, with about fifty attendant dancers, the city of Yankton being the beneficent agent whose enterprise and power had been able to overthrow the barrier between the sister states, whereby at last these "lands long divided have come to their own." The climax of the action was the "building of the bridge to Music" across the space of the main stage (which represented the dividing river), with costumed figures for piers and bright garlands for the span of the structure from shore to shore, swung into place in the evolution of a graceful dance.

For the commencement play in June, 1922, plans are now taking shape for a special production of *The Tempest*, with development of the songs and musical accompaniment as far as available talent will permit, and with elaboration for the Garden Terrace stage of the wedding masque and attendant dances.—[G. H. DURAND.

A London Letter

Editor, THE DRAMA:

LET ME at the outset apologize for an unfortunate mistake in my recent account of the International Exhibition of Theatre Art held during January in Amsterdam, in which I referred to Mr. Rutherford as "a young man in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre who gives promise of excellent things" and who "betrays contact with Lovat Fraser." It is Paul Shelving who has done so much work with the Birmingham Repertory group. Mr. Rutherford is neither a very young man, nor does he owe anything to Claud Lovat Fraser. If anything, Lovat Fraser gained not a few of his ideas from contact with Rutherford. At the time of the exhibition I had not met the latter, and the mistake arose through misinformation given me by certain of the exhibitors during their breathless hurry a few hours before the opening.

The Amsterdam Exhibition, by the way, is now definitely coming to London, and will again be opened under the auspices of Gordon Craig. It will last for six weeks, and may then possibly be taken to America.

There have been important events recently in the London Theatres, including a new play by Mr. Galsworthy, another by Sir Arthur Pinero, and several welcome revivals. The theatrical world and the confirmed playgoer have become accustomed to regard anything from the hand of Pinero as of such importance that even the critics are lulled into a eulogistic receptivity, and he of them who ventures derogatory criticisms is regarded by the rest as a veritable deicide. In other words, Pinero is a tradition and whatever he offers must be accepted as a favor to a world of beggars who dare not choose. As in everything else, the field of the playwright is now variously tilled by "specialists" in certain distinct types of plays, and you have the Arnold Bennett how-to-be-happy-through-married species, Shaw's orgies of epigram, satire, and brilliant conversational meringue, Barrie's "fairy-dream world of wistful whimsicality," John Drinkwater's formulas for biographical pemmican, and Mr. Gay's rerudeseing and entirely irresistible slum-born operatics, besides countless other species which occur to you. And the critic encounters no difficulty whatever—until one of these confirmed specialists suddenly breaks forth with a piece which flagrantly and all but admittedly poaches on another specialist's stock-room. Sir Arthur Pinero, in *The Enchanted Cottage*, has taken a car lot of Sir J. M. Barrie's raw materials and has tried to build of them a successful play in the Pinero workshop. To be sure, in the land of fancy there are no copyrights, and Fairy Queens have bestowed their gossamer patronage upon a thousand loyal subjects from Shakespeare to Gilbert and Sullivan; and not only has Sir Arthur every right to poach, so to speak, on Sir James, but it is exceedingly brave and commendably daring of him to attempt it. But one thing was beyond the reach of any poacher—the inimitable technique of Barrie.

THE story of *The Enchanted Cottage* is a simple one. A young soldier, Oliver Bashford, is left a woeful, misshapen wreck by the war, and is kept from hiding himself entirely from the world only by the pair of his harassing parents—his mother and stepfather. Presently an exceedingly plain and homely looking girl is introduced into his life, and she wins from him through her genuine kindness a proposal in marriage, which he tactfully breaks to her as being offered her because in his wretched condition he can not of course win a pretty bride and perforce must be content with one who is kind. As an irreverent American, I was put in mind of the story about the man who married a homely girl with a beautiful voice and over morning coffee cups was sometimes driven to remark, "My dear, for God's sake, sing!" And yet the marriage of Oliver and Laura is a very pretty thing, for she has told him

that even the plainest of women have their dreams which transform them and render them lovable for themselves alone. But marriage works a great change in the young couple; they are transfigured into beautiful man and maid with no witness to the mutation save an old chap blinded in the War, who realizes what has occurred and indulges in hopes for his own healing. Oliver and Laura go up-stairs to bed. And then begins the work of sprites and fairies and Barri-esque witches on broomsticks, of visualized dreams, of scampering imps. Presently the young married pair is revealed asleep in each other's arms, a stage picture-transparency accomplished really very exquisitely. But when all's said and done, this long introduction of the supernatural, however charming and pretty, has added nothing to the play. Finally, in the last act when the blind veteran is about to show the friends and relatives of the two young people the marvelous alteration which has come to them, the two appear, looking just as they did before; and the assembled company disperses, the blind man's hopes quite crushed. In the end, Oliver and Laura realize that they have merely become beautiful in one another's sight, and we have the happy moral to deduce that Love hath ever a transforming power. As the curtain falls, an angel appears with a happy message which the audience may interpret as it will—though everyone has a very definite guess.

The new Galsworthy play is by far the most convincing thing he has yet done for the stage, and though Arnold Bennett—with a new play of his own, *The Love Match*, opening this week—caustically refers to it as "a nice Asprey play" (Asprey's being perhaps the swankest and most expensive shop in London) it is the finest example of the playwright's art of craftsmanship which Galsworthy has given the public. Its title, *Loyalties*, is perfectly chosen, for the piece, without ever even mildly forcing the point, is built about all the loyalties which enter into our daily lives. The story is quite simple. At a house party of typical Londoners a sum of money amounting to nearly a thousand pounds is stolen from the room of a very wealthy young Jew; who suspects a young army captain; and there you are. The Jew, who is played splendidly by Ernest Milton of the Old Vic, is not interested in the money—it is the flaring up of old race prejudice that is displayed towards him which urges him to prove himself right for the honor of his race, a thing he is accused of "having on the brain." We have then revealed to us the loyalty of a host to his servants, of guests to host, of friend to friend, of clubmember to club and fellow clubmember, of class to class, of race to race, of lawyer to his profession, of tradesman to his honor, and of wife to guilty husband. The play is cast beautifully and acted without a flaw. The artistry displayed by the author in the selection incident always bearing directly on the forward movement of the story without giving the impression of the slightest omission or theatrical elision, is consummate. This is the ideal stage mirror held up to Life. I saw the revival of *The Pigeon* at the Court Theatre the other day, and it is difficult to realize that these two plays come from the same Galsworthy. As a matter of fact, they don't. Mr. Galsworthy has set himself an entirely new standard in *Loyalties*. This play is followed by the first act of Barrie's brilliant and delightful "unfinished" play, *Shall We Join the Ladies?* again faultlessly cast and beautifully played. One leaves St. Martin's Theatre convinced that one has witnessed perhaps the most admirable performance in every way which this winter offered the playgoer. A *Bill of Divorcement* closed to make way for this new "bill," and a large part of the same Reandean Company is cast in the new productions.

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A Pageant of Spring*

By ALTHEA THURSTON

With the passing of dreary, depressing Winter, mankind, as well as the birds, flowers, and butterflies, welcomes the coming of Spring in joyous abandon.

Characters in the Order of Their Appearance

WINTER		SPRING SUNBEAMS
WIND	} Attendants of Winter	VIOLETS
SNOW		ROBINS
SLEET		TULIPS
A YOUTH		BUTTERFLIES
A GIRL		RAINDROPS

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

SCENE: *A level grassy spot in the open with trees or shrubbery in the background. There should be entrances at the left, right, and at the rear. Music, screened from the view of the audience, should be heard throughout the performance, and appropriately changed to suit the different episodes and dances. If desired to stage indoors, any sylvan stage scenery could be used, which shows trees and shrubbery without other coloring than Nature's green.*

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS

WINTER. Ruddy faced old man with long white hair and beard, dressed in a glistening, cold-blue robe. Upon his head is a crown formed of icicles, and on his feet are high, frosty, white boots. He carries a long, cruel-looking whip which he cracks in the air menacingly.

WIND. Tall, thin figures dressed in steely, harsh grey, flowing gowns that hang straight from the shoulders. The sleeves should be very wide so that when the arms are raised they will have the effect of great wings. If possible to use material that has a rustling or swishing sound it will add greatly to the effect of wind when these characters run or dance. Tight fitting grey caps should be worn and the feet encased in grey stockings and heelless shoes,—the whole effect to be obtained is one of cold harsh grey.

SNOW. Pure white, rather close-fitting costumes of the fuzzy side of white canton flannel or any woolly white material. Close fitting white hoods that cover as much of the face as possible should be worn, also white shoes and stockings. The hands should be covered with white cotton gloves or mittens which have very soft, fluttering white fringe at the tips, which when the arms are spread and the hands waved symbolize fluttering snow-flakes.

SLEET. Small figures in costumes of crystal beaded-effect. Glittering grey metallic caps should be worn, and the stockings and heelless shoes should carry out the same metallic effect. This effect might be obtained by finely slashed tinsel on a pearl grey foundation.

A YOUTH. Heavy over-coat at first but when removed reveals a light suit of tan or grey. A plain blue tie and a soft white shirt are worn. A blue-bordered handkerchief peeps from the breast pocket and a pink flower adorns the lapel.

A GIRL. Heavy coat and fur at first but when removed shows a dainty, frilly white dress with a bright colored sash. A hat is worn with the coat but is tossed aside when the coat is taken off.

SPRING SUNBEAMS. The first Sunbeams that appear will be dressed in pale yellow, but the color grows deeper and more shimmering as the Sunbeams increase in number. Flat yellow hats may be worn upon the top of which the sun might be stencilled or painted. All should be barefooted.

VIOLETS. Soft purple shade of material with skirts made very full and short, and tight little caps of deeper shade for the head. Green stockings should be worn without shoes.

ROBINS. Very dark brown velvety material made into tight-fitting suits with splashes of russet-red. Black bills may be featured in the caps.

TULIPS. Flame colored, high-waisted gowns cut in shape of petals, also bell-shaped, small hats or caps cut in petals of the flame colored material. Green stockings worn without shoes.

BUTTERFLIES. Variegated colors using blacks, browns, red, and yellow to which gauzy, brilliant wings are attached. Gold lace caps featuring two long, black thread-like horns or feelers, complete the costume. All should be barefooted.

RAINDROPS. Soft, shimmering, silver grey costumes made along classic lines. The hair should be bound with silver and jeweled bands, and grey silk stockings with jeweled heelless slippers should be worn.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING. Layer upon layer of fluffy, vivid green tulle designed into a costume having the long line effect. This character should have a wealth of blond hair, which should be hanging and twined with pink apple blossoms. She must also, carry great quantities of these blossoms in her arms, and, of course, she must be barefooted.

As she makes her entrance alone and is the only solo dancer, she must be a beautifully dainty girl and an exquisite dancer.

* * *

EPISODE I

The last mad dance of WINTER and his attendants is exemplified in their reluctant retreat at the coming of the SPRING SUNBEAMS.

(a) OLD WINTER rushes in followed by his attendants, WIND, SNOW, and SLEET. They engage in a wild, furious dance, WINTER cracking his whip and lashing them on to greater vehemence.

A YOUTH and a GIRL enter and attempt to pass the dancers. WIND rushes after them with a mighty swish and blows them into the midst of the dancers. The YOUTH and the GIRL shiver and draw their cloaks closer about them and plead to WINTER for clemency, but he is deaf to their appeals and lashes his attendants on to more violent dancing. The YOUTH and the GIRL are caught in the wild dance and are buffeted about by the whirling elements.

(b) Little SPRING SUNBEAMS begin to appear flitting timidly at first. But as they increase in numbers and grow more dazzling in their vivid yellow, WINTER is forced to notice them. He is furiously angry and cracks his whip threateningly, urging his attendants to drive them away. But the yellow SUNBEAMS have grown so strong that they

*Written as a part of the requirement of the work in the Course in Pageantry and Pageant Writing, conducted by the Department of English Summer School Quarter, 1920, in the University of Utah. Copyrighted. For permission to produce address THE DRAMA.

advance upon WINTER in a frolic dance forcing him to retreat to the background with his attendants where they hover and hiss threateningly.

The YOUTH and the GIRL, released from the fury of WINTER and his attendants, creep gratefully toward the SUNBEAMS, holding out their chilled hands.

The SUNBEAMS now dance and frolic and seemingly forget WINTER and his attendants in the background. Winter notices this and attempts to regain control, cracking his whip and motioning his attendants forward. They creep forward stealthily—WIND whistling fiercely, SLEET snapping his fingers menacingly, while SNOW creeps in silently waving his hands in fluttering movements.

The YOUTH and the GIRL are frightened and creep closer to the SUNBEAMS.

But now a group of very brilliant yellow SUNBEAMS caper in to join the others and they all make a rush at WINTER plucking at his robe. WINTER and his attendants are once more forced to retreat and as they do so, they hold up their arms as if to protect themselves from the warm rays of the SUNBEAMS. They finally and very reluctantly are compelled to retire and they disappear from sight in a fury of hissing, snapping protests.

* * *

EPISODE II

Harbingers arrive and announce the approach of SPRING, bringing joy and thoughts of love to mankind.

The SUNBEAMS having routed WINTER, caper joyfully back to the center of the stage where they group themselves in vivid spots of color but always undulating to the rhythm of the music. Soon, from behind the groups of SUNBEAMS, little purple VIOLETS begin to pop up and to dance in and out among the SUNBEAMS until there is a great number of them,—making a vivid contrast in their bright purple against the brilliant yellow.

Intermingling with the dance of the VIOLETS is heard the twittering of ROBINS and soon these little red-breasted birds begin to appear, hopping daintily and singing a joyous song of SPRING.

The YOUTH and the GIRL cast aside their heavy coats and run eagerly to the groups of VIOLETS and SUNBEAMS and by their joyous movements express their appreciation at the coming of SPRING's harbingers.

[The music changes to a deeper, richer melody]

The ROBINS cease their song and arrange themselves in pairs, twittering lovingly to each other. The rhythmic movements of the VIOLETS and SUNBEAMS change in keeping with the new note in the music.

[The grouping should be arranged so that each pair of twittering ROBINS seems to be nestling in a group of VIOLETS and SUNBEAMS. And there must at all times be sufficient space left in the center of the stage for the characters that are to dance the next presentation. The groups in the background must always be in sympathetic rhythm to the main dancers but without detracting notice from the main action. The grouping will depend greatly on the numbers in each group. Too many standing in one group will, of course, be awkward and stiff, and some must sit or half recline. This can best be arranged by the pageant director.]

The YOUTH and the GIRL wander in joyous content from group to group but as yet seemingly unconscious of each other.

To the strains of the deep, melodious music, a procession of luxurious, bright red TULIPS enter and dance a slow, sinuous, graceful measure. The little VIOLETS bob up and down in friendly greeting; the ROBINS twitter softly and the SUNBEAMS flutter their arms as though wafting warmth to the TULIPS. When the TULIPS finish their graceful dance, they drift to the rear where they sway gently as though fanned by a kindly breeze.

Immediately a flurry of variegated BUTTERFLIES of every hue enter and skip and dance airily from flower to flower, kissing them lightly.

The YOUTH and the GIRL joyfully chase after the BUTTERFLIES and try to catch them, and in their happy chase, they bump lightly into each other. They stop, startled [near the center front of the stage] and gaze into each other's eyes, sighing and thrilling to the first breath of love. The YOUTH leans closer and closer to the GIRL; she raises her flower-like, happy face, and her pretty, red lips are tremulously inviting. [The little ROBINS twitter softly and caress each other.] But just as the YOUTH's arms are about to encircle the GIRL and before his lips can meet hers, she darts shyly away and hides behind the TULIPS, the YOUTH giving chase.

The VIOLETS and the TULIPS begin to droop, the SUNBEAMS hide themselves in the shrubbery, the ROBINS seem to grow drowsy and a gentle apathy settles upon the scene.

* * *

EPISODE III

The RAINDROPS come to succor the flowers, followed by the joyous arrival of the SPIRIT OF SPRING and the some of joyousness is reached.

[The music changes to a light, tinkling strain]

A musical patter is heard and bright, sparkling RAINDROPS appear. They dance a quick, pattering dance, waving their arms and hands in a movement indicative of sprinkling water on the thirsty flowers. At once the flowers began to revive and undulate. The ROBINS awake and twitter and caress each other more lovingly than ever. And as the SUNBEAMS appear again, the RAINDROPS retreat and finally disappear.

The YOUTH attracts the GIRL's attention to the caressing ROBINS and holds out his arms to her, but she shakes her head and moves away, the YOUTH following pleadingly.

[The music strikes up a joyous, lilting melody]

The groups immediately turn toward the rear, swaying and humming, their every movement expressive of eager, joyous expectancy. They arrange themselves so there will be a pathway between them, and down this path the SPIRIT OF SPRING appears, dancing gayly and happily and smiling her greetings on all. As she dances, she scatters pink apple blossoms from the great armful that she carries.

The groups sway to the dance of the SPIRIT OF SPRING and hold out their arms to her.

The YOUTH gathers some of the pink blossoms that SPRING has dropped and running to the GIRL kneels and offers her the flowers. She shyly accepts, extending her hand to the YOUTH. He clasps it and they join in the swaying movement.

As the SPIRIT OF SPRING finishes her dance, the entire assemblage spontaneously breaks forth into a riotous dance of joy about her, while she dances joyously in the center, her arms spread in blessing.

Suddenly they all break into a mad frolic and led by the SPIRIT OF SPRING, they form a procession and twice circle the stage, the YOUTH and the GIRL following, their arms entwined about each other. Then bursting into a joyous song of Spring, the entire assemblage dance off into the shadow of the trees,—a brilliant spectacle of movement, color, and song.

Book Review

The Star Child and Other Plays by Rita Benton (Witters Publishing Co., N. Y.) is a collection of light, charming little plays for little children. These plays are suited to children from six to twelve years of age and are full of beauty of expression and charm of thought. Miss Benton has the practical knowledge of the skilled producer with many years experience in training children in the House of Happiness in Chicago, and all of these plays have been produced. She has brought to her work delicacy of expression and beauty of composition that make these simple dramatizations most acceptable to producers of children's plays. For the most part they are dramatizations of well-known poems or stories and have, therefore, great literary value.

A London Letter

(Continued from page 250)

A week ago I ran up to Cambridge to witness a performance by the Marlowe Society of *Troilus and Cressida*. It was my privilege to dine with Troilus, and so to learn much of the production before viewing it. The cast was entirely made up of men, and the producer, an able young don from the colleges, allowed for no personal interpretations whatever, making his company the absolute expression of his own conception of the play. He did a fine piece of work in which inexperience was sometimes glossed over with too perfunctory business, but he succeeded in bringing a definite amount of order out of chaos, and in accomplishing a really herculean undertaking. The play reads abominably; it played far better. But it was interesting to watch merely as an experience, and failed to retrieve itself as a play, or as such to justify the fearful amount of labor and effort disposed upon it by the really unusually able amateur cast.

LATE in February Mr. James K. Hackett appeared in two special matinees of *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, by Lillian K. Sabine, supported by a strong London cast whose English speech with its centuries of finish could lend itself but incongruously to the obvious American types in the play, and to Mr. Hackett's realistic Yankeeisms. *Welcome Stranger*, which I had carefully avoided during its three years of success in America, was involuntarily thrust upon me here in London recently, and the comedy of it lay as much in the English cast struggling with the parlance of Gopher Prairies unknown to them as in Mr. Harry Green's appealing East Sidedness.

A revival at the Kingsway Theatre of *The Yellow Jacket* on March 7 impressed me with the fact that in America we do this sort of thing far better. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn's production of this play last winter in New York was infinitely superior. In the hands of a reputedly able English cast, the play lost all delicate fanciful touch, all its imaginative interest, and became a tenuous nursery rhyme rendered by grown-ups who had forgotten how to be children.

Enter Madame, with Gilda Varesi and Dennis Eadie, has not met with a favorable reception on the part of the London critics, and I gather that Mr. Eadie is having to "paper" his houses with a consistency which bodes gloomily in these bad days.

Last week at the Old Vic beheld one of the most remarkable revivals London has been privileged to witness in many years, *Peer Gynt* with Grieg's original music in accompaniment. It is a long performance—four hours—and yet a series of packed houses with people in great numbers actually standing during the entire time, listened and watched in a hushed silence wherein the proverbial pin would have fallen with a loud reverberation. There is not space here nor time in which to describe the marvelous nature of this revival. It brought all London to its doors, Rolls Royces pushing their way through immense cues, and aristocracy sitting amongst utter poverty, and it did more to bring the Old Vic once more to the hearts and proud attention of the population than anything which has happened there in years. The Old Vic is some thirty thousand pounds in arrears on its funds, and unless the sum is raised in the very near future, the wonderful old place is doomed. Collections were taken up toward the alleviation of the unhappy situation, but I was told that the wearers of thousand pound necklaces and possessors of these same Rolls Royce palanquins found that a sixpence measured the extent of their solicitous concern for the future of the famous Old Vic. It is that sort of thing which precipitates radical socialism.—[CHARLES BREASTED.

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DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER

Choosing America's Best Plays

WHEN France recently through the Director of the Odéon, decided to recognize our drama by presenting an American play each year at the historic French theatre, the Drama League of America was honored by being given the responsibility for the selecting of the "five best" to be submitted to M. Gemier. The opportunity to establish American Drama in France seemed of sufficient moment to demand the attention of authoritative students of the drama in this country for their recommendations. A problem arises in the selection of plays that are typically American and yet that will appeal to the public of the Odéon. With this twofold requirement in mind, a committee consisting of Mr. Arthur Hopkins, for the managers, Miss Margaret Anglin, for the actors; Mr. Montrose Moses, Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, Mr. Walter P. Eaton, Mr. Theodore B. Hineckley, and Mrs. A. Starr Best was asked to submit preliminary lists of ten plays which were best suited for this purpose.

The conclusions drawn from the reports of the committee thus far justify some consideration. Twenty-nine plays have been named, only two of which, *Anna Christie*, by Eugene O'Neill and *The New York Idea* by Langdon Mitchell, have been chosen by five of the members. *The First Year* by Frank Craven, is second in the list with the sanction of four. *The Great Divide* by William Vaughn Moody, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Hairy Ape* and *The Emperor Jones* by O'Neill and *The Truth* by Clyde Fitch, have each received the approval of three members. *Kindling* by Charles Kenyon, *Seven Keys to Baldpate* by George Cohan, *The Scarecrow* by Percy Mackaye, *Clarence* by Booth Tarkington, *The Famous Mrs. Fair* by James Forbes, and *As a Man Thinks* by Augustus Thomas, have all received the approbation of two of the committee. Fifteen plays, *The College Widow* by George Ade, *The Hero* by Gilbert Emery, *Ambush* by Arthur Richman, *The Gentile Wife* by Rita Wellman, *Our Children* by Louis K. Anspacher, *Salvation Nell* by Edward Sheldon, *The Poor Little Rich Girl* by Eleanor Gates, *Why Marry* by Jesse L. Williams, *Seventeen* by Booth Tarkington, *A Man of the People* by Thomas Dixon, *The Easiest Way* by Eugene Walter, *The Return of Peter Grimm* by David Belasco, *Mrs. Bumsted Leigh* by Winchell Smith, *The Gold Diggers* by Avery Hopwood and *Enter Madam* by Gilda Varesi, were included in the list through a single vote.

No definite deductions can be made from this list at this time, as two of the members of the committee have not submitted their choice of the first ten. At present the number of plays named either shows a wide range of choice, or a hopeless mediocrity in the general run of plays. But to make either of these accusations might be palliating the facts. When a complete report has been given, the ten highest will be submitted to the committee for the selection of the "five best." It is the intention of the League to send these five plays to M. Gemier for his choice as to the first American play to be presented at the Odéon.

Every member of the Drama League will be interested in the outcome of this selection. The committee perhaps may have overlooked the plays that you think are typical. It is the hope therefore, of the editor that members will submit lists of their own "ten best." The plays should be arranged in the order of preference. While the authorities are selecting the plays that will ultimately be sent to France, the members of the Drama League will be given an opportunity to select a list that will represent the choice of the intelligent playgoers of the United States. All lists should be sent to the editor of this section of the magazine.

Community Theatre Committee

GILMORE BROWN, Chairman
ELOISE STERLING
RUTH A. BOLGIANO

MARGARET PENNEY
CHARLES PRICKETT
MAURICE WELLS

WHAT seems to be the greatest practical aid for those whose exasperating task is the selection of a play for production, is the help that the Committee on Community theatres proposes to offer. Beginning with this issue, and continuing each month, the committee will make selections of royalty plays that have been tried out and found most satisfactory in community theatres.

Once a good play is chosen, the first great obstacle has been surmounted. With files of plays on every hand, and with more plays available for production than ever before, a careful choice is doubly welcome. The value of these lists is that the plays suggested are all tested successes. Fifteen full length plays are given this month. Next month fifteen one-act plays will be listed.

Berlinda, a Comedy, by A. A. Milne. (Knopf.) Three acts, one setting; three women, two men.

He and She, a Comedy, by Rachel Crothers. (American Play Co., N. Y.) Three acts, two settings; five women, three men.

Jane Clegg, a Tragedy, by St. John Ervine. (American Play Co.) Three acts, one setting; four men, three women.

Mater, a Comedy, by Percy MacKaye. (Sanger & Jordan.) Three acts, one setting; three men, two women.

Rollo's Wild Oats, a Comedy, by Clare Kummer. (Sanger & Jordan.) Three acts, five settings; seven men, five women.

Seven Keys to Bald Pate, a Comedy, by George Cohan. (American Play Co.) Prologue, two acts, epilogue, one setting; ten men, four women.

A Successful Calamity, a Comedy, by Clare Kummer. (American Play Co.) Two acts, one setting; eight men, four women.

Tea For Three, a Comedy, by Roi Cooper Megrue. (American Play Co.) Three acts, three settings; three men, two women.

Things That Count, a Comedy, by Lawrence Eyre. (American Play Co.) Three acts, two settings (Christmas); five men, seven women, four children.

Twelfth Night at Holyrood, by Helen Lockwood Coffin. (Pasadena Community Players.) Five acts; large cast; semi-historic drama of the life of Mary Stuart at Holyrood, featuring John Knox and Marjorie Fleming.

The Two Virtues, a Comedy, by Alfred Sutro. (Sanger & Jordan.) Four acts; three men, four women.

Will O'Bishopsgate, a romantic Drama, by Alfred Brand. (Pasadena Community Players.) Prologue, three acts, epilogue; setting for prologue and Epilogue alike, being the modernized version of the same room which serves as setting for all the acts. Successfully produced by the Pasadena Community Players and especially recommended for college production. Two women, seven men.

The Little Princess, by Frances H. Burnett. (American Play Co.) Three acts, three settings; twenty women (including children), eight men (including boys).

The Cassilis Engagement, a Comedy, by St. John Hankin. (Mitchell Kennerly.) Four acts, three settings; eight women, four men.

The Truth, a Comedy, by Clyde Fitch. (American Play Co.) Four acts, four settings; four women, five men.

Play Going Department

BULLETINED PLAYS ON TOUR

- The Bad Man*, by Porter Emerson Browne, Holbrook Blinn as a vivid and entrancing bandit. A cleverly satirical play.
- Declassée*, by Zoë Akins. A play which remains for a third year only because of the artistry of Ethel Barrymore.
- The Emperor Jones*, by Eugene O'Neill. An extraordinary monologue depicting the psychology of fear in which Charles Gilpin achieves extraordinary effects.
- The Return of Peter Grimm*, by David Belasco. David Warfield creates a perfect characterization in a revival of a play pleasantly old-fashioned.
- Lightnin'*, by Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith. Character comedy built around the "pathetic" experiences of a Reno Hotel keeper. Played by Milton Nobles on road.
- Miss Lulu Bett*, by Zona Gale. Miss Gale's dramatization of her popular novel containing two actor-proof characters excellently played in the two companies.
- The Skin Game*, by John Galsworthy. A melodrama of English class strife which calls for serious thinking even in America. Played by an English company trained by the author.
- The Easiest Way*, by Eugene Walter. Frances Starr in the play which first brought her name before the public. An interesting study in the change in standards in the theatre.
- The Woman of Bronze*, by Henry Kistemaekers and Eugene Delard. A much mutilated French play in which a noble and self-abnegating wife sacrifices her happiness for her husband. Margaret Anglin helps the play on.
- Abraham Lincoln*, by John Drinkwater, the best modern historical play picturing episodes in the life of Lincoln. The part is played by Frank McGlynn.
- Happy-go-Lucky*, by Ian Hay. A sentimental comedy after the Dickens manner, about love and position, involving a bailiff (played by O. T. Heggie) and a decayed gentleman.
- The Whiteheaded Boy*, by Lennox Robinson. One of the richest Irish comedies of recent years treating the fortunes of the "family pet." Strenuously played by the Irish Players, including Arthur Sinclair and Marie O'Neill.
- The Shakespearean productions of Walter Hampden include *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Macbeth*, and Charles Rann Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*.
- The repertory of Sothorn and Marlowe is composed of *Hamlet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merchant of Venice*.
- Mary Rose*, by J. M. Barrie. A play which passes lightly from fantasy to mystery. Played by Ruth Chatterton.
- Mr. Pim Passes By*, by A. A. Milne. The Theatre Guild in a play by an English dramatist who finds his prototype in Barrie. Excellent entertainment with Laura Hope Crews and Dudley Digges.
- Little Old New York*, by Rida Johnson Young. A gentle comedy of Manhattan a century ago in which Genevieve Tobin acts Patricia O'Day.
- Lightnin'*, with Frank Bacon. (See on Tour.)
- The First Year*, by Frank Creven. The many seasoned experiences of a young married couple, the husband adroitly played by the author.
- The Green Goddess*, by William Archer. A well-dressed and proper melodrama of India in which George Arliss adds another notable role to his list of characters.
- Liliom*, by Frank Molnar. A penetrating study of interesting characters provoking thought and furnishing the best of theatrical amusement. Joseph Schildkraut and Eva Le Gallienne.
- Dulcy*, by G. S. Kaufman and Marc Connelley. A satire disguised by a flow of pleasant bromides uttered with delightful ease and cleverness by Lynn Fontanne.

The Circle, by W. Somerset Maugham. An English version of the matrimonial triangle through two generations, which has found good soil in America principally because of the acting of the all-star company, including John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Ernest Lawford, Estelle Winwood and John Halliday.

The Claw, by Henri Bernstein. An unrelenting psychological study of a newspaper proprietor and a young girl. A production showing the meticulous care of Arthur Hopkins with a cast including Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick.

A Bill of Divorcement, by Clemence Dane. A stern tragedy of domestic life, treating the problem of the divorce laws of England. Catherine Cornell and Allen Pollock.

Anna Christie, by Eugene O'Neill. An interesting and moving play dealing with the lives of three characters in their groping struggle in a sordid world. Pauline Lord triumphs with George Marion and Frank Shannon.

The Madras House, by Granville Barker. Rich in characterization and brilliant in dialogue. This play deals with the solution of sex conflicts.

NEW BULLETINS

Intimate Strangers, by Booth Tarkington, the author of "Clarence," "Penrod," and "Seventeen," in a new role as defender of the girl of a decade ago. Billie Burke, Alfred Lunt, and Glenn Hunter all making the contrast with present day more impressive.

Madame Pierre, by Eugene Brieux. Excellently adapted and translated French drama, giving full vent to Brieux's biting irony and fierce morality. Roland Young and Estelle Winwood play the leading roles.

The Czarina, by Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro. Catherine, the female "great lover," colorfully presented by Doris Keane, as an interesting and amusing figure, lacking her traditional quality of greatness.

He Who Gets Slapped, by Leonid Andreyev. Again the circus in our theatre, where "He" finds a temporary refuge from the outer world, and a companion in an equestrienne. "He" by Richard Bennett, and "She" by Margalo Gilmore.

The Deluge, by Henning Berger. In Stratton's basement saloon, Berger enacts a searching and sardonic comedy of human nature under the threat of immediate death. First performed in 1917.

The Silver Fox, by Cosmo Hamilton. A skillful comedy of marriage and divorce in which the theme that any woman can get any man she wants is introduced. Lawrence Grossmuth, Violet Kemble Cooper, Percy Marmont, Boots Wooster and Noel Tearle.

Only 38, by A. E. Thomas. A New England parson's widow only thirty-eight years old is left with twins, a son and a daughter, two thousand, two hundred and ninety-five dollars. The dilemma solved by Mary Ryan, the mother, and the twins, Ruth Mero and Neil Martin.

Drama Study Department

THOSE interested in such popular successes of the stage during the last two years as *Abraham Lincoln*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *The Passion Flower*, *The Woman of Bronze*, *The Skin Game*, *The Emperor Jones*, *Mary Rose*, *Miss Lulu Bett*, *Enter Madame*, *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, and *The Green Goddess*, will find the Popular Study Course for Clubs, number 24, containing outlines by specialists on these plays, an indispensable aid. An excellent feature of this course is that the plays can be secured in a loan library. A deposit of fifteen dollars for the season must be made before the plays will be sent. The course costs twenty-five cents.

A Drama Study Club for Juniors

By ANNABEL HORN

SENIOR Drama Leagues are more and more realizing the fact that the boys and girls of high school age are a very important factor in building up appreciation for what is good in dramatics and in combatting the pernicious influence of cheap plays and thrilling movies. The work done in settlement homes and children's educational theatres has proved beyond doubt the tremendous moral influence of dramatics for children. The teen age, however, is as difficult in dramatics as in other phases of adolescent life. Merely to act is not sufficient—"to know" and "to do" must go hand in hand. When the excitement of being in plays begins to lose its appeal, a well-planned study course combining player's club and study club seems to solve the problem.

The main point to keep in mind is that the work must be far removed from the ordinary school treatment of plays. A pupil who has had to plot the rising and falling action of Macbeth, for instance, to write themes on its historical background, to sum up in twenty lines the character of the heroine, or to stand set examinations on the most beautiful passages, is apt to regard that particular play with marked aversion and to loathe it as a dead thing that the genius of a Walter Hampden could scarcely endow with a living soul. The pupil is more than apt to regard all serious plays as dry pieces of literature to be carefully avoided and he becomes a devotee of the "Twin-Ed" school. Yet there is no age more easily interested in dramatics than this very high school age.

IN a study club of this type the aim should not be to read plays primarily but to learn of interesting things taking place in the dramatic world. When some member of the current history class, for instance, finds in a magazine article the assertion that the Irish National theatre is in a measure responsible for patriotic outbursts in Ireland, the dramatic club could make clear what is meant by the Irish National theatre. A series of programs could be developed from this topic. One meeting might take up the work of Lady Gregory, her fight to establish an Irish theatre, and her visit to America. The players' club might present at the close the little play *The Rising of the Moon*. Another meeting might be devoted to Synge and Celtic folklore. If this be well presented, no pupil could fail to be charmed at the delightful stories of banshees, little people, magic thorn, and wishing wells that weave a bright thread through so many Irish plays. Still another meeting might be devoted to W. B. Yeats with a reading of some of his plays, or a presentation by the players' club of *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *Cathleen Ni Hoolihan*, or *The Pot of Broth*.

Another subject that has gained widespread comment in newspapers and magazines has been the Little Theatre movement. The Portmanteau Theatre might be chosen as a type. Stuart Walker's life and how his toy theatre grew into the Portmanteau Theatre is very interesting in itself. Another topic could be this theatre's presentation of Lord Dunsany's plays. The players' club could give *Six Who Pass while the Lentils Boil*, on a stage arranged as much like the Portmanteau theatre as school boy or girl ingenuity could devise. This would bring in a better appreciation of the value and beauty of simplicity of stage scenery as nothing else could.

What could be more interesting than the study of children's educational theatres? Yet it is a fact that many a so-called well-read person has never heard of educational dramatics, nor of the theory that dramatics taken in time makes a good preventive of crime. This would bring in some work on the life and labors of Jane Addams and Constance Mackay. *The Fountain of Youth* or some similar play from the Pioneer group could be presented by the players' club. By this program the

club would probably be led to undertake some serious social service work, such as giving plays in poor districts of the city or in settlement centres. No one could help appreciating the uplifting influence of dramatics if this subject were presented in the right way.

Another topic that offers treatment in various ways is that of open air theatres and performances. This would include players' organizations like the Ben Greet and Coburn players with accounts of their origin and success. The Greek Theatre in California and some of the plays given there would furnish a program in itself. The players' club could give an outdoor performance of *As You Like It*, *Twig of Thorn*, *The Romancers*, *Endymion*, or some other play of this type. Some good reader could give *Trojan Women*, *Ingomar*, or other Greek tragedy.

THE topics that could be studied are countless. Some suggested subjects are:

The development of pageantry in its early forms with an account of Elizabethan pageants, to be followed by a study of modern pageantry and an account of some notable American pageants.

Early miracle, morality, and mystery plays and the guild organizations that produced them, strolling players (a reading of Josephine Peabody's *The Piper* could be given here), St. George and the Dragon plays, puppet plays and the modern marionette plays, pantomimes, Pierrot plays (*Prunella* could be given or read).

The work of such groups as the Wisconsin Players, the Washington Square Players, the Bandbox Theatre, municipal theatres, work done by the Drama League at Chicago's Municipal Pier, and dozens of other topics would prove of value and interest. An affirmative answer to the question "Is it interesting and worth while?" is all that is necessary to give a subject a place on the junior dramatic calendar. Yet it is very easy to arrange a definite sequence of topics if so desired.

The Drama League Institute

August 14-26

STUDENTS who were at the Institute last summer will be interested in the plans of Miss Gladys M. Wheat for a course this year in the visual phases of the stage, combining the treatment of costumes, stage sets and lights. It is her intention to demonstrate all of the work on her small stage so that the line, color and mass of the production can be readily seen. In this way the fundamental problems in the designing of costumes and the more important elements in the stage sets and properties can be worked out.

Miss Wheat's work this winter has carried her into many of the practical problems that confronted the Dramatic Arts Club. At first she had charge of the properties and costumes, and then was given the whole visual side of the productions. It is from this work and her more specialized study of interior decorating that she comes to the Institute.

The charges for the courses in the Institute will be the same as last year—fifty dollars for four or more courses, thirty-five dollars for three courses, twenty-five for two and fifteen dollars for a single course. The Three Arts Club has again offered to house a number of the women students of the Institute.

For further information and registration address The Registrar, Drama League Institute, 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago.

W. J. Locke, in collaboration with Ernest Denny, the London playwright, has made a dramatization of *The Mountebank* which will be produced in London in September, with Dennis Eadie in the leading role.

Writing the One Act Play

VII

By DELMAR J. EDMONDSON

SUSPENSE AND PREPARATION

TWO effective methods of blending are suspense and preparation. To interest an audience in a problem or mystery which the writer undertakes to solve, and then to withhold solution while the audience awaits it eagerly—that is to create suspense. Wilkie Collins advised writers to “make them laugh, make them cry, make them wait.” Through this method, the plot elements are blended by the mind of the audience, impatient, as it is, to see what follows, or what the next situation is to be. We wait eagerly through the course of *In the Zone*, as the crew comes closer and closer to discovering what the black box contains, to find out if Smith is really a German spy.

To the touches whereby plot development is generally disclosed, little by little, not too fast nor too slow, is assigned the name Preparation. The audience must be prepared for the crucial situation; it must not come entirely as a shock. The plot must therefore reach its perihelion by gentle revelations of motive and character, and by advance hints of action and result. When the crucial moment of *Dregs* reveals that the dead boy is Jim's son, the audience has been prepared for such an outcome by Jim's previous statement that his child has been turned over to public charity. Paula's suicide, in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, is prepared for by her vow to take her life if ever she is separated from Tanqueray.

SURPRISE

WHETHER or not surprise has a legitimate place in the drama is debated by commentators. B. Roland Lewis maintains that the dramatist makes a mistake who “gives away his whole point or whole effect all at once without any preparation for the shock.” But he cites Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* as a drama in which effective use is made of surprise. If, it might be contended, the one-act play resembles an O. Henry story in that it has no falling action, might it not also make good use of surprise, as O. Henry does? The audience follows the action, smugly sure that it knows what the outcome is to be; but the author twists his threads the opposite way, and the audience feels an unexpected thrill. Ibsen, a master technician, did not hesitate to use surprise on occasion. In the draft of *The Pillars of Society* the audience is prepared for the return of Lona and Johan by the announcement of Olaf, who had seen them leave the steamer. In the completed play, however, Olaf's lines are withdrawn and the appearance of Lona is entirely unexpected. The author of *John Ferguson* prepares the audience to believe that Jimmy committed the retributive murder by having him threaten to do so in the first and second acts, in order that surprise will result on the discovery that Andrew was really the murderer.

LENGTH AND TIME-SCHEME

NO definite rule can be set down for the length of one-act plays. That is a matter contingent upon the nature of the dramatic situation with which the individual play deals. The author needs but use in materials, details and character, the closest economy compatible with adequate treatment; he has only to develop his incidents as swiftly and surely as possible: the length will then take care of itself. The one-act dramatist, naturally, is able to dispense with the time-scheme in construction, writing as he does, within the limits of the three unities. In only two plays, *The Will* and *Suppressed Desires*, out of fifty examined, is the curtain lowered to denote passing time. This ratio would seem to indicate that the proportion of plays in which unity of time is not observed is small. As for the ratio between acting time and actual time, long-established stage convention takes effect. The author has but

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to see that he does not affront plausibility by sending a character to Honolulu and back during a five-minute absence from the stage, and thus make the convention appear ridiculous. He must keep close watch over his entrances and exits, and explain them carefully. Whenever an actor leaves the stage the audience wishes to be told whether he is going downtown or into the country; and this unconscious demand is unsatisfied if explanation does not tell for what purpose he left, and how he occupied himself all during his absence. Characters must not be allowed to wander on and off the stage arbitrarily. The author of *Mrs. Pat and the Law* violated this rule by permitting Pat to leave the stage and to return just at the proper time without a word of explanation as to where he has been.

With these differences between the technique of the one-act play and that of longer forms made apparent, the novice will realize that practice in one will not give him mastery of the other. Being each a distinct form, each requires different methods, and neither should be approached until that difference is acknowledged and understood.

The Clog Dance Book, by Helen Frost, (A. S. Barnes and Company) is made up of a number of dances arranged in the order of difficulty with details of steps, pictures, and music. The book will be of value wherever clog dancing is of interest. Miss Frost is an instructor in playground recreation at the Teachers' College, Columbia University.

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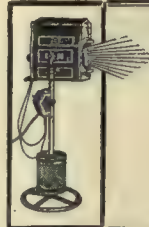


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THE DRAMA

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

EDITOR, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

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THE Pasadena Center of the Drama League announces the names of the prize winners in its 1922 Play Contest

Long play: first prize, *No Other Way*, by Anne Murray of Pasadena; honorable mention, *The Comanches*, or *The Town of the Broken Promise*, by Mrs. Maude McC. Bloom of Sante Fe, N. M.; recommended for production, *Boy o' Dreams*, by Claudia Lucas Harris, 573 East Drive, Indianapolis, Ind.; *The Toad*, Bertha Newberry of Carmel-by-the-Sea Calif.; *The Thousand and Second Tale*, by Ewing Rafferty of New York City; *The Boy*, by Constance Chichester.

One-act play: first prize, *Other People's Husbands*, by Margaret Penney, 811 Elizabeth Street, Pasadena; second prize, *My Lady*, Fannie B. McLane, Columbia University, New York City; honorable mention, *The Mandarin Coat*, by Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, of Evanston; *The Bootlegger*, by Elizabeth Calder, League City, Texas; recommended for production, *The Thorns of Arcady*, Elsa Rendel, 342 South Rampart Boulevard, Los Angeles; *River Drift*, by Mrs. D. D. Orr, 815 Kingsley Ave., Houston, Texas; *Clay*, by Tom J. Hopkins, 33 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica; *Leader*, by Miss A. W. Alden, 624 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles.

The prize plays have been given special production at the Community Playhouse.

In the Children's Play Contest the decisions are: first place and prize, *The Land where Good Dreams Grow*, by Mrs. L. A. Miller, Colorado Springs; second place, *Everywhere that Mary Went* Mrs. Henry Crew, Evanston, Ill. third place, *The Magic Harp* Mrs. Wayne Holsworth, Boston.

"Plays for grade children" is the title of a recent bulletin issued by the State Teachers College of Kirksville, Missouri. The publication contains thirty-two pages and is edited by Mr. C. M. Wise who is doing noteworthy pioneering for drama in the state schools. Several complete plays are included and paragraphs of helpful advice as to the method of using drama with youngsters. Under the same auspices is also published a bulletin containing three health plays" written in the interests of hygiene by the college students.



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EXPERIMENTATION in the dramatic form is essential to health and progress in the theatre. Because the financial returns are almost certain to be small, we have all too few writers willing to put their effort into such work. Alfred Kreymborg has thus far made the most valuable American contribution to new dramatic form. Now William Butler Yeats contributes *Four Plays for Dancers* (The Macmillan Company).

Mr. Kreymborg's work is an attempt, a successful one we think—to use a musical plan in his drama without losing in any degree the value of the spoken word. The dialogue has a phrase and sentence rhythm, indebted but little to conversational verse form, and the blocks of the play as a whole are put together with rhythmic intention. This form has infinite possibilities for the writer who has a feeling both for the musical and dramatic.

Mr. Yeats has been an enthusiastic supporter of that great but little appreciated leader, Gordon Craig and he has made a careful study of the Japanese No drama (see his extensive discussion of this form in *THE DRAMA* for November 1916). This perhaps explains his remarkable facing about from his point of view in furthering the Irish Theatre, a genuine folk theatre of Irish plays by Irish writers, acted by Irish actors for the general Irish public. The *Four Plays for Dancers* was designed for use in drawing-rooms before an aristocracy of intelligence. Not a bad idea is this, for work so advanced has but a small public to enjoy it, and because there is little of real beauty written for production in such a way. The plays themselves are written for characters in mask, or in static make-up, and require highly conventionalized dancing. Costume and mask designs are contributed by Edmund Dulac and music by Mr. Dulac to accompany the plays is printed in full in the appendix.



— Photograph by Walinger.

(See page 286)

Mr. Francis Neilson

The ... the ... President of The ...

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

MAY, 1922

NUMBER 8

The Present-Day Theatre in Eastern Europe

By HUNTLY CARTER

TODAY a journey across Europe, say from Moscow to London, is not the uneventful affair it was in 1913. It is a series of exceedingly difficult adventures in which a passport viséd almost out of recognition plays a leading part. Traveling is indeed so eventful, so extremely uncomfortable that no one willingly undergoes it except for an absolutely necessary purpose, or because he is unaware of the difficulties.

Before the war, Europe was composed of twenty-six countries united by common interests, common currency, and speaking, or understanding three fairly universal languages, English, French and German. Now there are thirty-five countries each seeking to exclude the other, to speak only its own language, to use its own currency, each requiring a visé, and each economically at war with the others. In their eager endeavor to form independent political and economic units, they have deliberately cut themselves off from each other by fortifying endless miles and miles of new frontier and setting up protectional defences, which in their power to kill, recall some of the barbarous devices that separated armies at wartime. From this it is not difficult for anyone to gather an idea of the obstacles which the peaceful "missionary" has to overcome in a present-day attempt to inquire into, say, the comparative state of the European theatre. Imagine the States of America closing their frontiers, entering upon a bitter economic war with each other, and adopting different languages, currencies and the like, and you have the state of things that exists in Europe.

For anyone who enjoys the work of inquiring into the progress of the European theatre and does not mind very great discomfort, there are exceedingly interesting results. If one likes, one can trace in theatrical exhibitions all over Europe those human feelings evoked by the terrible events of the black period through which Europe has passed, acting upon deeply sensitive peoples and upon a theatre (using the term theatre in the sense of a number of playhouses) which has become through organization and human association, as sensitive as themselves. In a word, an organic theatre which England does not possess.

If the inquirer examines the present-day European theatre from this standpoint, he will find that it expresses, broadly speaking, two sets of feelings: there is the feeling of elation experienced by the peoples of the newly liberated countries, Baltic States, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and others, and the feeling of depression experienced by peoples of the old German and Austrian-Hungarian Empires. Along with both there goes a manifestation of a new spirit,—the spirit of a creative life to which the great débâcle seems to have given birth. This spirit is in turn practically giving birth to a new theatrical experience in the new countries, while adapting the existing theatrical experience to new purposes in the old ones.

THE three Baltic States, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania (till recently under Russian rule) are rapidly developing a theatrical life of their own. Esthonia, in particular, is developing it in a manner which shows that its theatre may be trusted to take a foremost part in theatrical advance once it has had time to realize its resources. Though it is only a small state with a population of 1,200,000, yet it possesses three magnificent national theatres equal in size, appearance and equipment to any Europe can show. This is more remarkable, when we remember that till 1884, Esthonia had no professional theatre. Before 1800, it had no political rights. These were conferred on it by the Russians and since 1800 it has put on political and cultural forms.

Among the latter are the three magnificent theatres alluded to, the Säde at Walras; the Endla at Pernau; and the Esthonia at Reval, which cost 70,000 pounds. The last is an imposing white double theatre occupying an island site and formed by two wings, one of which is an opera house and the other a playhouse. These are joined by a main building which serves several purposes. In the space between is a large open-air restaurant so decorated with foliage and lights as to convert the whole into a delightful summer theatre. With no national plays or opera of great note in its cupboard as yet, the Esthonia theatre draws its supply

of entertainments largely from international sources. Plays by Shakespeare, Hugo, Schiller, Hauptmann, Wilde, Hansun, Kut, Bjornson, and Shaw are frequently given.

The Esthonian version of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is extremely popular, being usually played to packed houses.

Perhaps the Esthonians are more national in their music. Musical societies are everywhere. The chief characteristics of the existing music is a mysticism and deep melancholy as of a people ardently desiring liberty and full of hope for the re-birth of Esthonia. The national liberation music of a people reaching to a freer life has, I think, yet to come for it is scarcely a twelve-month since the Bolsheviks ceased their attacks. At any rate, I did not discover any during my visit. There was nothing to note in Latvia except that the back of the fine national theatre at Riga had just been blown off by a Bolshevik bomb.

POLAND, too, is rapidly throwing off the restrictions imposed by Russian and Austrian occupiers. But, like the Baltic states, it has not had time for much development. Only a year ago, the Bolsheviks were hammering at the gates of Warsaw so to speak, and a little village scarcely a stone's throw away was still smouldering when I visited it on my way across the terrible Russo-Polish frontier, though the work of its theatre falls definitely into two parts—and intensely interesting ones they are. The first part comprises an exhibition of those alternating emotions of fear and hope evoked by the events of the war and the Bolshevik invasion from 1914 to October 1920. The second part from 1919, before the Bolshevik menace became felt, to the present day really marks the beginning of a new national policy in the theatre adopted by the Polish people to focus attention on essential needs of a New Poland. During the period 1914 to 1920 theatrical exhibitions manifested the psychology of the Polish people touched by the momentous circumstances of the occupation by Russians and Austrians; the Russian evacuation; the German occupation; the German and Austrian evacuation in 1918; the short period of relief and then the Bolshevik invasion and final evacuation. During the second period one traces in plays and operas an emotion of great relief, and an aspiration toward nation building.

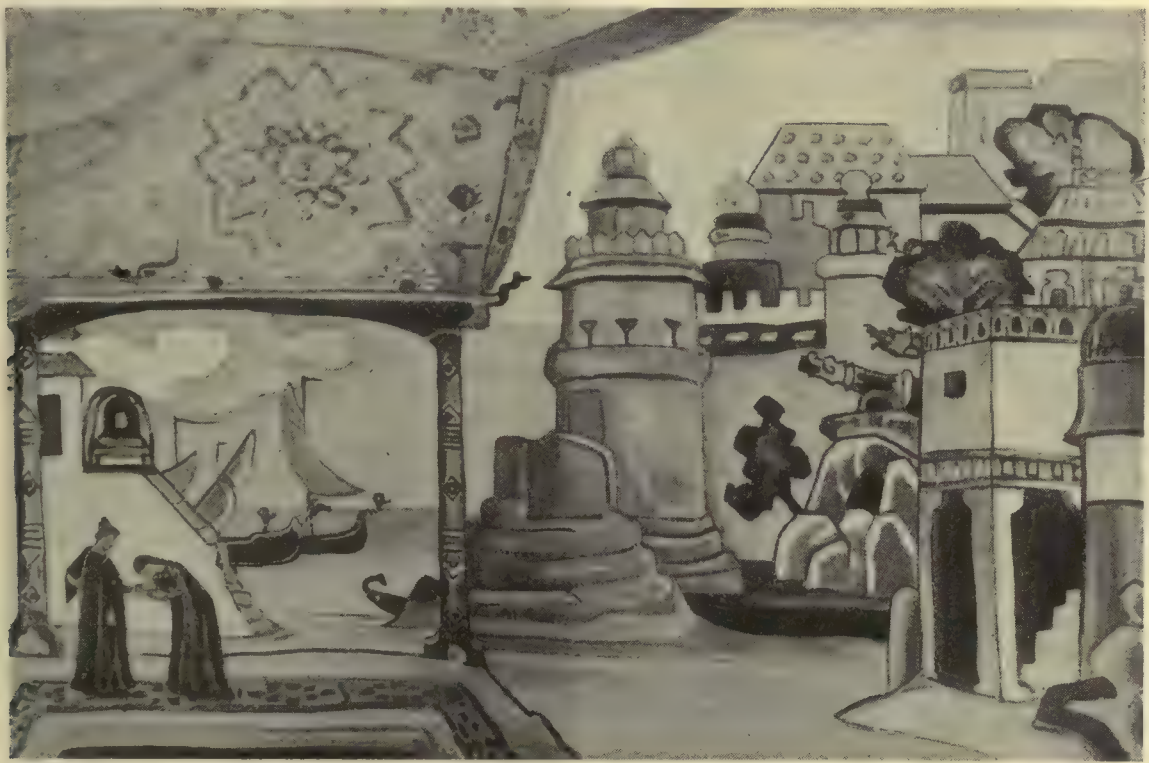
I gathered a great deal of information on the wartime and after work of the theatre, in particular from the great Opera House, and the beautiful Polski theatre, at Warsaw, and the great theatre at Cracow, which will enable me to trace the succeeding phases of the struggle undergone by the public mind during the above mentioned periods when I come to record results. I also obtained the names of Polish authors whose plays are suitable for translation. Those most strongly recommended are George Szaniawski and Charles Rostworowski. Two authors were provoked by the Bolshevik

invasion to writing plays which criticised Bolshevism, and Zieromski's *Escpialion* and *Whiter than Snow*, and Rostworowski's *Charity* are worthy of international consideration as plays that strongly reveal the reaction of a very sensitive and deeply religious people to what they consider a display of barbarism. *Charity* preaches that there is no charity in Bolshevism and without charity, it cannot succeed in forming a new world.

I found two admirable examples of the new all-Polish spirit, one in an all-Polish Ballet Pantomime *Pan Twardowski*, of which I saw three performances at the great Opera House at Warsaw. It was the combined work of the Polish composer, Ludomir Rozycki, and a Polish decorator of great talent, W. Drabik. These two able men have worked upon certain old Polish legends associated with the Polish Faust with the result that they have produced a very fine piece of imaginative fantasy which, no doubt, will make its way to England and America as it thoroughly deserves. The other example appeared in the joyful little theatre, The Bacatela, at Cracow, which was built a year or two ago under extraordinary difficulties. It claims to be the outcome of all-Polish labor and to possess an all-Polish scheme of interior decoration. It embodies some of the latest little theatre principles of construction. I think it may be taken as a prophecy of a revival of national traditions in architecture in Poland.

AS Czecho-Slovakia enjoyed a certain degree of freedom of expression for some years previous to the war which encouraged plays and operas by Czechs, I did not expect to find the repertory cupboard quite so bare of national resources as those of other successive countries. Its theatre had certainly more to put on when liberation came. At the same time, while yet under foreign rule, its fine national theatres, especially at Bratislava and Prague, did a great deal for the glory of international playwrights and composers, and very little for its own. If one examines the wartime work of the Prague theatre, one finds that the changing phases of the public mind are mainly expressed by foreign means. This is the theatre that produced a complete cycle of Shakespeare's plays in 1916 during one of the greatest crises of the war. But liberation has stimulated home production and it is to the interest of students of the theatre to watch the free expression of a people who undoubtedly have all the best elements of culture in them.

Perhaps I shall have an opportunity to return to the subject of the Theatre in Central Europe, Hungarian, Austrian and German, of whose work I have an interesting psychological analysis as a result of my inquiry into the intensely human aspect of the European theatre revealed by the war. It is this aspect and not the pre-war aesthetic one which is going to predominate during the coming years. It is the one thing needed to impress upon our minds the serious character of the theatre.



Setting for "Tsar Saltan"—Ledenetz Town, designed by Nicolas Roerich for the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, 1919



Setting for "Prince Igor" by Nicolas Roerich, designed for the Paris and London productions made by Diaghilef

Beauty and Wisdom

From a lecture to the young generation read in London the 14th of December, 1919,
by NICOLAS ROERICH

TO the sacred ideals of nations in our days the watch-words: "Art and Knowledge" have been added with special imperativeness. It is just now that something must be said of the particular significance of these great conceptions both for the present time and for the future. I address these words to those whose eyes and ears are not yet filled with the rubbish of everyday life, to those whose hearts have not yet been stopped by the lever of the machine called "mechanical civilization."

Amongst horrors, in the midst of the struggles and the collisions of the people, the question of knowledge and the question of art are matters of the first importance. Do not be astonished. This is not exaggeration, neither is it a platitude. It is a decided affirmation.

The question of the relativity of human knowledge has always been much argued. But now, when the whole of mankind has felt directly or indirectly the horrors of war, this question has become a vital one. People have not only become accustomed to think, but even to speak without shame about things of which they evidently have not the slightest knowledge. On every hand men repeat opinions which are altogether unfounded. And such judgments bring great harm into the world, an irreparable harm.

We must admit that during the last few years European culture has been shaken to its very foundation. In the pursuit of things, the achievement of which has not yet been destined to mankind, the fundamental steps of ascent have been destroyed. Humanity has tried to lay hold of treasures which it has not deserved and so has rent the benevolent veil of the goddess of Happiness.

Of course, what mankind has not yet attained it is destined to attain in due time, but how much man will have to suffer to atone for the destruction of the forbidden gates! With what labor and with what self-denial shall we have to build up the new bases of culture!

The knowledge which is locked up in libraries or in the brains of the teachers again penetrates but little into contemporary life. Again it fails to give birth to active creative work.

WITHOUT any false shame, without the contortions of savages, let us confess that we have come very near to barbarism. For confession is already a step towards progress.

It matters not that we still wear European clothes and, following our habit, pronounce special words. But the clothes cover savage impulses and the meaning of the words pronounced, although they are often great, touching, and uniting, is now obscured. The

guidance of Knowledge is lost. People have become accustomed to darkness.

More knowledge! More art! There are not enough of these bases in life, which alone can lead us to the golden age of unity.

The more we know, the more clearly we see our ignorance. But if we know nothing at all, then we cannot even know we are ignorant. And that being so, we have no means of advancement and nothing to strive for. And then the dark reign of vulgarity is inevitable. The young generations are not prepared to look boldly, with a bright smile, on the blinding radiance of knowledge and beauty. Whence then is the knowledge of the reality of things to come? Whence then are wise mutual relations to arise? Whence is unity to come—that unity, which is the true guarantee of steady forward movement? Only on the bases of true beauty and of true knowledge can a sincere understanding between the nations be achieved. And the real guide would be the universal language of knowledge and of the beauty of art. Only these guides can establish that kindly outlook which is so necessary for future creative work.

Let me tell you, and, mind you, these are not platitudes, not mere words, I give voice to the convinced seeking of the worker: the only bases of life are art and knowledge.

It is just in these hard days of labor, in this time of suffering, that we must steadily recall these kindly guides. And in our hours of trial let us confess them with all the power of our spirit.

You say: "Life is hard. How can we think of knowledge and beauty if we have nothing to live on?" or "We are far away from knowledge and art; we have important business to attend to first."

But I say: You are right, but you are also wrong. Knowledge and art are not luxuries. Knowledge and art are not idleness. It is time to remember this: they are prayer and the work of the spirit. Do you really think that people pray only when over-fed or after excessive drinking? Or during the time of careless idleness?

No, men pray in the moments of greatest difficulty. So, too, is this prayer of the spirit most needful, when one's whole being is shaken and in want of support, and when it seeks for a wise solution. And wherein lies the stronger support? What will make the spirit shine more brightly?

We do not feel hunger or starvation; we do not shiver because of the cold. We tremble because of the vacillation of our spirit; because of distrust, because of unfounded expectations.

Let us remember how often, when working, we have forgotten about food, have left unnoticed the wind, the cold, the heat. Our intent spirit wrapped us in an impenetrable veil.

OF what does the great wisdom of all ages and all nations speak? It speaks of the human spirit. You know not the limits to the power of the spirit. You do not know over what impassable obstacles your spirit bears you, but some day you shall awake, unharmed and everlastingly regenerated. And when life is hard and weary and there seems to be no way out, do you not feel that some helper, your own divine spirit, is speeding to your aid? But his path is long and your faint-heartedness is swift. Yet does the helper come, bringing you both the "sword of courage" and the "smile of daring." We have heard of a family which in despair put an end to their lives with fumes of charcoal. This was intolerably faint-hearted. When the coming victory of the spirit arrives, will not they who have fled without orders, suffer fearfully because they did not apply their labor to that to which they should have applied it? It matters not what labor. The drowning man fights against the flood by all possible means. And if his spirit is strong, then the strength of his body will increase without measure.

By what means will you lay bare that which in man is buried under the fragments of his everyday life? Again and again I repeat: by the beauty of art, by the depth of knowledge. In them and in them alone are contained the victorious conjurations of the spirit. And the purified spirit will show you what knowledge is true, what art is real. I am assured that you will be able to call your spirit to your aid. That spirit, your guide, will show you the best paths. It will lead you to joy and victory. But even to victory it will lead you by a lofty path, whose steps are bound together by knowledge and beauty alone. . . . An arduous trial awaits the whole world: the trial by assimilation of truth. After the medieval trials by fire, water, and iron, now comes the trial by assimilation of truth. But if the power of the spirit upheld men against fire and iron, then will that same power raise them also up the steps of knowledge and beauty. But this test is more severe than the trials of antiquity. Prepare for that achievement which is a matter of daily life. Meanwhile have care for everything that serves to advance the perception of truth. Approach with special gratitude all that shows forth the stages of beauty. At this time all this is especially difficult.

And for us Russians, besides the knowledge pertaining to the whole world, stand apart our own Russian art and Russian learning. For us this universal language of the soul is of infinite importance. And it is with special care and tenderness that we should speak the names of those who realize in life that of which we are justly proud.

There are many serious questions before us, but among them the question of the true culture of the spirit will be the cornerstone.

What can replace this spiritual culture? Food and industry are but the body and the digestion. But it is enough for men to reach out temporarily to the body and the digestion while the spiritual life starves. The spiritual level of the nations has sunk. And in the face of all that has happened, in the face of the threatening indubitable return to savagery, any farther sinking of the level will be fatal. In the whole history of mankind neither food nor industry, nor intellect unenlightened by the spirit, has ever built up true culture.

In every process of reconstruction the level of education and beauty should be raised; in no case should it be forgotten even for a moment. This is not an abstract judgment; on the contrary it is the task before us.

A GREAT period of reconstruction awaits humanity. You of the new generation—apart from all your daily needs, prepare for the achievement of true joyous labor,

In Sweden I said: "We know that Russia has not ceased to be a great country; after enlightened reconstruction on popular principles it will assume a fit place in the sphere of culture, based on its spiritual and natural wealth. We know how incomprehensibly uninformed the West is concerning Russia—even the best of its people; we know with what injurious incorrectness they judge Russian possibilities. But while respecting all the cultural attainments of the East and of the West, we feel that we too can justly set forth truly universal treasures and in them express the cultural physiognomy of the great Russian people. For the language of art and knowledge is the only true and international language, the only language of a firmly established public life. In our internal reconstructions we must, under the benevolent standard of enlightenment, indefatigably introduce beauty and knowledge among the broad masses of people; we must introduce them firmly and actively, remembering that what now lies before is not ideology, not the work of formulating, but work itself, creation—the essence of which is clear and comprehensible, without saying many words about it. Not words, but deeds! We must remember that the image of beauty and knowledge will heal the people of slackness of thought, will inspire them with the bases of personal and public resources. It will make plain the essence of work and show the people, in a more comprehensible light, the path to the lofty attainments of the spirit.

"But to attain to these simple, basic forms of assimilation the Russian intelligentsia, despite the smallness of its numbers, must show, self-sacrificingly, mutual goodwill, union, and respect toward the manifold ways of spiritual searching.

"The intelligentsia must spiritually guard itself

against the vulgarity and savagery surrounding it. Out of the fragments and the precious stones lovingly discovered it must build up the Kremlin of a great freedom, lofty beauty, and spiritual knowledge."

Again, we know that the material side of life has treacherously seized on mankind, but we do not conceal the fact that the intelligentia must seek out the path of achievement.

In London it has already been said:

"We must by all means seek to proclaim and widely realize in life the tasks of true art and knowledge, remembering that art and knowledge are the best international language, remembering that the strength of a people lies in its spiritual might, which is reinforced from sources of living water. Recollect the wise popular tale: the spring of dead water, i. e., all that exists only for the body, caused the limbs of the body to be broken in pieces, but the body could only be brought to life again when sprinkled from the spring of living water. Those sacred springs must be laid open for the healing of Russia. There are no lookers-on; there are only workers."

THE young generation has before it the task of bringing art and knowledge into life. Art and knowledge have often existed in life like locked libraries, like pictures turned with their faces to the wall. But the generation of the young must approach this task actively, vitally, in an ideal way; and their work, the simplest everyday work, must be illuminated by searchings and victories. The paths of art in their age-long stratification lie so deep and are so innumerable, and the sources of knowledge are so bottomless! What a life of joyous labor lies before you,—you, who are beginning to work!

Beauty and Wisdom! It is the prayer of the spirit that will raise the countries to the level of majesty. And you, young men and women, can demand the opening of these paths by all means. That is your sacred right. But for the realization of this right you yourselves must learn to open your eyes and ears and to distinguish truth from lies. Remember clearly: what is needed is not ideology, but effectual effort.

Iron rusts. Even steel is eaten away and crumbles if not vitally renewed. So does the human brain ossify, if not allowed to perfect itself indefatigably. And therefore learn to draw near to art and knowledge. These paths are easy later, but difficult in the beginning. Surmount them! And you, young people, have before you one of the most wondrous tasks: to raise the bases of the culture of the spirit; to replace mechanical civilization by the culture of the spirit. Of course you are witnesses of the cosmic process of the destruction of mechanical civilization and of the creation of the foundations of the culture of the spirit. Among national movements the first place will belong to the re-valuation of work, the crown of which is a widely understood creation and knowledge. Moreover only these two motive powers

make up that international language of which feverishly-seeking mankind stands in such need. Creation is the pure prayer of the spirit. Art is the heart of the people. Knowledge is the brain of the people. Only through the heart and through wisdom can mankind arrive at union and mutual understanding. Now to understand is to forgive. The new governments will inscribe on their banners "the prayer of the spirit, art and knowledge," and will understand that he who bears with him the true spirit of national life must not even for a moment forget the achievement of spiritual life. Otherwise the builder will have no path before him and ruin will await him.

YOU, the young generation, have the right to demand from the governments the opening of the paths of art and knowledge. You must be able to say with clear conscience that even when circumstances were hardest you did not forget those great foundations of life—beauty and wisdom; that you not only remembered them, but according to your powers you realized in your lives the achievement which replaces the joy of destruction by the true joy of creation. And in the consciousness of this lies the guarantee of a brighter future for you. You know that outside of art religion is inaccessible; outside of art the spirit of nationality is far away; outside of art science is dark.

You also know that the achievement of the life of the spirit is not the privilege of hermits and anchorites alone. It may be achieved here, in our midst, in the name of that which is most sacred and nearest to the Great Spirit. And the consciousness of the achievement of life will open out to you new and daily possibilities of creation.

And so now I speak to you of the young generation about art and knowledge. I know that you, the knights of the people, the knights of the spirit, will not remain in the city of the dead; you will build up a country which will be bright and most beautiful and full of wisdom. Every word should end not in destruction, but in upbuilding. We know how mighty is creative thought. So now, in the presence of great searchings we must speak words which proceed from the best sources: "Put aside all prejudices; think freely!" And all that is thought in the name of beauty and wisdom, will be beautiful.

ON FRIDAY evening, May 26th, the Oakland Square Players and the Junior Players from Abraham Lincoln Center were the guests of the International and Cosmopolitan Clubs at the University of Chicago. They presented effectively *Two Slatterns and a King*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Lady Gregory's mystical play, *The Traveling Man*. The small theatre in Ida Noyes Hall was comfortably filled by an interesting as well as interested audience, made up largely of members of the nine foreign clubs on the campus. Many students from China, Japan and the Philippines were present, and seemed keenly alert to this demonstration of the possibilities in community drama. The plays were directed by Miss Myrtle Middlebrook, of the Little Theatre at Lincoln Center.



"Frost and Wood Spirits." Scene for the fairy opera "Snegourochka" (*The Snow Maiden*), by N. Roerich.
 Reproduced by courtesy of "Art and Archeology."

• A Temple in the Wilderness

By CHARLES BREASTED

WHILE it is true that *The Beggars' Opera* still plays to capacity at the Lyric Theatre in remote Hammersmith and that despite the miles separating it from the West End theatre section, the same house carried *Abraham Lincoln* for something like two years without diminished attendance, one doubts the wisdom of locating any home for good drama and experimentation in an outlying district of a vast city like London. The Lyric Theatre must be classed as a regular professional playhouse which does excellent things under Nigel Playfair's tasteful management; it is hardly an experimental laboratory.

In America, the little theatres have sought the city fringes perforce and with a vengeance in order to escape the wicked rents of the theatre regions. The Washington Square Players did the equivalent with outstanding success, and one can still point to examples of pioneer theatre work which is being done in quarters whose only redeeming virtue is cheap rent. But one is led to observe that those in New York who really appreciate and love a good play well acted will go even to Hoboken or Spuyten Duyvil to witness it; and if in Chicago such a thing as a really good *native* play well acted were conceivable, loyal playgoers would trundle out to West Cicero to view it. In London they resign themselves to the interminable depths of

the Underground which eventually vindicates itself by depositing them at Golders Green Station in Hampstead, opposite the Everyman Theatre, where good plays well acted are an assured diet.

Before commenting on the nature of this theatre, let me put two questions: Is it fair to impose upon true playgoers such endless journeys because their love of good drama is sufficiently avid to bear the strain uncomplainingly? Is not such a theatre where good drama is cultivated and new departures in the technique of staging and production inaugurated, established to fill the need created by the stultifying professional theatre, to build up a finer public taste, and to attract those sections of the populace who don't know a poor play from a good one because they've never had grounds for comparison? The very people to whom such a theatre should be accessible are those who will not travel across great spaces in the night to see something which they suspect would be down in the regular theatre district if it were really a "success," and so they humor a heavy dinner by attendance on Mr. Wood's *Ladies' Night* or *The Demi-Virgin* in New York, or Mr. Cochran's maundering and drooley Revues in London. Surely the audiences of these deckle-edged offerings are not all irredeemable outcasts—you have perhaps even known someone who attended merely to

see what awful things people do go to see. There must be a few among them whose tastes are not hopelessly depraved; and if one of them be gone astray, should we not leave the ninety and nine—who don't need watching—and seek that which goeth astray? The answer to this presently.

Mr. Norman Macdermott has bravely pushed aside these puzzling brambles, and as director, producer, business manager, and publicity agent of the Everyman Theatre, he has by dint of herculean labor established a playhouse and a reputation where before there flourished—literally—a *Palais de Whist*; and where beer, Jazz, and their concomitant following formerly blended uncouthly, Shakespeare, Benavente, Shaw, Galsworthy, Housman, Masefield, Molière, O'Neill, and as representative a list as one could desire, are now acted in a theatre as simple and reserved in its design as Jacques Copeau himself could desire. It seats seven hundred, and is without gallery or boxes.

UNLESS it be at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, there is nothing in England at the present time which attempts what the Everyman Theatre aims to do—to synthesize voice, action, form and light, to such an end that, in Mr. Macdermott's own words, "we shall have widespread in our theatres a drama of which the content satisfies the intellectual demand while its form satisfies the senses." However laudable the work of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, however much it may have furthered the movement which its name implies, it is withal distinctly amateur, and its traveling companies when they venture near the more searching dramatic criticism of the larger cities, precipitate notices that rather witheringly emphasize the fact. The company is recruited from among the well known names of the London stage, who for the sake of contributing something genuinely artistic to the advancement of their calling, accept modest salaries and do their utmost to subordinate their efforts toward the attainment of that elusive ideal of "team play" on which Granville Barker lays such correct stress in his latest book, *The Exemplary Theatre*. There is nothing of the amateur in the playing at the Everyman Theatre, and while the acting seldom flashes into brilliance, it is consistently of an excellent grade. The staging, though certainly not amateur, does impress one with its hampering limitations and its often glaring crudities; and yet, when one considers that as Mr. Macdermott himself told me, the cost of the complete scenery for one of his productions never averages over Ten Pounds (at present Exchange about \$45.00) one is inclined to marvel at the effects which it frequently does produce. The lighting has received the closest sort of study. This is a phase of the ensemble hardly less neglected in London than in Paris, and so what with us would pass for merely satisfactory must at the Everyman Theatre be regarded as a distinct advance over the prevalent West End methods of stage lighting. Mr. Macdermott is constantly experimenting with new ideas of his own devising, and he has already taken out several patents which one day may create a stir in the realm of London theatre productions.

There is here a very strong and fine *esprit de corps*, a smooth working together of all the individuals, and this spirit is embodied in Mr. Macdermott himself. Of medium stature, with the fine features of an artist and the keen eyes of a business executive, he is the essence of modesty, tact, perseverance, and an ideal director for such an enterprise. Like all men of genuine temperament, he is a bundle of nerves, and by reason of the many varied and unusual capabilities blended in him, he is overworking, and unless he is careful, will defeat his high hopes in overriding the limits of his strength. In May a company from the Everyman Theatre visited Zurich with some Shaw and Galsworthy pieces—another evidence of the director's efforts to establish international relationships along such artistic channels. He does not pretend to give the impression that what happens or is accomplished in his theatre is either unusual or exceptional, and with modesty suggests that "perhaps

one day not too far off we shall do something really noteworthy." He is enthusiastic about America whence he has already received an offer to bring over a short season of plays, and he looks to America as decidedly the center of the most important developments in the theatre at the present moment. Were it not for his conviction that England is in greater need of an Everyman Theatre than America, I suspect he would be happy to establish himself there, for he numbers already many friends among us and is *au fait* with the trends of our drama and theatre.

From the American standpoint, an honest appraisal of the Everyman Theatre's significance reveals nothing extraordinary. It has little to teach us. For this one practical theatre of experimentation in Hampstead, we have easily a score which as far as results go in many cases have far outstripped it. Its very existence in England today is the significant and most outstanding thing about it. Though Mr. Chaplin boasts more fanatical adherents in England (ranging from slum dwellers to M. P.'s) than in the United States, nevertheless British conservatism is as proverbial in matters intrinsically artistic as in so many other directions. While there is a moderate amount of community drama work being done at the present time, the virus of the little theatre movement as we caught it in America took only a negligible hold upon England.

THE repertory movement which first put Mr. Shaw's plays before the public and which Mr. Barker carried to such a splendid point, has gradually declined and faded into nonentity, leaving Miss Horniman in a rather desolate field hardly more than scratched by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. The British Drama League is a sadly futile thing which putters feebly here and there, publishes a miniature magazine, annually manifests itself with a grand flourish by means of the Gilbert and Sullivan Ball at the Savoy Hotel in London, and contributes little of constructive value to the English theatre. Such a thing as the New York Theatre Guild is utterly inconceivable at present in London where dramatic taste is easily several shades browner than in New York. And so when Mr. Macdermott puts into the field his Everyman Theatre and makes of it a successful thing, he does so in the face of even greater odds than were met by so many of the American little theatres before the heyday of their establishment, and his results, regarded in this light, merit high commendation.

Personally, I can not believe that the eventual attainment of a creditable and really noteworthy theatre, either here or in England, lies through such efforts as the Everyman Theatre. If genuine beauty and art in the theatre are to come into their own, they must meet commercialism on its own ground and with its own resources, employing all that is good of its methods, and crowning the whole with that rarer artistry which capital and the box office as an end in themselves will never acquire or cultivate. Commercialism doesn't trouble itself with such issues at the present time because it doesn't need to—there is no competition, and bathos and prurience have an air-tight hold upon the dramatic market. But once confront commercialism with the sort of competition which the Theatre Guild in New York has offered it, and the answer will be spelled in very different letters. Surely this is the answer to the questions in an earlier paragraph. One day I suspect Mr. Macdermott will issue from his temple in the wilderness and create a rout among the London theatre magnates by doing this very thing. On that day they will cry out, "Everyman, we have need of thee!" and this plucky director, once of Hampstead, will have come into his own.

ANNOUNCEMENT comes that the prize of one hundred dollars offered by The Des Moines Little Theatre for a one act play has been won by Mrs. Hattie Flanagan of Grinnell, Iowa, for her drama, *The Curtain*.

The Lady Loses Her Hoop*

A Sad Tale in Sadder Verse

By LEISA GRAEME WILSON

"When gentlemen in powdered wigs cursed the Tories and the Whigs"

*In a London park a group of Kate Greenaway
children are gambolling on the green*

CHILDREN:

One, two, three: curtsy low,
Then round about your partner go.
Down he bends upon one knee,
Then rises up, with one, two, three.

Us little lads and little maids—

We love the parks of London town
And every day we come to play
And gaily trip it up and down.
The people, passing to and fro
They sometimes smile and sometimes
frown;

Right fierce they be, but what care we,
For we are free of London Town.

[Lovely LADY PHYLLIS enters on the arm
of noble SIR ROGER.]

CHILDREN:

This gallant and his lady dear
Would like it better if we weren't here.

[Advancing on SIR ROGER.]

Give us apples, give us pence,
Give us a smile and we'll go hence!

[SIR ROGER gives them pennies.]

CHILDREN:

An apple and a bun for us,
A sweet or apple tart is nice.
The gentleman is generous—
We didn't have to ask him twice.
A little later we will try
If he has other pennies; then,
When we have eaten all we'll buy,
Why then we'll come around again!

[They go out.]

SIR ROGER [To LADY PHYLLIS]:

It seems a queen upon her throne
Is easier to see alone!

LADY PHYLLIS:

You have not once come near all day!
Must I sit lonely while you're away?

SIR ROGER:

So many gentlemen beside you—
In all that throng, could I have spied
you?

LADY PHYLLIS:

So occupied you seemed to be
I thought you had forgotten me.

SIR ROGER:

My gloomy fate I meditated;
Soon I may be decapitated!

LADY PHYLLIS:

O Heavens! Support me, or I swoon!

SIR ROGER:

Your smelling salts!

LADY PHYLLIS:

Why die so soon?

SIR ROGER:

Compose yourself and listen well,

And while the world may think I'm
wooing,
The story of my woes I'll tell:
I'll tell the tale of my undoing.

LADY PHYLLIS:

My terror thus renewing.

SIR ROGER:

I was a favorite at the court,
Excelled at every manly sport;
My wisdom made the minstrels sing,
And I gave council to the King!

Last even he to me revealed
A secret paper, signed and sealed.
Last night when all the world was
sleeping,

He gave that paper to my keeping;
And bade me lock it safe away,
Until the council met today.
At five I must produce the paper,
Or in a noose I'll cut a caper!

LADY PHYLLIS:

You fill me with a nameless dread!
Tell me quickly what hath sped.

SIR ROGER:

That paper, giv'n me by my Prince,
Was stolen, not two hours since!

LADY PHYLLIS:

Monstrous!

SIR ROGER:

I'll not betray my trust,
But seek oblivion in the dust,
Or rather in the Thames; at four,
I'll jump; you'll never see me more!

LADY PHYLLIS:

Have you no guess, no shadowy proof,
Who played the thief beneath your roof?

SIR ROGER:

I have a deep and dark suspicion.
His name is—dare I tell you?—Listen!

[He whispers.]

LADY PHYLLIS:

I'll captivate him with my guile,
And steal the paper back, meanwhile!
I'll win him with my sunny smile!

SIR ROGER:

My love!

LADY PHYLLIS:

My dove!

SIR ROGER:

My angel fair!

LADY PHYLLIS:

Let us go seek him out.

SIR ROGER:

Beware!

[They go out and the CHILDREN enter with
skipping ropes.]

CHILDREN:

Hop one! Skip one!

Gaily flop and flip one!

We love the hero, brave and fine,

We love the charming hero-ine.

We hate the villain

Who is willin'

To risk a prison

For what ain't his'n

We'll follow in the hero's train

Around the world and back again

Flop one! Flip one!

Hop one! Skip one!

[They skip off. The VILLAIN enters with
the paper. He takes a step, gazes steal-
thily behind him, takes another step, and
gazes to both sides.]

VILLAIN:

A villain's life is full of woe,
People mistrust me wherever I go.
They lift their eyebrows into their hair,
And wrinkle their noses, and sniff, and
stare.

And cry to each other, "Take care!
He's there!"

And now I've this paper to hide away,
Full in the blazing light of day.
Into a drawer I dare not lock it,
Nor keep the thing in my waistcoat
pocket.

This stump is hollow! There I'll hock it!
[He starts to put the paper in the stump.]

FIRST CHILD [Skipping across the green]:

Hop one! Skip one!

Gaily flop and flip one!

[Each time the VILLAIN starts to conceal
the paper a new child appears and crosses
the green.]

SECOND CHILD:

We love the hero, brave and fine,

We love the charming hero-ine.

THIRD CHILD:

We hate the villain

Who is willin'

FOURTH CHILD:

To risk a prison

For what ain't his'n.

FIFTH CHILD:

Flop one! Flip one!

Hop one! Skip one!

VILLAIN:

At last, at last, the way is free;

The paper is hidden in the tree

And exit is the cue for me!

[He goes out.]

LADY PHYLLIS [As she enters]:

Near here I must have let it fall

My very best lace parasol.

It cost a sum of half a pound—

I shan't be happy till it's found,

And if not happy, then no smile
To win the villain with its guile;
And so no paper will be mine . . .
Roger must perish in the brine!

[Suddenly she becomes pale and clutches
at her skirts.]

Ah, mercy! Help! Alas! What woe!
My hoop is slipping, sure but slow,
And if I walk it's bound to go!

My skirts will trail supine about me,
The children mock, the maidens flout me.
The very mountebanks will scout me!

Lady Phyllis, what a mark!
The laughing stock of all the Park.
I'll have to sit here until dark!

[She sits on stump.]

VILLAIN [Peering in and seeing LADY
PHYLLIS on the stump]:

Can she suspect? Why did I hide it?
Is it still there? Or hath she spied it?

LADY PHYLLIS [Aside]:

Who is this man? I wish he'd go!
Was ever maiden fortun'd so!

VILLAIN:

Can I induce her to depart?
Suspense doth rack my very heart!

LADY PHYLLIS:

He is no gentleman to stare so.
What have I done that I should fare so?

VILLAIN:

Madam, pray pardon my temerity
And do not treat me with severity.

LADY PHYLLIS:

You fill me with a strange confusion
What means this somewhat rude intrusion?

VILLAIN:

I thought you might have let it fall
This very choice lace parasol.

LADY PHYLLIS:

'Tis mine indeed! I'd rise to take it,
But that my ankle's well-nigh breakit.

VILLAIN:

May I assist you to your residence?
She doth suspect—or why this hesitance?

LADY PHYLLIS:

I' Faith! I should be sure to swoon!
I'll rest it. 'Twill be better soon.

VILLAIN:

'Tis best to walk, so I've heard tell,
Before the foot begins to swell.

LADY PHYLLIS [Aside]:

Why this persistence? Can it be
He hath hid something in the tree?

VILLAIN:

Take my advice and come away.
Wounds stiffen in the cold, they say.

LADY PHYLLIS:

Go fetch my maid and I will try it.
The paper's there! For I can spy it!

VILLAIN [Aside]:

I dare not leave you here alone
And that's no more than truth, I own.

LADY PHYLLIS:

'Tis my command!

VILLAIN:

Nay, madam—

LADY PHYLLIS:

How?
You will be insolent?

VILLAIN:

I bow.

[He leaves.]

LADY PHYLLIS [Taking the paper from
the stump]:

Ay, here it is! O joyful day!
Roger is saved! O swift away!
—Alas! My hoop! 'Tis sure to fall!

What can I do? This ruins all.

[Clocks strike.]

It is the hour of half-past three!
He jumps at four! Oh, woe is me!

[She is torn between her desire to preserve
her modesty and to save SIR ROGER.
Finally love triumphs magnificently over
the hoop. She stands up: the hoop descends.
She covers her face with her hands.
At this moment SIR ROGER comes in.]

SIR ROGER:

My love, why hast delayed so long?
I feared some churl had done thee wrong!

LADY PHYLLIS:

O Roger, take the paper pray,
And, taking, turn thine eyes away!

SIR ROGER:

Thou hast obtained it? I am free!
I owe my very life to thee!
And wilt thou treat me churlishly?

LADY PHYLLIS [Faintly]:

My hoop?

SIR ROGER:

Your hoop?

LADY PHYLLIS:

I've lost it. Pray,
Be gentle, turn your eyes away.

SIR ROGER [Grasping the situation and
rising to it magnificently]:

You've lost your hoop? Say rather
guessed

The news from Paris, just expressed.

LADY PHYLLIS:

What news?

SIR ROGER:

'Tis said, without a doubt,
That wearing hoops has just gone out!
[The lovers fall happily in each other's arms.]

"Le Passant"

BY JEANNE MAIRET

IN a charming book called *Toute une Vie*, François Coppée gives his reminiscences of childhood and youth. The family was very poor. The father had a small—a very small position in the administration, and had taken a tiny apartment on the sixth floor of a house, close to the fortifications. But the apartment boasted of a balcony. Here, the youthful François spent hours looking down upon the street, the meagre trees, and especially the distant, alluring city. He took long walks with his father, out beyond the barrier, along the dusty roads with their *ginguettes* or poverty stricken eating houses, getting there in touch with the poor, whose aspirations, whose sorrows, whose struggles no one ever painted more truthfully, more pathetically than François Coppée. As I write, I see once more the poet's profile which always made me think of a Greek medal.

Somehow, he grew up, was educated at the public schools and wrote verses, easy, flowing, charming verses, verses that all could understand and appreciate. He was barely twenty when he wrote *Le Passant*. He was terribly timid, but he had the audacity of the very young—and he knew that his little play was the work of a real poet. Of that he was certain.

At that very distant time an actress of great talent, Madame Doche ruled the theatre. As the French say, she "made sunshine and rain" in the stage world. With a beating heart, the

boy rang at her door, thrust his manuscript into the hand of the astonished maid—and bolted. Madame Doche carelessly opened the manuscript, read a few lines, then the whole of the play. At once she saw herself in the splendid part of the fine lady. She ordered her manager to put everything else aside and prepare to bring out *Le Passant*. I never saw Madame Doche, who was before my time, but I have heard that she was a great artist. The part of the wandering boy poet was given to a very young actress who had just begun her career, and whose "golden" voice already has won the applause and admiration of the French public. The young actress was Sarah Bernhardt.

Until Benjamin Brawley's *Short History of the English Drama* made its appearance a few months ago, the period in English dramatic history from the Restoration to the Victorian Era was difficult to approach for study in a limited period of time. For this reason, Raymond M. Alden wrote a study course covering this field for the Drama League. Fortunately this study course is still accessible. As Mr. Alden says, "The history of the English stage from the time of Dryden to that of Sir Henry Irving is of great interest, and a part of the period includes the names of the very greatest British actors." For the reader who is really interested in some of the most fascinating periods of dramatic history, and who wishes to study the poetic drama of the Nineteenth Century, this study course will appeal. Dryden, Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Shelley, Lytton, Browning, Robertson and Teynson are included. *The Drama*, volume 10, No. 3, December, 1919, price 25c.

The Trials of Broadway

By JACK CRAWFORD

THE shadows are lengthening on Broadway and the twilight of this season is near at hand. A few productions are being tinkered with on the road, preparatory to next season. That great laboratory of the contemporary drama, Atlantic City, has been busy of late with first nights, and its adjunct Stamford, Connecticut, has had a few experiments of its own.

All this leads me to comment on Broadway's system of out-of-town trials. Time was when my own little village of New Haven was honored by being theatrically designated as "a dog town," but now the experiments performed in New Haven are comparatively rare. Stamford, one hour nearer New York and yet far enough away to seem in the center of the wilderness to the habitués of the Algonquin, has succeeded New Haven as principal taster of first nights. Perhaps there are fewer casualties among the plays there, for I can remember New Haven trial performances that existed for one night only and were never heard of again. Indeed, I have some unique playbills—not only "the first performance on any stage," but also the last. I am able to understand choosing Stamford, although my visits to that town have always been at night and consisted merely of a taxi-ride to the theatre, for Stamford audiences are quite enthusiastic. The drama is still a complete novelty to them.

But why Atlantic City? I ask in all seriousness for I once spent three days in Atlantic City while a friend's play was being taught to walk. I had a superstitious fear of being wheeled up to the stage door in a chair, like an invalid—it seemed to foreshadow what we might feel like after the first night. And I found the peanut stand, the sausage broilers, and the imperial palaces of Kubla Khan, locally known as hotels, most depressing for a person with a mind set on drama. As for audiences at Atlantic City, a large proportion of them have got into the theatre by mistake, under the impression they were going to the movies, and are consequently annoyed from the start. A few are enthusiastic, for they have realized that they will be in a position to tell their friends what the last act was like before it was re-written. But there is also a sprinkling of men sent down by the New York office to give the play "the once over," after which they are fertile in suggestions. These suggestions range all the way from hiring an entirely new cast to putting the third act first, omitting the other three, and "jazzing up" the plot. The author is always pleased to hear them. A play may begin as a tragedy at Atlantic City and end as a musical comedy on Broadway, which is, of course, an even greater tragedy. But all this does not explain why Atlantic City was chosen for the scene of these mysterious rites and re-writes. Here is a theatrical tradition which should be traced to its source.

But there is yet another mystery about road-trials. The ordeal of Atlantic City successfully passed, it is next the custom to play Baltimore for a week. Why? Mr. H. L. Mencken lives in Baltimore, a fact which adds to the mystery. Is it because Baltimore can have its cake and eat it too? I have made diligent inquiry among my friends in the show business and none of them has been able to explain Atlantic City or Baltimore to me.

ALL this brings me to two plays I have seen tried upon the road this spring. The first was Edward Locke's *My Lady's Lips*, starring Miss Martha Hedman. This is a melodrama with three characters and two good acts—a triangle play from which everything has been removed except points A, B, and C of the triangle. Miss Hedman, as the injured wife, takes a melodramatic but all-ends-happily revenge on husband and erring lady. Unfortunately when I saw it, she ran out of revenge in

act Three and we all had to wait around awhile for the curtain to fall. I believe that this act has now been put in dry-dock for repairs. At any rate, I liked the first two and Miss Hedman was clever and amusing.

The second play was an adaptation from the French entitled, *The Goldfish* in which Miss Marjorie Rambeau was the star. Miss Gladys Unger made a very skillful and entertaining play out of the adaptation. The comedy was put on by Stuart Walker. It is now playing on Broadway. Miss Rambeau has a delicious sense of comedy values, but is plagued by a desire to turn sentimental and tug at our heart-strings. When she makes-us laugh, she is positively inspired. In this play she is a common little shop girl, married to a thirty-five-dollar-a-week "melody plugger" (i. e., song-writer), and she falls into the hands of a professor of deportment—portrayed by Mr. Wilton Lackaye. The professor turns her into a lady and she rises steadily in the world, from West 24th Street to Riverside, and from there to Park Avenue and an English butler. Her scenes with the professor are splendid comedy, especially the one in which he gives her a lesson on how to behave in a box at the opera. Miss Unger's dialogue is consistently witty and in character. In the last act Jenny Jones (Miss Rambeau's role) has an attack of conscience and returns to her first love, all of which is believed to be a happy ending. I was sorry, for Jenny Jones had enormously amused me up to this point, but there is a rule on Broadway which must not be broken. This rule is: never end a comedy on a cynical note. (Ambitious playwrights, take heed.) Permissible exceptions, Eugene O'Neill and the productions of The Theatre Guild. I had this information on good authority. But what *The Goldfish* needed to make it a very fine example of farce-comedy was an ending on a cynical note. This merely means that I would lose money backing plays on Broadway.

SO MUCH for the road-trials. What is now left to see on Broadway is not a great deal, apart from plays already mentioned in this and former articles. There's Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, about which opinions differ. I remain loyal to Mr. O'Neill. Then there is A. A. Milne's *The Truth About Blayds*—a comedy with a splendid first act, and a lot of conversation thereafter. The idea strikes rather deeper than those we have had from Mr. Milne before, but when he goes deeper, he goes in for the sentimental, consequently a lot of the dialogue is very trying. Blayds, the great nineteenth century poet, is a fake. When he was a young man he was left a manuscript sheaf of poems by a dying friend. Blayds has published these from time to time as his own, until, at the age of ninety he is at the summit of literary fame. Then he confesses and dies. The family have sacrificed everything to him and his fame—and it is here that Mr. Milne's idea goes deep. Unfortunately, Mr. Milne chose to sentimentalize his spectacle at this point and I lost interest.

There is nothing else of particular moment to record, although among the plays I have not mentioned are some I have not yet seen. These may be included in a later list. I am quite certain, for example, that Miss Clare Eames is worth seeing in *The First Fifty Years*. As soon as opportunity offers, I shall add this. For those who like to include a musical comedy in their Broadway play-going, permit me to suggest *The Rose of Stamboul*. Miss Testa Kosta can sing, and Mr. James Barton is exceedingly funny in an old reliable way.

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Tragedy Stalks in the Loop

J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

TO those unenlightened playgoers who regard the workers in the theatre as merely players, I am going to relate an incident that occurred in a Loop theatre a few weeks ago which I hope will give them pause. It is but one of many of similar type of which I know. Miss Eugenie Blair, a player known from coast to coast, a woman to whom we of this generation refer as being of the old school of acting, played her last part. She was appearing as the old renegade in Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*. Although ill, she insisted, in spite of the advice of her physician, in going on with her work. She was required by the role to be on the stage only in the first act. She played the part and at the end of the act went to her dressing-room and died. That sudden death "in harness" is probably what she would have wished for. I do not wish to seem over-sentimental but to me that last appearance is a shining example of the beauty of service.

There is more to the story, also illustrative of the stamina of player-folk. Miss Pauline Lord, Mr. George Marion, Mr. Frank Shannon and the other members of the company, went on with the evening's performance in such a way that no one in the audience knew what had happened back-stage.

Anna Christie has been written of so analitically in this magazine (January 1922) by Mr. Crawford that there is little I can add to his comments. I may say, however, that is repeating its New York success in the Loop and that it is a play not to be omitted from your theatre-going schedule. I want to endorse, also, Mr. Crawford's enthusiastic comment on the performances given by Miss Lord, Mr. Marion, and Mr. Shannon. I have not seen Miss Marion Abbott in the role formerly played by Miss Blair, but having seen her characterizations of many other parts, I am certain that you will like her in this one.

LILIAM, another spring treat to visit the Loop, has been so extensively discussed in *THE DRAMA* that there is, as in the case of *Anna Christie*, little left for me to say about it. It is undoubtedly one of the most important dramatic events of the year and although it came to the Loop late in the season, it

promises to pay us a long visit. The Theatre Guild very wisely sent us Miss Eva LeGallienne and Mr. Joseph Schildkraut in the roles they created in the New York presentation of the Molnar play. Mr. Crawford's review of *Liliom* appeared in this magazine in June, 1921.

Since writing the foregoing paragraph, Miss LeGallienne has departed from the cast of *Liliom* and has been replaced by Miss Elise Bartlett (Mrs. Schildkraut) as Julie. With all due regard to Miss Bartlett who did admirable work in *Scrambled Wives* here last season, she is not identified with the role in *Liliom* created by Miss LeGallienne. I have no doubt that Miss Bartlett is giving a fine performance of the part but the worthy Theatre Guild in advertising the play as "the original New York production" when as a matter of truth, three of the leading four roles are not played by their originators, Miss LeGallienne, Miss Helen Westley, and Mr. Dudley Digges, is putting itself in bad insofar as the provinces are concerned. It is an old trick which has been tried for years by the old school managers of the professional theatre and like other dishonesties, it does not pay. It was said by critics that the failure on the road of St. John Ervine's *John Ferguson* was due to the quality of the production the Theatre Guild sent out in the play, and Mr. Ervine told me that if he had seen a performance by the second company before it left New York, he would not have permitted the presentation. *Liliom* is at present in the hands of capable actors but it is not the original New York production. The Theatre Guild, if it be wise, will not call "wolf, wolf" too many times.

IF you are fond of the kind of drama that is, according to comment said to have been made of it, "the sweetest, cleanest show that I have ever seen," you will probably like *It Pays to Smile*, the so-called comedy which is Miss May Robson's starring vehicle this year. Miss Robson is one of those artists of the theatre who has "a large following." It would undoubtedly be larger if she could find better plays than the kind she has appeared in during the past few years.

The Sangreal at St. Luke's

THE SANGREAL is a poetic drama telling the old story of the quest of the Holy Grail by the Knights of the Round Table—of King Arthur and his lovely Queen Guenevere and Launcelot, the brave—the old epic which is to those of English tongue as was the Aeneid to the Romans, as were the Iliad and Odyssey to the Greeks. It does this through four acts of tense drama with many lines of great poetic beauty and at the heart of it, glowing through the human tale of individuals like the sun through a fog, is the national fervor which made England and the religious fervor which established the Anglican Church.

Thus it became fitting that St. Luke's Episcopal Church of Evanston, remembering that drama had its birth at the altar, decided in early December, 1921 to use Irwin St. John Tucker's play as given by the Cathedral Players as an Advent presentation. St. Luke's new parish house, which forms the south wing of its cloister, is well fitted in every way for such a production, and none who saw it either on this occasion, or later when it was repeated by request of the Drama League during the annual convention of that body this spring in Evanston, could forget its beauty and emotional appeal.

The Cathedral Players is a group of earnest amateurs under the direction of Lester Luther, with Paul Chapman as a brilliantly successful designer of costumes and scenery. Their work has been so well done that plans are under way to establish them under the patronage of the Diocese of Chicago of the Episcopal Church. Their playing was workmanlike throughout and certain roles, notably Launcelot and Guenevere were quite extraordinary, particularly in voice production and in delivery of lines, two points, in which amateurs are wont to sin grievously.

In writing this play Father Tucker has done a great service to his church as well as to all lovers of beauty and the old Arthurian Tales, and he has accomplished the difficult task with real art.

One who has long loved the old tale, as told by Malory and Tennyson may feel like quarreling with Father Tucker for making Sir Kay a buffoon, Sir Kay who was son of fine old Sir Ector, who raised King Arthur from babyhood, and therefore foster-brother to Arthur himself. Also, one longed to have the lovely scene of Guenevere's repentance when Arthur visits her in the convent just before the battle:

*"Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I, the King, should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoil the purpose of my life."*

and Guenevere's

*" * * * let me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate forever in the heavens
Before high God."*

Father Tucker, however, makes the theme of the Grail the central thread on which all the pearls are strung, so that, at the end, at the uplifting of the Host by Galahad, one has the feeling that one must fall upon one's knees as in a cathedral service, and as the curtain falls the thought is not of a play but of a sacrament.—[ALICE C. D. RILEY.

THAT the Little Theatres are increasing in power is seen again in the fact that professional scenic studios are creating special departments to care for their needs. The H. Robert Law Studio in New York is the most recent to take this step. Susan Stubbs Glover who established similar work at the Calkins Studio of Chicago heads the new venture.

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BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

IF I were a physician, I would prescribe a dose of Lady Gregory's writings to my patients as the first thing to be taken in the morning, the last thing at night, and as many other times during the day as might be convenient. It has been told that a woman asked a New York policeman what car she should take to go to Brooklyn. "You want to go to Brooklyn?" he asked. "No," said she, "but I have to." That applies to the reviewing of books: some "have to" be reviewed. In the case of Lady Gregory's plays, however, it becomes a joy, secondary only to the joy of reading them or in some instances of seeing them acted. To quote the title of one of her most delightful and popular plays, "I want to be "spreading the news."

The news on this occasion is that G. P. Putnam's Sons has recently published Lady Gregory's *The Image and Other Plays*. *The Image* has appeared in printed form before, having been written, Lady Gregory tells us, in 1909, and some years ago it had professional presentation in America. As I have not seen it in production, I can not pass first-hand judgment on its merits as an acting play but after reading it with great enjoyment, it seems to me to be too long drawn out for the stage. The second play in the volume, *Hanrahan's Oath*, is hardly up to its author's standard. *Shanwalla*, the third play, is the most actable play of the four. It is a melodrama in three acts, with the requisite elements of battle, murder and sudden death. A stableman's wife is murdered and so is a valued race horse which has been in her husband's care. The husband is accused of having poisoned

the horse but when brought to trial by his master who had previously had great faith in him, he is saved by spirit information from his late wife in a manner that would meet with the approval of Sir Conan Doyle. The medium in the case is a blind beggar. The spirit of Shanwalla, the late lamented horse, does not appear. Like all good and true melodramas, virtue triumphs, and there is a happy ending for everyone but the villains, the lady, and the horse. *Shanwalla* is rattling good melodrama, and if you don't like melodrama once in a while, you miss half of the joy of life. I must quote the last speech of the play. Says the First Policeman: "There's nothing in the world more ignorant than to give any belief to ghosts. I am walking the world these twenty years and never met anything worse than myself."

The Wrens, the fourth play, is genuinely actable. It deals, however, with the Irish-English question as it was in 1799, and would not have a general appeal for the average American audience. If you understand French or any other foreign language, you enjoy a play in its original vernacular; if you are conversant with the sempiternal conflict between England and Ireland, you will understand *The Wrens*. In any case you will enjoy reading it for it is good drama and good theatre into the bargain.

If, Lord Dunsany's latest play (Putnam's Sons) will be read avidly by his admirers who will, I fear, have a feeling of regret since it does not measure up to the standard set by some of the earlier plays. It is partly real and partly fan-

tastic and as a consequence is neither fish nor flesh. It is not to be recommended to beginners as an example of the author's ability but it will interest readers who have an acquaintance with Lord Dunsany's work.

* * *

Josephine Preston Peabody has written a play about the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, *Portrait of Mrs. W.* (Houghton Mifflin Company.) Mary was undoubtedly as Mrs. Peabody Marks says of her: "a being richly human." Mrs. Marks' play is hardly a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft "in person" as they say in the motion picture world but rather a tea-drinking serio-comedy with Mrs. Siddons, her brother John Kemble, Southey, John Opie, William Godwin and others as stage decoration. To readers unfamiliar with the story of Mary Wollstonecraft, the play will mean little. She was undoubtedly a forceful person and probably did more for "votes for women" than any other woman of her period although Lady Mary Wortley Montague in her incomparable letters tells us of the storming of the House of Parliament by ladies of quality who demanded a voice in governmental affairs. Mrs. Marks, in spite of her foreword about Mary, has written little of the drama of The Wollstonecraft's life story in her play. It might almost as well be entitled "Portrait of Mary Jones."

* * *

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DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER

The New President of the League

"CITIZEN OF THE WORLD" is the title that seems best to fit Francis Neilson, who is the recently elected president of The Drama League of America. Mr. Neilson assumes the robes of office with more authority than any other president of the League has had. This does not mean that other presidents have not been efficient; it means that Mr. Neilson is the only president who has been actor, critic of drama, and playwright.

A Butterfly on the Wheel, was the play which first gave Mr. Neilson fame in America as a playwright. Among his other plays are *The Crucible*, and *The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong*. He wrote also the libretti of Victor Herbert's *Prince Ananias*, and *La Vivandiere*."

The new president of the League came to America from his home in England in 1885 when he was eighteen years old. His first work in this country was as writer and critic, among the magazines to which he contributed being *The Theatre*, and *The Dramatic Mirror*. Later he acted in the Frohman companies, at the same time writing plays and short stories.

When William Gillette took *Secret Service* to London in 1897, Mr. Neilson was a member of the organization.

He also accompanied the late Anton Seidl to Bayreuth for performances of *Parsifal*. In 1898 Mr. Neilson became stage director of the Duke of York's Theatre in London and the following year was made stage director of Royal Opera at Covent Garden.

Politics next lured him and after contesting four Parliamentary elections, Mr. Neilson was made a member of the House of Commons for the Hyde Division of Cheshire in 1910, a position that he held until 1915 when he returned to America. His wide experience both here and in Europe gave him the qualifications and authority that brought him great success as a lecturer on his return to the United States.

Mr. Neilson is the editor of *The Freeman*, and co-editor of *Unity*. His novels include *Madame Bohemia*, and *A Strong Man's House*; his verse *Blue and Purple*, and *Manaboza*; and in addition to these he is the author of *How Diplomats Make War*, *Duty to Civilization*, and *The Old Freedom*.

In all of his activities, Mr. Neilson has the co-operation of Mrs. Neilson, who before her marriage to the late Edward Morris, was Miss Helen Swift, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus F. Swift.—[J. V. S.]

Drama League Institute

Third Season—August 14-26

WITH a faculty that surpasses any of the past, with new courses that appeal in their interest to drama workers, and with a building and equipment that will make the mechanical side as near perfect as possible, THE THIRD ANNUAL DRAMA LEAGUE INSTITUTE, August 14-26, promises to be the largest and most successful ever held. New members of the faculty include Laurence Ewald of St. Louis in LIGHTING, Hettie Louise Mick of New York City in PUPPETS, Bertha Iles of Chicago in DRAMA FOR CHILDREN, Alexander Dean of the University of Montana in PLAY CONSTRUCTION and Lester Luther of Chicago in VOICE BUILDING. Other courses will be STAGECRAFT, COSTUMING, MAKE-UP, PAGEANTRY, EURHYTHMICS, COMMUNITY THEATRE, RELIGIOUS DRAMA, and DRAMA IN HIGH SCHOOLS.

THE DRAMA LEAGUE INSTITUTE holds a peculiar place in the large number of institutes that have grown up since the first League institute three years ago. Unlike most of the summer schools, the institute does not repeat its faculty in other courses. The instructors number

fifteen, and each gives a course in his own particular subject. Beside these well known teachers, there are to be many lecturers and assistants of well-established reputation. The faculty comes from all over the country, the New England states, the Middle West, and California all being represented. This has been a definite policy of the institute committee, since it has sought to engage other than local people to bring experience and inspiration from all parts of the country. Each instructor is an expert in his field, and each will devote his entire time to treating his own subject. The problems of the students are therefore sure of attention.

THE Institute is justly proud of its meeting place this year, as the Francis W. Parker school is conceded to be one of the best equipped in the country. The classrooms are large and cool. There is, in addition to a large well-built stage and auditorium, a small stage for try-outs and a gymnasium. The school is located adjacent to Lincoln Park, most conveniently reached by any of the Clark Street cars. The park, the proxi-

mity of desirable rooming places, and the school plant itself suggest every comfort for the student during the two weeks. No efforts have been spared to insure a practical and satisfactory equipment.

THE faculty and courses represent the greatest effort of the Institute managers. Of the new courses, one that will appeal immediately is that given by Alexander Dean of the University of Montana in **PLAY CONSTRUCTION**. Mr. Dean was one of Professor Baker's 47 Workshop students and has had stage experience with Rose Coghlan and Margaret Illington. He has made drama in Montana a live issue, and his efforts have been acknowledged in his having been invited this summer to teach in the summer session of the School of Speech, at Northwestern University.

Miss Hettie Louise Mick of New York City comes to the Institute this summer for the first time to give a practical course in **PUPPET CONSTRUCTION AND PRODUCTION**. Miss Mick has worked with Tony Sarg and Lilian Owen, and is the designer and adapter of Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*. She has had stage experience in the Chicago Little Theatre and is, at present with Stuart Walker. From Miss Mick's plans, the puppet work, conducted as a laboratory course, will be one of the most attractive features of the Institute. Students who have no practical interest in puppets, will also wish to play and work with Miss Mick in this course.

Miss Bertha L. Iles who will give a course in **DRAMA FOR CHILDREN** brings to the Institute invaluable experience as a teacher as well as practical training, especially in the productions on the Municipal Pier in Chicago.

The new course in **VOICE BUILDING** is to be given by Lester Luther, best known in dramatic circles, perhaps, as the director of the Cathedral Players, the author of several plays, and a member of the Chicago Little Theatre. The production of Irwin St. John Tucker's *San Greal*, by the Cathedral Players before the National Convention of the Drama League, is a recent testimonial to Mr. Luther's art. The outline for this course indicates that Mr. Luther will use all the latest methods in voice building, combining the work of the course with methods of teaching.

Mr. Laurence Ewald of Saint Louis is another new addition to the faculty. He will give a practical course in **LIGHTING**, one of the fundamental parts of stagecraft. Mr. Ewald is an architect by vocation and an expert in drama by avocation. He built the Little Theatre of the Artists Guild in 1915, and has worked with Pichel, Burke, and Gregory Zilboorg.

Although Theodore B. Hinckley is not in any sense a new member of the faculty, he comes this year to give the work in which he was originally interested—high school drama. His work in drama in the *School of Education of the University of Chicago* makes him one of the most authoritative instructors on this subject.

Gilmor Brown comes to the institute to give the course on **COMMUNITY DRAMA** after an intensely active year. He has had a very successful season as director of the Pasadena Community Theatre, and has also cooperated with Sam Hume in the *Detroit Symphony Orchestra Theatre* venture. Institute students remember him as one of the most popular instructors.

Mrs. A. Starr Best has constructed a most attractive course in **RELIGIOUS DRAMA**. She has arranged for costume work and for special lectures which will make her course with **STAGECRAFT**, complete in itself. As director of the *Pilgrim Players*, Mrs. Best has achieved unusual success this year. Her course is invaluable to all those who are finding a new source of inspiration in Religious Drama. Miss Rita Benton will give work in the **DRAMATIZATION OF BIBLE STORIES**—work that could not be given by anyone who is more of an authority.

For students of past Institutes, the announcement of Lucy Duncan Hall's course in **EURYTHMICS** is doubly welcome. Miss Hall's course became so popular last year that almost all the students were registered in Eurhythmics. This is sufficient evidence that this course will be filled early.

The news of the Institute in these pages has already carried the announcement of courses by Gladys Wheat in **COSTUMING**, Linwood Taft in **PAGEANTRY**, and Dugald Walker in **STAGECRAFT**. Mr. Walker is to produce some children's programs at Ravinia Park this summer, and it may be possible for Institute students to see this work. The course in **MAKE-UP** will be combined with Mr. Walker's course in **STAGECRAFT**, and will be given by professionals.

FOR the first time the Institute instructors will give certificates of attendance to students who complete the work.

The number of students to be admitted is limited. It is the intention of the officers not to let any of the courses or laboratory work become over-crowded. For this reason, early registration is imperative.

The Three Arts Club in the neighborhood of the school, has again consented to house the women students at the extraordinarily reasonable rate of seven and ten dollars per week. Applications for room should be made direct to the Club Manager, 1300 N. Dearborn Street. These rates will be given only to students who register in the Institute.

The tuition will be as follows: for four or more courses, \$50.00; for three courses, \$35.00; for two courses, \$25.00; for one course, \$15.00. It is almost impossible to carry the work of more than five courses, although no limit is set.

A complete prospectus and registration cards are now ready. The registration fee of \$10 is applied on the tuition, but is forfeited if the student fails to come to the Institute.

Address the Registrar, Drama League Institute, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

The Convention

THE twelfth Annual Convention of the Drama League, held at the Women's Club in Evanston, April 20-21-22 as the guest of the Drama Club in Evanston, placed a milestone in the career of the League. The unusual enthusiasm, the widespread interest, the excellent representation from New York and California, the scope of the activities, ranging from the problems of the professional manager to the trials of the college professor—all were indications that the work of the League, although crowded, with difficulty, was being carried on with vigor and optimism. Perhaps the fact that there were as many men as women delegates, that the majority of the speakers were men, and that the active workers were well represented by men, is indicative of the new, forceful element in the league's personnel.

The general tone of the convention, stamped on every session was one of undaunted devotion to an established cause. The delegates faced some of the difficult problems with the assurance that there must be an answer, and that the League would find the way out. The sessions were all characterized by the feeling that the work was not being weighed in the balance, but rather that the high seriousness of its purpose was an inspiration to "carry on."

An unusual atmosphere of gracious hospitality on the part of the hostess body marked all the meetings, making the occasion the most festive of any convention since the famous Philadelphia gathering, memorable to old-timers. Well organized committees working efficiently and unostentatiously, ran the machinery so smoothly that the convention became the best managed in the League's history.

Unlike many speeches, those of the convention were full of substance and suggestion, each well worth hearing, even to the luncheon and banquet speeches which are ordinarily exempt from specific contribution.

A definite line of thought ran through all the sessions, and the addresses and discussions of each day left the main thought of the convention advanced and amplified, building up for the future, and furnishing suggestions for the year's work.

IN OPENING the convention officially, the acting president, Mrs. A. Starr Best, called attention to the fact that in the face of a hard and exigent season, when all cultural and eleemosynary institutions were finding it difficult to maintain their work at top speed, the League had yet been able to advance its standards, and could show considerable accomplishments along certain lines of activity, as well as the maintenance of all departments. The three main issues, which had been successfully stressed throughout the season, lay in the success of the Institute, enlarging and carrying out the Little Theatre experiment, and most important of all, the thorough reorganization of the play-going work, and the installing of an efficient bulletin service, under the associate chairman. All this had been successfully done, as the reports of the various departments indicated. A firm and solid basis had been laid which should make possible a future of accomplishment.

The report of the Secretary, Miss Alice M. Houston, showed activity and devotion on the part of the board of directors, while the treasurer's statement gave the pleasurable assurance, of a modest balance in the bank, and all indebtedness met.

In turning the session over to the Associate Playgoing Chairman, Mr. Harold A. Ehrensperger, the President explained that for four years while the office was in Washington and immediately after its return to Chicago the active work of the department had been allowed to lax, until this year, when all the influences of the League and its centers had been brought into play in support of the bulletined plays. After the reports of the National Playgoing Chairman, Jack Randall Crawford, and the Associate Chairman, which will be printed in a later number

of the magazine, the President introduced Miss Alice M. Houston the first National Playgoing Chairman, who spoke on the beginnings of the bulletin, the hardships of the early committees on plays, and the general machinery which had been developed, in the issuing of the bulletin. The second speaker, Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, one of the original Playgoing Committee, said that the value of the bulletin is far greater as an educational force than in rallying an audience, and therefore, it is better to retain its original elaborate form, noting the structure, etc., of the play, rather than to use a mere postcard announcement. Mrs. Riley also asserted that no fixed standard could be maintained because of the difference in conditions in Centers in cities of different size. Theodore B. Hinckley spoke of the need for definite standards in the bulletin.

The discussion of the National Bulletin brought out the fact that the idea was not a new one, but was agitated as long ago as 1915 at the St. Louis convention, and discussed subsequently in desultory fashion at every convention. More and more it became apparent that the present system of varying standards according to the personnel of the different producing Centers, was placing the League in an equivocal and undignified position. There is at present no way of knowing what is a bulletined play, since a production which has been refused in one city may find sanction in another. After an interesting discussion by the delegates in which many valuable suggestions were made, the Associate Chairman presented a recommendation to the convention that a plan for a National Bulletin be adopted.

Adjourning, the delegates had the privilege of being the guests of the Drama Club at its annual breakfast. An enthusiastic and distinguished assembly welcomed the convention to its twelfth celebration, through its President, Mrs. Arthur Whitely who graciously and cordially welcomed the guests to the home of the parent club. Mrs. Whitely's greeting was supplemented by a word from Mrs. Clarence Hough, President of the Chicago Center. Addresses by distinguished people of the stage struck an unusually sincere and serious note, assuring the League that the earnest actors and managers of today realize the need of assistance and sympathy from intelligent playgoers.

The addresses of the afternoon session, devoted to the problems of the one-night stand, will appear in detail in other issues of *THE DRAMA*. Each developed different and interesting angles of the situation in the field. From the manager came the cry that the touring of plays must inevitably cease, owing to the huge expense involved; from the actor came the testimony of the hardship of the road tour, and the frequent disappointments at the hand of the audience. All the addresses laid the bulk of the blame for present conditions at the door of the listless small town audience, undependable as to support and uncertain as to its desires. The Associate Chairman demonstrated by a dotted map, denoting active Center support of touring bulletined plays, and outlined a way out of the dilemma, by organizing trained audiences which actually support worthy plays.

Practically all of the delegates participated in the formal attendance at *Anna Christie* in Chicago that evening.

Friday morning brought forward the reports from Centers of work done and hopes and plans for the future. As these will be given in full in the next number of the monthly, suffice it to stress the fact that such Centers as were represented had fewer problems than usual, while all had much to tell of successful and interesting activity. The morning session was too short to allow a complete report from each. Dr. Louis K. Anspacher, in his usual trenchant and vivid style, gave a forceful address on the value of an organized audience.

Following the luncheon, distinguished dramatic critics took up the different phases of criticism. Mr. Walter P. Eaton explained the point of view of the free lance critic, and suggested some of the problems that confront him. Mr. Garnett, of the *Kansas City Star*, maintained that the status of criticism had changed utterly in the last few years, so that what the public

really desired now was reporting on plays, not criticism of them. Mr. Theodore B. Hinckley disagreed utterly with him, asserting that the public would welcome intelligence and sincerity on the part of the reviewer, and would relish, as well, distinguished criticism. Mr. Harold A. Ehrensperger closed the discussion with the suggestion that serious criticism of plays was valuable, especially when it came to the dramatic critics and theatre goers before the play had reached them, and that this criticism would be given on the National Bulletin.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy session of the convention was the one devoted to Drama in Universities and Colleges. President Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern University, gave a vibrant welcome, full of hope for a renaissance of serious interest in drama in our educational institutions. Walter Prichard Eaton presided over the session, and representatives from colleges and universities gave inspiring reports of their activities. Mr. Gordon Davis, the delegate from Leland Stanford University, suggested plans for financing college drama work, while Mr. Hunter stressed especially the need for a full survey of actual work being done by the high schools.

One of the delightful affairs of the convention was the reception and tea at the home of Mrs Alice C. D. Riley on Friday afternoon.

The production of *Passers By*, of Hadden Chambers, by the Grinnell, Iowa, Little Theatre group, was the event of the evening. With no stage equipment and without rehearsal, the Grinnell players gave an interesting performance of this play. The production suggested what might be done in the Little Theatre Circuit work. Mr. E. C. Mabie, chairman of the Iowa Little Theatre Circuit, spoke before the play, telling of the conditions that the Little Theatre Circuit players had to face and what their aim was.

The educational work of the League was represented at the morning session on Saturday; the accomplishments of each department were reviewed, showing advanced and helpful activity in each. These will be printed in full in later issues. The formal report on the election, showing the unanimous adoption of the ballot, led up to the installation of the new president, Mr. Francis Neilson. In accepting the office, Mr. Neilson asserted his firm belief in the mission of the League and his pleasure in finding how widespread is its influence. He pledged his enthusiastic service in office.

The afternoon session gave a series of interesting experiments in League activities. Miss Cora Mel Patten took a group of children, sent by the Evanston Board of Education from each of the twelve schools, told them a story, arrayed them in suitable costumes and inspired them to enact a dramatization without rehearsal. Miss Winifred Ward, of the School of Speech, produced a charming pantomime, giving a complete wordless play with exquisite color and action. A walking rehearsal of Mrs. Alice Riley's *Mandarin Coat* played by the Caletia Society, of Northwestern University, showed what delightful results can be obtained by little effort. Unique was the staging of the original Riley Circle in a study class meeting. Mrs. Riley welcomed the members of the Circle on the stage with characteristic graciousness and then read them Galsworthy's *Hallmark*, following the reading with discussion and criticism. It was interesting to see the modest beginnings from which the National movement has grown.

During the afternoon the reports of the resolutions, Credentials and Recommendations Committees were presented to the convention and acted upon. A recommendation presented by the board of directors that the convention be held biennially instead of annually was defeated by the delegates. Mr. Hinckley made the pertinent comment that while it was gratifying to see that the Centers and their representatives valued the convention so highly, it was imperative to remember that holding the convention entailed much labor and considerable expense, and that it had been held in Chicago three times in

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succession. If the Centers, therefore, insist on the annual event they must be willing to take their turn in entertaining.

Distinguished attendance at the banquet, able addresses by Donald Robertson and Franklin Bliss Snyder on the community Theatre, and an excellent performance of Louise A. Garnett's *The Quadrangle*, made the closing session memorable and inspiring.

The supplementary session on Sunday evening devoted to a demonstration of religious drama at St. Luke's Church, will leave a lasting memory. The dramatic and impressive *Sangreal*, by St. John Tucker, reviewed elsewhere in this number, was produced with great beauty, and played with earnest devotion. The delegates were guests of the Cathedral Players, and took away an inspiration to develop the possibilities of drama in their own churches.

From east and west and north and south the delegates testified to the tremendous inspiration that the sessions of the convention had been to them, and the new enthusiasm for Drama League ideals with which its speeches and demonstrations had filled them. This, the latest annual convention, with its unequaled enthusiasm, should augur a year of unequaled activity and success.

Wheeler Hall Productions Berkeley, California

SAM HUME, Director of the Greek Theatre at the University of California, and his associate, Irving Pichel, are now in the midst of their productions at the University. There being no available indoor theatre in Berkeley, they are for the second season making use of a large concert and lecture hall at the University, which seats about one thousand persons. This hall, Wheeler by name, has only a semi-circular platform to offer as a stage, but on this platform amazing results are obtained in the production of modern plays. Backgrounds and set pieces are designed and executed by talented young artists, and this year it has become possible to give three performances of each play, opening on a Saturday night and playing the following Friday and Saturday nights, a new play being produced every two weeks.

Subscription tickets are sold for a series of six plays at three dollars or seventy-five cents a performance. The first series of this season, which has included *John Gabriel Borkman*, *The Silver Box*, *General John Regan*, *Candida*, *the Great Adventure*, and *Mary Goes First* was concluded shortly before Christmas. The second series, opening early in the New Year, was chosen from a list which included *Nan*, *Tartuffe*, *He—the One Who Gets Slapped*, *The Cassilis Engagement*, *Getting Married*, *What the Public Wants*, *A Pair of Silk Stockings*, *Hindle Wakes*, *Jane Clegg* and *Jelfs*. There will also be produced the prize play from a contest which Mr. Hume instituted in California last summer. Many fine plays have been turned in.

These plays are participated in both by students and members of the community, by professionals and amateurs, and the productions are furthered and supported in many ways by all those in Berkeley who are interested in and love the theatre, and who join with Mr. Hume and Mr. Pichel in their desire that this may be but a stepping stone toward a real institution of the theatre for their city and their university.—[MARY MORRIS.]

Statement of Ownership

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of *The Drama*, published monthly at Mount Morris, Illinois, for April 1, 1922.
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Before me, a notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Theodore B. Hinckley, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of *The Drama* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, manage-



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THEODORE B. HINCKLEY,
Editor and Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March 1922, Mabel Annis.
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[SEAL.]

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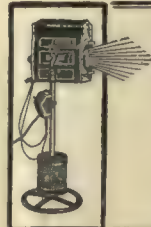
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APRIL NUMBER, 1922

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THE DRAMA

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

EDITOR, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

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 JACK RANDALL CRAWFORD

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MR. BARRETT H. CLARK as an editor of THE DRAMA needs no introduction to our readers. They will, however, be interested to know that he is spending two years abroad and that his notes on The Swedish Ballet are the first of his gleanings of the picturesque and significant in the fields of Continental drama to reach us.

The writing of drama of distinct originality and a new power is in America largely confined to young or hitherto slightly known authors. Fortunately there are many of these in all parts of the country. Really interpretive plays are seldom written in New York. Like Mr. Totherah of California, and Mr. O'Dea of Chicago whose recent works are reviewed in this number, Miss Bertha Hedges, also of California, makes her first appearance as a dramatist on our boards. We think *The Dead Saint* one of the great plays of the year and full of promise for achievement in the longer form of the professional theatre.

Pierre Loving is so well known as a writer of criticism for the magazines that all we need say of him is that he has recently spent a half year seeing America. Mr. Loving is a Continental who has lived for several years in New York and intends soon to record his impressions in type.

Neil Martin, one of the younger American actors, will be remembered for his work in *The Charm School* and more recently in *Only Thirty-eight* with Miss Billie Burke. It is interesting to compare his point of view with that of Mr. Sothern in his recent article in THE DRAMA on Tradition. The interesting question is, is Mr. Martin a flapper or a seer, or are flappers seers unconsciously? Time will tell.

Emma Sheridan (Mrs. Fry) gives us in *The Wind and Lady Moon* an example of her method in using drama with young people. As founder of the celebrated Children's Educational Theatre and of the Educational Theatre movement, Mrs. Fry has a place in the development of a new American theory in education and in the now pronounced new feeling for the drama in these United States.



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IT HAS been called to our attention by Mr. Norman McDermott of the Everyman Theatre in London, the work of which was discussed in the May number of THE DRAMA, that the cover design at present used by this magazine resembles in its general effect the design which has been used for some years by his association. As he hopes soon, as we do, that he will be able to tour the United States with his company, Mr. McDermott desires us to forego the use of the design. This we are glad to do. With the next number of THE DRAMA we hope to present the magazine in a new and effective garb.

You will want the September number of THE DRAMA when you hear that Hettie Louise Mick (Mrs. John J. Martin) who is one of the best known puppeteers in America, is to contribute a puppet play entitled *The Maid who wouldn't be Proper*. Miss Mick was associated with Miss Ellen Van Volkenberg in the puppet work at the Chicago Little Theatre and later was with Tony Sarg in New York. You may meet her "in person" if you come to the Drama League Institute. Among Miss Mick's notable achievements are the "puppeting" of *Alice in Wonderland* and Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*.

The Silly Ass, a one-act comedy by Miss Adelaide Rowell, is to be another feature of the September number. Miss Rowell's amusing theme is bobbed hair.

Of especial interest to women's club will be *Hyacinths*, a play for three women, by Tacie May Hanna which we shall give you next month. Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley's *Mrs. Kantsey Know* has been in great demand by clubs and we predict similar success for Miss Hanna's play.

William Saunders will contribute an article on Oscar Wilde's celebrated play *Salome*, and Paul Titworth will be represented by an interesting discussion of the work of Karl Schoenherr, the dramatist.



(Photo by Isabey, Paris)

"Les Vierges Folles," given by the Swedish Ballet



(Photo by Isabey, Paris)

"Dansgille," given by the Swedish Ballet

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

JUNE-JULY-AUGUST, 1922

NUMBER 9

A Note on the Swedish Ballet

By BARRETT H. CLARK

NO ONE, I think, except a Frenchman, would dare maintain that Paris is the important theatrical center it once was. Paris is content to live on the remains of a reputation made during the last century, a reputation certainly that it ceased to deserve at least thirty-five years ago. The theatres are so old and uncomfortable that they are valuable only as curiosities; the actors, almost without exception, reveal no originality, and the plays for the most part are cut on the pattern that served Augier and Dumas *filis*, Pailleron and Sardou.

This is not startling news, I know; I was aware of these facts when I first came to Paris thirteen years ago. At that time Paris would not even admit that she had lost her pre-eminence; now she appears to revel in her decadence, admitting perhaps that there is a theatre and a drama outside France, but clinging to the belief that *her* theatre and *her* drama are the best. The French theatre, despite courageous attempts to bolster it up, is in full decadence. There is no possibility of evading the issue: the French drama is over. There may be a new drama, but the old is definitely played out. One of the reasons for this decadence is to my mind obvious: there is no outside standard of comparison. Each new actor is compared, not with Novelli, or Forbes-Robertson, or Moissi, but invariably with other French actors; each new play stands or falls upon its merit as a *French* work, and not upon its intrinsic merit as a whole. English plays are all but unknown in France, and a Russian or a German play is a rare curiosity. The most characteristic American product is *Baby Mine*.

A French critic recently wrote of the Swedish and Russian Ballets, maintaining that while of course France could not claim to have originated them, it was inevitably to Paris that they must go for adequate appreciation! The Russian Ballet, strangely enough, is popular in Paris, but the Swedish Ballet has for two seasons played to empty houses.

I must now offer a slight modification to my sweeping condemnation of theatrical Paris. I make a generous exception in favor of the Théâtre des Champs-

Elysées. This is the most commodious, attractive, and best-equipped theatre in the city. The building includes two theatres, an art gallery, and studios. Need I add that the architect was not a Frenchman? Under the direction of an able and intelligent manager, M. Jacques Hebertot, it has, since its inauguration under M. Hebertot in 1920, offered a series of dramatic and musical performances which, to Paris at least, were the last word in novelties.

M. Hebertot opened his venture with the Swedish Ballet. The return engagement this year was more successful from an artistic viewpoint, than the debut. But on both occasions the audience refused to see in the dancers anything especially worthy of note.

Under the direction of Rolf de Mare, the Swedish Ballet has developed from a more or less amateurish troupe of beginners into a unified company of artists. Their chief claim to originality lies in the fact that they retain, after rigid training, most of the freshness and simplicity of peasants. In their interpretation of Swedish works—*Dansgille*, *Nuit de Saint-Jean*, and *les Vierges Folles*—they appear to have preserved intact a fundamental and contagious joy, the spirit of which is to be found, in many forms, throughout all their work.

BUT this is not all. Where the Swedish Ballet excels is in its interpretation of the works of other nations. It is to be expected that it should render to perfection the dances of its own country, but that it should perform French and Spanish ballets, and still retain its inherent originality, is a little difficult to conceive. In *El Greco*, for example, a ballet in every respect different from the traditions of Swedish art, the dancers are required to suggest the spirit of a Greco picture. These "mimed scenes," written by Jean Borlin, the First Dancer, are laid in a public square in Toledo. There is a drama running through the ballet, but what is of supreme interest is the attitudes of the dancers. These can only be described as beautifully awkward. The perversity with which the dancers adapt themselves to gestures of a strange and moving character



(Photo by Isabey, Paris)

Final Scene from "El Greco," given by the Swedish Ballet

is in itself the first virtue of their art. They are obviously dealing with an alien material, and while the result is not the expected, or the conventional, or the historically accurate, it is always striking and nearly always esthetically sound. Look at any Greco painting, note the disjointed attitudes of each figure; the impression you receive comes not from a conventional arrangement of graceful lines, but from a strange combination of physical attitudes. It is precisely these attitudes which the Swedish dancers are able to reproduce and interpret with a charming ungainliness which cannot be adequately described.

OR TAKE *Iberia*, a Spanish ballet that would seem to require dancers born and bred in the south. Beyond all question the Swedish dancers are not in the least Spanish, and yet there emerges from the three scenes of *Iberia* an impression that is strangely stirring. This impression is received mainly from the extraordinary art of Arina Cari who despite her Latin name is unmistakably Scandinavian. She has none of the voluptuous grace of the Spaniard, none of the allure of even a middle-aged Carmen, but she is a thorough artist. She has either influenced the rest of the troupe, or else she is better able to interpret the ideas of the director, for she is the guiding figure in every dance and in every stage picture.

The Swedish Ballet attempts anything and everything; they appear to be quite unconscious of the fact that there is a Russian Ballet or a French Ballet; and

this is possibly the reason for their success. In Debussy's *La Bête à joujou*, in *La Maison de fous*, *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, in *Greco*, they strive not to reproduce a French atmosphere, or a Spanish, or any specific atmosphere at all: they live each gesture, each step, each scene, and evolve out of an inner consciousness an artistic unity, without bothering about local color, historical accuracy, or tradition. They have learned that these things mean nothing unless they are *felt*. And this, I think, is why the French audience failed to perceive in the Swedish Ballet anything besides ineptitude, crudity, and a strange lack of "training."

Conscious of their own very obvious limitations, these young people are not content to execute the peasant dances in which they excel: they constantly strive toward the unattainable. And occasionally they attain it.

Prizes Offered for Plays

THE Dramatic Club of Indianapolis offers the following prizes for original plays: \$100 for the best one, two or three act play submitted by October 15; \$25 for the second and \$15 for the third. The plays remain the property of the authors and the prizes paid give The Club the right to the premiere performance.

Address all communications to John R. Newcomb, President, 4402 Washington Boulevard, Indianapolis.

The Dead Saint*

By BERTHA HEDGES

Characters:

THE LEGLESS BEGGAR
THE WOMAN BEGGAR

THE BLIND BEGGAR
THE OLD BEGGAR

A stone wall with an arched gateway is seen. Through the open gate there is the outline of a white marble cross against the black background of the semi-darkness. The LEGLESS BEGGAR is seated by the wall at the right of the gateway. He sits upon a small wheeled platform which he propels himself. He holds a hat for alms. He is a powerfully built man, his limbs off at the thighs. Had not suffering left its own great gashes upon his face, it would be utterly hard and sinister. His voice has an ugly snarl.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Peering into his hat*]: Curse you for yer pennies, I say! [*He spits upon the ground in disgust.*] Give a marble cross to a dead saint, an' pennies to me what's worth a dozen dead saints. [*He leans back against wall, dropping into a half-doze. A street lamp is lit, its light falling upon him. It quickens though does not wholly rouse him.*] Yeller flowers—little yellor flowers—shinin' like her hair was—[*He cries out in longing.*] Annie! [*He sees light and shows a furious but impotent rage.*] Lamp lit again, an' they ain't here yet. [*He strikes his fist against the wall.*] Damn 'em, damn 'em all! [*The tapping of a stick is heard upon the pavement, the sound drawing nearer. The LEGLESS BEGGAR bends forward, peering into the darkness. The BLIND BEGGAR and WOMAN BEGGAR enter at the right. The WOMAN BEGGAR might be any age, debauchery has obliterated time. She is dirty and unkempt, her face flushed and sodden, faded blonde hair hanging in wisps. Her clothing is misfit, her skirt frayed, and dragging upon the ground in a torn fringe. Her lips move continuously, and she talks to herself with much gesticulation. Her voice is husky as if burnt out. The BLIND BEGGAR has a chalky, expressionless face, his head drooping upon his breast. He speaks in a dreary monotonous voice. The wrangling of the others disturbs him not at all.*] The next time you ain't here when that lamp's lit, I'll twist yer neck, I will! [*The WOMAN BEGGAR makes a derisive gesture indicative of his helplessness. The LEGLESS BEGGAR raises his clenched hands up high.*] God! There weren't no man livin' what had the strength o' me! [*Whiningly.*] Ain't good fer my health no how, settin' out here when the sun's gone down. [*To the WOMAN BEGGAR, raging again.*] Been liquorin' up, eh? Ain't none o' that in business hours, there ain't. If the Old 'Un don't fix you fer it—

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Breaking in shrilly*]: You go squealin' on me, an' I'll fix you, I will. I'll— [*She nods vindictively, trailing off in a muttered string of oaths and obscenity.*] An' I knows how to fix you—I knows how. [*Whining.*] I ain't had a drop to-day, so help me God, I ain't! Ain't I been a-ringin' doorbells all day—a-ringin' doorbells till I most died, I was that sick. An' you settin' here easy an' quiet, an' I a-ringin' doorbells. Ain't nothin' in the world harder than a-ringin' doorbells—[*Crossing to the gateway.*] Ain't nothin'—harder—in the world—than a-ringin'—doorbells—[*She peers in the gateway.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: I ain't smelled no fresh liquor on her.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: You can't smell nothin' stronger 'n her, no how.

BLIND BEGGAR: She was huntin' the coko—

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Turning upon the BLIND BEGGAR with cat-tish fury*]: Ye're a liar! I'll fix you—I'll—[*She turns to the gate, muttering. The BLIND BEGGAR leans forward, listening anxiously.*] The river ain't far away—ain't far at all. An' fishes don't talk—old slimy eyes—[*She wanders through the gateway muttering and gesticulating.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: I ain't safe with her, I ain't. 'Sposin' she's grab my stick away sudden, how'd I know what was afore me? Might be the river, mightn't it? How'd I know after I lost the

feel? [*There is a slight pause.*] I can't never see what the Old 'Un took her into the gang fer.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: She ain't worth her victuals, let alone her liquor. [*He looks around and lowers his voice.*] It don't cost him nothin'. do it? You bet it don't. That's what I've been tellin' you—

BLIND BEGGAR [*Breaking in*]: An' the Old 'Un hates her, he does. Ain't you heard him when he's got the liquor in him?

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Nodding*]: An' his face gets white, an' his eyes burn something horrible. [*His voice shows an angry fear to which the BLIND BEGGAR responds.*] Times when he makes you sit an' listen to 'im, an' he talks things what you never heard of—

BLIND BEGGAR: Things what makes your hair creep up, awful heavy like. An' he gets to cursin' Him—

LEGLESS BEGGAR: It ain't that what gets me. It's when he gets to wormin' you out, an' he gets down inside o' you, an' you tells him things what a barrel o' liquor couldn't loosen up. An' you hates 'im like black hell, but just the same you tells 'im. [*The WOMAN BEGGAR backs through the gateway in fear, but neither heeds her.*] I told him things.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Nodding*]: I told him things.

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Turning. Fearfully, but with cunning*]: I never told nobody nothin'. I ain't. Ain't nobody knows what I seen in there.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Shut up, curse yer!

WOMAN BEGGAR: Hear him talk—him what has legs that quit afore they begin. Shut me up! I'll fix you—I'll—

LEGLESS BEGGAR: I'll fix your neck for you some day, an' don't you forget it!

WOMAN BEGGAR: I'll turn a kittle o' boilin' water over yer first. [*She spits at him.*] Toad!

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Writhing*]: Ugh! Ugh!

BLIND BEGGAR: What have we got for supper?

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Greedily*]: The Old 'Un he got a full demijohn. [*All show pleasure.*] An' there's a leg o' mutton—an' a full demijohn—[*She goes through the gateway again as if drawn by some irresistible attraction.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: I don't like mutton. It don't never set good on my stomach.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: I'm willin' to say there ain't no stint o' liquor with the Old 'Un. Most o' the time there ain't nothin' to stop you but nature. [*He looks around for WOMAN BEGGAR.*] It ain't that what's eatin' me. [*He shows intense hate, fear, and revengefulness.*] I got my eye on the Old 'Un. He's puttin' it over us, he is. He ain't doin' a liek o' work, he ain't. He's livin' off o' you an' me.

BLIND BEGGAR: Maybe he is, but who's goin' to stop him?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: I'm goin' to get him for it, I am.

BLIND BEGGAR: How are you goin' to get him? He's got eyes, he's got legs, an' he's got brains, an' learnin'—an' he's got something else I don't know the name of, but he's got it. How are you goin' to keep him from puttin' it over you an' me? How?

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Holding up clenched fist*]: If I hit 'im a tap with that, he'd drop like a dead 'un. Ain't nothin' human—

An' he's human, ain't he? An' if he fell an' cracked his dome when he was drunk, who'd know what done it?

BLIND BEGGAR: He'd know.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: How'd he know when he was—

BLIND BEGGAR: I don't know, but he'd know. He knows everything. [*He pauses.*] Anyhow, ain't he all eat up inside? I can feel him all hot like—like his inwards was all burnt out with fire. He'll croak mighty soon—if he can croak.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: An' I 'spose you think he's goin' to croak with you an' me holdin' his hand, maybe. Well, he ain't. He's goin' to beat it. He's got a roll o' money on him now—money what he snitched from you an' me.

BLIND BEGGAR: I ain't sayin' he hasn't, but who seen it?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: I seen it, I tell you. I seen it because he took it out o' his pocket the other night, an' he put it on the table aside o' him, an' he looked at me. He looked at me with his eyes, an' he grinned at me. Damn 'im! An' after youse had all bunked, I wheeled myself back easy. I was goin' to get 'im when he was dead out. I opened the door quiet—I left it a crack open—an' there he was with 'is head on the table. I crossed the room careful, an' there was the money, an' then he looked at me again, an' he grinned. He don't get drunk no more—he don't never sleep neither, curse 'im!

BLIND BEGGAR: He don't never sleep. I can feel his eyes most everywhere.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: He don't do a liek o' work. He don't bring in a cent, he don't. He's livin' off o' you an' me. To-night I'm goin' to lay my money on the table, an' I'm goin' to say to him, "You match it, damn you, I ain't never seen the color o' your money afore!" An' if he don't match it, I'll get 'im for it.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Shaking his head*]: You can't get nothin' on him, not even if you seen the goods on him.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Violently*]: If I don't get 'im for the one, I'll get 'im for the other.

BLIND BEGGAR: What other?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: For tellin' 'im things. [*The BLIND BEGGAR nods understandingly.*] Was business good to-day?

BLIND BEGGAR: Most of 'em what slowed up went on again like they was afraid. Folks think a feller can't tell what's doin' 'cause he's blind. I can see things nobody ever seen, an' I can hear things, too. [*There is a pause.*] Business must have been lively here with all the doin's in yonder.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: They gives the dollars to a dead saint but I gets the pennies. Curse 'em! What's a dead saint but a carcass, no how?

BLIND BEGGAR: I never seen a saint.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: They talked about 'im a heap to-day. He used to preach in there. [*He points.*] An' they called 'im the "Dead Saint." To-day they went an' put up that there marble cross for 'im, an'— [*The WOMAN BEGGAR backs through the gateway.*] Marble costs a heap o' money.

BLIND BEGGAR: I never seen a saint.

WOMAN BEGGAR: It's a-comin' after me. Like a ghost it is, with arms like that. [*She stretches her arms crosswise and peers back in fascinated terror.*] It's all growed up, it has.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: There ain't nothin' buried in there what's got a ghost, you old fool!

BLIND BEGGAR: Ain't he dead—him what's got the cross?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Don't nobody know. He went out one day, I heard 'em say to-day, an' he ain't never come back.

BLIND BEGGAR: Ain't no sense puttin' up a cross when there ain't nobody to put under it.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Ain't I told you 'e was a saint?

BLIND BEGGAR: I never seen a saint.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Boastingly*]: I've seen heaps o' things I clean forgot.

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Moving back in abject fear*]: It's a-comin', I tell you. A-wavin' its arms, an' its white shroud all a-flappin' round its heels— [*She stands rigidly.*] I never thought it'd grow up—not when I hid it.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Anxiously*]: Let's be goin'.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Ye're a pair o' crazies! There ain't nothin' buried in there what's got a ghost. [*He looks off right. Hastily.*] Here comes the Old 'Un!

WOMAN BEGGAR: It's a-comin'— [*She starts to run.*]

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Come back here, come back here! May the devil get you! [*The WOMAN BEGGAR comes back, the BLIND BEGGAR taking her arm. Followed by the LEGLESS BEGGAR wheeling himself, they start to go out, the WOMAN BEGGAR peering fearfully through the gateway as they pass.*] What's the Old 'Un comin' round this way for? That's what I want to know. What's 'e up to?

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Looking back*]: If he goes huntin' in there, I'll fix him—I'll fix—

[*The OLD BEGGAR enters. He is a tall, emaciated man, prematurely aged, his body close to death. The cheeks are hollow, and the eyes cavernous. His face is evil, but it is an evil almost burnt out by its own intensity. The eyes have a somber glow, now alive with a keen mocking intelligence; and now with a torturing despair. In his voice, though deadened coarsened by excesses, there still remains a wonderful power. He crosses to the gateway, leaning against the wall in bodily exhaustion and stares in at the cross.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Tortured*]: To a dead saint. [*With bitter jeer.*] To the living fiend. [*He enters the gateway and goes toward the cross, his body dark against it. In deep passion.*] The Cross! The Cross! God's lie!

SCENE II

[*In a room with bare, dark walls there is a door at the back, and at the left, a small window with leaded panes which opens outward. Outside is darkness. In the center of the room is a square wooden table of medieval design; the lower part is solid, excepting the crudely carved-out space for the limbs. Four chairs of similar make are drawn up at the four sides. The table is well supplied with food, a leg of mutton being in evidence, while bottles and a demijohn occupy much space. There is a mug at each place. The LEGLESS BEGGAR is seated at the back of the table, his platform beside him, though hidden from view. The BLIND BEGGAR sits facing him, across the table. A few steps back of the LEGLESS BEGGAR stands the WOMAN BEGGAR who is taking a surreptitious drink from the bottle she holds in her hand.*]

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Pounding on the table*]: Where's the Old 'Un? I don't wait no longer, I don't.

BLIND BEGGAR: Maybe he beat it. Maybe he knows. [*Querulously.*] Who's snitchin' the liquor? [*The LEGLESS BEGGAR turns with swiftness, and catches the WOMAN BEGGAR by the arm, pulling her to him violently, despite her struggles and scratching. He gets her by the throat, a murderous frenzy coming over him. The BLIND BEGGAR shows pride, though speaking drearily.*] There ain't nothin' I can't hear. I can hear things that nobody ever heard.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Toad, am I? Spit again, you hell-cat! [*Monotonously as his grasp tightens.*] Say it again—say it again—toad—toad—

[*The OLD BEGGAR enters.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Advancing. Contemptuously*]: Let the woman go.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Relaxing his hold as his rage centers upon the OLD BEGGAR*]: If I do, I'll get you next.

[*As the OLD BEGGAR nears him, the LEGLESS BEGGAR allows the WOMAN BEGGAR to slip from his hold. She staggers to the left wall and leans against it, her hand to her throat. The LEGLESS BEGGAR crouches low in his chair as if to spring. The OLD BEGGAR holds him with his evil mocking eyes as he goes close to him.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Running his fingers over the muscles of the LEGLESS BEGGAR'S arm*]: A strong arm, but not long in its reach. But long enough for women and old dead men, isn't it? [*The*

LEGLESS BEGGAR *draws in his breath hissingly. The OLD BEGGAR takes a long thin knife from his bosom.* This is the Old 'Un's arm.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Showing surprise*]: I never seen that before.

OLD BEGGAR [*Returning it*]: I never needed it before. But I wish to die—[*Jeeringly*.] in peace.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: She was snitchin' the booze.

[*The OLD BEGGAR goes to chair at the left of the table, and stands back of it. The LEGLESS BEGGAR and the BLIND BEGGAR reach for their mugs and bottle, the BLIND BEGGAR gropingly. The WOMAN BEGGAR staggers over to the right of the table, filling her mug unsteadily before she seats herself. The OLD BEGGAR watches them, his eyes cruel, though upon his lips is a strange, tortured smile.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*As they raise their mugs to drink*]: Wait.

[*The LEGLESS BEGGAR holds his mug suspended, rebelling but yet obeying. The BLIND BEGGAR puts his down drearily. The WOMAN BEGGAR grasps her mug in both hands and drinks in greedy gulps.*]

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Gasping*]: I can't wait. I got to drink, I'm that sick, I am. A-ringin' doorbells all day—ain't no harder work than a-ringin' doorbells—

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Drinking defiantly*]: I ain't through yet. You an' me—

[*The OLD BEGGAR pays no heed to the revolt, but the cruelty and torture upon his face increase.*]

OLD BEGGAR: To-night it is well that we should ask a grace over our humble table. [*They regard him with staring wonder.*] We thank Thee, Lord, for the food Thou hast bestowed upon us from out Thy bounty. Let it not be bitter in the mouths of those who partake, even in their affliction. [*A slight pause.*] If in Thy pity, Lord, Thou hast seen fit to tear from our fellow here his great strength, to bring him groveling to the ground, a thing from which women and children turn in horror—[*The LEGLESS BEGGAR groans.*] Then Thy will be done upon the Cross Thy pity mocks. [*To the BLIND BEGGAR.*] If in Thy wisdom, Lord, Thou hast taken from our brother here the light of his eyes, and left him rudderless upon a sea of night—[*The BLIND BEGGAR draws a long shuddering sigh.*] Yet Thy will be done upon the Cross Thy Wisdom shaped. [*To the WOMAN BEGGAR who stares at him vacantly, her lips moving.*] If in Thy love, Lord, Thou hast struck beauty from out this woman's face, grace from ner limbs, and left her a thing so foul that naught could cleanse, naught wake her—

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Mutteringly*]: I'll fix you—I knows how to fix you—

OLD BEGGAR: Yet Thy will be done upon the Cross Thy love conceived.

[*The OLD BEGGAR crosses to the window and stares out into the darkness. The WOMAN BEGGAR fills a mug and drinks. The LEGLESS BEGGAR watches the OLD BEGGAR, his face contorted with agony and hate. The BLIND BEGGAR half turns, listening with a strange intentness.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: There's something scratchin' at the door—something scratchin'—scratchin' like a cat. But it ain't no cat. [*No one heeds him.*]

OLD BEGGAR: Darkness—always darkness.

BLIND BEGGAR: There's something waitin' to come in—something scratchin' at the door.

[*There is a pause.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Turning*]: There's nothing to enter here.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Insistently*]: There's something scratchin'—something what wants to come in. [*No one heeds him. The OLD BEGGAR crosses to the table and seats himself. He eats nothing but drinks steadily. The others eat and drink noisily, the WOMAN BEGGAR cutting food upon the BLIND BEGGAR's plate.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Looking upon them with contempt and loathing*]: Swine! [*He loses himself in his own thought.*]

BLIND BEGGAR [*Listening again*]: There it is scratchin' again. It ain't a cat. I never heard a cat scratch like that.

[*As the liquor emboldens him, the LEGLESS BEGGAR casts more and more menacing looks at the OLD BEGGAR. The WOMAN BEGGAR talks to herself as she drinks, her voice growing louder and louder.*]

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*To the WOMAN BEGGAR*]: Shut up yer yowlin', damn you! [*The WOMAN BEGGAR makes a grimace at him, and is silent for a time.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: It's scratchin' again. You can't keep it out. [*There is a pause during which the LEGLESS BEGGAR makes several violent but ineffectual attempts to speak to the OLD BEGGAR.*]

WOMAN BEGGAR: It was all a-flappin'—

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Furiously to the OLD BEGGAR*]: You got to show me, to-night, I tell you. You got to show me, do you hear? You ain't goin' to fool me no longer. [*He pulls a handful of coin from his pocket and throws it upon the table.*] Match 'em, curse you! You ain't goin' to live off o' me. Let's see the color o' your money. Match 'em, I say. [*The OLD BEGGAR takes the knife from his pocket and a roll of bills and lays them upon the table.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Tauntingly*]: I match you. [*He returns to his thought.*]

LEGLESS BEGGAR: I'll get you, I'll get you yet, an' don't ye forget it! That's what you stole from me, it is. [*Under a new determination, he gathers up his coins slowly.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: It's scratchin', again. It's something what wants to come in. If nobody won't open the door, I got to. [*He rises and feels his way around the table, and over to the door. In a strange voice.*] It's one o' them things what's got to come in. [*He opens the door slowly. Nothing is seen.*] What's that standin' there? [*He half turns to the others.*] What is it? [*Stepping aside as if something has passed him. With fear.*] What's comin' into this room? [*The others pay no heed. The BLIND BEGGAR closes the door, comes down to the LEGLESS BEGGAR and pauses.*] Where is it?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: There ain't nothin'. You got 'em again.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Groping around the table, and stopping by the WOMAN BEGGAR*]: Ain't you seen it? [*She curses him under her breath. The BLIND BEGGAR finds his chair and sits down.*] I let it in, but it was one o' them things you can't keep out. [*There is a pause during which they eat and drink. The LEGLESS BEGGAR counts his money carefully with a slow glance now and then at the OLD BEGGAR.*]

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Talking to herself excitedly*]: It came after me all a-flappin'—an' its arms was out like wings. I ain't never knew they grew up when you hid 'em.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Drearily conversational*]: They put up a cross for a dead saint to-day. I never seen a dead saint. [*The OLD BEGGAR looks up abruptly.*] Did any o' you ever see one?

OLD BEGGAR [*To the BLIND BEGGAR*]: Were you by the Church of the Transfiguration to-day?

BLIND BEGGAR [*Nodding*]: No, he was.

OLD BEGGAR [*Turning to the LEGLESS BEGGAR*]: You were?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: I seen you so I guess you seen me.

WOMAN BEGGAR: I seen him. [*Looking at the OLD BEGGAR with stupid cunning.*] An' you seen it.

OLD BEGGAR [*Impellingly to the LEGLESS BEGGAR*]: What happened there to-day, my friend? What was said? You have a good eye and a clever tongue, tell us of it.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Yielding against his will*]: There ain't much I don't see an' hear, you bet! [*He straightens up.*] Honest, I ain't never seen the like o' it. There was long-tailed coats an' silk shirts till you couldn't count 'em. An' a wagonload o' flowers like it was a funeral. An' folks got up an' talked till you was dizzy.

OLD BEGGAR [*Eagerly*]: What did they say?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: They said as how the feller they called "The Saint" was so pure that he never knew what sin was, an' how he was that holy that God come an' took him up to heaven where he wouldn't get no stain o' the world on him. [*The OLD*

BEGGAR's face is contorted.] What's a dead saint good for? I'm worth a dozen dead saints, ain't I? [*The OLD BEGGAR looks at him with cold fury.*] If I had the gold that damned cross cost — [*He looks down at his mutilated body.*]

OLD BEGGAR [*Bending toward him, cruelly*]: Gold yellow as her hair was.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: As yeller as her hair— [*In torture.*] God, leave me alone, I tell you!

WOMAN BEGGAR: My hair was yeller once.

LEGLESS BEGGAR: Curse yer lousy hair!

OLD BEGGAR: And you loved her?

LEGLESS BEGGAR: God, I loved her! God!

OLD BEGGAR: A woman's body.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Simply*]: Annie.

OLD BEGGAR: And when the steel bit deep into you, she left you alone. Left you—

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Breaking in, dignity in his passion*]: Don't you say no more! I wouldn't have let her stay, no how. What was I? Why, I was nothin'—nothin' but—a toad! A toad, I tell yer! [*There is a slight pause.*] An' there ain't been a day or a night I ain't loved her, an' there ain't been a day or a night I ain't prayed she was happy.

OLD BEGGAR: Prayed that her body was another's delight.

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Convulsively*]: May God curse you!

OLD BEGGAR [*Loudly*]: Drink to God's curse!
[*They all drink.*]

BLIND BEGGAR [*After a pause*]: No, I never seen a saint.

OLD BEGGAR [*Turning upon him mockingly*]: The last thing you saw—

BLIND BEGGAR [*Leaning toward him, and whispering*]: The last thing I seen was Bill's face, an' there was a horror in his eyes—a horror I can't never forget.

OLD BEGGAR: He had seen God's face.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Eagerly, half to himself*]: There weren't never a friend like Bill. Fifteen years we bunked together, Bill an' me. Fifteen years we worked side by side in the old mine, an' nothin' ever come between us. There weren't no woman ever meant to me what Bill meant. I never seen nothin' in his eyes but dirt-honest truth. There was always a smile in his eyes, except—except when I seen the horror in 'em. [*He shudders, rises and takes a few uncertain steps.*] I'll take it to the grave with me, I will.

OLD BEGGAR [*With a strange contorted smile*]: And you would have died for him?

BLIND BEGGAR: Died for him! Why, there weren't but the last spark left o' that fuse when I seen what he seen, but I said quick, "God, God strike me dead, but save Bill!" An' then it was over— [*Whispering.*] An' Bill was dead, an' I was blind.

OLD BEGGAR: God had answered you—in His way.

BLIND BEGGAR: An' when Bill went, I was alone.

OLD BEGGAR: But God answered you.

BLIND BEGGAR: No, no. He didn't hear, God didn't hear me!

OLD BEGGAR: He heard and He laughed.

BLIND BEGGAR: God laughed?

OLD BEGGAR [*Laughing*]: God laughed.

BLIND BEGGAR [*Helplessly*]: But there weren't nothin' funny.

OLD BEGGAR: Drink to God's laugh—it shakes the world!

[*The BLIND BEGGAR gropes his way back to his chair, sits down, and drinks mechanically as do the others.*]

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Turning partly around in her chair, and leaning on the table; to herself*]: To-day I seen it—all growed up. But I ain't never told. I ain't never told him nothin'—like they done.

OLD BEGGAR [*Looking upon her with loathing*]: In the woman is death—death eternal. All dead, soul and spirit, only a rotting body. [*In bitter agony.*] As I am.

WOMAN BEGGAR: I never told, but it's here. Years an' years— [*She presses her hand to her heart.*] An' no one can ever get it out o' me. [*In a low, awed voice.*] To-day I seen it. All

growed up it was, an' its shroud was growed up, too. All a-flappin' round it, an' it was only a rag when I hid it. White it was, white just like it was when I borned it. The dirt—

OLD BEGGAR [*Breaking in*]: What have you ever born but a brood of filth? What have you to hide but the barrenness of hell?

WOMAN BEGGAR: Ain't so. An' I'll fix you—I knows how. [*She presses her hand to her heart.*] Ain't I carried it here—years an' years—just like it weren't never born. [*She rocks back and forth, moaning.*] It was so little, but there weren't no place in the whole world big enough to hide it—weren't no place big enough.

OLD BEGGAR: And so you killed it?

WOMAN BEGGAR: I never killed it, so help me God, I never. I only had it a minute most, but that minute was heaven. So little it was, but there weren't no place in the whole world big enough to hide it. [*Cunningly.*] But I hid it—out where the stars was thick among the pines. But it growed up—under the dirt—growed up till I'm scared o' it. To-day I seen it. Some day I'm goin' after it—some day when I ain't a-ringin' doorbells no more—a-ringin' doorbells. Ain't nothin' else matters now—it's a-ringin' doorbells what holds me—

OLD BEGGAR [*In fury*]: You have nothing—nothing. What you had you killed—it is dead, dead, even its spirit! Like me, you have nothing.

WOMAN BEGGAR: It ain't dead—I seen it to-day. [*She stares at him dully.*] It ain't dead, it ain't dead, 'cept you killed it to-day. I seen you. [*Her voice trails off, but she keeps a heavy watch on him, and one of purpose.*] An' I'll fix you—I knows how.

OLD BEGGAR [*Drinking and then dashing his mug upon the floor*]: You things of hell, go!

[*They obey instantly. The WOMAN BEGGAR rises, the BLIND BEGGAR gropes his way out, the LEGLESS BEGGAR lifts himself from the chair to his platform, and together they go to the door, looking over their shoulders at the OLD BEGGAR. At the door, they pause.*]

LEGLESS BEGGAR: You an' me ain't finished yet, Old 'Un, I'm comin' back.

[*The others nod their heads.*]

BLIND BEGGAR: We're comin' back.

WOMAN BEGGAR: We're comin' back.

[*They nod as they go out, closing door. There is a pause. Upon the wall at back and left of the door, a faint luminous shadow of a cross appears and remains.*]

THE VOICE [*With a clear calm insistency*]: All that goes shall return.

OLD BEGGAR [*Looking up, with challenge*]: Who spoke?

THE VOICE: That which stood without the door.

OLD BEGGAR: It was not I who opened the door to you.

THE VOICE: It was the blind within that gave me entrance.

OLD BEGGAR: It was not I. What seek you here?

THE VOICE: I seek for him who called me. For him that men called Saint.

OLD BEGGAR: I called you not, but I am he that men called Saint. [*With deep mockery.*] How can I serve you best? As priest of God or man of Sin?

THE VOICE: A robe turned inside out. What matters the robe to That which covers all?

OLD BEGGAR: Not even my brain would set up a sophistry like that.

THE VOICE: It is naught to me what you are or have been, I seek only for him who called me.

OLD BEGGAR [*In amazed and indignant reproach*]: It matters naught—naught that I was a man whom men honored? Naught that even to-day a cross of marble has been raised unto my memory? Naught that I who am now what you see was once a man of God who walked His way with careful feet? Yes, with unsandalled feet that the sharp rocks of the path might guide the flesh in safety while the spirit raised aloft its eyes on adoration. [*With passion.*] But they fell upon Sin—soft-lying Sin with her woman's body, and hair of gold, and shadowy eyes

wherein the light of heaven and hell meet. And I fell—[*With bitter accusation.*] fell with a prayer to God—a terrible prayer for strength. But He heard me not. No, He heard me, and betrayed me—me who had done Him faithful service.

THE VOICE: Loved you much?

OLD BEGGAR [*Simply*]: I gave honor, life—more than life, my soul. Is it not love to give all one has?

THE VOICE: No man can give away his soul.

OLD BEGGAR: Why did He betray me?

THE VOICE: Was not the strength of free feet driven into your weakness?

OLD BEGGAR [*Hopelessly*]: I know nothing of strength. My body, my mind, my soul, are weary unto death of sin, and yet I sin. All else is hidden.

THE VOICE: Naught can hide the hidden thing.

OLD BEGGAR: There is no hiding place when you have found me out in all my nakedness.

THE VOICE: Even in the beginning I have been with you.

OLD BEGGAR [*Not heeding*]: Once I clothed myself in God—the God I served, the God who betrayed me.

THE VOICE: A shroud you wore.

OLD BEGGAR [*In amazement*]: A shroud!

THE VOICE: The shroud of a dead God.

OLD BEGGAR [*In horror*]: A dead God!

THE VOICE: A little dead God measured to man's own statue.

OLD BEGGAR: A lie!

THE VOICE [*With finality*]: Man of God and Sin, listen to the Voice! When you have bound close upon your nakedness the heavy garment of all mankind, then seek you the living raiment of the All-In-All.

OLD BEGGAR [*Helplessly*]: You speak of that I do not know of some great God all strange to me. [*There is a pause. He cries out.*] Show me the way. [*He waits for answer. In despair. Alone—alone. [He rises heavily, seeing the shadow of the Cross which is growing dimmer.] Alone with the Cross—the shadow of a Cross—the Cross of a man-made God. [He goes to the window and looks out.] Darker yet! For even the little God I cursed—the little God as weak as man who falls—even He has been taken from me. And only I of all mankind know the truth—know that He is dead. [With increasing passion.] Yet down there, throughout dark days and darker nights, men will still raise their voices and their eyes of pain to Him who cannot hear, to Him who lies dead in the heaven that man gave Him. [A terrible agony sweeps over him.] God pity them! But there is no God to pity. [He returns to his chair, his head bowed. The door opens slowly, and the LEGLESS BEGGAR peers in, while bend-*

ing over him can be seen the WOMAN BEGGAR and the BLIND BEGGAR. The OLD BEGGAR raises his head, seeing and yet unseeing. Before the stony despair of his face the others waver and then retreat, leaving the door ajar. The OLD BEGGAR rises and goes to the Cross, only a faint outline now remaining.] The Light of the world is almost gone, and then darkness, darkness, for mankind. [He draws his heavy body up with a tremendous effort.] It must not die. Better that man believe a lie than be as I am and know the truth—the awful eternal nothingness of each alone. [The light is almost gone.] No, no, it shall not die—[He throws himself back upon the cross, his arms outstretched.] It shall not die for into its dead form I shall burn a living one! [A radiance, increasing in brilliancy, shines from the OLD BEGGAR'S figure and streams through the window. Into the OLD BEGGAR'S face comes a calm. The door opens cautiously and the LEGLESS BEGGAR looks in, the others drawing close to him. They enter stealthily, and come down to the table. The LEGLESS BEGGAR snatches up roll of bills, showing triumph. The WOMAN BEGGAR takes up the knife, handling it stupidly at first, and then with purpose, muttering the while.]

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Turning and seeing the OLD BEGGAR*]: I got you, Old 'Un! [*His snarl dies out in wonder.*] Say, 'e thinks he's a cross, he does!

BLIND BEGGAR [*Leaning towards the OLD BEGGAR, in rapt voice*]: The Light!

OLD BEGGAR [*Joyously*]: The Cross still shines!

BLIND BEGGAR: I see! I see the Light!

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*Wonderingly*]: The Blind 'Un he sees the Light!

OLD BEGGAR: The Blind see! [*The WOMAN BEGGAR steals up to him, the knife in her hand, muttering and gesticulating. With glad humility.*] Upon my brow I bind you as my crown, about my loins I gird you as my robe—[*The WOMAN BEGGAR plunges the knife into the OLD BEGGAR'S breast. With supreme effort he draws his body up while upon his face a great light shines. He cries out.*] For in my heart is born—the love of man! [*His body droops but does not fall as he dies.*]

WOMAN BEGGAR [*Dully, nodding her head*]: I'll fix you—an' I knows how. Weren't I goin' to fetch it when there weren't no more doorbells to ring? Ain't nothin' harder in the whole world than a-ringin' doorbells—

LEGLESS BEGGAR [*To the WOMAN BEGGAR, vindictively*]: You'll swing for that, you will.

[*She stares at him stupidly, attempting an uncouth grimace.*]

BLIND BEGGAR [*Peevishly*]: What is it? What is it? Won't nobody ever tell me nothin'?

BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

WILD BIRDS, by Dan Totheroh is the first of a series to be published by the Greek Theatre of the University of California where it was given first prize in a competition in which more than eighty plays were entered. If there had been eight thousand competitors, I feel certain that Mr. Totheroh would have been awarded first place as he has written one of the most vivid, poignant, human dramas that I have ever read. One is supposed not to make comparisons but somehow Masefield's *The Tragedy of Nan*, and various of Eugene O'Neill's plays came to my mind as I read *Wild Birds*. The starkness of these two playwrights is paralleled in Mr. Totheroh's play but his tragedy is leavened by a sort of faerie whimsy that gives it great beauty. To make another comparison, I was reminded of the line in Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, where the grave-yard is suddenly transformed into a field of lilies and one of the children says "There is no death." I shall not tell you the story of the play. You must read it for yourself and this

I urge you to do. Mr. Totheroh's first published play, if I am not mistaken, appeared in this magazine in February, 1920. It is called *A Tune of a Tune*, a very good piece of work which gave the promise that has been fulfilled in *Wild Birds*. If I had a hand in the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize for the best American play of the year, my vote would be cast for *Wild Birds*.

* * *

Mark O'Dea makes his bow as a notable American playwright with a volume of four one-act plays grouped under the title of *Red Bud Women* (Stewart Kidd Company). Red Bud, Iowa, is the locale of these episodes but so universal is their theme that Ossipee, New Hampshire, or some isolated village in Montana might have furnished the background. The first play, *The Song of Solomon*, is to my way of thinking, the best of the four. It is gripping and cruel but it is true. You may not believe that such conditions exist but they do for I have seen them. Mis' Sykes, the tragic figure of the first episode, is the wife of a prosperous farmer whose barns and acreage increase, while she drudges along in the shabby farmhouse, with the Bible as her only recreation—in many cases a Sears Roebuck catalogue is

(Continued on page 318)

The Rose Valley Players

By WILLIAM W. PRICE

WHEN Will Price, a Philadelphia architect, and his partner, bought the ground and buildings of a little mill settlement near Moylan, Pennsylvania, back in 1900, and attempted the foundation of an Arts and Crafts community there, it was but natural that those who came to live in the valley should have similar interests. These mutual interests and the community feeling which developed, made possible the transforming of an old bobbin mill in the valley, into a sort of community hall and theatre. A stage was built, a good floor was laid for dancing, and the second floor of the building was cut back to form a balcony. The work was all done by the dwellers in the valley, some of them wood workers in the shops of the Rose Valley Association, some of them business men with offices in Philadelphia, some of them school teachers or men with other interests and many of them the wives and sisters and daughters of the masculine valleyites. And so each family felt a sort of ownership and pride in the new-old building, which was christened The Guild Hall, and when the Christmas celebrations were held there, everybody turned out, from the grandfathers and grandmothers down to the smallest children. The first celebrations were often quite Norse in character, with dancing around a Christmas tree in the center of the hall, and singing of old songs, for many of the wood workers in the shops were Norwegian.

But as time went on these workers left the valley, and the shops finally had to be given up, and one after another the old valleyites drifted away, to be replaced by others who often had to be initiated into the traditions and spirit of the valley. Through all the years of shifting personnel, however, the teamwork and community feeling which first had brought into being The Guild Hall, persisted and made possible the Rose Valley Players, as they came to be called. At first, there was no title and the players were just people in the valley who got up little entertainments to be presented in the hall on Rose Valley Day, or at the New Year's or Christmas celebrations. Then came a period of minstrel shows, with the beginnings of scenery and costuming, and short plays by Howells and others which were presented publicly.

ALONG in 1907, a group of the people in the valley organized The Rose Valley Chorus, which was composed of practically all those who had been playing in the entertainments, together with other people who were interested in singing. The chorus presented, *The Mikado* that year, and the scenery for the opera painted in water colors on a blue sheathing paper by Mr. Price and his assistants, founded a tradition which still persists. Wherever scenery has had to be painted, or an outdoor scene with much sky has had to be constructed, that same blue sheathing paper has been used. It is just the right color for a sky, untouched, and has the right texture and surface for painting and is tough and pliable enough for moulding into desired forms. *The Mikado* was followed by *Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Pickwick*, *Trial by Jury* and *Patience*, in the years that followed, and as the amateur scene painters grew more skillful, the scenic and lighting effects grew more and more beautiful. But successful as the operas were, it was not until plays were produced with the same enthusiasm and the same care as to settings that the Players came into their own.

Esmeralda was perhaps the starting point of the real plays, that is to say, of the more ambitious ones. It involved a three-fold change of scenery, the first elaborate shift attempted. It has been the policy of the Players not to attempt the impossible but to produce only those plays which they can do—for which

they have material. Then, too, the idea that the plays were produced by the valley in general, and not only by those actually on the stage the night of the performance, was inculcated and fostered.

THE title, Rose Valley Players, was used first on announcements and programs for the presentation of Chesterton's *Magic*, in 1912, and has been used ever since, for the plays. But there has never been an actual organization and perhaps this has been one reason for the lack of politics and jealousies which almost invariably appear in a regular players' club. Anyone who takes part in a Rose Valley play is a Rose Valley Player, and many people who do not actually live in the valley are most valuable members. To speak of all the performances in detail would take too long although one is tempted to dwell on the humorous tragedies which accompanied many or, indeed, all of the productions in the old hall. The break-down of a particular part of the scenery for *The Mikado* just before the curtain rose, due to Mr. Price's tripping over an important string from which he had just warned all other members of the cast, and the failure of the chair to fall over of itself, in the first performance of *Magic*, were real tragedies at the time, but they have been woven into stock Rose Valley jokes and proverbs long since.

The secrets of the lighting effects, too, would make interesting reading for those unacquainted with back-stage, but their revelation might destroy the poetic memories many people still hold of *The Golden Doom*, *The Rising of the Moon* and others. It was a long call from the "joke-meter" of the early minstrel shows, to the sunset in "*The Golden Doom*," in which the illusion of an actual sunset was so perfectly carried out that the audience was unaware of the dimming and changing of the lights and the shifting of the shadow across the great iron doors of Zericon, until the last vestige of the red rays of the sun had faded, and the King had slipped out between the doors, to kneel in the darkness, with his face illumined by a shaft of light falling between the open doors from within. It was achievements like that picture—worked out behind the scenes with a wooden float, weighted to exactly the right specific gravity with old nails, sinking in an old slop-jar as the water in the jar was siphoned out through a rubber tube pinched to just the right diameter with rubber bands, and pulling, as it sank, cords attached to the wheel valve of the gas footlights and also to the toplight, mounted on a hinged board, and casting a shadow across the doors, which rose as the light was pulled down—which made the Rose Valley productions from both sides of the curtain. In this particular sunset, blue lamps were used in the electric footlights and a piece of glass stained yellow shading to red was placed in front of the toplight so that as the float sank and turned off the yellow gas footlights and raised the shadow on the doors, the blue lamps counted more and more strongly and the toplight went down through the yellow to the red as the light got dimmer. The whole thing had to be rehearsed several times and, as mentioned, the siphon tube had to be pinched to exactly the right diameter so that the water would all run out in the playing time, some twenty minutes. But it was worth it for the absolutely jump-less sunset and the subtle color variation made a lighting-picture of the whole play that was memorable.

When one remembers that this sunset was for just one of the three plays produced that night, the other two being, *King Argimenes* and the *Unknown Warrior* and *The Lost Silk Hat*, one will realize that a good deal of work went into each play. By that time changes of scene had become a commonplace and the Players, who were at the same time scene painters and scene

shifters, were not afraid to tackle any problem, and the three changes of scene for the Dunsany performance, as well as for the Irish plays, were comparatively easy to handle.

The Travelling Man and *The Pot of Broth*, by Lady Gregory, and *The Hour Glass*, by Yeats, were produced in one evening, and the sombre gray cell of the Wise Man in *The Hour Glass*, with its sunlit green door and the Angel dressed in "the color of flaming sods" in that doorway made an interesting contrast with the cottage interiors of the other two plays. Later in the same year another combination of Irish Plays was presented, *The Travelling Man* being repeated, but *The Rising of the Moon* and *The Workhouse Ward*, substituted for the others. The moonlight scene of the second play, carefully worked out again, after hours of experimenting to get the light to fall exactly where it would give the effect of misty, blue-white moonlight, as contrasted with the tiny yellow pinpoints of lights in the houses across the bay and would bring out the black shadows on the policemen's faces from their helmets as contrasted with the distant deep blue of the night sky, was another achievement. In 1915 the Players produced *The Striker*, *The Hand of the Prophet*, and *Murdering Selina*, three plays from the pen of Margaret Scott Oliver, a member of the community and one of the active Players. The three different scenes in this performance again afforded the scene painters and shifters exercise of their talents, for a cottage interior had to give way to the interior of an Arabian tent. *Children of Granada*, also by the same author, was produced at about this time.

MR PRICE died in 1916, before he had had the chance to put on his own play, *The Artisan*. In the spring of 1917 the play was produced by the Players, with no names on the programs but] with all the care possible in the staging and playing of this memorial to the founder of dramatic life in the valley. Through the winter they worked, building a real stone fireplace on the stage with a practicable chimney which would allow a real fire to be built in it for the performance. And again, most of the valley was represented in this production, for men and women came to the hall during the winter months, carrying in brick for the fireplace backing, mixing mortar, building the frames for the scenery, working out the difficult mechanical problems involved, and finally producing the play in the spring as nearly as possible as Mr. Price would have done it.

The lesson of teamwork has been well learned, and recent productions still show the effects of Mr. Price's insistence that the smallest parts in any play are as important cogs in the finished performance as the leads, and should be as carefully done. The war interfered with the Players' activities, and since 1917 only one play has been produced, *The Terrible Meek*, by Charles Rann Kennedy, at Easter time, in 1920. The scenery for that performance, simple as it was, came up to the standards of the older productions. The bare bleak summit of a hill; with the great shadow of the Cross cast across it, as if the top of Calvary were out over the audience, came slowly into view out of the darkness as the play progressed, with nothing but sky beyond and a stormy light over all.

Is the Play Vanishing?

By PIERRE LOVING

".....unquestionably the motion picture has done and will do a great deal to hasten our return to freer and more direct dramatic methods. It will also carry us on to other changes in technique which would have come slowly, if at all, without the influence of the screen and the stimulus that it has given certain of our esthetic processes. The screen has developed our quickness of perception; the result will be quicker dramatic movement on the stage and less necessity for emphasis. The screen has come closer than the stage to our unconscious mind, because it has operated through sight, a sense that perceives directly and, not like the ear, through words alone. It has, therefore, often avoided a great deal of the false rationalizing of the conscious mind. I believe that in our future drama this logic of the eye will tend to encroach upon the logic of the mind, as the new stagecraft makes the qualities and the atmosphere of scenes more visually evident. As on the screen, there will be room for silence; silence sometimes explains more than speech. Dialogue will grow more condensed. It will seek less to imitate the rambling uncertainties of natural speech. It will go to the point sharply and briefly. Something of the directness of the motion picture subtitle or printed caption will invade the stage. Playwrights will come closer to the condensation of the advertising writer."—Kenneth Macgowan in "*The Theatre of Tomorrow*."

THE foregoing quotation, excerpted from one of the most adequate and informative books of its kind produced in this country, betrays a beautiful and unwavering faith in the future of the theatre, a faith that is grounded largely on the feverish experimental activities and efforts of the disciples of what is often called the new stagecraft. At the present moment this new-fledged art, it appears, is going through a difficult period of trial and error; the old-fashioned photographic realism will, to be sure, no longer do; the novel scenic investiture, on the other hand, has not as yet found a harmonious vehicle, supple, responsive and apt to carry victoriously the imaginative superstructure of design and color and lighting. Mr. Macgowan, in the book from which the foregoing excerpt was taken, acknowledges so much quite frankly; but his unshakable faith fortifies him even here and enables him to envisage roseately in future a new type of drama, telescoped like our

ubiquitous ad-writing and thus adapted to the needs of the new stagecraft.

Just as poetry inevitably aspires to a condition of drama, so drama aspires to a condition of music, of pure unmitigated form in which all the arts, under appropriate circumstances, will be seen to merge, where they are happily molten down into pure configurations of abstract beauty, as though one of Plato's archetypal moulds had been brought down and inured to earth. While it is not difficult to foresee some such development as this in future, it seems no less advisable, when gauging the progress of the arts, to fix firmly in the mind the law of eternal systole and diastole of action and reaction. While we may admit that Walter Hasenclever and George Kaiser in Germany, and Alfred Kreyborg in this country, have added something suggestive to poetic and dramatic speech, it is well, also, to remember that their contributions cannot persist in their present pure state, so to speak; others will come along and remould them, it may be, and so redress the balance. When the drama borders on this state, the spoken word, as Mr. Macgowan has more than hinted, becomes of little or no account. And so we are driven to the inescapable conclusion that, if the theatre continues along its present line of growth, "as on the screen," (to use Mr. Macgowan's own words) there will be room for silence; silence sometimes explains more than speech." Thus we have either a silent theatre, a purely visual one that is, or a theatre that approximates the Greek in which speech—whatever speech chances to survive—will be crystallized into a kind of lyrical language which must give way in the ordinary course of events to pure music. Does this sound fantastic? Not if we refer to Gordon Craig, who states plainly that very little in the theatre is served by the play, the dramatist, "the man of brains." And the new empiricists, taking Gordon Craig with the prosy literariness typical of ardent followers, have either forgotten or completely subsumed the work of the dramatist.

Only the other day, mournfully pondering the plight in which he found the drama, a newspaper columnist wittily declared: "The Mazda bulb has been the curse of the theatre." If the play can be said to survive at all, it survives in a handmaiden sort of way; it is almost entirely overwhelmed and blotted out by the scenic and lighting appurtenances. Again to quote Mr. Macgowan: "The dramatist of the future will think more in terms of color, design, movement, music and less in words alone." And Gordon Craig, it will be observed, in making out the subdivisions for his Durable Theatre, includes only the following: place, architecture, sculpture, lighting, color. No apparent provision is made for the play. In other words, the dramaturge of the future will be almost everything—scene-designer, painter, sculptor, dancing-master, composer, regisseur—but he will not, it is plain, be either a poet or a dramatist, for these men deal with language, as our columnist subsequently put it: "with *logos*", with beautiful and moving and incisive words.

THAT the poet (who was never in, in the first place, according to Gordon Craig) and even the dramatist is being gradually pushed out of the theatre, is no great cause for genuine alarm. The artist who expresses himself creatively and movingly through the medium of words will not, one may hazard, find himself utterly at a loss. He is not today finding himself at a loss, as witness the subtle plays of W. B. Yeats performed in a drawing-room hung with simple curtains. As a matter of fact, it was Gordon Craig himself who showed us clearly how best to evaluate the play by his production of Hamlet at the Moscow Art Theatre. Shakespeare and Molière managed to do the same, the one in an Elizabethan innyard and the other in a converted tennis court. Thus the encroaching presentiment is not easily shaken off that too great an emphasis is, nowadays, being laid upon the purely decorative or pictorial or visual aspects of the theatre. It is, to be sure, impossible to turn the hand of exfoliation, as it were, back in the theatre as in other phases of human activity; the theatre goes forward as the law of its own being dictates and as the time allows; on the other hand, it is surely not a little presumptuous to urge that the theatre is exclusively, or almost exclusively, visual in the face of such names as Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Molière and Ibsen. Moreover, it is quite reasonable to ask of the supporters of an exclusively visual playhouse: "What has become of the respective physical theatres of the day in which these men flourished?" The answer is obvious.

When Leonardo da Vinci cautioned his young pupils thus: "Shun those studies in which the work that results dies with the worker," he uttered one of those momentous but unobtrusive counsels which frequently escape all but the readiest and keenest of listeners. What is art, we may fittingly inquire, without a surviving, a permanent medium? In view of the mass attack on the theatre by the new paintercraft, which has, of course, its proper place in the general hegemony of the playhouse of the future, I cannot but feel that a repair to the provocative significance of the foregoing words of Leonardo is more than ever needed now, for the sake of the artist as much as for the semi-outlawed dramatist. For it seems to me that the scene-painter has not been loyal to the primary law of his being as an artist; he has not, to begin with, as Leonardo charged him to do, chosen an enduring medium for self-expression. Inigo Jones may survive in a faded chronicle or a wood-cut; Robert Edmund Jones in a water-color design—another medium. Will these compensate or redress the eternal transitoriness of the appointments of the theatre?

QUESTIONS such as these are well worth asking at the moment. But, as I have already indicated, the poet and the dramatist need never be apprehensive about the final outcome of the experimentation which is taking place everywhere in the domain of the theatre. But what of the artist? It is fairly clear, I suppose, that if we view the theatre as an

out-and-out visual art, we gradually compel it, as we are now doing, to merge into a condition of painting—animated painting, if you like, suborning design, rhythm and color to its uses. This drives us—logically enough—into what so many devotees of the new stagecraft have not quite foreseen. In a word, it brings us up short before the movies. For it is evident that the one enduring medium we possess at present for animated painting is the cinema or, to be exact, the film. I say medium advisedly, for I am fully aware that experiments along the lines of color have not as yet proved wholly satisfactory. But it is not unlikely that if the artists themselves and the chemical experts set themselves the task of solving precisely this problem, who knows but what we may be able to accomplish both in design and chiaroscuro in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. The screen, then, is the logical site for unlimited experimentation along the lines of decoration and design, which have heretofore been restricted chiefly to the legitimate theatre flowering in esthetic byways. In the sphere of the moving picture the orchestra, as we know, has its proper and indispensable place. Anyone who has tried to sit through a moving picture while the musicians were out having their supper, will own to the quite obligatory function of music in the scheme of motion picture entertainment. On such occasions, the bare bones of the mechanism are sharply revealed; a wide abyss of esthetic emptiness yawns mockingly before the spectator who is at bottom incurious before mere spectacles, but who is ever alert and responsive to emotion embodied in whatever plastic or dramatic medium.

When I say that the new or modern art theatre is being overwhelmed to a large extent by the decorator, the pictorial artist, I do not here refer to the circus playhouse of Max Reinhardt or even to such smaller theatres as are mainly concerned with genuine and well-proportioned simplification in the interest of the work of the dramatist. I do not, for example, refer to *Le Vieux Colombier* of Jacques Copeau. Expressionism in the theatre is a sound and valuable phase of progress, but it cannot be reiterated too often that plays must be especially written for it. That is why the Hopkins-Jones *Macbeth*, despite its commendable effort to reach out and convey a subtle congeries of intertangled moods, was far inferior in esthetic values to, say, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, or *The Golem*, in which the vehicle was cunningly and masterfully adapted to the expressionist investiture. On the other hand, the Reinhart productions of *Danton* and *Julius Caesar* were so well-ordered, so unswervingly faithful to the poetic and dramatic intent of both plays that together they mark noteworthy events in the annals of the modern theatre.

THE scenic artist, then, in so far as he is free to interpret the play, will avoid, on the one hand, sheer photographic verism and, on the other, the highly-mannered fantasies which characterize the efforts of so many of our younger scene-painters; the artist will at all times subordinate himself to the pervading influence of the dramatist; and where elasticity and freedom of handling are desired, as in pantomime and dancing he will seek to achieve a true stylization in accord with his inner vision, but which moves in perfect harmony with the mood of the scenario or plot-action. In the vocal theatre, however, the play (since we cannot turn the hand of the clock back) is the thing. In the movies, on the contrary, the "script" is quite negligible and is emended and altered at will or whim. In the movies, too, the regisseur has his proper place and as time goes on he will, I believe, grow into just such an artist as Gordon Craig has dreamed of, time and time again. It is he who will retrieve the movies for their authentic field, which is essentially plastic; it is he who will eventually throw on the silver sheet his vivid dreams of design, rhythm, color, and movement to the accompaniment of appropriate music. Thus the time draws near for the younger artists of the theatre to commence a fervid crusade in the direction of the movie studios, so that Mahound may be cast down and the true faith be set up instead.

The Old Order Passeth

By NEIL MARTIN

THERE is a story that the late Herbert Beerbohm Tree once crossed the Atlantic on a steamer which also bore a prominent American actor of the white-spat era. Sir Herbert caught sight of him the first day at sea, parading the deck in his portentous way. "Ah," remarked he, "the great American gent."

There are still a few of the species on Broadway on fine days. There are still fewer occupying the stage, with a speech as stiff and glossy as their shirt fronts and with a manner as rigid and unmussed as their trouser creases. One or another may still represent a pseudo-gentility in a melodrama laid in a "fashionable" country place or in any play by Sam Shipman. He may still please a "following" that has not entirely outgrown the idea that a gentleman is mostly clothes. He may even be so good an actor that that which comes from the inside may make one forget what is on the outside. But his day wanes. The new material for the play of wellbred and sophisticated content is drawn from a group of young men and women who represent the real thing.

This new order on our stage came about when we began to borrow English actors for our own or our imported plays of manner. It irked American players to find them usurping our theatre but it brought desirable consequences. One was better performances of the particular plays for which the Englishmen were engaged. Another was stimulation for our own actors in the effort to acquire English fluency and precision of means. A third was encouragement to young folk of good social and educational background toward a career in the theatre. Not only was the English actor schooled in the ways of "polite" drama, but, as a rule, he represented a class of society which had not been much drawn upon in our theatre. He brought to his acting a sense of form, a poise and ease which only a few of our actors could bring to theirs. And the comparatively few American actors who could utilize these qualities possessed them because they had come from a world and a class in which good form and good manners are inherent or because they had been born of families long practicing the arts of the theatre either in England or America—the Drews, the Barrymores, the Madderns, the Sothems—and bore the marks of their lineage.

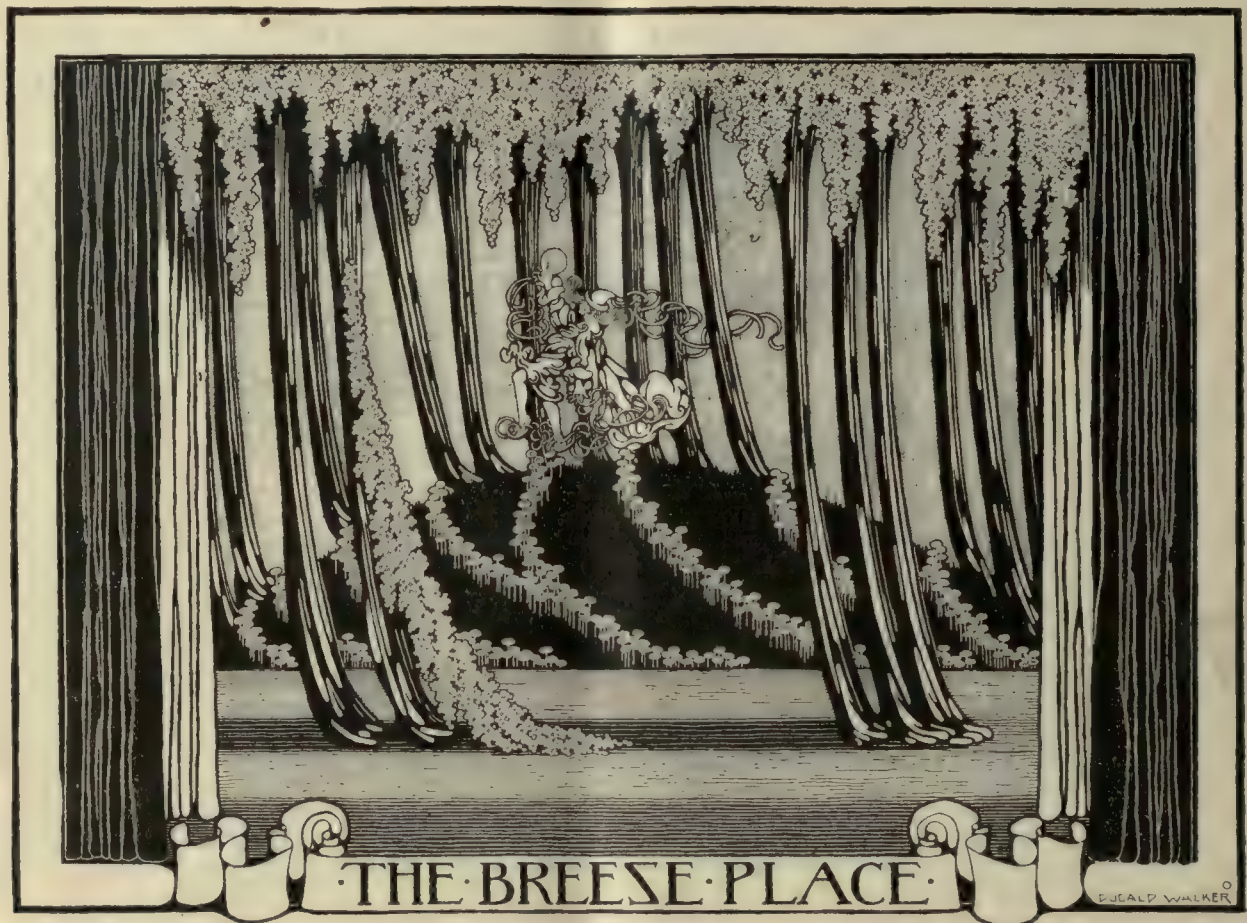
OF course, the American stage has always been much indebted to the English for actors—not a few of those whom we claim as our own having been English-born—but the "English invasion," as American actors sometimes call it, is comparatively recent. It began with the "all English" casts which some of our leading players brought over to support them, particularly in comedies. They complained that they could not find among young American actors the quality and presence that their plays required. Our young actors, no matter how ample their talent, how warm their imagination, were a little heavy-footed, a little uncomfortable in the comedy of manners. And this usurpation of our stage by imported actors became so high a challenge to our own youth that it can be said no longer, with truth, that we have no young actors with an instinct for the finer graces of their calling, that our young people are without the ability to weave themselves into the action of a play and to stay within it even when they are not an actual and lively part of its progress, that they too easily drop out of the picture and that once within it they are over-emphatic and crude, that they are unequipped with technique and easy skill.

For in America there are now many actors in young prime or ascending years who can act with finesse and taste. In number, it is true, the English actors may excel us. But in quality, when our actors are so equipped, the English actors do not excel.

Among the American-born or American-trained actors still in waxing years it is easy to recall many. Among them is Robert Ames, with a fine honesty and spontaneity in the portrayal of American youth, however disposed; Sidney Blackmer, deft in the impartment of delicate comedy and romantic feeling and developing steadily a vigor and color which he once lacked in emotional expression; Ernest Glendinning, for several years the only American-trained young actor combining personal distinction with a talent for romantic comedy; Henry Hull, no wbecome a rival of Mr. Glendinning in those qualities; James Rennie, with a special feeling for the picturesque, even slightly bizarre personage, and with capable technical aids in achieving them; George Gaul, with every natural equipment of the well-rounded actor, gifted with a beautiful speaking voice which he has learned how to use and who is therefore superior to most of his colleagues in the play of poetic speech; Gregory Kelly, with an inexhaustible technical range in the representation of boyish parts; Glenn Hunter the type to the life of the modern male flapper, with an instinct for the suggestion of thought and mood in facial play and with no end of poise and ease upon the stage; Gavin Muir, a young American, English-trained, with an unctuous comedy sense and a feeling for form and manner; Norval Keedwell, sensitive to the denotement of the slightly precious, the faintly exotic young person; Donald Gallagher, American in method and particularly successful in parts of self-sufficient youth; Donal McDonald, who seems to have graduated from the song and dance of musical comedy, bringing with him resourcefulness and a nice American flavor; Charles Ellis, vigorous and honest, thoroughly American in type and manner; Henry Duffy, an ingratiating and expert comedian; Percy Helton, the "child actor" grown up and proving that he has grown not only in stature but in mind and imagination.

THE list of women who are developing the ways of good taste and the finer graces in the American theatre might be much longer. The histrionic instinct is strong in women and there are apparently fewer inhibitions in them in the expression of it. There have always been young American actresses who measured up to the exactions of polished playing. Conspicuous among them now are Clare Eames, combining incomparable personal distinction with a fine intelligence, poetic feeling and a kind of medieval picturesqueness; Eva LeGallienne, who can point a speech and a mood as no other young actress can, cool and mental in her conception and articulation; Margalo Gilmore, reflective of light and shade as a pool of still water to the varying moods of graceful comedy and distilled emotion; Winifred Lenihan, crisp, fresh and altogether intelligent; Katherine Cornell, also possessing an intelligence of our own time, quick and eager to apply it; Helen Hayes, born to the stage; Lillian Ross, instinctively an actress, like Miss Hayes, and with as uncanny perfection of means; Genevieve Tobin, unskilled technically as yet but possessing a rare charm which covers her present manifold imperfections; Francine Larrimore, who commits almost every crime on the calendar but who yet succeeds in striking fire where most of her rivals make only a thin grey smoke; Patricia Collinge, for some tastes too sweet, perhaps, but bringing to every part an ineffable charm; Tallulah Bankhead, growing, in imagination and skill; Marie Carroll, charming ingenue of the musical plays but capable when part and play elsewhere require it of expressing restless, girlish emotion.

These young people, and many another, prove that we have begun to develop young actors who are cultivating the finer sensibilities and they bring the day nearer when the foreigner may no longer, with truth, charge our young acting with boorishness, crudeness, heaviness and provincialism.



The Wind and Lady Moon

By EMMA SHERIDAN

This little play is written to bring into the field of educational dramatics the idea in George McDonald's poem, *The Wind and the Moon*. You will find the poem in Book Three of that excellent series, *The Progressive Road to Reading*. (Silver Burdett and Co.) Please do not treat the play too seriously. Read it happily to the children that it may catch their interest if it can. Then, should they wish to do it, help them work it out to please themselves. You will find help as to ways and means in my small text book *Educational Dramatics*. (Lloyd Adams Noble, New York.)

ALL this begins in the Breeze Place. There are many such places. I see one now as I write. It is a lovely space on the side of a hill, cleared that grass may grow. The rest of the hill is thick with trees, and as they climb above and at the sides of the space I know it is a Breeze Place for the grass bends and billows as the Breezes gallop over it to chase the trees. Here, and in the Moon Place what I tell you happens.

The Breeze Place is bright with moon-light and the trees stand about it very still and all full of shadows. Into the Place come running softly many and many and many little BREEZES. Their greyish and greenish and bluish capes flutter and streamers wave from their caps. Each one carries in each hand a fan. Some are like palm-leaf fans, only they match the capes for color, others are the kind that may be closed together like a jack-knife.

As the BREEZES come they seem to be trying to fan themselves and each other so that all may twirl and swirl as they go, and oh they do twirl and swirl and the fans and the rustling streamers and their little swift feet and the floating capes, all swirl and twirl. So does their laughter which is very light making a soft clatter like the churning of the brook among the pebbles. Now and then those who carry fans that close snap them shut and open again, and those who carry the flat fans slap them together. This makes more chattering noise at which the BREEZES whistle

their laughter and puff out blowy breaths. Oh, now we know whence comes all the noise when the BREEZES fluster about. The whole place is full of them and of their twirling and laughing and churning. Often little BREEZES, quite drunken and dizzy with turning, tumble and lie kicking up their feet, to keep the streamers on their pointy shoes waving. Other breezes gallop among the trees, then a fluttering of leaves helps along the chattering, whistling, laughing, churning, puffity noise. Of a sudden every single one of the BREEZES drops right down and is perfectly still. The very stillest still, because of the chattering puffity laughty noise before. Then the BREEZES begin to talk. Of course they talk as they please, not one after another as it must be set down here. They interrupt each other, and say it over again, and make each other listen, and help each other out as talking always is. Never one after the other as it must be set down in print. There are so many BREEZES it would be impossible to name each, or indeed to know one from another, or which one is speaking. But be sure each little BREEZE knows his own self quite well, and what he is saying too, and he wants others to know; that's why he says it. Sometimes many BREEZES jump at the same idea, each says it differently, and some do not bother to say it at all, but only cry "yes, yes" to the ones who do say it, the idea thus tossed about from one to another is said,

half way, and whole way and every way till everyone is satisfied. Now and then when a little BREEZE halloos his idea there is a great commotion, because some BREEZES like the idea, and some do not. Those who do, cry "yes, yes" things at him, and those who don't, cry "no, no" things at him. Some who like it, help him out and say the idea too, each in his own way, and others try to put him down. The poor idea has a hard time, buffeted about from one to another, and all ruffled up with laughter, and pulled to pieces with interruptions. This is the way talk always is, not at all as it must go on paper, orderly, one at a time. You must hear it as it really is, the written-down is only to start you.

Oh wot a gooder time,—hoo woo-wee!
 Diddun we blow like anything! Wuff—bizzzz-pouffffffffff
 I'm all out of breathity-breath
 It's so funny old North has us,—in June too. T'ought to be warm,—
 'soffly cold.

T'won't freeze if only the Boss lets us keep moving.
 Frost last night. Ho—ho,—folks came out of their beds to put newspapers on the tomatoes,—
 I heard them,—"if it wasn't so still" they know "oh it would-dun freeze when there's any Breeze!"

I am sure you notice that BREEZES are not very polite to words,—but that is always the way with talk. Only on paper do words go stately and particular, just like in the dictionary. When they tumble about in talk they are much more friendly, and cuddle down comfortably and nod and bob, and fit themselves in any-way to come easy. They would never think of reminding little BREEZES of the dictionary.

I think it's fun to snuggle down in the grass all still when the Moon is big, and let the frost settle.

No, no, no, not in June.
 The Moon is brighter when we have swept the sky clear, and go hide. perfect-illy quiet and don't breathe and the cold comes down. I shall keep still tonight and make it so.

And I shall rush about and stop it.
 Where's the rest of us?
 Practicing. The Boss is mad at the Moon. Hoo! hooo!
 Training 'um rushes. To blow her out.
 Wot-ter funny Boss, wot-ter funny Boss, mad at the Moon, mad at the Moon!

How they laugh and chatter that idea all to pieces!
 We've gotter blow her out-er the sky,—Rush her, and whistle to scare her. Wheeeeeee! wotter funny Boss
 The Moon, the Moon, the pretty pretty Moon,

That turns into a song before they have done with it.

I think it's disrespectful to scamper about when the Lady Moon is in the sky. She makes me feel all sleepy-quiet, I like to creep around where the honey-suckle is, and just stir the curtains in the children's window, and make feather-marks on the lake,—

D'ought to let the lake be when the Moon shines, I like to see it a silver shield,—

A shield,—ho—heeeeee. It's never a shield. Once the stars were naughty and pulled the Moon's hair, and she cried, and her tears ran down the hill and made the lake.

But the lake isn't salty it cannot be tears,—
 Not the Moon's! she's sweet!

I know a two-shadow place by the shore
 A two-shadow place! What's two-shadows?—

Lady Moon in the sky and Lady Moon in the lake. I came down the road, still-foot and all alone. Lady Moon in the sky cast my shadow at my shoulder on the road, and Lady Moon in the lake cast my shadow too,—up among the bushes on the hill. Two shadows, two shadows!

If the Boss from Old North blows her out of the sky—where will the moon-shadows go then,—go then!

The chatter and clatter is caught up by the noise of more BREEZES coming. In half a minute here they are, fluttering and whirling, whistling and laughing and twirling, a lot of new BREEZES, these circle and twist as did the first ones, greetings and puffings bubble up the air, it is quite a time before ideas have any chance at all.

Wheeee
 pouff-fffff
 zip-pitty-zip-pitty-ZIP

WOUF-fffff

Oh wot-ter good time,—
 All out-ter breath,—whee—oooooo
 Sit down, sit down, what's the rush.

It's the new rush, the Moon rush, blow her out of the sky. Oh the Boss will have you at it next. If we don't get her you'll have a try. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, first you know, Lady Moon, Lady Moon, Lady Moon out you go!

Have you noticed that their talk seems to be rhymey,—as if little songs flew in and out among the words? That is the way with BREEZES-talk. They say it's the same with fairies, and our sleepy-time dream-talk is sometimes so. While they shake that idea out into singing, in strides THE BOSS. Every one tells every one else to behave and stand up and be respect-er-ful and they pretend to be excited and scared, but they really are not afraid of the Big Boss at all.

Sh!! funny-Boss, funny-Boss,
 Oh HE isn't the real Boss, Old South aughter have us this time of year.
 Let-tim roar if he likes,—sh!! stan-dup! oo!

The Boss is big, like a windy Santa Claus, with boots and a whip that he makes go crack! crack!

THE BOSS: Ten-shon. Ten-shun!! Order there,—who spoke?

Everybody tells on everybody, and all the rest halloo that it was *he* himself who spoke, and that makes him act madder and that makes them act scarer, you never heard such a racket. But at last they all stand stiff as tacks and listening. He talks in a big windy voice that blows out the words in bunches.

THE BOSS—Tonight we shall blow the Moon out of the sky. Don't like her. Now then. Where are the rushers.

The second lot of BREEZES push out from the crowd and stand stiff to show themselves and be finer than the others, and the others make disrespectful whiffles at them. THE BOSS pretends he doesn't hear, because what could he do about it anyhow?

THE BOSS: You are trained, know what to do. Get your orders. Up you go. Solid rush at her. Out she goes.

One little BREEZE in a very squeaky little voice says: "Please sir, where does she go to?"

That idea is all blown about, most every BREEZE pushing it, each trying to land it right into THE BOSS, and he waves his hands shoving it off, and roars.

THE BOSS: What's that? Go! She goes any where she wants to. I don't care!

BREEZE: Please, sir, do you think you can sir?

THE BOSS: Wuffff,—can what?

BREEZE: Can blow her out, sir!

Most everybody has a go at that, everybody squeaks and chatters. It's a wonder he can make anything of it, for each one is determined *his* idea shall have a chance.

MANY BREEZES: Nobody ever did, sir,—I think she's buttoned in, and nobody could, sir! She's in a wheel-chair, sir, that goes round a track. She would just wheel along. She could-dunt blow out —there isn't any "out," sir. She has to be somewhere, and you couldn't blow her out of somewhere, for there she would be, after you have blew. If you do, somebody must puter-back, she has to be there for harvest, and for the moon-flowers. And to let the glow worms have a rest. And the stars expect her to be there.

THE BOSS keeps answering as he can manage to, and his whuffing and roaring tangles up with their squeakles.

THE BOSS: That's all none of your business. I don't want her, that settles it. I shall blow the button off. I shall blow her right out of her chair. There isn't any somewhere, except if you see it, I shall blow her out of sight so what's the odds? She isn't here. Now, ready, begin. Mind your practice! Easy, soft at the start!

Now this part cannot be written. You must just see it. It all happens while he talks; everything together. It's the way the wind rises, only you never saw it before. Easy and soft at the start, then bigger and bigger,—nearer,—and close,—and a rrrrrrrush and—gone!

THE BOSS: Altogether! Lift. Softly, softly. Rusher—bunch ready,—remember you keep going, up, up,—while the others blow,—everybody at it—RUSHERS, grab the button, set your foot in the button-hole and pull off the button when you get there. It's the rush gets you there,—I'll blow at the finish—so! Now—everybody, whistle and scare her,—Zzzzzzzz—rrrrrrrr

RRR-uu-FFFFFFFFFFF

Rupp-ZAM—ZZZUUUUUU—rrrrrrrr

You see it cannot be written. THE BOSS is like the conductor

of the orchestra. He winds them, and lifts them, and makes them, and they do. The place at first is a soft whirl; it whispers like silken petticoats, then it wakes up and spins and churns, the Boss ties himself into loops and jumps through himself like the ball-game crack pitcher. Up comes the noise. The drone of millions of bees snarls like yards of cotton cloth tearing. Big waves boom and go s—wishhh—ing up the sand. It's like the separator machine whining up the scale ripping the cream out of the milk. ZZZZZ—oom—ooopppppp. The Boss hops over himself—out shoots his hand. Sping! Away goes the ball. Spang! Everything splashes everyway like a spilled water-pail, like glass that splinters and flies. It's like the big express that screeches right straight through head from one ear out the other, and is roaring off to nowhere before you know it. THE BOSS comes undone, stiffly sprangled every which way, then slumped. He shakes the train out of his ears, and listens to it thundering up the sky, and he squints at the RUSHERS going up—up—up.

THE BOSS: There,—*That* gets there!

It begins to darken. Yes it does. The white of the Moon goes grey. THE BOSS puffs his cheeks and blows long and soft, and squirms up to one toe reaching as if he were pushing along the RUSHERS to their last up—up. It goes darker. Through the dark you can hear THE BOSS, being afraid of himself because he's a wonderful person.

THE BOSS: That's done. I said I'd blow the Moon out of the sky. And I have. The Moon's gone,—gone,—gone. And who did it? I!

Now it is quite dark, you can just manage to see THE BOSS being very grand and astonished at himself. And that is the end of the first part.

* * *

NOW it is the Moon Place. It cannot be described exactly. It is much like the fluffy top of a bowl of whipped cream. But I have seen the water in the wake of a steamer look so too. It's probably sort of clouds. But it's shiny, as if it were made of shine. Puffy too. There are smooth places that blaze like the round of the baby's mug, or windows that face the sun-set. Yet it's softly dark-bright, as when you peek into your fist where a bit of tin-foil off the chocolate is squeezed. You see, it cannot be described. You must make it to suit yourself. If you want shining paths here and there—or a place like cob-web in the early morning on the grass you must just see it that way and not trouble me to fix it. It is the Moon Place, and that is all I can do about it. Into this softness, and this whiteness, and this blaze and dimness come scurrying seven little BREEZES, their heads down and their streamers flying and the gaspy end of a puff-fit-ty zu—mmm whu—ffff coming out of them. They all fall down in a squiry heap together and hang on to each other. Presently their gaspy breathing is quiet and there is stillness. Even a stiller stillness than that other time in the Breeze Place. Then they poke up their heads a little, and talk a bit to encourage themselves and so whatever there is to be afraid of will not speak first.

I think it's moving.
The others must of slipped through the button hole.
Oh a ho-lot fell off long before that.

Weeeeee—ooooo wish I'd of.
Where is she? See any track. Fell out before we got there! Oh how do we get back? It is moving!
Maybe this is the chair. With just us!
It has always got to be somewhere, wherever you are, so you can't be lost if you're there.

Presently they are all whimpering very miserably, snuggling to each other, burrowing their heads and squirming their legs about with their pointy shoes sticking up. And in walks LADY MOON. You cannot tell about it. Just there she walks. You would never think she could possibly be like that, but the minute you see her, it is the only possible way she could be. She is gentle, and her clothes are about her softly as milk pours from

a silver pitcher. Her hair is smooth and flows away from her sparkling like water. Her eyes make a glimmering, or maybe that is her smile. But she isn't smiling,—you must see her for yourself. The whole thing of it is, she is THE LADY MOON, and she walks in as she would and no other way will do.

THE LADY MOON: Dear, dear! The cloud is tangled into the grating, and people won't see me go down. So many love to! What a lot of legs it has. I never before saw a cloud with legs. I hope the engineer will clear it out as we go by.

The little BREEZES begin to unsnuggle their heads, and poke them up.

BREEZES: It's her.
You should say it's she,
Isn't she most perferck-ly like she would be.
Oooooooooo, see—'er.

THE LADY MOON: You dear little things! Wherever did you come from? And when do you want to get off? We are going very fast, you may be taken by—

BREEZES: Are you blown out?

THE LADY MOON: No, you darlings. I am setting. I always do about this time. It gets me out of the way and hatches the stars.

BREEZES: Are you angry?

THE LADY MOON: What is "angry"?

BREEZES: Oh then she isn't!

You tell her.

No you. I love her.

So do I love her. Look atter foots. You tell her.

Though they stir that telling idea very hard, no one will.

THE LADY MOON: I do not often come into the engine room, but I am glad I did. If you tell me just where you belong, perhaps I can get off a minute with you and see where you live.

She sits down on one of the whipped-creamy bunches, and the little BREEZES creep up to her, till her lap and her arms are full. She rocks to and fro.

BREEZES: You tell her. It's mean for somebody not to.
I don't want to.
You are by her ear, you whisper.
I want to.
Go way. You use the other ear.
She got her hand over it.
Lem-me now. Lem-me. Lem-me.

So first one and then another they crowd to whisper at her ear, as kittens push against their mother. And she listens, keeping her hair back, and nodding and smiling.

THE LADY MOON: Oh *did* he! I never knew anything about it at all. You wonderful darlings. How disappointed he will be, because of course I come back tomorrow. I *always* come again.

Then THE LADY MOON and the BREEZES have ideas, and they whisper and talk, and she hugs them by the arm-full, and there is a lovely gurgle of laughing and little surprise sounds. Nobody could guess what it is all about, but they know, and they like it a lot.

THE LADY MOON: Good! It's settled. We can stop tomorrow coming back. Wouldn't you like to look over the edge now as we go by?

Away they all run, just the way THE LADY MOON and the BREEZES would run. The BREEZES love her very much as any one can see. They are all happy and excited and surprised at everything. As for THE LADY MOON any one must love her. She is so beautiful and so kind and so gay and so still. She is simple like a little girl who is good, and stately as of course the moon must be. It cannot be told, each must make it to suit himself so that for each it shall be right and as it should be.

Here is then the end of this part, which is the second part.

* * *

IT IS the Breeze Place again. The dark sky is full of stars, and the trees stand carven still. THE BOSS lies on the grass asleep. He begins to wake poking his feet to and fro, and rubbing his great fists in his eyes. He sits up and laughs a big laugh.

THE BOSS: Ha—ho—ooo! No Moon! I did it. Gone, blown out of the sky, and who did it? I! Time they were back.



·THE BOSS·

In come the BREEZES, scampering and gasping, all of them except the SEVEN. They are talking so fast THE BOSS must fight for a chance to answer:

Seven are gone! We've been sliding down the sky just awful. I'm all stuck full of splinkers. Sommer-the stars are hot, sir! We fell into the milky way, and got most drowned, only for being skimmed off with the cream.

Nobody did-dun see where the Seven got to. It was so slippery. Folks will be wild if the Moon doesn't come back, sir. Maybe if she fell in the dipper you might bale her out. There *must* be a Moon. Everything might *stop* if there isn't.

The stars were very rude about it, Sir! Neptune says his tides won't work. He hit me a crack with his trident, and said to tell you they'd strike. Oh, she oughtn't to be blown out, Sir! The human beings won't like it. They have a lot of use for the Moon. Ma Bobbins always sits a whole night through in August to watch the Moon; what will she do? The lads and their sweethearts *need* the Moon. So many children go to bed by Moon. Oh, it is terrible to think about not having a Moon.

The fairies will have no path across the lake to the end of the world, tomatoes won't ripe, and mushrooms won't grow, and there are human beings who write for their living, who simply must have the Moon or go out of business.

All this is not said straight and in order, as it is written, but is tossed about on the trouble and questioning of the BREEZES, nor does THE BOSS wait for it all to be said before he speaks. He keeps answering all the time, and what each one says tangles up with everyone else, and while THE BOSS tries to make them hear, they try to make him hear.

THE BOSS: The Moon is blown out, and I did it, and it suits me that way. Ma Bobbin gets her rheumatism sitting on her doorstep to watch the Moon, and there is too much Moon in the sweethearting business. Children don't have the Moon all the time; why should they have it any of the time? As for the fairies, I shall blow them after the Moon if they are sassy, and don't you Breezes get sassy either. I blew her out, and I intend she shall stay out!

In the midst of all this talking, and while the BREEZES are rushing about, tying up their streamers that got ripped in the rush, and coughing up stardust, and milk and things, and THE BOSS is stamping about to show how glad he is nobody likes him, and the BREEZES are taking advantage of him, now he's got

himself in trouble, one little BREEZE squeaks: "Oh, see what is coming up the hill!" Nobody hears him, but others see too, and first one and then another gets the idea:

Look,—It's a light!

See, the Seven,—and, goodness! What's with them?

Presently everyone is whispering and wondering. Even THE BOSS, who, having a guilty conscience, is afraid, too. Some of the braver BREEZES set up swirling and twirling and run to meet the SEVEN. And in walks THE LADY MOON, with the seven little BREEZES swirling about her. She is dressed all in very dull grey. Except for the band about her head, which clasps a shining circle at her forehead and the glimmering that is about her, you might not know her for the Moon. She comes at once to THE BOSS and speaks just the way she would.

THE LADY MOON: I have brought back your children. I hope you have not been worried. I am sorry I cannot stop, but we are just going up, and it will not be light if I am dark too long. I must be a lot higher up to get my shine. I am so glad to know you. I think you a perfectly wonderful blower.

THE BOSS is bursting with wonder and admiration, and he almost falls down on his knees when she praises him.

THE BOSS: Beautiful Madam, deign but to stay a while and—

THE LADY MOON: Thank you so much, but I must be going.

SEVEN BREEZES: Oh, where is she going to? Don't you know you are blown out? Oh, isn't it perfy-kully drefle she hasn't anywhere to go? Tell her!! Oh, sir, do sump-pin about it! Isn't she so beautiful as never was, and not knowing she's blown out?

THE BOSS: Beautiful Madam, I blew you out; but fear not, I will blow you back again.

At this the seven little BREEZES almost burst.

BREEZES: She didn't know about it! She wasn't never blown out—she—

THE LADY MOON: Sh! Sh! Don't let's hurt his dear feelings. Oh, that is so kind of you. Please do blow me! It will be very helpful, and the engineer will be so much obliged.

But she just cannot keep those SEVEN from telling all they know, and the others are beginning to understand. She hushes at them and slaps at them and talks very fast and politely to THE BOSS, who is perfectly stupefied at how lovely she is.

THE LADY MOON: Keep blowing, won't you, till I am safe? I think I will take these seven back with me, and send them down to tell you. If they are good, I will give them some beams to plant. Start blowing now; do!!

And right there the darling **MOON** takes hands with the **BREEZES**, and swirls and twirls with them, and **THE BOSS** does the conductor again, and the wind begins. Oh, but he nearly splits when it comes to the ball pitcher time, and it is the **LADY MOON** who swirls away with the **SEVEN** at her heels.

THE LADY MOON: Good-bye, good-bye, keep blowing!

THE BOSS puffs out his cheeks and blows long and softly. All the **BREEZES** left with him hold their breath and watch. **THE BOSS** pushes and reaches and comes up on one toe, as if he were helping her up,—up. White light begins to come. It grows brighter and brighter. Yes it does.

THE BOSS: That's done! I said I'd blow the beautiful Moon back, and I have! The Moon is there. See her! And I did it!

Back come running the **SEVEN**, all gay with silver streamers. What a dance happens! **THE BOSS** all swollen up with pride, and the **BREEZES** tumbling about like mad! All sing, some one song and some another. Sometimes one song has a chance, and sometimes another, and sometimes all go together most beautifully.

THE BOSS: I blew the Moon right out of the sky

What a wonderful wind am I!
Back I've blown her, look and see,
Never a wind so strong as me!

MANY BREEZES: He blew the Moon right out of the sky,

Back again he blew her on high,
If he did-dunt it's just as well
For the Lady Moon will never tell.

THE SEVEN: Moonbeams blink and Breezes blow,

Where we went nobody shall know
I love Lady Moon, and she loves me too
She loves me better than she loves you.

ALL: The Moon, the Moon, the lovely Moon!

Clad in silver she rides the air,
No one shall ever reach her there!

And that is the end of it all, the big Boss never never knew what really really happened the time he blew.

* * *

Should you wish to do this play, that is very easy. Think up ways to show others what you have seen. It is needful only that you be sure it is all true, and with all your heart wish others to know about it, and believe it.

Books

(Continued from page 309.)

the only literature that the wife has. Mr. O'Dea may have had in mind the celebrated Bill Sykes when he gave a name to his farmer. In any case Bill was less cruel to Nancy than Solomon was to Mis' Sykes. Nancy was physically strangled; Mis' Sykes was mentally strangled into insanity.

Shivaree, the second play, has to do with the young farmer who marries for breeding purposes, much as he would mate his cattle. In this play Mark O'Dea again rings true. In this episode the "bride in name only" wins out, leaving her drunken husband asleep on the marriage bed beside her wedding toggery as she decamps with the canary bird. *Miss Myrtle Says "Yes"* is the story of a village milliner who, betrayed in her youth, tries to save her sister from a similar predicament with the same man, only to discover that a marriage between the two is necessary. If you have never lived in a small town, you will know that here again Mark O'Dea has written of things as they are. *Not in the Lessons*, I find the least interesting of the plays although it is not difficult to recall prototypes of the characters portrayed. All the plays are well worth your reading and if you are connected with a little theatre group, well worth your producing. They are intense, honest, and good theatre into the bargain.

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DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

Edited by HAROLD A. EHRENSPERGER

The Institute Advancing

Additional Courses in Stagecraft by Irving Pichel

GOOD NEWS, though late, is always welcome. After the prospectus of courses had been printed, after the faculty seemed as complete as the committee could make it, comes the announcement that Irving Pichel will give a course in practical Stagecraft. Mr. Pichel is well known for his work in the Greek Theatre of the University of California, as co-Director and actor in the Detroit Music-Drama Season, and as instructor of Stagecraft at the 1921 Institute.

This additional course makes the stagecraft department of the Institute the strongest it has ever been. Dugald Walker will treat color and design in scenery, Laurence Ewald will give the work in lighting, and Mr. Pichel will give the fundamentals in production from the mechanical side. The new course will be full time, and will be given from 12-1 p. m. so that it will not conflict with other courses.

PUPPET PRODUCING

Much interest attaches itself to the course in Puppet Producing by Hettie Louise Mick. The list of "simple articles" given in the prospectus tantalizes the student by its puzzling nature and variety. The course will undoubtedly be one of the most unique and fascinating in the long list.

VOICE BUILDING

Of the new courses, that by Lester Luther in Voice Building has promise of being very practical and worthwhile. Mr. Luther's outline for the course in the prospectus covers the physical aspects of voice building, leading up to the use of the voice in the play. Charts and diagrams will be used for breathing exercises.

PLAY CONSTRUCTION

Unlike the playwriting course at the Institute last year, Alexander Dean's course in Play Construction will attempt only a popular treatment of the subject. Students of the drama both from the literary and technical sides should know something of the construction and technique of plays. This is what Mr. Dean's course will give. For those interested in the art of playwriting, Mr. Dean has arranged for consultation periods and individual help. Manuscripts may be submitted for criticism.

HIGH SCHOOL DRAMA

The course in High School Drama conducted by Theodore B. Hinekley is outlined in the prospectus to cover all of the problems in that branch of work. Mr. Hinekley's long experience in this department will enable him to be of very practical value to all the students.

JUNIOR DRAMA WORK

The work in the course in Junior Drama as outlined in the prospectus looks complete in itself without all the outside speakers that Miss Bertha L. Iles has provided. Such additional names as those of Miss Irene A. Skinner, Miss Martha Fleming, and Mrs. Charlotte B. Chropening make Miss Iles' course one of the most attractive and full.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

Mrs. A. Starr Best has arranged an extremely interesting array of speakers both for the class period and for evening lectures. Among the speakers who will treat all sides of the course subject are Dr. Norman E. Richardson, Miss Helen Wilcox, Irwin St. John Tucker, Linwood Taft, Lester Luther, Hugh Porter and Mrs. Louise Van Vorhees Armstrong.

DALCROZE EURYTHMICS

The combination of Miss Lucy Duncan Hall and Dalcroze

Eurythmics is sufficient in itself to make this course one of the most popular. This year as in the past, most of the students will be enjoying the physical and mental training that Miss Hall is able to give. Students taking this course are reminded to bring either gymnasium or bathing suits, and unless they wish to dance barefooted, sandals.

COMMUNITY THEATRE

Few courses cover subjects that are more alive today than those taken up in Gilmor Brown's course in Community Theatre. Those who are familiar with the Pasadena Playhouse understand why Mr. Brown has a right to talk authoritatively on this subject. Civic festivals, pageantry and the junior theatre will also be dealt with.

PAGEANTRY

At the Institute last year the class in pageantry under Dr. Linwood Taft planned and developed a pageant which had since been written. To do more than this cannot be expected this year, yet Dr. Taft is planning an equally practical and instructive course.

COSTUMING

Miss Gladys M. Wheat's course in costuming is more rightly called a course in the visual aspects of the stage. This is the first time such a course has been given at the Institute, yet from the interest in it, this will probably not be the last time it is offered. Design and costume are taken up from the visual side.

* * *

THE two weeks from August 14-26 will be crowded not only with class and laboratory work, but also with social festivities and lectures and demonstrations. The reception to students on Wednesday evening is always a popular event. The lecture by the Rev. St. John Tucker, the demonstration of Eurythmics under the direction of Miss Hall, the outdoor performances of children's plays in Lincoln Park, and the students' farewell dinner are all evening engagements.

The following schedule gives the time of the classes:

9-10 A. M.

High School Drama, conducted by Theodore B. Hinekley.

Junior Drama, conducted by Miss Bertha L. Iles.

Community Theatre, conducted by Gilmor Brown.

10-11 A. M.

Pageantry, conducted by Linwood Taft.

Puppet Production, conducted by Hettie Louise Mick.

Voice Building, conducted by Lester Luther.

11-12 A. M.

Play Construction, conducted by Alexander Dean.

Costuming, conducted by Gladys M. Wheat.

12-1 P. M.

Stagecraft, conducted by Irving Pichel.

2-3 P. M.

Stagecraft, conducted by Dugald Walker. Except Thursdays.

Make Up, conducted by Professionals. Thursdays.

3-4 P. M.

Eurythmics, conducted by Lucy Duncan Hall.

Religious Drama, conducted by Mrs. A. Starr Best.

4-5 P. M.

Lighting, conducted by Laurence Ewald. First week only.

Second week laboratory.

5-6 P. M.

* * *

Laboratory.

Application for registration should be made at once to The Registrar, Drama League Institute, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Echoes from the Convention

The Work Afield—A Day With Our Centers

MRS. A. STARR BEST, *Chairman*

NATURALLY each of the three departments of the Drama League feels that its particular work and accomplishments are the most vitally important of all in the history of the organization. While the League exists largely because it is the only national organization devoted to the organized support of worthy professional drama and is unique in its play-going work, making that department of fundamental and vital importance; while it is also true, that without the influence, background, and actual material of the educational department, but little could be accomplished in educating audiences, establishing that department's claim to priority; nevertheless beyond dispute is the fact established that without its members and organized centers the League would be but a propaganda organization without the means of actual accomplishment. It is through the organized effort of the centers of the League that its force is felt. It behooves us, therefore, at least once a year to have a reckoning, take account of stock, and see which centers have been putting into effect and making real the principles of the Drama League.

As will always be the case in any national organization which is widely representative of scattered sections of the country, there were many centers, established in remote parts, which were not able to send a representative to the convention. The attendance of delegates, even in this year of nation-wide stringency and light traveling was interesting and fairly representative. It was gratifying to note that there were presidents of centers attending. In opening the session, the chairman gave the annual report of the organization department, which is in charge of and responsible for the centers. In brief the report was as follows:

IN GIVING the work of the department of the year a careful review, several facts are significant. Some of these indicate strength, others weakness. Possibly the experiences of this year may help solve problems for the year to come; therefore they are worth considering. First and foremost in outstanding facts is significant awakening of interest in smaller communities. At the beginning of the Drama League work, it was largely in important cities of considerable size that response to the League idea came in sufficient numbers to create centers. This was natural since these communities were already in touch with the theatre and ready to realize its great importance. As the propaganda work of the League has gradually spread over the country, and interest in community recreation has widened, the League idea finds a continually increasing response in small communities. Moreover in the case of the city of medium size, which used to enjoy several good plays each year, conditions are going from bad to worse as the touring play almost ceases to exist; thus the small towns must perforce turn to the League for their own salvation if they are to enjoy any drama at all. It is natural, therefore, that the bulk of the activity this year has been in the smaller towns. It is just here that the helping hand of the organization department comes in valuably for with the assistance of the League the town becomes a part of the organized effort of the country in support of better plays whether imported or a home product.

Second in interest in the review of the year is the gratifying fact that the centers are becoming more closely related to the national organization; communication is more frequent; lists and dues are all kept paid up-to-date, and reports come in regularly. This of course depends almost entirely upon the personnel of the staff officers of the center, but bit by bit, by dint of charts

and forms from the national and gentle proddings, the local volunteer workers are becoming regular in the transaction of center business. Never in its history has the relation between the League and its centers been so business-like and well regulated. On the other hand, one of the significant facts to face is the one that several centers still fail to send in reports of their activities. It is not safe to infer that these centers are inactive, for frequently they are among the busiest, merely neglecting to report. This is especially unfortunate since they thus fail to secure recognition for their work in the magazine.

Perhaps the most instructive symptom of the year is the fact which becomes more and more evident that the success or failure of League centers is largely a question of leadership. After twelve years of experience when we have various seasons' background for comparison it is safe to state that the same center frequently varies from innocuous desuetude to bustling and effective activity in different years, according to its ability to secure effective leadership. It is this dependence of League activity on personal equipment that constitutes its main weakness. Is there any way to counteract this?

The most outstanding sign of the times is the enormous and growing interest in the production end of the Drama League work. Each new community enters the League largely in the hope of securing guidance and cooperation in the establishment of its Little Theatre or in cultivating its community theatre work. The Little Theatre Circuit idea in various States has met with enormous enthusiasm and is the real reason for organization in more than one small city. Work for the coming year bids fair to take this line with great insistence.

Another tendency of the time is the awakening of interest in Texas. All through the state, communities are rousing and new centers are promised in many spots. Equally evident, but quite opposite is the very great slump in the south. Due to the financial stress there, membership has fallen off tremendously. Three centers have ceased activities entirely, and the remaining centers find it a struggle to maintain their work at its maximum. In fact this is the universal problem: how to retain members. The department tries to pass on to each the answers evolved by the other centers.

The chief province of the department is to feel the pulse of the country and prescribe remedies for the ailments of the centers. In many centers, the patient is ailing and this year, owing to the stringency of the times, it has been impossible to visit him. Better attendance by the physician is imperative. Each center should have a visit from the organization department at least once a year. Feeling this drastic need even more urgently than ever, the chairman brings you once more the plea to make it possible for the League to have an experienced executive secretary who could help in visiting the centers, bringing to them aid and inspiration.

In the line of routine work, the department has sent out a letter to centers almost every month, but the chief discouragement of the year is the slight attention these letters receive. They are rarely answered. They are written with infinite pains with a view to giving suggestions for carrying on work and smoothing out difficulties, but it is an unusual happening when a center takes cognizance of them. In addition to these form letters, four thousand personal letters have been sent out by the chairman individually, to say nothing of additional office form letters.

The League has sustained losses during the year, due largely to the hard times, as in the case of the southern centers. Four centers, chiefly small ones, have discontinued activities. On the

other hand the gains have been unusually significant, and have added to our ranks since the last convention, Nashville, Worcester, Sewickley (revived), Fort Dodge, Mason City, Burlington, Waukegan, Wichita Falls, Sioux Falls, Flint, Ripon, Waupun, Redlands. At present forming, with campaigns well under way are Salt Lake City, Ogden, Kansas City, St. Louis, Fresno, San Antonio, and Trenton. The individual membership has not only taken care of its own losses but is advancing very rapidly with the inducement of the magazine. The League now has members in every state and centers in all but Maine, Florida and Arizona. On the whole the year shows progress. We have lost a few centers, but we have gained vastly in solidarity and more business-like relations with the national office. More definite and worthwhile work is being done; fewer pink teas given. A look backward is gratifying and encouraging. Such social service as the work with the Boys' Club by the Chicago center, the establishment of wide Junior activity in Memphis, Birmingham, Iowa City, Waukegan and other centers, the community service rendered in Grinnell and Burlington—the immeasurable usefulness of Pasadena as well as various other points, make the year one of marked advance and accomplishment. With the assistance of a trained executive next year to help the centers, the League's influence would increase immeasurably.

Detailed Reports of Centers

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

No report, but our vice-president, Mr. Dudley Cowles, tells us that they have had an active and influential year, contributing largely to the intellectual activity of the city with meetings of elaborate programs twice a month.

BOSTON

One of our oldest centers, organized in 1911, doing active bulletin work and devoting much time and effort to the support of plays. They have had an unusually good year, with an almost unprecedented number of good plays in town. Twenty-five plays have been supported by them during the year. They have extended courtesies to the companies of several plays and held stimulating meetings which have been enthusiastically attended. Several of these have taken the form of play readings in parts. Their most original work is the Sunday afternoon Discussion Class in the Library open to the public.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

No report. This center is one of the largest and most active and has had an interesting and significant set of meetings. It does not do bulletin work, but has launched a plan for junior activity in the schools.

BURLINGTON, IOWA

Organized only two months in a small town, the membership has already reached 165. Even in this short time they have given two plays and a playlet, and have conducted a Beethoven memorial with music and reading. An energetic center that promises large success for next season.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Cedar Rapids makes its bow as a recognized center with full membership at this convention, having just received its charter. It reports notable work done chiefly in high school and interesting meetings.

CHICAGO

This has been an unusually successful and significant year for this big center with most gratifying success in actual support of plays. Eleven plays have been considered worthy of support, and two of these—*The Beggars' Opera* and *The Skin Game*—were saved by the efforts of the center for a good run, after the managers had predicted certain failure. The managers themselves are willing to give credit for the extended runs to the active propaganda of the Chicago center. This is perhaps the most important accomplishment in League centers. During the

year it has held inspiring and interesting meetings with lectures by Louis K. Anspacker, Cosmo Hamilton, Perry Adams, and others; it extended hospitality to the members of several companies whose plays were being supported, and put on an unusually active program in Little Theatre work. As its share in the Pilgrim Celebration, it staged early in the year Percy MacKaye's *Pilgrim and the Book* on a large scale with the co-operation of the leading women's clubs of Chicago and of the schools; it gave two outdoor productions of *Prunella* by Granville Barker; it sponsored a production in a downtown theatre of *Pygmalion* by the North Shore Theatre Guild in addition to one or two one-act plays. But the most significant and important effort was made by its Junior Department in the staging of *As You Like It* by an all-boy cast. It was very remarkable what the League was able to help these boys, without training or background, to do. In the cast of thirty-odd, there were over thirteen different nationalities, and the change in the boys under League influence was inspiring. The Junior Department is exceptionally active, and several of the schools are organized for exchange of bulletins and plays. The year has been a successful one under able leadership. The dues have just been increased to five dollars.

CINCINNATI

No report, but we know from accounts during the year that this center has had a most successful year. It is the next to largest of our centers, and is aiming at a 2000 membership. It has issued a very attractive and ambitious weekly bulletin on plays and matters of drama interest and has held many valuable meetings. By its pledged support it was able to change the bookings of *Emperor Jones*, thus bringing the play to Cincinnati and in two other engagements took out a large block of seats to support the production.

CLEVELAND

Again the most significant work of the year, as in Chicago, has been the active support of bulletined plays, and the managers have registered hearty appreciation. This city has had an attractive year, with 18 bulletined plays, all actively supported by the center. It is striking to compare this with Chicago's eleven. Many interesting meetings have been held, but perhaps the most helpful point is the rather unusual fact that the members have proved their active support of the two stock companies so thoroughly that the center has been invited guests at theatre parties at each in recognition of its active assistance during the year. Its support of the Playhouse has been so hearty that the management increased its number of consecutive performances from four, before it had League support, to twelve, on the strength of Drama League attendance. One of the most interesting of meetings was a dinner in honor of Dr. Pen Chung Chang, who spoke on Chinese drama. Several local settlements and clubs have received advice and guidance in their drama study work from the League. The most elaborate effort of the year was the guaranteeing by the president, of \$1,000 worth of tickets for Tony Sarg's Puppets, in order that a special rate might be made for school children. The League successfully carried two performances by the Puppets, securing in return a free performance for the benefit of the crippled children.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Work in the center has been active throughout the year, finding expression in interesting meetings and play-productions.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

This center's work is distinguished primarily for its successful serious study groups. There have been two of these groups, meeting twice a month with enthusiastic attendance. The monthly general meetings have also been well-attended and interesting. There has been a fair number of good plays in town—nine bulletined, which were all enthusiastically supported. Definite weekly support was given the local stock company for its twelve weeks' season. Much propaganda work has been done

by center officials in schools and clubs in the interests of a future community theatre as a part of the proposed new City Hall.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

No report, but this center has had an interesting and successful year.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

This center is only a year old, and struggles with the disadvantage of having no real theatre season. Only two bulletined plays reached them, and those were *The Bat* and *The Great Lover*. In both these instances much effort was spent in notifying the members. Their work is organized into divisions and is enthusiastically supported. In the reading division fourteen plays have been read and discussed. The Junior work is done largely through the schools. The Little Theatre division is active and successful. Five productions have been made successfully. Admission is charged even to members and very large audiences have been secured. This division is extremely popular. In addition to its own Little Theatre work, the center brought the Shakespeare Playhouse Company for three performances, underwriting the productions.

FLINT, MICHIGAN

A new circle, organized in double capacity to produce plays with adults and in an active junior department with younger groups.

FORT DODGE, IOWA

This center is a month old but already has 170 members. This augurs an active year ahead. Already they have supported two plays with noticeably good results. The special interest centers in the study group and active work has been done here. The Junior Department is being organized on an ambitious scale in the High School and gives great promise of activity. Even in the short time of its existence the center has given five one-act plays and received much interested response.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

The Grand Rapids center has been undergoing reorganization on a different basis. Chief emphasis has been placed on the Junior work and a very active Junior Department has been established with successful work to its credit. In addition to this, several interesting meetings and some playreadings have been held. Next year a study class will be organized.

GRINNELL, IOWA

This center is astonishingly large and flourishing with a membership of over 100 in a town of only 5,000. It has carried an active work chiefly in a series of popular readings for the members, and along the lines of the Iowa Little Theatre Circuit. It produced several plays during the year and gave five exchange performances in other Iowa cities. It has a year's record of which to be very proud, having triumphed over many grave difficulties. It is a striking example of co-operation between town and gown, as it works with and advises many of the other groups in town, encouraging and assisting along many lines. A pleasant relationship is expressed in the work of the town-people and the college. This is largely due to the community spirit shown by the center leaders. The center co-operated with the theatre management in booking Tony Sarg's Puppets, also the Coffee-Miller company in *Molière* and a recital by Dugald Walker. A unique meeting was one devoted to a demonstration in costume design. In Junior work two children's plays have been produced. A very significant undertaking was the operating, in co-operation with the Kiwanis Club, of the Community Countryside Theatre for a summer season, giving programs twice a week for three months covering about twenty-four plays. The most unusual feature of the work was in connection with the motion picture house, when the center helped select the films and staged one-act plays between the reels.

HELENA, MONTANA

No report. This circle, however, has been in close touch throughout the year with the national, and is rather unusual among the centers and circles, inasmuch as it is composed en-

tirely of school-teachers, devoting all its efforts to a study class of intensive work.

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

No report. It has been impossible to secure any response from this center, but we learn that it has been active.

INDIANAPOLIS

No report. This center, however, has an active membership and has supported bulletined plays and held interesting meetings all the year.

IOWA CITY, IOWA

Owing to the scarcity of good plays here it has been impossible to do any active playgoing work. An attractive and varied program was given throughout the year, two unusual features were a Title Party, when members represented titles of plays, and a party devoted to living pictures representing characters in plays. The Junior work in this center is significant. The children in the family become automatically members of the Junior League when the parents' dues are paid. There are 72 junior members and these have given two excellent productions, repeating one for the crippled children at the local hospital. The most effective work of the center was its share in the Iowa City Circuit.

LOS ANGELES

This large center with active membership holds interesting monthly meetings; issues a weekly bulletin in support of worthy plays; and gives information concerning lectures and amateur events of interest. There are two study groups, meeting twice a month for discussion purposes and there is also much active interest in support of plays.

MASON CITY, IOWA

This is one of the newer centers, but has done active work during the year chiefly in the line of walking rehearsals and Little Theatre performances.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

The Memphis center is just one year old, but has managed to negotiate a brilliantly striking year. Beginning with active work at the State Fair last summer where the center maintained a drama booth and distributed much literature, the work has continued throughout the year on a basis of service to the community. Many meetings were held with prominent and distinguished lecturers, such as Dr. Anspacher and the Ongawas in their Japanese program. A study class has been conducted and four plays supported actively in the local theatre. Its biggest achievement is the establishment of an extended Junior branch with the co-operation of the board of education and the city Park Commission. A branch has been formed in each of the schools, and monthly meetings are held which are enthusiastically supported by the children. A prize play contest for the children has been inaugurated by the center.

MILWAUKEE

This center is in the midst of a campaign for an increased membership. It is the oldest center outside Chicago, and carried on successfully its usual weekly study class in serious drama work.

MOORE, OKLAHOMA

No report. This small circle carries on serious drama study, but has no opportunity for any other form of League activity.

NASHVILLE

This center, six months old, has established its membership and held interesting meetings discussing serious aspects of the drama.

PASADENA

This, one of the most active of the centers with a steadily increasing membership, is doing no active playgoing work on account of its proximity to the Los Angeles center. There is the greatest co-operation between the two centers. Owing to the existence of the Community Playhouse in Pasadena, the activity is restricted to certain lines. The heartiest support is given the Playhouse and the opening night of each new production is always Drama League night. The main effort is concen-

trated on the play contest which has been successfully conducted for two years. This year's contest has just closed with 165 plays entered. The winning plays are produced by the Playhouse with Drama League special attendance. A weekly bulletin is issued giving points of interest to members. Several general meetings have featured visiting players and guests of distinction. A very important activity is the Drama Study Group, meeting every other week and largely attended, which has been so popular this year that it will continue all summer. In Junior work the center assists in the conduct of the Junior Players Association and in the Junior work at the Playhouse; it also conducts a contest for children's plays and awards prizes. The most ambitious of the center's activities is a service which it renders to the community in the conduct of weekly community dances under its direction. These are very largely attended, the crowd of dancers averaging over 1,000 and are delightfully democratic. The League equips and provides the grounds, supplies the music, and is entirely responsible for the undertaking. A small admission fee is charged, which more than finances the undertaking.

PITTSBURGH

This is one of the older centers, dating to 1911. It has done significant playgoing work in the active support of fourteen bulletined plays. Two general meetings have consisted of performances of plays by the play-producing group. A specially interesting feature of the year's work has been a drama study group discussing *Social Problems in Modern Drama* which has held twenty meetings with excellent attendance.

PROVO, UTAH

No report. The work of this center has been active and energetic. It is unique among the centers as its membership is composed entirely of students at the University. A study group has been conducted throughout the year with great success and enthusiasm.

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

This small circle does very interesting work in the study and producing of plays. It meets regularly every week to read the play and produces occasionally in an ideal outdoor theatre. It is only a few months old. A study of eurythmics and pantomime has also been conducted resulting in two elaborately beautiful productions by the young people.

RIPON, WISCONSIN

Just organized, but with an interesting activity through their formative period. Six or eight one-act plays and a three-act drama have already been produced in addition to maintaining a study department.

ROME, NEW YORK

Less than a year old, this center registers a successful season of activity marked chiefly by civic service. Advice and assistance in choosing and preparing plays have been given various civic bodies. A drama study group to read and discuss plays has met every other week throughout the season. It was mainly through the League's influence that the *Emperor Jones* visited Rome, as it would not have stopped there without the center's support. This is an excellent record for only one year.

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

This center's work has been quiet but extremely effective. It is less than a year old, but already is recognized as the first attempt to correlate the dramatic interests of the community, looking towards the ultimate establishment of a little theatre. Monthly meetings have consisted of productions of plays—three of them being children's programs. Very successful drama study work has been done in a group meeting every two weeks to discuss plays in preparation for the open meetings. The work for the children has been especially significant as being in a new field for this city, with excellent productions of *Why the Chimes Rang* and *The Silver Thread*.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

No recent report. The center has, however, been active throughout the year and has held interesting meetings. It has also done considerable junior work.

SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

One of the older centers. Owing to the character of the town as a suburb of a city where there already is a center, this center does no regular play-going work, but has had excellent results in its support of the productions by the Guild Players composed of students and graduates of Carnegie Institute of Technology. Interesting meetings are devoted to the reading of plays; membership is steadily increasing.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

No report from this circle. It has had a difficult year, but is struggling to establish local interest in the face of ancient prejudice against the drama.

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

Just organized. Work for two months has consisted of bi-monthly meetings devoted to reading rehearsals, one play each quarter assigned to Biblical Drama; one to Children's Drama; and the remainder to general material. Five plays have been given since organization in early March.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

No reports of work have been sent but memberships have been regular and work is being carried on successfully.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

This center's activities are devoted almost exclusively to the conduct of its Little Theatre. It has its own building and conducts an ambitious program.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

No report recently. The work of this center has been carried on in four departments under the Drama Study group, the Play-writing group, the Play-reading group, and the Play-producing group. One department or the other meets every week, and a new play is produced every month. Several original plays by the members have already been successfully produced.

UNIVERSITY CITY, OKLAHOMA

The program carried on by this center has been most elaborate. A group of players has been organized to put on plays and later tour the state; a series of programs of one-act plays has been given with profit accruing, from which it has been possible to build a little stage and purchase curtains. A study club has held a successful year with the League's popular study course. Next season the center hopes to have a course in playwriting, to undertake work with a Puppet Theatre, to stage a native Indian Pageant, and to organize an Oklahoma Little Theatre Circuit.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

This center has had a hard year, but is struggling to get on its feet again after several interesting meetings.

WAUPUN, WISCONSIN

Just organized. This group is primarily a community effort and has already staged two or three performances and rehearsal readings. It is especially interested in religious drama.

WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

This circle is especially interesting because it is composed entirely of high school students. The work done by its members receives recognition and credit in the high school. As there is no local theatre, occasional attendance on Chicago plays is arranged. Many plays have been read and discussed and six or seven produced.

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Just organized, this center is already busy producing plays and has an active group at work planning a Little Theatre for next year. Most interesting work is anticipated.

Drama League's New List of Plays

THE Amateur Committee of the Drama League has been at work all the year reading new plays and collecting material for the League's new list of plays it recommends for amateur production. That work is now completed and the new list is printed and ready for circulation. The pamphlet contains a very helpful and suggestive introduction on Play production by the chairman and compiler, Miss Winifred Ward, with valuable hints on costume and make-up. Nearly two hundred plays are listed, but what makes the list most valuable is that the play is described sufficiently to make intelligent selection possible. Also of inestimable value is the information concerning royalties and publishers. A list of publishers with their addresses is also in the pamphlet. The new amateur list will be sent free to any member requesting it and may be purchased for twenty-five cents by non-members. The chief value of this list is that each play listed thus receives the endorsement of the League's Amateur Committee, as worthy of production. This means the disinterested advice of experts which is covered in no other lists.

* * *

Drama Study Department

SO MUCH interest was evinced by study-groups last year in the League's Popular Study Course for Clubs that the department is preparing a similar course for next year dealing with the plays of 1921-1922. It will be more restricted this year as the season's out-put did not equal in volume and interest those of the preceding season. The course will therefore not include so many plays but will be arranged for 24 meetings with markings for those desiring to meet only once monthly. The library was so popular a feature of last year's course that plans are being made to supply a library this year. Reservation must be made in advance and must include the entire library.

As the clubs make their plans so early in the season the department is making an effort to have the current list ready earlier in the season so that clubs may secure the material and the libraries by early October. This is difficult because so many of the most desired plays are not printed until the following year. The course has, however, been prepared with a view to having it printed and ready for distribution by October 1.

The course will cover the later and more interesting plays of last season insofar as not covered by Course 24 (several plays held over) and obtainable in print. Several plays much desired by the course are not available for reading.

The plays included will be approximately:

The Whiteheaded Boy, by Lennox Robinson.

The Detour, by Owen Davis.

The Circle, by W. Somerset Maugham.

The Straw, by Eugene O'Neill.

Anna Christie, by Eugene O'Neill.

The Hairy Ape, by Eugene O'Neill.

The Silver Fox, by Cosmo Hamilton.

He Who Gets Slapped, by Andreyev.

Dulcy, by Kaufman & Connelly.

A Bill of Divorcement, by Clemence Dane.

The Madras House, by Granville Barker.

Heartbreak House, by G. B. Shaw.

The Beggar's Opera, by John Gay.

The Tittle, by Arnold Bennett.

Back to Methuselah, by G. B. Shaw.

Ambush, by Arthur Richman.

Mr. Pim Passes By, by A. A. Milne.

Additions will be made later, dependent upon recent publications.

The course will be the Popular Study Course, No. 28, based on plays of the season 1921-22 and will be free to members. Extra copies—25 cents. The library will rent for \$10.00.

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Community Theatre.....	Gilmor Brown Pasadena
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THE DRAMA

A monthly review of the allied arts of the theatre sponsored by the Drama League of America and published for all interested in the progress of the stage

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MYRA WILLIAMS JARREL'S amusing play *The Case of Mrs. Kantsey Know*, printed in *THE DRAMA*, March, 1922, was erroneously referred to in a note in the last number of the magazine as having been written by Alice C. D. Riley. As both of these clever playwrights might be complimented by the error, it is difficult to word an apology for the misstatement. Nevertheless, we are sorry to have made the mistake.

Mrs. Riley is again on our program this month, presenting a newsy letter from London.

Tacie May Hanna is appearing with us for the first time. Her sketch is a one-act play *Hyacinths*, which, as it has a cast of three women characters, we feel will be especially valuable for use by women's clubs. Adelaide C. Rowell is also a newcomer to our theatre. Miss Rowell presents an amusing and timely comedy with a bobbed-hair, jazz motif. This play is also recommended for use in women's clubs although it necessitates the coralling of a mere man for one of the four roles. This, however, will not detract from its value as the m. m. is, from the woman's point of view, put in his proper place at the end of the play.

After reading Hettie Louis Mick's puppet play, *The Maid who Wouldn't be Proper*, you will be interested to know that Miss Mick, who is an authority on puppetry, has consented to take charge of a Puppet Department which will be one of the features of *THE DRAMA* the coming year. Miss Mick's course in Puppets was one of the outstanding successes of the recent Drama League Institute.

Lucie R. Saylor who contributes to this number a drawing of *The Hairy Ape*, has appeared on our stage before, having presented in a recent number of the magazine, an article on the Provincetown Players. Mrs. Saylor is the wife of Oliver M. Saylor, critic and author.

William Saunders hops across the seas to give us an analytical study of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*. The other performers on our current bill, you all know.

NEXT month Huntly Carter returns to us with an article on the creative theatre in soviet Russia. Dan Totheroh who played his first engagement with us in *A Tune of a Tune*, is to be with us again, this time with a playlet called *The Widdy's Mite*. Dugald Walker whom many of you know as one of our most popular performers will contribute a sketch on the joy of living entitled *Beauty without a Pocket-book*.

A play of the American Revolution, *War Women*, is the contribution of Mrs. W. S. Lovell, of Birmingham, Alabama.

Our audience will be interested in the announcement by the Chautauqua Drama Board of a prize play contest. The secretary of the board, Paul M. Pearson, of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, to whom all manuscripts are to be submitted, has sent us the following suggestions and rules. The play is preferably to be a dramatic comedy of American life with not more than ten characters. While full-length plays are desired, one-act plays will be considered. No play may be an adaptation. The author of each play approved by the board will receive \$300 and the play will be produced in six Chautauqua towns in the summer of 1923. There are the usual requirements as to manuscripts being typewritten, return postage enclosed, and the like, to quote, "Each play submitted must be signed with a pseudonym only and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing outside the title of the play and the author's pseudonym, and enclosing the author's real name and address. Plays submitted must be the absolute property of the author and not subject to any copyright or other claim by another. The author will receive a royalty of 5% of the admissions. It is guaranteed that this royalty will not be less than \$3,000. The play remains the property of the author, but may not be produced elsewhere than on Chautauqua circuits before August 1, 1924." The competition closes December 1, 1922.

Mr. Pearson's authoritative board is made up of the following: Winthrop Ames, George P. Baker, Gregory Zilboorg, Sam Hume, Theodore Ballou Hinckley, and Charles F. Horner.



"The Hairy Ape"

Sketch by Lucie R. Saylor of Scene 4, The Stakehold, in Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Hairy Ape," as produced by The Provincetown Players and presented at The Plymouth in uptown engagement by Arthur Hopkins.
(See page 342.)

THE DRAMA

A Monthly Review

VOLUME 12

SEPTEMBER 1922

NUMBER 10

Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*

By WILLIAM SAUNDERS

ABOUT twenty years ago, after having completed the usual three years' course in French grammar and syntax, I devoted a year to reading practically nothing except modern novels and plays in the French language. The purpose I had in view in following out this self-imposed curriculum was the acquisition of as extensive a vocabulary as possible, and of such conversational fluency as an adequate study of contemporary dialogue in a foreign language alone can give. In making a choice of works for the purpose of this study, I adopted no system of purely scientific selection, beyond the fact that the periods of publication of the various works I made use of, had to be of comparatively recent date say, not later than ten years back. Within this category, all was fish that came to my net, and during that year I read several hundred plays. Yet although, as I have since had every reason to believe, I completely effected the aim I had set myself, I do not now remember more than a dozen of even the titles of the plays I devoured. But there was one of these plays which made so deep and vivid an impression upon my mind that it has to this day never been erased, and it is as clear now as it was on the occasion upon which it was first engraved.

The play in question was Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*. I remember all the inauspicious circumstances of that memorable encounter. It was a cold November evening and, rummaging through the scanty collection of French plays in the reference department of our local free library, I suddenly came upon a small volume dated 1893, and claiming to have been issued from the *Librairie de l'Art Independent*, Paris, and *Elkin Mathews et John Lane, Londres—Salomé, Drame en un acte*. Of what particularly attracted me to the volume, I have no clear recollection, but no doubt it was partly the fact that it was by Oscar Wilde, with two at least of whose plays I was already familiar, and partly the curious and bizarre device with its motto "*Non hic piscis omnium*," on the title page. I read the play at a single sitting, under the impression all the time that it was a translation from an English work by the famous dramatist. Although later on I had added the volume to my own private library, I did not again read it until the evidence in a libel action gave it such an advertisement as nothing else in the world could have accomplished. Yet all the time the powerful and salient aspects of the play, and the rare imagery of the language in which it is couched, never faded from my memory. During the long interval of more than twenty years I thought about it often and on more than one occasion meant to read it again, but somehow I never found either the time or opportunity until the necessity of absolutely making a renewed acquaintance with the play, in view of my original and vivid impression of it was forced upon me by the evidence submitted at the trial in question.

On that occasion the chief indictment against the play seemed to lie in the frequency with which the various characters refer

to the moon, and the evidence of several eminent alienists was given to prove that such references were understood only by moral perverts. That Oscar Wilde, when he wrote the play, intended his lunar allusions to be taken in that sense, I do not for one moment believe. If the witnesses who argued in the manner referred to are right, then the almanac is the most dangerous book in circulation, and the same reasons that were urged against *Salomé* are equally potent for the banning of that useful, if too frequently uninspired, publication. The whole of the evidence, so far as it tended to the condemnation of this play, was, I am convinced, entirely *ex post facto*. Had the career of the author ended otherwise than it ended, I doubt that we should ever have heard anything about the perverted morality of his work. *Salomé* is essentially a work of art, just as its creator was before everything, an artist.

WILDE lived at the time when the Wagnerian influence in music was beginning to make itself universally felt, but this influence was by no means confined to music and musicians alone. The *leit-motif* principle, based as it was upon a foundation of pure artistry, exercised a fascination, not only upon the musicians, but to almost as great an extent upon the writers and poets of the eighties and nineties of the last century. Wilde early evinced a fondness for it. We find it both in *A Woman of No Importance* and in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, the end of Act I, of the former play, for example. Mrs. Allenby and Lord Illingworth are *l'le-à-l'le*, discussing the ingenious young American, Hester Worsley, in the course of which, the following dialogue takes place:

MRS. ALLENBY: You think there is no woman in the world who would object to being kissed?

LORD ILLINGWORTH: Very few.

MRS. ALLENBY: Miss Worsley would not let you kiss her.

LORD ILLINGWORTH: "Are you sure?"

MRS. ALLENBY: Quite.

LORD ILLINGWORTH: What do you think she'd do if I kissed her?

MRS. ALLENBY: Either marry you, or strike you across the face with her glove.

And at the very end of the act, Lord Illingworth sees Mrs. Arbuthnot's letter on a table, and taking it up, he looks at the envelope and thus rounds off the conversation:

LORD ILLINGWORTH: What a curious handwriting! It reminds me of the handwriting of a woman I used to know year ago.

MRS. ALLENBY: Who?

LORD ILLINGWORTH: Oh! no one. No one in particular. A woman of no importance.

Now, these are clearly *leit-motifen*, especially designed as fore-shadowing the *dénouement* of the play. When, in the final scene, Mrs. Arbuthnot, the woman that Lord Illingworth had ruined, had been left alone, while her son and his *fiancée*, Miss

Worsley, go for a turn in the garden together, in the little house in which she had endeavoured to hide herself, she is visited again by her lover of former days. He tries to reopen friendly relations but is repulsed.

LORD ILLINGWORTH: [*Rises slowly and goes over to table where his hat and gloves are. MRS. ARBUTHNOT is standing close to the table. He picks up one of the gloves and begins putting it on.*] There is not much then for me to do here, Rachael?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT: Nothing.

LORD ILLINGWORTH: It is good-bye, is it?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT: Forever, I hope, this time, Lord Illingworth.

LORD ILLINGWORTH: How curious! At this moment you look exactly as you looked the night you left me twenty years ago. You have just the same expression in your mouth. Upon my word, Rachael, no woman ever loved me as you did. Why, you gave yourself to me like a flower, to do anything I liked with. You were the prettiest of playthings, the most fascinating of small romances

(*Pulls out watch*) Quarter to two! Must be strolling back to Hunstanton. Don't suppose I shall see you there again. I'm sorry, I am, really. It's been an amusing experience to have met amongst people of one's own rank, and treated quite seriously too, one's mistress, and one's—"

[*MRS. ARBUTHNOT snatches up glove and strikes LORD ILLINGWORTH across the face with it. LORD ILLINGWORTH starts. He is dazed by the insult of his punishment. GERALD and HESTER return immediately after LORD ILLINGWORTH has gone. GERALD goes to table L. C. for his hat. On turning round he sees LORD ILLINGWORTH'S glove lying on the floor, and picks it up.*]

GERALD: Hallo, Mother, whose glove is this? You have had a visitor. Who was it?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT [*Turning round*]: Oh! no one. No one in particular. A man of no importance.

But to return to the so-called lunar allusions, we have this in *Salomé*:

Une grande terrasse dans le palais d'Herode donnant sur la salle de festin. Des soldats sont accoudés sur le balcon. A droite il y a un énorme escalier. A gauche, au fond, une ancienne citerne entourée d'un mur de bronze vert. Clair de lune.

LE JEUNE SYRIEN: *Comme la princesse Salomé est belle ce soir!*

LE PAGE D'HERODIAS: *Regardez la lune. La lune a l'air très étrange. On dirait une femme qui soit d'un tombeau.*

Elle ressemble à une femme morte. On dirait qu'elle cherche des morts.

LE JEUNE SYRIEN: *Elle a l'air très étrange. Elle ressemble à une petite princesse qui porte une voile jaune, et a des pieds d'argent. Elle ressemble à une princesse qui a des pieds comme des petites colombes blanches* . . . On dirait qu'elle danse.*

LE PAGE: *Elle est comme une femme morte. Elle va très lentement.*

When Salome enters from the banqueting-hall, she also remarks upon the appearance of the moon, and it may perhaps be said that this is the one instance in the play where the reference might have been omitted without doing violence to the principle involved:

Que c'est bon de voir la lune! Elle ressemble à une petite pièce de monnaie. On dirait une toute petite fleur d'argent. Elle est froide et chaste, la lune . . . Je suis sûr qu'elle est vierge . . . Oui, elle est vierge. Elle ne s'est jamais souillée. Elle ne s'est jamais donnée aux hommes, comme les autres Déeses.

It is a tragic note that these lunar allusions are designed to strike, and never throughout the whole of the drama is this more apparent than when, on the occasion after the young Syrian has ordered the prophet to be brought out in response to Salome's demand, the page again remarks:

Oh! com ne la lune a l'air étrange! On dirait la main d'une morte qui cherche à se couvrir avec un linceul,

And the Syrian replies:

*This was a favorite simile of the young Syrian. Later on, referring to Salome, he remarks, "*La princesse a caché son visage derrière son éventail! Ses petites mains blanches s'agitent comme des colombes qui s'envelopent vers leurs colombiers.*" And again, "*Elle est comme une colombe qui s'est égarée.*" The passages so treated are the really significant ones from the *leit-motif* point of view.

Elle a l'air très étrange. On dirait une petite princesse qui a des yeux d'ambre. A travers les nuages de mousseline elle sourit comme une petite princesse.

And after the prophet has appeared and cursed and prophesied as was his wont, Salome, dwelling upon his emaciated condition, remarks:

Je suis sûr qu'il est chaste, autant que la lune. Il ressemble à un rayon de lune, à un rayon d'argent.

And again: *Les roses du jardin de la reine d'Arabie ne sont pas aussi blanches que ton corps . . . ni le sien de la lune quand elle couche sur le sien de la mer.*

But when she has been repulsed once, she retracts and curses his body:

Ton corps est hideux . . . Les longues nuits noires, les nuits où la lune ne se montre pas, où les étoiles ont peur, ne sont pas aussi noires.

The first real manifestation of the impending tragedy occurs however, when the young Syrian kills himself on realizing that the passion of Salome for John the Baptist is indeed an undoubted fact, and in the torrent of grief which his friend the page immediately pours out, he claims to find a realization of what the moon had foretold:

Je savais bien que la lune cherchait un mort, mais je ne savais pas que c'était lui qu'elle cherchait, Ah! pourquoi ne l'ai-je pas caché de la lune? Si je l'avais caché dans une caverne elle ne l'aurait pas vu."

The strange mystical appearance of the moon strikes Herod in much the same manner as it had done to the others, when he enters from the banqueting-hall, with Herodias and all his court. But to the latter, hard, practical, and utterly lacking in artistic taste, or appreciation of the beautiful, the moon is just the moon. This is one of the most brilliant strokes of genius that Wilde had ever made:

HEROD: *La lune a l'air très étrange ce soir. N'est-ce pas que la lune a l'air très étrange? On dirait une femme hystérique, une femme hystérique qui va cherchant des amants partout. Elle est nue aussi. Elle est toute nue. Les nuages cherchant à la vêtir, mais elle ne veut pas. Elle se montre toute nue dans le ciel. Elle chancelle à travers les nuages comme une femme ivre. . . . Je suis sûr qu'elle cherche des amants . . . N'est ce pas qu'elle chancelle comme une femme ivre? Elle ressemble à une femme hystérique, n'est-ce pas?*

HERODIAS: *Non. La lune ressemble à la lune, c'est tout . . .*

And evidently with this still simmering in her mind, Herodias, bored nearly to death by the wrangling of the Jews, some time afterwards flashes out:

Ces gens là sont fous. Ils ont trop regardé la lune . . .

And still again we hear the voice of worldly wisdom when John having prophesied in these terms:

En ce jour la le soleil deviendra noir comme un sac de poil. et la lune deviendra comme du sang, et les étoiles du ciel tomberont sur la terre comme des figues vertes tombent d'un figuier, et les rois de la terre auront peur.

The queen replies:

Ah! Ah! Je voudrais bien voir ce jour dont il parle, on la lune deviendra comme du sang et on des étoiles tomberont sur la terre comme des figues vertes. Ce prophète parle comme un homme ivre.

The words there attributed to John are strictly Scriptural, although there is no Biblical authority as to their having actually been uttered by the Baptist.*

THE crux of the tragedy is Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils, and it is to that and the all-pervading death theme that the *leit-motif* apply. While Salome's slaves are in the

*See Matthew, xxiv-29.



"The Raggely-Anns"—a frieze by Bernice Oehler from the dances of pupils of Margaret D' Houbler

act of removing her sandals, and arraying her head and face in the famous seven veils, in preparation for the dance, Herod remarks:

Ah! vous allèz danser pieds nus! C'est bien! C'est bien! Vos petits pieds seront comme des colombes blanches. Ils ressembleront à des petites fleurs blanches qui dansent sur un arbre.

Compare this with the passage in the first speech of the young Syrian, and the point of the argument will at once appear. Herod continues:

"Ah! regardez la lune! Elle est devenue rouge. Elle est devenue rouge comme du sang. Ah! le prophète l'a bien prédit. Il a prédit que la lune deviendrait rouge comme du sang. N'est-ce pas qu'il a prédit cela? Vous avez tous entendu. La lune est devenue rouge comme du sang. Ne le voyez-vous pas?"

Herodias, still sceptical and sarcastic, assents:

Je le vois bien, et les étoiles tombent comme des figues vertes, n'est ce pas? Et le soleil devient noir comme un sac de poil, et les rois de la terre ont peur. Cela au moins on le voit. Pour une fois dans sa vie le prophète a eu raison. Les rois de la terre ont peur. . . .

What follows in reference to the moon has little significance. The real crisis of the play is the dance, and all that then succeeds is the merely inevitable consequence of that tremendous episode. The king had promised to give the daughter of Herodias anything that she chose to ask, "even to the half of his kingdom," as a reward for her dancing, and when she demands the head of the Baptist on a silver charger, he immediately repents his promise, and offers her anything else she cares to ask for. In the most entrancing language, he reels off a catalogue of all his possessions from which she is free to take whatever she fancies, if only she will not ask for such a gruesome thing as the severed head of a half crazy prophet. In his garden he has a hundred wonderful white peacocks,—"*la pluie vient quand ils crient, et quand ils se pavent la lune se montre au ciel,*"—fifty of these he offers to Salome and promises that "*ils vous suivront partout, et au milieu d'eux vous serez comme la lune dans un grand nuage blanc.*" And where should one derive a more beautiful figure of speech than Herod's description of his four-tier collar of pearls? —"*On dirait des lunes enchainées de rayons d'argent. On dirait cinquante lunes captives dans un filet d'or.*" And from the catalogue of his possessions,—"*J'ai des sélénites qui changent quand la lune change et deviennent pâles quand elles voient le soleil. J'ai des saphirs grands comme des oeufs et bleus comme des fleurs bleus. La mer erre dedans, et la lune ne vient jamais troubler le bleu de ses flots.*"

At last the crime is consummated, and, overcome with horror, the terrified king desires only to hide, and to be hidden:

Viens! Je ne veux pas rester ici. Viens, je te dis. Je suis sûr qu'il va arriver un malheur. Manassé, Isachar, Osias, éteignez les flambeaux. Je ne veux pas regarder les choses. Je ne veux pas que les choses me regardent. Eteignez les

flambeaux. Cachez la lune? Cachez les étoiles? Cachons-nous dans notre palais, Hérodias. Je commence à avoir peur.

And as the slaves obey his order to extinguish the torches, the stars likewise, as if in obedience to his will, disappear, and a great black cloud passes over the moon and obliterates it from the view. It is then, in the darkened court, that Salome kisses the mouth of the dead head on the charger, and when once more the moon comes out, it reveals to Herod the woman who had thus brought him to shame, in a state of ecstasy and exaltation, and his crisp and rapid command, "*Tuez cette femme!*" brings the tragedy to its logical and inevitable conclusion.

ITS logical and inevitable end! *Salomé* might as easily have been a tragedy of Euripides as an essay in histrionic creation by the greatest dramatic epigrammatist of the nineteenth century. The tragedy is essentially Greek in character, and after making the necessary allowances for the difference in periods, purely Euripidean in style. From the first word to the last, the inevitability of the tragedy is clearly demonstrable, and the *leit-motifen* merely accentuate the fact. The atmosphere of gloom and tragedy is never absent, but a gleam of light does occasionally fall across the scene,—a spark of wit suddenly flaring up, blazing forth with all the glamour of Wilde's genius for a moment, and then as quickly dying out again; or a flash of passionate love borne along in a chariot of momentary happiness that more than atones for the age of misery it leaves behind,—and there is surely no straining of metaphors in utilizing the moon as the symbol of such resplendent episodes. Like the plot of the Greek tragedy, that of *Salomé* evolves, and develops in a scene of shadow and depression, but if all is darkness, there are yet degrees and differences of its intensity, and there could be no apter exemplification in concrete form of this, than that which the author, with the true and unhesitating confidence of genius, has actually adopted. The point of my argument then centers in this, that the tragedy of *Salomé*, being Greek in conception and character, is dependent to a large extent for its power and terrifying qualities upon figures that are Greek in spirit and pagan in effect. Yet there is a vast difference between pure Hellenic paganism on the one hand, and moral obliquity on the other, and to suggest that the one term connotes the other, or *vice versa*, is indeed merely to attempt the reconciliation of opposites one with another, and the comparison of things that are absolutely unlike. Apart from its alleged moral degeneracy, a fault which, in spite of the *dicta* of some of the so-called greatest men of our time, *Salomé* is one of the greatest tragedies of recent times, and had its author never written another line, there is enough genius embodied in the ninety pages on which it lies,—not embalmed, but a virile and living force for good, and a source of never-ending intellectual joy and satisfaction to all who are capable of appreciating it, to ensure for him an immortality in the world of artistic humanity, and an everlasting niche in the Valhalla of literature, and of pure and unquestioned psychological delineation.

Hyacinths*

By TACIE MAY HANNA

"If I had but two loaves, I would sell one and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

Characters:

MRS. BROWN
JANE
LUCILLE } Her daughters

MRS. BROWN and her daughters JANE and LUCILLE live in a small town. In an early evening in the fall of the year Mrs. BROWN and JANE are seen in the living room in a home of moderate comforts. The furniture, pictures and the like are old-fashioned save for one artistically framed print on the wall. At the right and the left there are doors. A fireplace with logs and kindling placed for lighting is at the left. Near the fireplace in a rocker sits Mrs. BROWN, a little woman sixty years old, dressed in black. Around her shoulders is an old-fashioned shawl. On a lapboard she is cutting blocks for a quilt. JANE, a young woman of thirty-five sits at her desk opposite the fireplace. She wears a dark dress. Her hair is combed back rather too plainly. She is typing industriously. As she finishes the page and pulls the paper out of the machine, she reaches for her sweater and throws it over her shoulders.

JANE [Rubbing her hands]: I believe my hands are too cold for rapid work.

MOTHER [Pulling her shawl about her]: It is a little chilly this evening.

JANE [Looking toward her MOTHER]: Why didn't you light the fire, Mother?

MOTHER [Hurriedly]: Oh, I haven't been cold enough for that, yet. I put the kindling and a log here the first of the week, and [Triumphantly.] I find I can get along without burning them. Wood, like everything else, is so high this year.

JANE [Crossing and taking a match from the mantle]: Yes, but you know it is not necessary for you to save like this. It's foolish.

MOTHER [Enthusiastically, but with a gesture of protest as she sees JANE with the match]: Oh, I enjoy saving. No, don't light it for me, Jane. I'm going to bed in a few minutes. [After a slight pause, as JANE stands looking at her.] Light it for yourself, dear, if you need it.

JANE [With a determined ring to her voice as she lights the match]: I don't light this fire for you or for me. I light it for principle. We're going the limit, you and I. You sit here and shiver to save a few extra cents, and I sit at my desk all Saturday afternoon and evening and work to make a few extra cents.

MOTHER [Persistently]: But, dear, I enjoy saving. You don't seem to understand.

JANE [Bitterly]: Oh, I understand! I enjoy it, too. That's just the trouble.

MOTHER: Your father and I practiced economy for years. It was because we were careful about the little things that we gradually got ahead.

JANE [Poking the fire]: I know all about that.

MOTHER: We watched every cent and denied ourselves. It grew easier year by year. The result was that your father had the pleasure of dying with a bank account.

JANE [Hopelessly, as she rises]: And at the rate you are skimping, you'll have the

pleasure of dying with practically the same bank account.

MOTHER [With the air of one who has done well]: I'm doing my best to be careful. I take pride in it. Your father was careful, always.

JANE [In one last attempt]: But, Mother, it isn't as if it were necessary for you to economize this way. Father left you enough to give you some of the enjoyments of life. I'm sure he'd like you to spend it.

MOTHER [Horried at the thought]: No, no, Jane, I know your dear father too well. When he had to go, he trusted me with the money. [After a slight pause.] You don't seem to understand. I enjoy myself this way. I'm so used to it. I'm unhappy when I waste a cent.

JANE [Genuinely distressed]: Oh, Mother, Mother!

MOTHER: Now, your sister is so thoughtless about money that it worries me.

JANE [With a sarcastic smile]: She seems to get some sort of pleasure out of spending it.

MOTHER: We must remember that she was only twelve when your father died. He tried to raise you to know the value of money. I like to believe that he succeeded.

JANE [In ringing tones]: Succeeded! Succeeded! [Posing in the center of the room.] Behold a colossal success! [With a hopeless gesture as she turns toward her desk.] I'm just realizing it; that's what's troubling me.

MOTHER: I don't understand.

JANE: Never mind, dear. Only, some time when you have a few minutes to spare, I wish you'd try to imagine—well, imagine a great shock; think how you'd feel if you were in the midst of a hurricane, or a bomb explosion, or an earthquake, or something like that.

MOTHER [Frightened]: What do you mean?

JANE [Crossing again to her mother]: Don't be frightened. But it is a good plan to think about those things sometimes. We're better prepared for sur-

prises of any kind—if they ever occur. [Seeing her MOTHER's consternation, she gives her a little pat.] I was only joking. Now I just must scurry down to the store and get some more paper. I'll have time for three more briefs if I keep busy this evening, and you know I get fifty cents for every three. [She starts for the door, then turns.] If a man calls me on the phone, tell him I'll return in a few minutes. And don't try to take any message—it's business.

[She goes out. The MOTHER glances toward the desk and sees the light over the typewriter is burning. She puts down her work, crosses the room and turns out the light. As she returns to her chair, the door opens and LUCILLE comes in. She is a girl of twenty, full of life, attractive.]

LUCILLE [Speaking excitedly as she goes to her MOTHER]: Mother, my chance has come at last! It's here!

MOTHER [Smiling]: Something has happened that makes my little girl happy.

LUCILLE: Happy, oh, so happy. And I know you are going to agree with me this once and help me, aren't you? [She puts her arm about her MOTHER.]

MOTHER [Suspiciously]: Then it isn't an increase in salary?

LUCILLE [With a gesture of astonishment]: Good heavens, no! [Drawing a chair and sitting near her MOTHER as she speaks excitedly.] Listen! Mary Rogers and her mother are going to New York for the winter to study and to enjoy the opera and see and hear the great artists, and they say that if I'll go along to be with Mary I'll have no room or board to pay while I'm there. Now what do you think of that!

MOTHER [In dismay]: New York! But you can't—

LUCILLE [Interrupting]: Oh, yes I can, Mother. I want music, art, beauty, joy, a little bit of life. I'd rather have six months of living than all the money in the bank. I'm going.

MOTHER: My child!

LUCILLE: I know you do not understand. I'm not like you and Jane. I can't count

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the cost of every step that I take, every mouthful that I eat, I—I hate saving—I'd rather spend. I hate keeping, I'd rather give. And before I settle down to everything I don't like, I'm going to have one good time.

MOTHER: But the money!

LUCILE: Well, I have a hundred and fifty dollars of my own, and there's the two hundred father left me.

MOTHER [*Gasping*]: You wouldn't touch that!

LUCILE: Why not? I'm twenty-one. I was to have it at twenty-one.

MOTHER: "To use cautiously to meet the needs of this life." Those were your father's words.

LUCILE: I'll never have a greater need! Imagine an evening at the Metropolitan! [*She begins to hum snatches of an opera.*]

MOTHER: Your father meant to meet sickness, misfortune and death.

LUCILE [*Repeating rather lightly*]: Sickness, misfortune and death! Why, I'd forgotten about them. Anyway, mother, they are not needs—not my needs.

MOTHER: That money is sacred.

LUCILE: Mother, I'll never meet sickness and misfortune; they'll have to overtake me and run a pretty race to do it. And even death will have to take me as he finds me. I'll not save for him, not I.

MOTHER [*Scandalized, but helpless*]: My child! You are wicked.

LUCILE: My money goes for the needs of life—what my heart longs for. What a six months it will be! And after that glimpse of New York, I'll settle down and be just as prosy and economical as Jane is—if I can. [*JANE appears in the doorway. Hearing her name, she stops and, unobserved, stands, listening.*]

MOTHER: I cannot believe that you mean all this. Still you haven't enough money in sight.

LUCILE: Well, here's for the truth and the whole truth. I knew you'd never feel that you could lend me any money unless I went to a hospital or something doleful, so, a long time ago, before I had any definite plans, I talked it over with old Dr. Bailey, and he said he would let me take three or four hundred dollars for a little fling and I could pay it back in my working years to come. I'm going to see him this evening.

MOTHER [*Greatly disturbed and feeling that she must do something*]: Go in debt! For pleasure! Listen, my child. Sit down a minute. [*LUCILE obeys.*] I've always tried to set you an example of economy.

LUCILE [*With decided emphasis*]: You have.

MOTHER: Your father taught Jane the value of money.

LUCILE [*To herself*]: Jane would have been a dear if she hadn't learned that lesson too well.

MOTHER [*In a desperate effort to be con-*

vincing]: "Learn to save while you are young," was your father's preaching. "Work while the sun shines and save for the rainy day."

LUCILE [*She has been humming softly to herself*]: Then when do you enjoy the sunshine, Mother?

MOTHER [*Not heeding the interruption*]: Your father's people were reckless and gay. They believed in a good time, and they died poor. Your father saw their mistake—he died well off. While he lived he willingly denied himself everything he could.

LUCILE: And willingly denied you everything he could. Poor dear Dad! [*Breathing a sigh.*] I expect he's still at it. Probably playing a second-hand harp.

MOTHER [*Severely*]: My child! You need to be sobered. "Think soberly while yet you are young." Existence is a struggle for most of us. We must pay the price for what we get, and if we don't have the money, we don't get it. I sit by the hour and picture a penniless old age, and I shudder.

[*The MOTHER pauses, lost in her own thought. JANE, still standing by the door, is visibly affected by the MOTHER's words.*

LUCILE sees the future of her dreams, and softly hums the "Spring Song."]

MOTHER [*Repeating*]: Old and penniless! May I be spared that! May my daughters be spared! [*The MOTHER and JANE, wide-eyed, see the spectre of their imaginations.*] Of course, you might marry a wealthy man, but if he is a spendthrift, you'd likely be left penniless.

LUCILE: And, just to contribute to the "joy feast," let me add that if he's a miser, I might as well be a pauper. So there you are!

MOTHER: You might do as Jane did—have one unhappy love affair. I believe she'll never marry now. She has settled down, and I'm proud of her. There's not a girl of thirty-five in town who has earned and saved the money that Jane has in the last fifteen years.

LUCILE [*Eagerly*]: What's her scheme? What's she saving for, do you suppose?

MOTHER [*Complacently*]: The rainy day!

LUCILE [*Hopelessly*]: Of course! The rainy day! Of course! She'd never save for the sunshine. [*JANE moves uneasily.*]

MOTHER [*Feeling that her words must have had the desired effect*]: I know my little girl is going to see things as she should. I remember that at one time Jane was determined to do just what you were planning. She wanted to go to New York "to study and play," as she said. We looked into the future and felt we could not permit it. [*Proudly.*] She gave it up. She chose wisely.

LUCILE [*Reflecting*]: Wisely?

MOTHER: Now she finds a real joy in saving.

LUCILE: Yes, she seems to. Poor old Jane! I can't make her out. Why, she tried for weeks to buy this little print! [*Indicates the artistic little picture on the wall.*] It was on display in an art window. She spent hours admiring it, kept planning to buy it, "next month." But she never did. One day I asked her about it and she said she had decided not to waste the money! Said she really didn't need the picture. So I bought it for her as a surprise, and she thanked me with tears in her eyes, and then proceeded to scold me. And now she doesn't seem to enjoy the picture. I can't make her out. Why, she gives until it hurts every time she hands out a nickel. [*With a little laugh.*] What would she think of grand opera at five dollars a seat! [*Repeating thoughtfully as she realizes that the tickets are very expensive.*] Five dollars a seat! [*Smiling with happy anticipation.*] But the music!

MOTHER: Never before have people been so reckless with their money! Never has living been so high! Saving is a problem.

LUCILE [*Rising*]: Then it is no time for me to save. I'll laugh back at the old world. [*She starts to go out.*]

MOTHER: Not going out, are you?

LUCILE: Just around the corner to see Dr. Bailey about that three hundred dollars. [*Giving her MOTHER a little kiss.*] Don't worry, Mother. It isn't as if I were a "bold, bad girl." In a few months I'll be back at work, an old grind with blissful memories. "That little moment in Eternity is all I ask." [*Suddenly she sees JANE who is standing very erect, looking at her, face set, eyes flashing.*] Why, Jane, you here?

JANE [*Slowly*]: Yes, I'm here. I heard your conversation, most of it. [*Looking defiantly at LUCILE.*] Listen to me! You go out into the world and you ask any man and woman of good judgment and they will tell you that Mother's right, dead right, and you're a little fool.

[*LUCILE goes on out without replying.*]

MOTHER [*Appealingly*]: Oh Jane, Jane, you don't think she'll do it!

JANE [*Throwing the paper on the desk and speaking in a passionate outburst*]: Yes, I think she'll do it. I hope she'll do it and just now I hate her for it.

MOTHER: Well, I don't understand you.

JANE: I hate her for her courage. I hate her for her youth and her recklessness—her disregard of money.

MOTHER [*Agreeing*]: Yes, it is her disregard of money that's the whole trouble, the root of all trouble.

JANE: I hate her for her courage to do what I've worked and saved for and dreamed about for fifteen years—[*Tragically, after a slight pause.*] and can't do now.

MOTHER: Jane, tell me what you mean.

JANE: I'm jealous, wildly, madly jealous. Can't you see that I am? And

I'm hurt and angry because I realize that every word Lucile said about me was true. She says she can't understand me—well she has helped me to understand myself. [She goes to the little print on the wall, glances at it, then speaks with bitterness.] I did scold her for buying this. I thought I was provoked because she was spending her money—I see now that I was angry because she *could* buy it, and I could not. Oh, the change came so gradually that I didn't realize what was happening. [Hopelessly.] But it came.

MOTHER: What came, Jane?

JANE [Without answering]: When you talked to Lucile about a penniless old age, I saw that spectre and I shuddered with you—and she hummed the "Spring Song." When you spoke of the value of money, I set my lips together and clenched my hands—and she lovingly patted that silly headed blouse of hers. Don't you see! She doesn't get the idea. She doesn't see the dull, grim picture that you paint, for she's wearing rose-tinted glasses of youth. She goes happily on, and I who have saved fifteen years and can afford my wonderful vacation find that I can't enjoy it now that I've earned it. [In the hardened tone of despair.] I'm too late.

MOTHER: Will you tell me *what* vacation, Jane!

JANE: All these years you have believed that I was saving for the "rainy day"—but I wasn't. I was saving for the good time I was going to have when my bank account was large enough. First, I was going to go when I was twenty-five, then I made it thirty, then thirty-five. I've slaved to earn that money. It came hard. Now I have enough for my six reckless, inspiring months, and the tragedy of it is—I can't spend it. [After a slight pause.] That's what your example and a fixed habit have done for me. [MOTHER looks bewildered, distressed.] Oh, I'm not blaming you or Father or anyone. You thought you were right. You are right, I guess—too right. And I'm just a victim of the right.

MOTHER! My dear, I've never seen you like this. Are you well?

JANE [Speaking more quietly]: It's simply this. I may as well tell you. This is the shock, the explosion I told you to prepare for. I didn't know that Lucile had any dreams of New York and travel. I planned to go myself this very month and stay all winter to study and feast on the best. For years I've dreamed of what I'd do. I thought I still had it in me to have my good time. I've been pulling out the occasional gray hair. I've been watching my face for wrinkles. But I forgot to watch my soul! It's been shriveling and dying. One cannot expect the soul to survive for years on the promise of a banquet. There must be a little food—a few hyacinths as the months go by. What Lucile says is true. I no longer

care more for grand opera than I do for five dollars. I can't waste my money. [She puts a sarcastic emphasis on the word, waste.]

MOTHER [With a keen appreciation of the last sentence.]: No, of course not! Now your father—

JANE [Interrupting]: Last week I bought myself a traveling bag, the kind I've always wanted, with all kinds of foolish brushes and bottles. I had the money—I wanted the bag. But I've been miserable ever since. Instead of a bag, I see forty type-written sheets, so many days of labor, so much money and I put the foolish thing out of my sight and I get to work to make the money back.

MOTHER! You've always enjoyed saving.

JANE [Bitterly]: Yes, I enjoy saving. I find that's all I do enjoy. [In a burst of confession.] I've always longed to see Niagara. I wanted that great thrill. When I went to talk about my ticket to New York—[MOTHER starts.] Yes, I even planned about my ticket. The agent is going to phone this evening. You see I hoped I'd get over this. Well, I discovered it would cost considerably more to get stop-overs, and before I realized what I was doing, I gave up Niagara. It wasn't worth ten dollars to me. Nothing is, I guess. Spending makes me unhappy.

MOTHER: Yes, child, of course. I don't want you unhappy.

JANE [Grimly]: And I'm not going to be unhappy. While I listened to you and Lucile I made up my mind as to that. They say in plays that we all have a right to happiness if we can find it. Well, I'm going to work and save. There's my happiness. Hyacinths no longer feed my soul.

MOTHER [With the feeling that everything is all right, after all]: Then you are all right, Jane?

JANE: Yes, I'm all right. I don't mind now. [Repeating the words thoughtfully.] I don't mind now. Mother, when a person says that, it means that the struggle is over, and there is calm. It's all over.

MOTHER [Rising from her chair]: I don't understand you very well, but dear, I'm sure that you have decided to go on as you are. [With earnest commendation.] And that's doing as your father would have you.

JANE: Yes, I think so.

MOTHER: I can trust you. I am going to bed, now. My head is in a whirl. Help Lucile to decide wisely, will you, Jane?

JANE [Promptly]: I will.

[The MOTHER goes out. JANE begins to thump madly on her typewriter. LUCILE enters quietly. She is somewhat subdued in spirit. JANE, conscious of her entrance, does not look toward her, but asks sharply.]

JANE: Well, did you see Dr. Bailey about that money?

LUCILE [Her tone showing her disappointment]: No, he's left town for a month's stay in the mountains. [Slowly.] I guess Mother's right about borrowing money. Three hundred dollars is a great deal. I know what you think of me, Jane, but—[Forgetting herself.] better than the money I love the wonderful sights, the beautiful melodies that it can bring to me!

JANE [Sneering]: Sights! Melodies! H-m! How long will they last?

LUCILE [Speaking softly to herself]: Memory-pictures, memory-melodies, that last forever. [Turning to JANE.] Oh, Jane, you'll never know how I long to hear the great artists—to sing, to travel, to enjoy myself! I intended to pay back every cent it cost. [Drawing a long sigh.] It seems to me that I could work and save ten years just for this chance.

JANE [Turning quickly toward her and speaking sharply]: You're not planning to save ten years before you go?

LUCILE: Yes, if that's the only way. I'll work ten years, if need be, and save every cent. Then, watch me!

JANE [Sarcastically]: Yes, I know. You couldn't save. You don't know how.

LUCILE: With this in view, I think I could learn to save.

JANE [Moving uneasily]: Why don't you go, now?

LUCILE: Oh, I'm going if I can get the money.

JANE: Look here! Mother's talk about old age and the high cost of living and all that, didn't—a—depress you, subdue you, did it?

LUCILE: I didn't listen, honestly—I had too many exciting thoughts, the Metropolitan, and—

JANE [Severely—as she interrupts]: Do you know how much those tickets cost?

LUCILE [Seriously]: Yes, I know. They are expensive. But I don't care.

JANE: I told mother I'd try to make you see this in the right light. Now I've been saving fifteen years.

LUCILE [Patiently]: Yes, Jane. But what for?

JANE [At a loss]: I—I don't know. [Defiantly, as she rushes to her own defense.] Ninety-five percent of the people past seventy are dependent. Do you realize that?

LUCILE [Smiling]: They have spent and given away. That's the life for me.

JANE: It does no good to argue with you. You can spend money positively without a struggle.

LUCILE: Don't worry. I can't find it to spend.

JANE [She types furiously for a few seconds, then whirls around]: Since you are determined to do this thing, we may as well look at it from a business standpoint. I know a girl—[In a hard tone as

she corrects herself.] a woman, a middle-aged woman who has some money in the bank that she doesn't know what to do with.

LUCILE [With sudden hope]: Jane, do you suppose—

JANE [Hurrying on]: She was going to spend it for something, and changed her mind, it seems. She'd like to get it out on interest.

LUCILE [Excited]: Oh, who is she?

JANE [Smiling bitterly]: A woman who—who keeps me at work. If I say the word she will let you have the money.

LUCILE [Joyously]: Oh, Jane, you dear!

JANE [Crossly]: Strictly business. I don't approve of you. I'm doing this for her sake. [Slowly.] She likes to feel that the money is bringing in something worth while. [Hurrying on as she sees LUCILE is inclined to be demonstrative.] I'll pay the interest for you.

LUCILE [Brightly]: How perfectly splendid! And I'll pay it all back in a little

while. [Throwing her arms about JANE.] I can go! You darling!

JANE [Impatiently throwing off LUCILE's embrace]: Stop that! Positively, I don't see how you can act as you do. I think you are a harum-scarum little fool, a little spendthrift. Mother's right and you're dead wrong. You'll pay it all back in a little while, will you? We'll see! You'll be spoiled for steady work.

LUCILE [Faltering under JANE's tirade]: Jane, if you think all that, I—perhaps—

JANE [Alarmed as she sees signs of LUCILE's weakening]: Go! Go! Have your own way! By all means, go! [The telephone bell rings. JANE steps to the desk to answer it.] In the closet off my room is a sort of a traveling bag. That woman bought it for me—I've no use for it. Bring it here.

[LUCILE goes out.]

JANE [At the telephone]: Yes. Mr. Briggs? Yes. Well, I can't see you this evening, after all. Oh, yes, I want the

ticket. No, not chair car, I want a Pullman. Yes, and make the ticket good for stop-overs. My sister insists upon seeing Niagara. Why, yes, the ticket is for my sister, didn't I tell you? [With a queer little laugh.] That's strange, a little misunderstanding—I'll send her to see you in the morning. Good-bye.

[As JANE hangs up the receiver, her MOTHER calls, "Jane!" As JANE goes to answer, the MOTHER appears in the door in her kimono and cap.]

MOTHER: Jane, I couldn't sleep. Lucile—I heard your voices. I must know, did you help her to decide wisely?

JANE [Without looking at her MOTHER, she shakes her head slowly. Suddenly she stops, her eyes flash, and with ringing emphasis, she says]: Yes!

LUCILE [All happy anticipation as she runs in with the bag]: Just what I need for the trip! Jane, you dear old stingy, how could you be so generous as to give me a bag!

News From London

Being Excerpts from a letter received from
Alice C. D. Riley

THE most significant event is the performance we heard yesterday in the park at Warwick Castle of Gluck's opera *Orpheus* rearranged, edited and produced pageant fashion by Louis Parker, who calls it "an Experiment in Folk Opera." Mr. Parker in 1906, produced here the *Warwick Pageant* most successfully and at the call of Mr. Allen K. Blackall, F. R. C. O., he has now produced *Orpheus* in the same pageant fashion, using the young people of Warwick and Leamington, the proceeds going to the restoration of the Beauchamp chapel and the hospital. It thus has every element of pageantry and of straight opera combined.

Fancy the enormous 14th century walls of this ancient pile, the velvet lawns, the trees heavy with age; and fancy in the midst of these a forest glade with a Greek temple in the far distance, and a shrine and a seat in the foreground. The ground falls away upon the left and one sees miles in the distance, up this slope and gliding in among the great boles of the oaks come and go the actors, who seem to have dropped constraint with their British clothing and taken on the grace and joy of free movement with the brilliant colored folds of their classic garb.

It was truly one of the loveliest things I have ever seen. Perfect harmony had established that freedom of grouping, that surge and ebb of motion and color which create the illusion of reality. All the ensemble work in singing, dancing, movement to and fro was beyond criticism. Some of the group dancing was as lovely as any I ever saw and the opera from the musical side was exquisitely satisfying. It seems to me Mr. Parker has shown a new and much larger field for pageantry and opera in this "Experiment in Folk Opera."

AS to the London theatres, the most interesting thing is the double bill at St. Martin's: *Loyalties* by John Galsworthy and *Shall We Join the Ladies* by J. M. Barrie. The latter is given first as a curtain raiser for the longer play. On the program it stands: "Preceded by the first act of *Shall We Join the Ladies*, A new play in three acts by J. M. Barrie."

Now perhaps it may be so; but I fancy Barrie is just having

his quiet little joke with us, for it's a regular the lady or the tiger sort of thing.

A large company is just finishing dinner in a dignified old room with a butler and one maid in attendance. The ladies are all in gowns of the most extreme style, adventuress fashion. It is discerned that they are thirteen at table and the host, a most dignified old English gentleman, admirably acted by Mr. Malcolm Keen, announces that years ago his brother was murdered at Monte Carlo, that he has taken years to trace down all the possible clues and that among the twelve people seated there as his guests one must be the murderer; that he has invited them all for this week-end to discover the guilty one and bring him or her to justice, that the butler is a Scotland Yards man and that all their belongings and mail have been daily searched. After this thunderclap of an exposition, Barrie proceeds to carry on a scene in which his humor plays through a cross-examination of each one, which is breathlessly interesting in that you think each in turn the guilty one. Finally the police arrive and the ladies are requested to withdraw to the next room for coffee while the men are more cruelly flayed by the host's tongue. Coffee is brought, poured by one of the ladies who the maid says has requested her to see to it that the host drinks "the yellow cup." After sharp dialogue, the fiance of the lady pouring, drinks "the yellow cup" on a dare and as he seats himself after the maid has gone back to the ladies, you hear a scream and one by one the men with fear and horror on each like a gripping force, "join the ladies" and the curtain falls.

Whether it is that this curtain raiser establishes a mood of mystery, or whether it's Mr. Galsworthy's fault, one does start in on *Loyalties* with the impression that this is also a mystery play—Query: find the thief. All evidence points toward Captain Dancy so firmly, and the Jew—Dr. Levis—wonderfully played by Mr. Ernest Melton, (a San Francisco man) seems so tricky that you fully expect a denouement different from the obvious. Then in the last act the author switches from the mood of a mystery play to straight tragedy and brings down the curtain on Dancy's suicide. This I found very disturbing, having expected for at least two acts that I should see the unraveling of the mystery. To find there was none and to switch over into tragedy was upsetting. Even if it is "done" nowadays, I don't like it. It is beautifully acted, as is the Barrie piece. The ensemble of these London companies is a joy.

(Continued on page 358.)

Expressionism on Broadway

By JACK CRAWFORD

THE final production of the season by the Theatre Guild was Georg Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight*. This German play was hailed by several critics as something particularly caviare-like in high-brow stuff. It was described on the playbill as "expressionistic," an adjective which seemed to imply that it was the last word in modern drama. I thought it an extremely interesting play and one to be thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, its action absorbed one from the first curtain to the last. As far as modernism is concerned, however, it seemed to me about as up-to-date as a medieval allegory, which in fact it closely resembled in thought and idea.

If this is "expressionism" in drama then *The Castle of Perseverance* and other morality plays are expressionistic. The chief difference between the ancient and the modern allegory is in the author's point of view. The early plays justified the ways of God to man and the modern one points out that man is prone to make a mess of things. The latter thought did not seem to me a novel idea. On the other hand *From Morn to Midnight* is perfectly good drama, considered as a play and stripped of all esoteric critical phrases. The one quality unfamiliar to Broadway which it possesses is a savage, biting humor—cynical perhaps, but lighted by horrible flashes of truth. Its savagery seemed at times to bewilder the audience. They did not know just how to take it. They kept hoping for the apotheosis of Pollyanna in the last scene, but the author was implacably humorous to the end.

BUT if you did not see this play there is little use in talking about it without first telling the story. In a small south German city there is a petty bank clerk in charge of the window at which payments are made and received. A beautiful Italian woman comes to the bank. She wishes to obtain three thousand marks on her letter of credit. As no advices concerning her credit have reached the bank, she is referred to the manager. He is cynical about her request, for he is convinced the whole thing is a put-up job and the woman nothing but an adventuress. He sends her away, implying, however, that on certain conditions she may receive three thousand marks. Meanwhile a rich customer of the bank pays in a large credit in gold. The advices validating the Italian lady's letter of credit also arrive. The lady returns and it is then that the clerk, who has overheard the manager's insinuations, suddenly feels irresistibly drawn toward this woman. At her second departure he stuffs the bags of gold that have just been paid into the bank into his pockets, and slips away to follow the woman to her hotel.

In the second scene, at the hotel, we learn that the woman was cashing her letter of credit in order to enable her grown son to purchase a painting that is a masterpiece of erotic art. We hear something from the son on the subject of art, irrespective of what art may represent, when the bank-clerk is shown in. He has the stolen gold with him and makes the simple request that the woman elope with him. She calls in her grown son and this act, together with her refusal, show the clerk the uselessness of his call. But he has the money.

The next scene is a long soliloquy by the fleeing clerk uttered in a field of deep snow. When one of the bare trees turns into a skeleton the clerk says that death is something we always carry with us. He now has the means to escape from the intolerable monotony of his world, but is there any escape? The gaunt skeleton implies the answer.

We next see his family at home, the old mother, his faithful wife, and his two children, little girls, who are learning to pick out Wagner on the piano. He comes but he knows he must not stay. Already his defalcation is certain to have been discovered

at the bank. But he can give no explanation of his nervous irritation, or of where he is going. When he says he is going, his old mother sinks back in her chair and dies, yet this does not stop him. He goes, in spite of what he says about the magic of familiar things that weave a web about a man.

The fifth scene is in the steward's box at a velodrome during some bicycle races. The bank clerk comes as an anonymous stranger desirous of offering prizes to the competitors. It is not the races he wants to see, but the faces of the crowds while the contenders are struggling for large cash rewards. It is money that drives the crowd into a frenzy. Just as he has announced a stupendous prize, the crowd is hushed into an awed silence by the entrance of a prince. Cursing them all for their humility and obsequiousness, he refuses now to give the prize and leaves.

We now find the bank clerk ordering supper for two in a private room at a cabaret. Perhaps here he will find what he seeks. Out of several experiments only one woman pleases him and she cannot dance with him, for she has a wooden leg. During this scene, also, a Salvation Army lass has tried to sell him a copy of the *War Cry*. Disgusted again with his vain search, he throws money down on the table and departs. Two passers-by pocket it and the scene closes with the old waiter pounding on the door and lamenting his ruin.

The last scene of all is in the Salvation Army hall where we listen to the lass exhorting sinners to repentance. One by one, in spite of the jeers of the mob, the confessions are made and the mourners' bench is filled up. Then the clerk arises for his confession. As he stands before the crowd, suddenly he throws among them all the stolen money and they sturgle and fight for it in a delirium until the hall is emptied. Only the seller of the *War Cry* and the clerk are left. Now, thinks the audience, the author will save this man. But no, the girl recognizes him as the absconding bank thief and dashes out to fetch the police, in order to earn the reward offered for his capture. When she returns with the police, the bank clerk picks up a trumpet from the abandoned musical instruments of the band, sounds a call on it and shoots himself. The lights go out, the policeman is heard saying: "There must have been a short circuit somewhere," and the curtain falls.

No narrative can give any idea of the remorseless, grim humor of this tragedy. But the allegory at least should be clear of man's vain search to realize his ideals—to find himself only to encounter the hopeless, mysterious darkness at the end.

The play was extremely well acted, especially by Frank Reicher as the bank clerk. And once more it seems fair to say that the Theatre Guild alone would dare experiment with this play on Broadway. One feels grateful for knowing at last what the Germans mean when they talk about "expressionism" on the modern stage. It means a narrative play, with a point, the interest of the whole depending, as usual, on whether the story is an interesting one well told.

I HAVE left myself little space in which to speak of Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*. On the whole, I prefer *Anna Christie* as a work of art and as an interesting play, if there is any such distinction. That imagination can wreck a primitive soul I have no doubt. I sometimes wonder how unhappy some of my self-satisfied friends would be if they had any imagination. Mr. O'Neill has answered the question for me. Imagination without the equipment to use it is fatal. So in the case of the stoker, who prides himself in his work until the beautiful young woman faints in horror at the sight of him. This awakes his

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BOOKS

By J. VANDERVOORT SLOAN

IF this column had the space allotted to the World Almanac or the Encyclopedia Britannica, I would be able to review "right off the fire" all the plays that are constantly coming to me from the publishers. I have written a brief review of Annie Nathan Meyer's farce comedy *P's and Q's*, which has had much success with amateur groups, and then discovered when I received my column in magazine form that the review had been crowded out. Therefore I am giving her little play the Abou Ben Adhem place here this month. Although not so important as some of the other plays to be discussed, it shall in priority lead all the rest. *P's and Q's* tells the story of a fiancée grieved because her betrothed, during an absence from town, has communicated with her only by telegram when she longed for his autograph. There are the customary tears and explanations. The mother of the girl is what we would call today—it may be something else tomorrow—psychoanalytical. Her daughter shall marry only a man who shows by his handwriting that he has the qualities she considers necessary. An obliging friend supplies the necessary handwriting, thus pulling the wool over mother's eyes, and as a token of their appreciation, the presumably happy couple give the obliging friend the cook. Mrs. Meyer's play is light, as farces are supposed to be. It will play well and is easy to produce. It is essentially for amateurs.

* * *

St. John Ervine has a way of dressing old tales in new form. *John Ferguson* is as old in its theme as Steele MacKaye's *Hazel Kirke*, which was a record-breaker in 1881. *The Ship*, Mr. Ervine's latest long play, is, I think, his best in the longer form of drama. Thematically it is as old as God or at least as old as Adam—the eternal conflict between father and son, the old order and the new. As in life, the father wins—and loses. You will know as soon as you have read a little way in the last act how the play is to end but that will not keep you from being gripped by what you read. It is fine drama, simply and finely unfolded. Mr. Ervine's characters always interest me because there is not one whose prototype in real life I do not know. Especially fine in this play is his portrayal of the grandmother, Mrs. Thurlow, aged eighty-three. You will want to read *The Ship*. It has not had production in America, but it undoubtedly will have, and after reading it you will want to see it.

(Continued on page 357)

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The Silly Ass*

A Comedy

By ADELAIDE C. ROWELL

Characters:

THE GRANDMOTHER
THE FATHER

THE MOTHER
THE FLAPPER (MAY V.)

The living room in the home of this prosperous family of the upper middle class is a cheerful room, light and comfortable. The furniture is rather handsome, impressing one with the fact that the owners have a leaning toward Old English; and it does not detract from the pleasing general effect to have Queen Anne and Tudor styles hobnobbing together, as they appear to have lived in such harmony that they are now like the Three Musketeers: "All for one, and one for all." At the left is a fireplace, a comfortable distance removed from which is a large easy chair; and farther back a luxurious davenette is pushed invitingly near to the blaze. A carved library table upon which rests a reading lamp is in the center of the room. Beside it is a large chair, while a Hepplewhite chair is drawn up to the far side of the table. A wide door leads into the hall beyond. At the right of this is a phonograph: at the left are three windows charmingly draped, with a well cushioned window-seat beneath. The color note over all is warm brown blending into golden tones and shades of green. An added note of charm is given the room by the holiday decorations: the Christmas candles on the mantle-piece, the spray of mistletoe festooning the opening into the hall, and the holly wreaths at each of the windows. The phonograph is going full tilt, playing the jazziest of jazz tunes. MAY V. is teaching DAD to toddle. MAY V. is sixteen and pretty. To all outward appearances she is a silly little flapper with no mind above a dance tune. After a short acquaintance with her, however, one begins to feel that much of this is the affectation of sixteen, and some day she will wonder how she could ever have acted that way—she may even be shocked at the memory of her flapper days. DAD is a handsome man of forty, or thereabout, and we suspect he is not entirely unaware of his good looks. There is just a suspicion of sportiness in his dress, but there is something so likeable and dependable looking about him that one wonders if he has never had a chance to sow his wild oats, and is having a middle-age fling now. Perhaps soon he too will look back upon his little plunge into high life and wonder how he could have made such a silly ass of himself. While she shows him the new steps, MAY V. is bullying her father outrageously, and he being the modern parent, takes her orders with better grace than he should show.

MAY V.: Not that way, Daddy! Why, everybody would die laughing at you if you toddled like that.

DAD [*Good naturedly*]: Well then, let's try it again.

[*They start, but DAD makes a hopeless error by stepping on his daughter's foot.*]

MAY V.: Great heavens! That's my foot you're parking on! [*She stoops down and examines her shoe.*] My best pumps! And you've ruined them!

DAD [*Stooping over*]: Not even a scratch on them.

MAY V.: Why there is too, Daddy, a big one! And the toe's all dented in. You'll have to buy me a new pair for that.

DAD: You're not talking to me.

MAY V. [*Furiously*]: That's mean and hateful—and here I am wearing myself out trying to teach you to dance! If you think pulling you around is any pleasure to me you are very much mistaken.

DAD [*Crossly*]: Hush now! I am not in any humor for that sort of talk this morning.

[*MAY V. casts a quick calculating glance his way, her pouty undergoes a lightning change and she assumes an air of sympathy that would never fool anyone but a man.*]

MAY V.: Poor Daddy! I know what makes you so cross.

DAD [*Tartly*]: I am not cross.

MAY V.: Oh yes you are! But I don't blame you. Mother is so inconsiderate.

DAD: There now, let's not talk about Mother.

MAY V.: Huh! Do you think I haven't heard you two fussing like anything lately?

DAD: That will do!

MAY V. [*Unperturbed*]: Mother is not fair. She thinks you are getting to be a rounder just because you like to dance and have a good time like other people.

DAD [*Trying to be loyal to his wife, but not putting much spirit into his defense*]: Maybe she is right.

MAY V.: Right! Why she's so old-fashioned about everything she's making a joke of the whole family.

DAD: Come, that's putting it rather strong.

MAY V.: No it isn't. And if she's hard on you, it's nothing to the way she treats me. I am positively persecuted!

DAD: What's the trouble now? [*He seats himself in the chair before the fire. MAY V. stands before him, righteously indignant.*]

MAY V.: In the first place, she simply won't let me go out any nights but Friday and Saturday.

DAD: Well, maybe she's ri—

MAY V. [*Breaking in pugnaciously*]: Don't say that again when you know it's not true! I have to fuss about everything—the length of my skirts, the boys I go with, the sight of a lip-stick nearly puts her to bed; and now she absolutely refuses to let me have my hair bobbed! Isn't that the silliest ever? What could any sane mortal have against bobbed hair?

DAD [*Weakly*]: I admit I can't see anything wrong with it.

MAY V.: I should say not. You're much too good a sport for that. [*Perching on the arm of his chair, and appealing to him for sympathy in a beguiling manner he cannot resist.*] Why Daddy, all the

other girls are bobbed—all the ones that count. It embarrasses me to death to be the only one in the crowd with long hair. If there was any sense in it. Can't you help me persuade Mother to give in? Say yes—there's a good Daddy?

DAD [*helplessly*]: What can I do with her?

MAY V.: Put your foot down flat and don't let her run over you. Promise Daddy, and I won't make you get me a new pair of pumps this time.

DAD [*Laughing*]: You limb of Satan!

MAY V.: Then you will?

DAD: I'll do what I can.

MAY V. [*Springing airily to her feet*]: You're a trump, Daddy! Just for that I am going to teach you how to toddle if it's my last act. [*She runs to the phonograph sets it going, and then darts back to her father.*] Come along! I'll teach you if it kills me.

DAD [*Looking at his watch*]: I can't now, dear. I must get down to the office.

MAY V.: Bother the office. Just one more toddle.

[*Laughing, he allows her to pull him to his feet.*]

DAD: Just for five minutes then.

MAY V.: All right. Let's go!

[*The dancing lesson is resumed, this time with better success.*]

MAY V.: That's the idea. Let yourself go real sloppy.

DAD [*Enjoying himself*]: You are trying to make a fool of your old dad.

MAY V.: Oh no, I'm not! [*She squeals out with laughter.*] Don't hold me like that! It tickles.

[*They are laughing and dancing hilariously when MOTHER appears in the opening,*

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and unseen by them, stands watching in quiet amusement not unmixed with a shade of contemptuous disapproval. She is an attractive looking woman of something less than forty, level-headed and lovable, but with a strain of obstinacy that makes it difficult for her husband and daughter to manage her.]

MOTHER [Breaking the spell]: Well! Has the cabaret opened already?

[The two culprits fall apart, and register a series of emotions all the way from sheepishness to offended dignity.]

DAD [Clearing his throat noisily]: May V. is giving me a little dancing lesson.

MOTHER [Suavely]: So I see. [She stops the phonograph, whereupon, MAY V. turns upon her stormily.]

MAY V.: I think it's horrid the way you treat Daddy!

MOTHER: That will do, dear. Early morning dancing lessons seem bad for your nerves.

DAD [Impatiently]: Aren't you slightly off key yourself these days?

MOTHER [Quietly]: How so?

DAD: Does it occur to you what a bore you are making of our home life?

MOTHER: Until the last year or two, John, you seemed satisfied and contented. I have not changed—

DAD: That's the trouble. Do you want to stay at a standstill forever? Must we go on doing the same things to the end of our days?

MOTHER: Well, don't get excited.

DAD [Ruffled]: I'm not! But I can't understand your obstinacy.

MOTHER: I'm sure I don't want to be obstinate.

DAD: Then why don't you try to be more companionable? Don't you suppose a man needs some recreation after he has been tied up in an office all day?

MOTHER: You know very well, John, I am glad to go with you a reasonable number of nights a week.

DAD: No you are not. You never want to go. And you think everybody I care for now is racy.

MOTHER [Friendly but firm]: Some of them are.

DAD: Nonsense! They are all right. I tell you for your own good, you are getting to be too old-fashioned, Mother. It would be better for us all if you would try to be a little more up-to-date. Why, if you would liven up and learn some of the new dances you would be as much of a hit with the crowd as—as Mrs. Whitlow.

MOTHER [Meeting his eyes with cool dignity that causes him to redden uncomfortably]: Really?

MAY V. [Coming to her father's defense]: Well, Mother, there is no use talking, you are a thousand miles behind the procession. Now what could any sane person have against bobbed hair?

MOTHER [Raising her hands in amused

disgust]: Oh, for goodness sake, child, are we going all over that again?

MAY V. [Going stronger every minute]: How can I make you see my way if I don't tell you about it? Of course, it doesn't hurt you to the quick to have all the other girls come to school every morning with their hair all bobbed and fluffy and perfectly precious. And then along I come, and how do I look? A perfect sight!

MOTHER: You look just as I want you to—sweet and modest.

MAY V.: Oh my goodness! I don't want to look that way! I want to be like the other girls. When we dance my hair catches on everything, and theirs bobs around so precious. And when I comb the old stuff I have to labor and labor to make it fit to look at. Oh, I don't see how any mother could be so—so unreasonable!

DAD: If her heart is so set upon it, why don't you let her have her way? What is wrong with bobbed hair, anyway?

MOTHER [quietly serious]: It isn't the bobbed hair of itself; it is the principle of the thing. It seems to me it is typical of this restless, discontented spirit that is unsettling the young people today.

MAY V.: Oh pshaw, Mother, this isn't 1492.

MOTHER: Let one bar down, my dear, and soon all the others will slip down all too easily.

MAY V.: It isn't bars that get let down on me—it's skirts. Mine are longer than anybody else's. I'm positively ashamed of them.

DAD: Be reasonable, Mother. There must be something wrong in the stand you are taking or we would not both be discontented. You are spoiling home for us all.

MOTHER [A little wistfully]: I am trying my desperate best to keep the home as it used to be.

DAD [Irritably]: But you can't.

MOTHER [Facing him defiantly]: I'll not give up!

DAD [With a shrug]: Oh, well then, take the consequences. I am only human.

[The color mounts high on MOTHER'S cheeks, and she turns from him with a little laugh that has a note of anger in it.]

MOTHER: Oh well, what is the use?

VOICE [From the hall]: That's what I say!

[GRANDMA comes in. She is not the mid-Victorian type of grandmother. She is a woman of sixty, no doubt, but she carries her years pleasantly, well preserved. Her hair is neatly groomed always. One can see at a glance she is possessed of a sense of humor and a wealth of tact. She takes in the situation at a glance and it is significant of her popularity that her coming is greeted by softened looks on the faces of all three combatants.]

DAD [Trying to look cheerful]: Well, good morning, Mother!

GRANDMA: Lively as ever, John.

MAY V.: Is it cold outside, Grandma?

GRANDMA: Pretty brisk.

MOTHER: Where are you off to so early, Mother?

GRANDMA [Laughing]: Oh, I am going to town to make a day of it—shopping, luncheon, matinee and everything that comes my way.

DAD [Shooting a meaning glance at MOTHER]: Good for you! That's the kind of woman a man likes—one that never gets old.

GRANDMA: I haven't time for such nonsense.

MAY V. [Teasing her]: You'll be having me show you how to toddle next, Grandma.

GRANDMA [Twinkling]: I shouldn't be surprised.

[The telephone rings in the hall and MAY V. runs to answer it.]

GRANDMA [To MOTHER]: What are you going to do today, Jane?

[DAD watches MOTHER covertly, but before she can answer MAY V. calls to him.]

MAY V.: 'Phone, Daddy!

[DAD seems glad enough to leave. For a moment or two we hear his voice indistinctly in the near distance, and then he and MAY V. both pass out of hearing. Meanwhile, GRANDMA scrutinizes her daughter, who stands gazing after her husband, a slight frown on her face.]

GRANDMA [Seating herself by the fire]: Sit down, Jane. Is the family weather a trifle cloudy and uncertain this morning?

MOTHER [Sitting in chair by the table]: Yes—yes, it is. I am worried . . . about several things.

GRANDMA: Maybe you are taking them too seriously.

MOTHER: I am only trying to do the right thing.

GRANDMA: No doubt, but you may be doing it in the wrong way.

MOTHER [Unhappily]: You must have noticed, Mother, the change that has come over our home during the past year or two. John is not contented any more unless we are going somewhere every night. He is so restless.

GRANDMA: Men are that way. If they are not restless they are lazy, which is worse.

MOTHER: I get so sick of it all—cards, dances . . . and if he goes to the theater it has to be vaudeville or musical comedy. I am beginning to hate bridge, and now he is miffed with me because I won't learn the new dances. [With set mouth.] I'll not toddle.

GRANDMA [Amused]: You weren't ashamed to once.

MOTHER [Leaning her head on her hand]: It isn't any one thing I would complain of, and there is scarcely anything I would not do to keep peace, but it hurts me to see this change in John. He is dangling on the edge of this fast set and getting to be

almost sporty. [*Flushing slightly.*] And then . . . [*She stops uncertainly.*]

GRANDMA [*Gently tactful*]: Yes?

MOTHER: There is that—Mrs. Whitlow.

GRANDMA: Not jealous, are you?

MOTHER [*Sincerely*]: No. But I hate to see a woman like that make a fool of my husband. He has always been so fine.

GRANDMA: Don't worry about John. He'll soon wake up.

MOTHER: But think of what an example he is now for May V. The child is getting to be impossible. She knows more now than I did at twice her age.

GRANDMA [*Laughing a little*]: They all do. That is what makes each generation wiser than the last.

MOTHER: Too wise, that is the trouble. And what do you suppose she is worrying the life out of me about now? She is wild to have her hair bobbed.

GRANDMA: Well—why not?

MOTHER: How can you say that, Mother?

GRANDMA: It looks so comfortable I'd like to bob my own.

MOTHER: It looks common.

GRANDMA: To us, perhaps, because we haven't adjusted ourselves to the new point of view.

MOTHER: I can't see it that way. The principle is all wrong.

GRANDMA: Principle fiddlesticks! All girls must go through this stage, and mothers are wise who make it easy for them.

[*Here MOTHER is seized by a disturbing thought, and she looks at GRANDMA curiously.*]

MOTHER: Surely all girls are not absolutely foolish. [*Smiling whimsically at her Mother.*] You know, Mother, I never did anything so silly as this—you wouldn't have let me—not for a minute.

[*GRANDMA returns her look with a shrewd amusement that causes MOTHER to shift her position uneasily.*]

GRANDMA [*Dryly*]: I suppose you have forgotten about the time you plagued me into having the sleeves of your new dress made the very biggest in town?

MOTHER [*Laughing reminiscently*]: I'll never forget them—and how the girls all envied me! But then, you must admit they were harmless.

GRANDMA: Point of view. Your grandmother thought they looked rather common.

MOTHER [*Off guard*]: How absurd!

GRANDMA: That's what May V. thinks.

[*MOTHER catches her mother's shrewd glance, looks self-conscious for a moment, and then throws back her head and laughs delightfully.*]

MOTHER: Mother! You'll never grow old!

GRANDMA [*Cleverly*]: Ah, but I felt a thousand that night, years ago, that you went out riding with Stan Maxwell when

I had told you not to, and the horse ran away.

MOTHER: Now you are rubbing it in.

GRANDMA [*Mercilessly*]: And the way you used to work your poor father! And stubborn—no one could budge you!

[*They both laugh in keen enjoyment.*]

MOTHER: How did you ever live through it?

GRANDMA: I cultivated a sense of humor. That saved me.

MOTHER: Oh! [*She is lost in thought a moment or two, and then admits frankly.*]

Well, I have been stupid!

GRANDMA: Then there is hope for you.

MOTHER: Perhaps I have been bungling matters sadly. But frankly now, Mother, don't you think something should be done at once to bring John and May V. to their senses? Something reasonable and sensible?

GRANDMA: It might be a very good thing—if you do the right thing.

MOTHER: John doesn't really want to run with that fast set. He just thinks he does because they flatter him—some of them.

GRANDMA: And all the while you allow him to feel absolutely sure of you? Glory in it, in fact?

MOTHER: Why, of course.

GRANDMA [*Positively*]: Of course not! Never let a man be sure of you. That is a fatal mistake many women make. The very fact that he never has to give that a second thought begins to pall on him sooner or later. Why, your father and I have lived together for forty years, and he has never known from one moment to the next what I was going to do. It always keeps him diverted.

MOTHER [*Laughing*]: You're a sight! But tell me, what would you do in my case?

GRANDMA: Give them an overdose of their own medicine.

MOTHER [*Interested*]: How?

GRANDMA: Shock them once or twice. It will do both of them a world of good.

MOTHER [*Warming up*]: Shock them? What could I do?

GRANDMA: Act as you did when you were sixteen.

MOTHER [*Eagerly, getting excited and inspired to her task*]: I wonder if I can still do it!

GRANDMA: Of course you can. You knew how well enough once.

MOTHER [*Merrily*]: It would be a lark! This time I shall be the one to give them something to worry about.

GRANDMA: Good! And how about May V.'s hair?

[*MOTHER thinks for a moment, and then her face lights up.*]

MOTHER: I have it!

[*At that moment MAY V. and DAD enter, and as they do so an automobile horn toots outside. GRANDMA looks out of the*

window, nodding and signalling to someone without.]

GRANDMA: There is Stan Maxwell. Father is not going to town today, so Stan is driving me in.

DAD [*Jovially*]: Why didn't you come with your son-in-law? Preferred a handsome bachelor, eh?

GRANDMA [*Merrily*]: We women are but human.

[*MOTHER breaks unexpectedly into a happy laugh, and flinging the window open calls out.*]

MOTHER: Wait a minute, Stan, and I'll go with you too!

[*When she closes the window she finds DAD staring at her, amazed and reproachful.*]

DAD [*Almost heatedly*]: Well, I like that! If you want to go to town, you might wait for me. I'll be ready as soon as I can bring the car around.

MOTHER [*Laughing teasingly as she darts into the hall, returning the next moment with hat, cloak, furs and gloves*]: Oh, but I can go with you any time, and I haven't been out with Stan since the night I refused to marry him.

DAD [*Sulkily*]: Huh!

[*MOTHER is ready to go now, her cheeks red with excitement.*]

MOTHER: I'm ready, Mother!

[*She moves toward the opening, but MAY V. blocks her path, indignant and determined.*]

MAY V.: Mother!

MOTHER [*Her brows lifted inquiringly*]: Yes?

MAY V.: Once for all, what are you going to do about letting me have my hair bobbed?

MOTHER [*Regarding her in a detached manner, then replying with sweet indifference*]: Do as you please about it, dear. It is your hair. All right, Mother.

MOTHER and GRANDMA go out, leaving amazement in their wake.]

DAD [*Very much upset*]: Well! What in the name of Sam Hill has come over Jane all of a sudden?

MAY V. [*Hurt and indignant*]: Did you hear what she said to me, Daddy? Of all the unmotherly remarks! "Do as you please! It's your own hair." (*Becoming more and more sorry for herself.*) Daddy, it's perfectly plain she doesn't care any more what I do! It's downright heartless!

DAD [*Puzzled and impatient with the unfathomable ways of women*]: Isn't that what you've been wanting all the time?

MAY V. [*Almost in tears*]: Of course—but I didn't want her to give in like that. She talked just horrid! She didn't seem— [*GRANDMA reenters, and DAD greets her in eager relief.*]

DAD: You and Jane not going with Stan after all?

GRANDMA [*Serenely*]: Jane is, but she thought you might be lonesome riding in by yourself so she asked me to go with you.

DAD [*Exploding wrathfully*]: Of all the nerve!

GRANDMA: Oh, I didn't mind. You see they decided all of a sudden to take a dancing lesson this morning.

DAD [*His home ruined*]: Well I'll be damned!

GRANDMA [*Gently puzzled*]: But she is doing it to please you, John. I thought you wanted her to learn the new dances?

DAD [*Savagely*]: Not that way!

[MAY V. drops limply down upon the davenport and stares at Dad who is pacing nervously up and down.]

MAY V. [*Drearly tragic*]: This is awful—the awfulest thing in the world!

[GRANDMA'S eyes twinkle just a little as she looks on at the scene of desolation.]

SCENE 2

[*It is eight o'clock of the same night. A warm, mellow light from the reading lamp gives the room a cheerful look that seems to have little effect upon its two occupants. DAD is seated in the easy chair beside the table, trying to read the evening paper, but it is apparent his mind is not on the printed page, for ever and anon, he drops it and peers around at MAY V. who stands at the window gazing out into the night with troubled and anxious eyes. A sound is heard outside and she presses closer to the pane. DAD abandons his paper and joins MAY V. at the window.*]

DAD [*Trying not to appear anxious*]: See anything of Mother?

MAY V. [*With tragic vehemence*]: Not a thing!

DAD: I thought I heard something—

MAY V. [*Leaving the window in disgust*]: One of those crazy, impossible motorcycles. [*She draws near to the fireplace and gazes moodily into the blaze while DAD wanders uneasily about the room.*]

DAD: Suppose you go call your grandmother. She might know where Mother is.

MAY V.: I did, ages ago, and she didn't know a thing.

DAD [*Nervously*]: That is strange. I—I can't understand your mother doing this way.

MAY V.: Gone since nine-thirty this morning and we haven't heard a thing from her.

DAD: I don't like it. Was Grandma worried?

MAY V. Didn't seem to be. Acted just as calm about it. Said not to worry—Mother was old enough to take care of herself.

DAD: Humph!

MAY V.: I told her about all the awful things that happen nowadays to women out alone at night, and she tried to comfort me; but when I hung up the receiver I didn't know whether she had been teasing me or not.

DAD [*Gloomily*]: You never can tell whether or not a woman's laughing up her sleeve at you. [*He brings up suddenly in*

front of his daughter.] I say, who is that woman I saw sitting out in the hall?

MAY V. [*Darkly*]: She runs a beauty parlor.

DAD: Beauty parlor? What in thunder is she doing here?

MAY V.: She declares Mother sent her. She is gone now, but she said to tell Mother she would be back sure.

DAD [*Puzzled and impatient*]: What's got into the woman, anyway? [*The telephone rings and both start eagerly.*] Run answer it—quick!

MAY V. [*Darting out into the hall*]: Maybe it's Mother!

[DAD strains his ears to hear what is said, but soon gives it up and begins rambling around the room again.]

DAD [*Grimly*]: It's always this way—always. A man thinks his home is solid and respectable as a rock . . . trusts his wife implicitly . . . feels comfortable and sure of her to the last ditch—and then, in a day's time she'll upset the whole thing. Every time it ends that way.

Good Lord, a man's a fool to expect anything more of a woman! [MAY V. returns excited and horrified.] Well?

MAY V.: Daddy, guess who it was?

DAD [*Disappointed but stern*]: It was not Mother, then?

MAY V.: No—a man!

DAD [*Fiercely*]: Who was he?

MAY V.: He didn't tell me—but he sounded as if he were awfully handsome.

DAD [*Disgusted*]: How could you tell that?

MAY V.: He had the loveliest voice—and he seemed so distressed because Mother wasn't home.

DAD [*To himself*]: Nervy scoundrel!

MAY V.: He said he'd call later.

DAD [*Shortly*]: Oh he did, eh!

[*A horn toots without.*]

MAY V.: There she is—I just know it is! [*Both hasten to the window and stand looking out, while the sound of voices penetrates faintly into the room*] That's Mother getting out now.

DAD [*Looking over her shoulder*]: Who is that helping her out of the car?

MAY V. [*Making an exciting discovery*]: Why—why, it's Mr. Whitlow!

DAD [*Looking sick and muttering low*]: Good Lord!

MAY V.: He is coming up the walk with her.

DAD [*Nervously*]: He isn't coming in, is he?

MAY V. [*Her face against the pane*]: She—she's asking him to, Daddy. [*A sickening pause follows, DAD looking very foolish.*] But he's not coming . . . he's telling her good-night! He's going!

[*He breathes a deep sigh of relief as a door is heard to open and shut again, and a moment later MOTHER almost dances in, happy and smiling and seemingly unconscious of having caused her family*

any anxiety. DAD gazes at her reproachfully, and MAY V. turns from the window to view her erring mother with a look of stern rebuke. But the prodigal is bubbling over with high spirits that seem only to effervesce the more in this hostile atmosphere.]

MOTHER [*Airily*]: Well folks, here I am at last! [*She looks at MAY V. and bursts into a light laugh.*] May V., there's a large smudge on the end of your nose. [MAY V. rubs at the offending member with a resentful vigor that causes her mother to laugh again with a teasing note in her voice.] That's what you get for spying out of the window at your mother. You looked too funny for words—like "Mable, gentle Mable, with her face against the pane," with Dad glooming in the background like Fate on the last day.

DAD [*With stern dignity*]: Nothing funny about it that I can see. The poor child was worried about you.

MOTHER: Worried! Dear me, how the tables have turned!

MAY V. [*In hurt tones*]: It's way after eight o'clock, and you've been gone all day.

MOTHER [*Surprised*]: Is it that late? It doesn't seem possible. Have you had dinner?

DAD: Hours ago.

MOTHER [*Taking off her things*]: So have I—wild duck and everything. A peach of a dinner. [*Dropping her hat and wraps into the arms of her none too willing daughter.*] Put these somewhere—just anywhere. Whew, but it is cold tonight!

DAD [*Stiffly*]: Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling us where you have been today?

MOTHER [*Turning to him brightly*]: Mind! I'd love to! Oh people, I've had the most wonderful day!

[MAY V. hastens in, her curiosity running a race with her disapproval.]

MAY V.: Eleven hours you were gone! I don't see what you could have done all that time.

MOTHER [*Radiantly*]: It was gone before I knew it. First, Stan and I ran around a little—I had some shopping to do, and I made him go with me and help. He's the same old Stan. Wanted me to get everything red that he saw. It was all more fun—just as if I'd never been married.

DAD: You talk as if you were sorry you had ever married.

MOTHER [*Twitting him*]: Don't tell me you're jealous! I am so complimented. But you should see your wife dance now, John!

DAD [*Grudgingly*]: So you did go to dancing school?

MOTHER: Yes indeed! We were there a couple of hours, and the things I did learn! Stan says I'm a wonder!

DAD: He ought to know. About all he can do is to dance.

MOTHER: Well, he was the sweetest thing about teaching me. There is nothing I can't dance now. And toddle! I can beat the world toddling.

MAY V. [*Shocked*]: Why Mother! You said it was disgraceful.

MOTHER: Oh, but I had never toddled then. [*Taking DAD familiarly by the lapels of his coat and laughing up into his face.*] John, I don't blame you now for loving the new dances. There is nothing like them. What a silly I have been to waste all this precious time.

DAD [*Not to be cajoled*]: Perhaps you were right, after all.

MOTHER [*Giving him a playful push*]: Cheer up, Dad. Don't look so—so Puritan-like.

[DAD turns away with a helpless snort, and MOTHER unrebuked, curls up on the davenport before the fire, her feet tucked up under her like a girl. Her daughter regards her every act with undisguised disapproval.]

MAY V. [*Continuing the inquisition*]: Well Mother, were you dancing all day?

MOTHER [*Dreamily*]: Goodness no! We ran over to the country club for luncheon—the best luncheon. And Stan and I were so hungry! Mary Temple and her brother and Bess Mayo were there, and we made a regular party of it. [*Sparkling.*] And say, John, isn't Mr. Whitlow charming?

DAD [*Furiously, off his guard*]: Nat Whitlow! [*Then wilting gloomily.*] Oh—he's all right, I suppose.

MOTHER: I had always thought him so reserved, but this afternoon he was anything but that.

DAD [*Miserably*]: He was with you all afternoon, then?

MOTHER: Morning, too—lunch and everything.

[*A sad, crushed look passes between DAD and MAY V. and MOTHER has to duck her head to hide a troublesome smile.*]

MAY V. [*Doing her duty*]: And where were you all afternoon?

MOTHER: Country club. After luncheon we played bridge for a while, and the luck I did have! I cleaned up the whole party, so, of course, I had to set up to dinner after that.

MAY V.: Why Mother!

MOTHER [*Unruffled*]: Before dinner we went for a little ride. Stan stayed at the club, but Mr. Whitlow and the rest of us went.

DAD [*Sarcastically*]: What about Mary Temple's two children?

MOTHER: How do I know? Maybe their father was looking after them. [*Resuming her story eagerly.*] When we came back we danced some more, and Mr. Whitlow and I got so we could do all the fancy steps together. He is a perfect partner.

DAD [*Unable to hold in any longer*]: He's a perfect nut!

MOTHER [*Laughing easily*]: I thought so too when my hair caught on the button of his coat. What a nuisance a woman's hair is when she is trying to dance. I don't blame you for wanting bobbed hair, May V. [*She looks at her daughter, and her eyes widen in critical astonishment.*] Why child, you haven't done a thing about your hair!

MAY V. [*Stiffly*]: No, indeed, I have not.

MOTHER: How sweet of you to wait until I could be with you. Mother appreciates that.

MAY V. [*Trying to get in a word edgewise*]: But Mother—

MOTHER [*Breaking in hastily*]: Has the woman ever come from the Vanity Shop?

DAD [*Not hiding his disapproval*]: She has been here and gone.

MOTHER [*Sharply*]: Gone?

DAD: She said she was coming back.

MOTHER [*Much relieved*]: Good!

DAD [*Suspiciously*]: What do you want with her, anyway?

MOTHER [*Roguishly*]: Guess.

DAD: Good Lord, how could I?

MOTHER [*Triumphantly*]: I am going to have my hair bobbed:

DAD [*Springing to his feet*]: What!

MAY V. [*With a half-shriek and half-wail*]: Mother!

MOTHER [*Her eyes dancing*]: Won't it be fun? May V. and I both can have our hair bobbed this evening; and after this people won't be able to tell which is mother and which is daughter.

MAY V. [*Seeing things now from a different angle*]: You wouldn't Mother! You know you said it was common!

DAD [*Sternly*]: It's scandalous, and I forbid you to do it!

MOTHER: Oh nonsense! Everybody's doing it nowadays.

DAD [*Shortly*]: No one nice.

MOTHER [*Innocently amazed*]: Not Mrs. Whitlow?

[DAD turns away with a suppressed oath,

MAY V. is rendered speechless, but MOTHER prattles on like a flapper.]

MOTHER: There is no use being silly about it, Dad. It takes all the fun out of things trying to dance when you have long hair—doesn't it, May V.?

MAY V. [*Hastily*]: Oh no, it doesn't bother me—really, it doesn't Mother! I like long—

MOTHER: Doesn't bother you! After all you have said on the subject!

MAY V. [*Getting excited*]: Well, I've changed my mind. I don't like bobbed hair any more.

MOTHER: And you expect me to believe that? What could any sane person have against bobbed hair, I'd like to know?

MAY V. [*Hysterically*]: But I don't want it bobbed, and I don't want you to bob yours, Mother! It's horrid!

MOTHER: Dear me, child, this isn't

1492. [MAY V., realizing that her recent conversation on the subject is being used against her, stalks over to the window and stands looking out angrily.] I wish that woman would come.

DAD: I hope she stays at home where she belongs.

MOTHER: I don't see why. [*Brightly.*] As soon as my hair is bobbed, and I am all comfortable like a man, I am going to teach you some of the newest wiggles in the toddle—the funniest things.

DAD: You don't need to bother.

MOTHER: No trouble at all.

DAD: I think a lot of that stuff is plain silly.

MOTHER [*Distressed*]: I thought you liked it.

DAD: I've been thinking about it and I've decided it's all wrong.

MOTHER: But this morning . . .

DAD [*Rather louder than usual*]: Can't a man change his mind?

MOTHER: You mustn't get in a rut, Dad.

DAD: I tell you I'm through with the whole business.

MOTHER: The trouble with you, John, is that you are too old-fashioned. Why, if you would learn the latest things in the new dances you would be as much of a hit as—as Mr. Whitlow.

DAD [*Glaring at her in outraged dignity*]: Confound you!

[*He turns his back on her and stands glooming darkly into the fire. MOTHER looks from one to the other of her disgruntled family, chuckles to herself, then turns again to her task.*]

MOTHER: I wish you still liked to dance, Dad, as I had the pleasantest little surprise in store for you. Some of the crowd may run in later and have an informal dance.

DAD: What next!

MOTHER: If that woman would only come! Has anyone called me by 'phone?

MAY V. [*With withering dignity*]: Yes—a man!

MOTHER [*Delighted*]: Oh, Stan!

DAD [*His back still to her*]: Is Whitlow coming?

MOTHER: Surely. [*The telephone rings.*] That's for me, I know.

[*She hastens from the room, and when she is gone DAD and MAY V. face each other in amazement that is bordering upon consternation. She flies to him stealthily and they discuss the situation in grave alarm.*]

MAY V.: Daddy, isn't it awful? What has come over Mother?

DAD: I'm sure I don't know. She is certainly not like herself.

MAY V.: Do you ever remember her acting this way before.

DAD [*Sternly*]: No! I wouldn't stand for a thing like this more than once.

MAY V. [*Viewing him in alarm*]: Why, Daddy, what could you do?

DAD [*Stalling*]: I—I'm not saying.
 MAY V. *stares at him tragically, feeling that the pillars of her home are crushing down about her, and then rushing to the rescue, she clutches her father feverishly by the shoulder.*

MAY V.: But Daddy, you wouldn't do anything dreadful—say you wouldn't?

DAD [*Softening slightly*]: Of course, I wouldn't want to.

MAY V.: Oh, you mustn't! She's your wife and it would be terrible. And you know, lots of times you've done things that she didn't like.

DAD [*Tartly*]: And she let me know it, too.

MAY V.: But she didn't drive you away from home.

DAD: Good Lord! Did I say I was going to?

MAY V.: No, but—but you intimated that you might. You were so stern!

DAD: I can't help it. I am worried.

MAY V. [*Self-righteously*]: But you can't help matters that way. Mother's not herself, and I'm sure you can't win her back by being stern.

DAD [*Helplessly*]: Well, what would you have us do?

MAY V.: Just let her have her own way—as far as possible.

DAD: Huh! I should say that would be going pretty far.

MAY V.: Well, I feel sure the only way we can win her back is through kindness.

DAD [*Dubiously*]: Well, we can try it.

MAY V.: But we mustn't let her know what we are doing.

DAD: All right. Here she comes.
 [*They break away, and in their effort to appear natural upon MOTHER'S return to the room, DAD rustles the newspapers on the table with an unnecessary show of industry, and MAY V. pokes the fire almost fiercely. A momentary flicker of amusement crosses MOTHER'S face, but she hastily resumes her new role of a butterfly.*

MOTHER: That's right, dear. Stir up the fire so everything will look bright and cheerful.

DAD [*Gruffly, to cover the kindness of his remark*]: Better sit down, hadn't you? You must be tired.

MOTHER [*A little surprised*]: Oh, I'm not tired.

MAY V. [*Solicitously*]: Yes, do sit here by the fire, Mother.

MOTHER [*Protesting weakly*]: But I am really not tired.

MAY V.: You must be after such a hard day. [*Taking her MOTHER by both hands, she gently pushes her onto the davenport.*] Why your hands are cold—Daddy, they are just freezing cold!

DAD: You ought to be more careful, Jane. You'll be sick if you don't take better care of yourself.

MOTHER: I never felt better in my life.

I—I— [*She sneezes. DAD and MAY V. are gravely alarmed.*]

DAD: Get something to put around your mother, May V. [*MAY V. rushes out for a wrap and DAD places a cushion under MOTHER'S feet.*] You women do beat anything I ever saw for taking chances on your health. [*MAY V. enters with a knitted afghan, and together they wrap MOTHER up very carefully.*] There now, how do you feel?

MOTHER: Grand! [*Settling herself luxuriously.*] I feel like the returned prodigal.

DAD [*Fussily concerned*]: Hope you are not going to be sick after—after . . . [*Kindly refraining from going into details.*]

MOTHER [*Sighing contentedly*]: This is so lovely I almost wish I could be sick for a few days.

MAY V.: Oh don't say that! You mustn't get sick, Mother—and I hope you'll not let all that I said this morning about bobbing my hair worry you.

MOTHER: I'll try not to.

MAY V.: I didn't mean half of it, Mother. All I really wanted was to have my own way.

MOTHER: Naturally.

MAY V.: And the more you talked against it the more I wanted it. But now I can see you were right all the time, Mother.

MOTHER: You! amaze me!

MAY V. [*Vehemently*]: I just hate bobbed hair now!

MOTHER [*Looking up at DAD in a puzzled manner*]: I can't understand this sudden change, can you?

DAD [*Squaring his shoulders and meeting the issue fairly*]: Why yes, Jane. She—she's sorry she made you think she wanted something that she really didn't want at all. [*MOTHER looks from one to the other in deep bewilderment.*]

MOTHER [*Weakly*]: You mean—she didn't want—bobbed hair?

DAD: She—she thought she did . . . And now, about this dancing . . . You—you took what I said this morning all wrong. I didn't want you to take it the way you did . . . You know, what I said about your not liking to go around with me.

MOTHER [*Sadly*]: And I thought you meant it all the time.

DAD: Oh no! Every once in a while I get up in the morning kind of cross-grained, and grouse around a bit. But I don't mean a thing by it.

MOTHER: And you didn't really want me to learn the new dances?

DAD: Of course not! I wouldn't, not for worlds, have my wife dance—mad like some of the women we know.

MOTHER: I am so upset. I thought that was what you wanted all the time and I was trying so hard to please you.

MAY V.: You just misunderstood us. All we want now is to have you just as

you've always been—don't we, Daddy?

MOTHER: But I have always been so slow—miles behind the procession.

DAD: Good thing if there were more women like that.

MAY V. [*In wheedling tones*]: And Mother, you wouldn't dance any more tonight, would you?

MOTHER: Don't you want me to?

MAY V.: You're much too tired, I think.

MOTHER: You really think so?

DAD: I wouldn't if I were you.

MOTHER: Neither would I, and I told Stan not to come.

DAD [*brightening*]: That's right. I'm proud of you. Now we can have a nice evening alone around the fire.

MOTHER [*Cozily*]: It is fun to stay at home, isn't it?

DAD [*Drawing his chair up beside hers*]: Nothing like it.

MAY V. [*Sitting on the davenport beside MOTHER*]: Like old times. Daddy, read us a story as you used to do.

DAD [*Beaming*]: All right. What shall it be? Has the new Post come?

[*MAY V.'s face falls.*]

MAY V.: Oh, the dickens! Grandfather came over and borrowed it this afternoon. The postman didn't bring theirs.

DAD [*Determined to be good humored*]: Oh well, we'll find something else.

[*The doorbell rings, and a bodding sensation strikes a chill into the marrow of two members of the family.*]

MAY V.: That woman, I know!

DAD: I hope it's not that dancing crowd. Run see who it is.

[*MAY V. goes to the door and we hear her exclaim happily: "Well, Grandma!"*

Then we hear indistinctly GRANDMA'S and another voice in conversation, mingled with MAY V.'s growing more excited every moment. MAY V. rushes into the room, pale and hysterical, followed by GRANDMA, serene and shrewd as ever. She carries a magazine in her hand.]

DAD: Hello, Mother! What's the excitement?

GRANDMA: Oh, a woman came up on the porch as I did—

MAY V.: Mother! It is that woman!

MOTHER [*Interested*]: Oh, is it? Did you ask her in?

GRANDMA [*Dryly*]: Yes indeed! You should have heard the pleasant way she talked to her.

MAY V.: Well, I don't want her to come in! I don't want to have my hair bobbed! I never did!

MOTHER: Now don't be in such a hurry, dear. Think how comfortable it would be.

GRANDMA: And yes, becoming—

MAY V.: I don't want to be comfortable and I know I shouldn't be becoming! [*Shaken by a sudden and terrible thought.*] Mother, you wouldn't have your hair cut.

would you? Please don't, we'd be disgraced! [*Appealing to GRANDMA in desperation.*] Please don't let her do it, Grandma!

GRANDMA: Dear me, child, what could I do about it? She would never listen to me—I am only her mother.

[DAD looks at GRANDMA curiously, as though he feels there is something queer going on that he cannot quite understand. But no one pays any attention to him, so he fidgets and looks vaguely puzzled.]

MAY V. [*Getting louder all the time*]: This is terrible! If this thing happen I'm defeated! When Lucy Page's mother had her hair bobbed Lucy was positively crushed! [*Seized with a brilliant idea.*] Mother! I'll make a bargain with you!

MOTHER [*Interested*]: All right.

MAY V.: It's this: If you'll promise me you'll not bob your hair, I'll promise never to ask to have mine bobbed.

MOTHER: Done! [*She holds out her hand. GRANDMA'S eyes twinkle, and DAD slips unnoticed from the room.*] Why, your hands are cold, dear.

GRANDMA: Poor child, she is all upset.

MAY V. [*Weakly*]: You'll never know what I have suffered!

[*She resumes her seat on the davenport beside MOTHER, and looks wonderfully pleased when MOTHER rubs her hands to warm them. DAD returns with a smile on his face that proclaims a deed well done.*]

DAD: She's gone. I paid her.

MAY V. [*Fervently*]: Thank goodness!

GRANDMA [*Rising*]: And I must be running along home, too. Father doesn't

know where I am, and he'll be having a fit.

MOTHER: Oh, don't go yet.

DAD: What's your hurry?

GRANDMA: I just came in a minute to bring back the Post that Father borrowed while I was gone—and our copy there all the time! There is a story in it I thought might interest you all. [*Handing the magazine to MOTHER.*]

MAY V.: Grand! Daddy was just getting ready to read to us.

GRANDMA [*With an amused glance at MOTHER*]: I think you will find this one quite appropriate.

DAD [*Rising*]: Which one is it, Mother?

GRANDMA [*Moving toward door*]: I'll let you find that out for yourselves.

MAY V.: What a lark!

[*MOTHER and MAY V. kiss GRANDMA and bid her goodnight, and DAD escorts her to the outer door. MOTHER and daughter resume their seats as before, and both lean eagerly over the magazine.*]

MAY V. [*Turning a page or two and reading*]: "Chicken a la"—that can't be it.

MOTHER [*Teasing*]: Are you sure?

MAY V. [*Positively*]: Of course!

[*DAD comes in breezy and smiling.*]

DAD: Found it yet? [*He resumes his chair by the reading lamp.*]

MAY V.: Not yet. I hope it's a funny one Grandma had in mind. [*She takes out her dorine box to powder her nose, drops it, and while she is picking it up MOTHER makes a discovery.*]

MOTHER: This may be the one Mother

meant—it looks funny, too.

DAD: What's its name?

MOTHER [*Quite sweetly*]: "When Maizie's Mother Bobbed Her Hair."

MAY V. [*All upset again*]: That's not it—you know it isn't! I believe you made that up! Let me find it, for goodness' sake!

[*She seizes the magazine and runs hastily through the pages, unaware of the little comedy that is taking place close beside her. For at MOTHER'S words DAD looks at her with quick suspicion, and their eyes meet in a long, searching look. MOTHER'S gaze is very steady and DAD'S troubled—and then, a smile breaks over his face, he laughs softly and a bit sheepishly, and leaning over, he kisses MOTHER with boyish awkwardness.*]

MAY V.: Here it is! I just know this is the one Grandma meant, and I can tell by the illustrations it's a winner.

MOTHER: What is the name of it, dear? You know Grandma said it was "quite appropriate."

MAY V.: Well, I do hope this is the one because it looks so attractive. It's called "The Silly Ass."

DAD [*Startled*]: Eh! What's that?

MAY V. [*Repeating it distinctly, with no trace of humor or understanding*]: "The Silly Ass."

DAD [*Ruffled for the moment*]: And she said it was appropriate . . . Huh! [*Then his sense of humor rises to the top, and he adds drily.*] Hand it to me. I'm the man to read it.

Opera in the United States

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

National Chairman of the Opera in Our Language Foundation

DRAMA + MUSIC = OPERA. And what is it to be in our country? We say that "is it to be," because what it is, is not American—national or civic. It is foreign, with a few denationalized American singers taking part when they renounce their mother-tongue and acquire a more or less good accent in a few foreign languages. But one thing may as well be understood. When they sing English and we cannot understand, it may be accepted as a fact that they are equally slovenly in the enunciation of acquired speech; to this some of us can testify. When you hear Edward Johnson sing German, French, Italian or English, the linguist can understand him in all four: the American can understand every word of his own splendid English tongue and thus get double or complete enjoyment from the occasion. So we talk about the future, and we are happy to add the near future, for I shall repeat a statement made at a large luncheon given last October. It seems that the dawn of American musical art is approaching, as far as Opera is concerned. In 1923 at least two American operas will be heard (of course, up to the standard repertory), and each season following (until 1928) two or more of equal merit. This has been made possible for the Opera in Our Language Foundation and the David Bispham Memorial Fund (affiliated organizations) through the generous collaboration of our greatest of music patrons, the Rockefeller McCormick. The operas chosen are *Casle* by Ralph Lyford of Cincinnati, and *The Echo* by Frank Patterson of New York. Both are composers and dramatic

And; is not opera given in foreign languages for the singers, not the public?

Are we excluding any musical art by giving opera in this country in the language of our country?

Are we not making musical art for ourselves as well as bringing outside art to us through the medium of our own vernacular?

We admit there are other beautiful languages, but is any language more appropriate or desirable for us to sing than our own?

Has it not been proven, by the Bible which we have in every language, that anything worth translating can be translated?

Is it not our right—in justice to our poets, with whom the composer collaborates—to use our own language in as important and expensive an enterprise as grand opera, which is based upon literature?

* * *

As Germany produced Wagner, and France Charpentier (composer-poet), so have we our double-poets, if we may thus style them, adding to the list a recent acquisition to Chicago in Theodore Stearns, whose operas *The Snow Bird* and *Co-o-za* are both written to his own libretto; and as to operatic composers, we have only started on the list. When these new operas are given, come with the same enthusiasm you attend the foreign première and if we "deliver the goods," go away sounding the praises of our creative workers with the same generous spirit granted our foreign colleagues. We need not be a nation of art borrowers, and once we dare assert ourselves the respect of the whole art-world will be ours. The great art-loving public of Europe is eager for new works, and the admiration will be given us, if we are only just to ourselves.

The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper*

A Puppet Play

By HETTIE LOUISE MICK

Scenes:

ACT I—A garden. Morning.
ACT II—Suzanne's bedroom. Afternoon.
ACT III—The woods. Evening

Characters:

SUZANNE, the maid who wouldn't be proper. HER MOTHERLY MOTHER
PRUDENCE, her proper sister THE PROPER YOUNG MAN
HER IRATE FATHER THE GYPSY BOY

ACT I.

A garden, with a wall at the back, and a house at the right, showing doorway, and two windows above. The scene is very conventionalized, hedges are all neatly cut, and trees are trimmed into geometrical shapes, the whole giving an impression of absolute symmetry, and devotion to form. Exactly fitting into this picture sits PRUDENCE, on a bench to the left, sewing. A moment after the curtain goes up a head appears over the fence and a low whistle is heard. The head is of SUZANNE. She is dressed exactly like her sister except that her bonnet hangs around her neck by a string instead of being placed firmly on her head, her hair is disheveled, and her whole air is one of carelessness and freedom, while PRUE'S is that of sedateness, neatness, and, above all, propriety. SUE climbs to the top of the wall, swings her feet over and sits there whistling.

PRUE [Primly]: Suzanne, do be proper!

SUE [Chanting]:

Oh, I met a jolly lad a-going out to sea,
And he was as gay as any lad could be,
Oh, he pulled out a lock of hair, and
gave a lock to me—

PRUE: Suzanne, be proper!

SUE: Proper, proper, proper, proper,
proper, proper, proper!

PRUE: Yes, proper.

SUE: I am proper.

PRUE: You're not.

SUE: I am.

PRUE: You're not.

SUE: What do you mean by proper, anyway?

PRUE: Why—why—you know what mean well enough.

SUE: Oh, no. Do tell me. [Jumping down.]

PRUE: Why I mean, I mean, as a young girl should be, regular, not jumping over fences and all.

SUE: But I don't jump over all fences, only this one. Most of them are too high.

PRUE: Father said he was going to

make this one higher, and then you can't jump over it.

SUE: Now isn't that just like my irate father.

PRUE: Now, Suzanne, you really must be proper.

SUE: Proper, proper, proper, proper, proper, proper, proper. There it is again. What proper, why proper, when proper! Are you proper?

PRUE: Dear me, yes. Every young maiden should be proper.

SUE: Then I must be like you? But how? What is "proper"?

PRUE: Now really you must ask papa—or perhaps you would better ask mamma. All I know is that all young maidens should be it.

SUE: And sit and sew like a quiet little mouse in a corner. [Wagging her head.] So, so, so.

PRUE [Nodding]: Quite so.

SUE: So-so. [She pauses.] Oh, no.

PRUE: Mother will teach you to sew.
SUE: Dear me, yes, my motherly mother would teach me to sew, I know.

PRUE: So disrespectful. Now you must be—

SUE: Proper, proper, proper, proper, proper, proper, proper. Yes, I've heard that before. Oh, Prue, can you stand on your head!

PRUE: Suzanne!

SUE: Look I can. See. [She does so, falling over into PRUE'S lap and pushing her off the bench. SUE begins to laugh.] Now, really, I didn't mean to push you over. I must learn to do that better.

PRUE [Starting to cry]: Oh, dear, why did I ever have such an improper sister?

SUE [Seriously]: Yes, that wasn't proper. Now had I done it properly, I would never have knocked you over, and furthermore, you would have been entranced and would have wanted to do it too, if I had done it properly. [PRUE continues to cry.] Come, I'll do it again, and maybe I'll do it better this time.

PRUE: Oh, Suzanne.

[SUE tries the stunt again, and her irate FATHER and motherly MOTHER enter.]

FATHER: Suzanne, put your feet where they should be, immediately.

MOTHER: Father, dear, wouldn't it be more proper to tell her to put her head where it should be?

SUE [Waving her feet in the air]: Father, where should my feet be?

FATHER: Down, always, down.

SUE [Dropping into sitting position]: But my irate father, yours are always straight out when you are in bed.

ALL: Suzanne!

FATHER [Roaring]: Suzanne, stand up.

SUE: Father, dear, wouldn't it be much more proper to speak in a tone suitable to the distance which we are apart? Now I am sure I could hear you if you spoke in a teenty-teenty voice.

FATHER: Suzanne, stand up. [PRUE who has been sitting thunder-struck all this time gets up.] Yes, Prudence, you too. Why are you in that improper position as well?

SUE [Jumping up]: Oh, Father, let me tell you. I was showing her how to stand on her head, when I fell over and pushed her down —

FATHER: Enough! Mother, mother, what are we to do?

MOTHER [Wagging her head]: Father, father, how can I tell? My two darlings, my two chicks, my two pets. So alike. So unlike.

[They both shake their heads and sigh.

PRUDENCE shakes her head and sighs. SUE giggles.]

FATHER: Something must be done.

MOTHER: It surely must.

FATHER: They are too old to be locked in their rooms.

PRUE: Oh, Father, me too?

FATHER: Yes, indeed. Don't you see if you were locked in your room Suzanne could not tease you?

PRUE: Yes, that would be quite proper.

FATHER: And they've finished all the schooling young maidens should have.

MOTHER: Oh, yes. There remains but one thing.

FATHER: What's that?

MOTHER: Well—it might not be proper to mention it in their presence.

FATHER: Of course, of course.
 SUE [*Giggling*]: Prue should get married.
 PRUE [*Extra horrified*]: Suzanne!
 FATHER AND MOTHER: Suzanne!
 FATHER: You must not mention such things.
 SUE: But aren't you and mother married? Isn't that proper?
 FATHER: That's different.
 MOTHER: My poor child!
 FATHER: Go into the house at once. Prudence, too. Mother, we must talk.
 PRUE: Yes, father. [*She goes out.*]
 SUE: Oh, yes, my irate father, and my motherly mother. [*She leaves. In a few minutes her head is seen sticking out of one of the windows in the house.*]
 MOTHER [*Wagging her head*]: They should get married!
 FATHER: Well, yes, maybe they should.
 MOTHER: Prudence is older by two years. She should be married first.
 FATHER: So she should.
 MOTHER: But it would settle Suzanne down so to be married. [*SUE giggles at the window softly, and withdraws. In a moment PRUE sticks her head out.*]
 FATHER [*Sighing*]: She would need a mighty proper husband.
 MOTHER: And if Prudence should not happen to get married, she would make a much more dignified old maid than Suzanne. [*PRUDENCE sighs and withdraws.*]
 FATHER: So she would. Old maids don't jump over fences, nor stand on their heads.
 MOTHER: But, then, neither do young wives.
 FATHER: A husband would see to that. [*Both heads appear at the upper windows. They see each other. PRUE withdraws hastily. SUE giggles. FATHER looks up.*]
 Suzanne, withdraw your head.
 SUE: But, Father, I'm not a turtle.
 FATHER: Suzanne, withdraw your head, and set it at something useful.
 MOTHER: Sue, dear, run down into the kitchen and see what you find there. [*SUE withdraws quickly.*]
 FATHER: Do you think that quite proper, my dear?
 MOTHER: Maybe not. [*A proper YOUNG MAN appears at the gate.*] My, my, here's a visitor. Perhaps a prospect!
 YOUNG MAN: Good day!
 FATHER: Good day, sir! Will you come in, sir!
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir. [*He enters.*]
 Mayhap you wonder who I am, sir.
 FATHER: Not at all, sir. Sit down, sir. [*PRUDENCE sticks her head out of the window, registers delight, and withdraws.*]
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir. [*To MOTHER.*]
 After you, madame.
 MOTHER: Oh, yes, yes, indeed. I'll sit. Do sit down. [*She sits.*]
 YOUNG MAN: Thank you, madame. [*He sits.*] I am the young man who lives in the next house.

FATHER: Oh, ho. Quite so, quite so. Quite a proper young man, I hear.
 YOUNG MAN: I hope so, sir.
 MOTHER: Oh, dear, what a gentleman.
 YOUNG MAN: I hope so, madame. [*He clears his throat.*] My good sir, [*Again clearing his throat.*] may I have the honor—of asking for the—hand of your daughter?
 FATHER: Oh, hum.
 MOTHER: Dear, dear, so soon.
 YOUNG MAN: Pardon me, madame?
 MOTHER: Oh, dear, oh, dear, nothing, nothing at all.
 FATHER: Which daughter?
 YOUNG MAN: The beautiful daughter, the lovely daughter, the daughter who sits with downcast eyes at her work. Prudence, most exquisite of all maidens—
 MOTHER: Dear, dear.
 FATHER: Young man.
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.
 FATHER: Have you spoken to my daughter?
 YOUNG MAN: Good sir!
 FATHER: No, no, of course not, of course not. I beg your pardon.
 MOTHER: Oh, dear, what a gentleman.
 FATHER: Are you in love with my daughter?
 YOUNG MAN: Good sir, I have not, as yet, allowed myself that privilege. Nor could I, until I knew that that emotion would be thoroughly proper, and in accord with your wishes.
 FATHER: Fortunate, very fortunate. And suppose I tell you you cannot have her?
 YOUNG MAN [*Rising*]: Then sir, I bid you good day. I see that I must look elsewhere.
 FATHER: Wait a bit. Sit down, young man.
 YOUNG MAN [*He sits*]: Yes, sir.
 FATHER: I have another daughter, whom I should like to have you marry.
 MOTHER: Very beautiful as well, and, we might say—lively, eh, Father?
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, she too is beautiful. But, as you say, "lively"—er—ah!
 FATHER: Could you bestow your affections upon her?
 YOUNG MAN: Is that your wish, sir?
 FATHER: Well, I might say that it is.
 YOUNG MAN: And yours, madame?
 MOTHER: Oh, dear, yes, yes indeed, quite.
 YOUNG MAN: But she—pardon my hesitancy—she—her—what—her wifely duties you know—sewing, and modesty, and dignity, you know.
 FATHER: You should see to that.
 MOTHER: She is young. Marriage is sure to settle her.
 FATHER: Prudence is, we might say, already settled.
 YOUNG MAN: Ah, yes, a perfect wife.
 MOTHER: But Suzanne, too, is our daughter.

YOUNG MAN: Quite true, quite true. You think all she needs is settling?
 FATHER: That's it, good sir.
 YOUNG MAN: And you think I am the proper person?
 FATHER: We are sure of it.
 MOTHER: Oh dear yes.
 YOUNG MAN: And you would rather have me marry her than Prudence?
 MOTHER: Prudence will make such a sweet old maid.
 FATHER: You say you have not fallen in love with her.
 YOUNG MAN: Alas, how could I, till I knew it was her parents' wish?
 FATHER: Why not, then, fall in love with Suzanne?
 YOUNG MAN: Very well, then, I shall do as you wish, that is—Good sir, may I have the honor of asking for the hand of your younger daughter, Suzanne?
 MOTHER: My, what a gentleman.
 FATHER: You may, my boy, and I gladly consent. [*FATHER and MOTHER sigh. SUE takes a flying leap through the door, and lands at their feet.*]
 SUE: I knew I could jump from the inside hall out here if I tried. [*Scrambling up.*] Good heavens, who's this? Sorry, I'm sure. [*She starts back into the house.*]
 FATHER: Suzanne, this is the young man from across the way. Young man this is my daughter, Suzanne. [*SUE curtsies.*]
 YOUNG MAN [*Bowing deeply*]: I am greatly honored. [*SUE giggles and starts to go.*]
 FATHER: Suzanne, stay here with your mother and entertain the young man, while I—while I— [*to MOTHER.*] My dear, I have a letter to post. I shall leave you. Haven't you—er—some knitting that you might attend to—er, not too far away?
 MOTHER: Oh, yes, of course, of course. [*FATHER bows and goes.*] Now you young people just talk to each other, while I, while I sit here and knit. [*She sits with her back to them.*]
 SUE [*To the YOUNG MAN*]: Do you need entertaining?
 YOUNG MAN: Well, er, yes, that is—will you sit?
 SUE [*Sitting on the ground where she is*]: There, I've sat.
 MOTHER [*Turning around*]: Suzanne, on the bench. [*To YOUNG MAN.*] I beg your pardon. Excuse me again. [*She turns to her work.*]
 SUE [*Sighing and sitting on the bench*]: What shall I do to entertain you? I know, I've just learned to stand on my head. Would that entertain you?
 YOUNG MAN: Well, er—
 MOTHER: Suzanne! [*To YOUNG MAN.*] I beg your pardon. Excuse me again.
 SUE: Mother thinks that would not be proper.
 YOUNG MAN: To tell the truth, Miss Suzanne, there is a question which [*With forced enthusiasm.*] I have been longing

to ask you. [MOTHER sighs contentedly.]

SUE: Question?

YOUNG MAN: Yes. [Swallowing and then blurring it out.] Will you marry me? [SUZANNE bursts into laughter and falls over backward on the bench.]

MOTHER [Coming around quickly]: Suzanne, Suzanne, Get up immediately. My dear sir, I apologize. Maybe she doesn't feel well. [SUE still screaming with laughter runs out the gate.]

YOUNG MAN: Well! [PRUE enters, hands up.]

PRUE: What did I hear? What is all this? [Seeing the YOUNG MAN.] Oh, sir, I beg your pardon.

MOTHER: Oh, dear, oh, dear. What shall I do? I must speak to your father. What shall I do? It wouldn't be proper to leave the young man alone, nor would it be proper to leave him with my young daughter. Oh, dear, oh, dear.

YOUNG MAN: Madame, you may trust me.

MOTHER: Well, of course, I know I can, and Prudence is perfectly proper too. I am sure it would be safe, and I must find Father. [She goes.]

YOUNG MAN [Bowling]: My dear miss, will you sit?

PRUE: Oh, sir, you are most kind and polite. [She sits on one end of the bench. He sits upon the other.]

YOUNG MAN: Pleasant day.

PRUE: Oh, very.

YOUNG MAN: Pleasant day yesterday.

PRUE: Oh, very.

YOUNG MAN: Hope it will be pleasant tomorrow.

PRUE: Oh, yes.

YOUNG MAN [Looking at her]: Miss Prudence.

PRUE: Oh, sir.

YOUNG MAN: Miss Prudence. [Edging nearer.]

PRUE: Yes, sir.

YOUNG MAN [Edging nearer]: You're very pretty.

PRUE [Turning away]: Oh, sir.

YOUNG MAN [Edging away]: I beg your pardon.

PRUE [Turning back]: Not at all.

YOUNG MAN [Edging nearer]: You are very beautiful.

PRUE: Oh no, sir.

YOUNG MAN: Yes, you are. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever met, and I fear I love you.

PRUE: Oh, sir. But is it something to fear?

YOUNG MAN: I fear it is. You see I just gave your father my word that I would marry Suzanne.

PRUE: Then it would be only proper to do so.

YOUNG MAN: But then I did not know that I loved you so madly.

PRUE: If you are to marry my sister you should not say those words to me.

YOUNG MAN [Moving away and look-

ing dejected]: No, it is most improper.

PRUE: Suzanne must be settled.

YOUNG MAN: So your parents say.

PRUE: Therefore, it is only proper that she should marry.

YOUNG MAN: So your parents say.

PRUE: Then you must marry her.

YOUNG MAN: So your parents say.

[There is a pause.]

PRUE [Rising]: Good day, sir.

YOUNG MAN [Rising]: Good day. I humbly beg your pardon for those improper words I spoke to you just now.

PRUE: Alas, most improper.

YOUNG MAN [Sighing]: Good day.

PRUE [Sighing]: Good day. [He goes. She drops on the bench and begins to cry. SUE enters.]

SUE: Hello, crying again. Was the proper young man teasing you?

PRUE: How can you speak so! He is a lovely young man, and he is going to marry you.

SUE: Oh, he is.

PRUE [Crying louder]: Yes.

SUE: Does he love you?

PRUE: It would be most improper to say so.

SUE: Do you love him?

PRUE: Oh, I must not say so.

SUE: Stuff and nonsense. Here's a pretty situation. You, crying your eyes out over a youth I wouldn't marry for anything in the world, and who doesn't love me. Now is that proper? Three people unhappy, you and me and him! I haven't met the man I would marry, yet, but I am sure it isn't that one—certainly not, if he loves some one else.

PRUE: But you must be settled.

SUE: Oh, so that's it, is it? [A long low whistle is heard, and the head of the GYPSY BOY appears over the fence where SUE can see it and PRUE cannot. SUE motions to him, and he disappears.] Prue, dear, now dry your eyes, and run into the house. I won't take your young man.

PRUE: I have acted most improperly I know.

[When she has gone, SUE giggles invitingly. The head appears again.]

SUE: Hello.

BOY: Hello:

SUE: Who are you?

BOY: Gypsy boy, Who are you?

SUE: Sue.

BOY: Hello, Sue.

SUE: Hello, gypsy boy.

BOY [Swinging his feet over the fence]: Zis where you live?

SUE: Sometimes.

BOY: Sometimes?

SUE: When I sleep and eat. Where do you live?

BOY: Everywhere.

SUE: How wonderful!

BOY [He jumps down and looks around]: Stiff garden, isn't it?

SUE: Oh, I don't know.

BOY: Trees don't grow like that.

SUE: Trees must be very improper then.

BOY: What?

SUE: Everything in this garden is proper.

BOY: Proper?

SUE: Yes.

BOY: What's that?

SUE: What those trees are.

BOY: Stiff, I call it. Are you proper? [He sits beside her. She giggles.] You aren't stiff.

SUE [With mock primness]: There is those as thinks I'm most improper.

BOY: What are you doing in this garden then?

SUE: My parents live in that house, and my sister.

BOY: Are they proper?

SUE: Oh, very. [BOY giggles, and SUE giggles with him.]

BOY: You don't belong in this garden. SUE: No?

BOY: No. You belong out where the trees are as ragged as your dress.

SUE: I've been there once or twice.

BOY: Come again.

SUE: When?

BOY: Now. With me.

SUE: That would be most improper.

BOY: [Getting up]: Oh, all right. Stay here, then.

SUE: You stay, too.

BOY: Nope. Too stiff. Except you. You're not stiff.

SUE: Neither are you. Nor proper!

BOY: Nope, don't know what that is.

SUE: A proper young man wants to marry me.

BOY: Oh.

SUE: But he loves my proper sister.

BOY [Sitting]: Do you love him.

SUE: No.

BOY: Are you going to marry him?

SUE: My father thinks so, and my mother thinks so, and my sister thinks so.

BOY: Do you think so?

SUE: That's different.

BOY: Come with me.

SUE: I might.

BOY: Do. Rugged camp fires, and ragged trees, crooked stars and winding paths.

SUE: And no one to call me improper.

BOY: None. Will you come?

SUE [Suddenly]: I'll be over the fence first. [They start for the fence, when in come irate FATHER and Motherly MOTHER.]

FATHER: SUZANNE.

SUE: My irate father! [The BOY whistles.]

FATHER: Suzanne, who is this person?

SUE: Friend of mine.

FATHER: He looks distinctly like a GYPSY.

BOY: Right you are. At your service.

FATHER: Nothing you can do will be service to me.

MOTHER: Suzanne, Suzanne, how could you be so improper? And you about to

be married! [*The Boy whistles and SUE giggles.*]

FATHER: Boy, leave this place. [*The Boy starts over the fence, SUE after him.*] Suzanne! Come down. Boy, go through the gate. Let your exit be more proper than your entrance or your visit here.

Boy: As you say. [*He starts out the gate.*]

SUE: That's my window up there, don't forget.

Boy: Not I. [*He goes.*]

FATHER: Disgraceful, disgraceful.

MOTHER: My poor child. [*SUE giggles.*]

FATHER: You must be married at once.

SUE: Father!

MOTHER: But, Father, that would be most improper.

FATHER: She will have time to be proper after she is married. In the meantime, you must be locked in your room. Mother, go fetch the young man, and a minister. [*SUE bursts into hysterical laughter.*]

* * *
ACT II

SUZANNE'S bedroom gives the appearance of having once been stiff and proper, furnished with the same neatness and geometrical exactness that characterizes the house, the garden, and the inhabitants, but the pictures are awry, clothes are strewn around, chairs crooked, bed unmade. SUE is engaged in climbing up over the head of the bed and sliding down the back when the curtain rises. She does this several times, when the irate FATHER enters.

FATHER: Suzanne! How many times do I have to tell you to put your feet where they should be, down.

SUE: But Father, that is such a prosy way to be always, feet down. Why, you only get one view of things that way.

FATHER: There is only one view, the proper view! Suzanne stand up.

SUE [*Righting herself*]: But father, what is the proper view?

FATHER: I know what the proper view is.

SUE: Then what is it?

FATHER: Stay head up, feet down, and you'll always get the proper view.

SUE: But Father, I see such strange new things with my feet up and my head down.

FATHER: Then they are improper things.

SUE: Not improper, just amusing.

FATHER: Not at all amusing, only improper.

SUE: Oh, but you don't know—let me tell you what you look like upside down. [*She stands on her head again.*] Your feet are very large and your head very small.

FATHER: Suzanne!

SUE: But Father, how funny to see you with a small head. I always thought your head was large.

FATHER: Nothing could be better proof

of the impropriety of standing on your head.

SUE: But Father, what is the proper way to stand?

FATHER: As I am standing.

SUE [*Pointing*]: Feet that way, head that way.

FATHER: Certainly.

SUE [*In triumph*]: But Father, how about the Chinamen?

FATHER: Did I say that Chinamen were proper?

SUE: Can't say that you did.

FATHER: You will find that my point of view is the only proper one.

SUE: But Father, wouldn't it be terrible if you should find yourself mistaken some day.

FATHER: I shall never find myself mistaken.

SUE: But just suppose you should.

FATHER: Then I suppose I should stand on my head.

SUE: Oh, Father, then practice it now. You'll want to stand on your head properly I am sure when you have to. [*Starting again to stand on her head.*]

FATHER: Suzanne, less words, more sense.

SUE [*Standing up*]: Yes, Father. Feet down, less words, more sense!

FATHER: That's better.

SUE: Yes, Father.

FATHER: Suzanne, I am making all arrangements for your wedding tonight.

SUE [*Dropping on the bed*]: Oh, Father, less words, more sense.

FATHER: After your disgraceful conduct yesterday, in fact, your almost continual disgraceful conduct, I feel that we cannot longer delay your marriage to the estimable young man who has done you the honor to ask your hand in marriage.

SUE: But Father, he doesn't wish to marry me.

FATHER: I assure you that he does. Furthermore he has assured me that my wish is his law. He is a most estimable young man.

SUE: He must be.

FATHER: He is.

SUE: Does he ever stand on his head?

FATHER: Certainly not.

SUE: Then he doesn't know what it is like.

FATHER: I hope not.

SUE: Father, I might teach him to stand on his head.

FATHER: I hope marriage will ease you of your deplorable habit of standing on your head.

SUE: You wouldn't call it a deplorable habit, if you had ever tried it.

FATHER: Alas, I did try it in my youth.

SUE: Oh, Father, how ecstatic!

FATHER: But I fear my sins are being visited upon me now.

[*MOTHER enters, carrying a pile of white lace and satin.*]

MOTHER: Now, my dear, I have come to talk to you about your wedding dress.

FATHER: I will leave you. I must confer with the minister and the young man. Suzanne, remember, feet down, less words, more sense.

SUE: Yes, father, feet down, less words, more sense.

FATHER: Very well. I must go now. [*He goes.*]

MOTHER: Dear me, yes, you must learn to be a lady now.

SUE: Does standing on my head make me less of a lady?

MOTHER: Dear me, yes.

SUE: Why?

MOTHER: You'll have to ask your father. He is sure to have the proper point of view.

SUE: Yes, so he says.

MOTHER: Now, dear, here is the material from my wedding dress. It is with great happiness that I make it up for you. I had thought perhaps it might be made for dear Prudence first, since she is the older, but alas, I fear dear Prudence will remain with us always to grace our old age.

SUE: Mother, when I am married, I won't be married in white.

MOTHER: Not in white! Why, my dear, what would you be married in?

SUE: Red!

MOTHER: Suzanne! But white is the only proper thing to be married in.

SUE: Why?

MOTHER: Dear me, I don't know why. Just because it is. I was married in white. My mother was married in white.

SUE: And her mother was married in white. And her mother was married in white—and so on back! Mother, what were the aborigines married in?

MOTHER: Oh, dear, I am sure it isn't proper for young ladies to think of such things whatever they are.

SUE: They must have been married in red.

MOTHER: Then it must be improper to be married in red, I am sure.

SUE: Red is such a pretty color, and white is just white, sort of flat. Trees don't put on white for their wedding garments, neither do birds and flowers.

MOTHER: Tush, tush, now, white it is to be, for that is the only proper color for matrimony. And just think my dear, Prudence is making you a beautiful wedding cake!

SUE: White, I suppose—angel food! Why couldn't she have made a devil's food?

MOTHER: Suzanne, for a wedding!

SUE: Certainly for my wedding. You wouldn't call me an angel, would you?

MOTHER: Suzanne, go no further!

SUE: But Mother, you wouldn't, would you?

[*PRUDENCE enters, carrying a large white cake, crying the while.*]

PRUE [*Between sobs*]: Here, dear sister, is a wedding cake I made you. May you live long and happily—

MOTHER: There, there, now. You see how badly your sister feels at parting from you.

SUE: Be careful, don't cry on the cake. Makes it soggy. If I must be an angel, I won't be a soggy one.

PRUE: True, dearest sister, I must dry my tears. They are most improper at such a time.

MOTHER: How sweet! Well, I will leave you two girls to exchange your last girlish confidence before the sacred veil of matrimony falls between. [*She goes.*]

PRUE [*Sinking down on the floor, cake and all, and sobbing*]: Dear Sue, forgive me, I am all unstrung.

SUE: There goes the angel food.

PRUE [*Sitting up*]: No, I think it is safe. Oh, dear, oh, dear!

SUE: Listen to me, Prue. I don't want your old young man, and what's more, I don't intend to have him. I am going to run away with the gypsy boy.

PRUE: Oh, you wouldn't bring our parents down in white hairs to the grave!

SUE: No, but I'd pitch the proper young man, black hairs first, into his grave the first week, I assure you.

PRUE: Oh, Sue I beg you, for my sake, make him a good wife. Then I can rejoice in your children, though I may have none of my own.

SUE: I'll make him a good wife, all right. I'll make him the wife he wants.

PRUE: Oh, will you? That will be most proper, I'm sure.

SUE: I'll make him the proper wife.

PRUE: Still, if you make him a good wife, he may forget me.

SUE: He'll have no chance to forget you.

PRUE: Oh, Sue, that would be sweet—but improper.

SUE [*She goes to the window and looks out*]: Look here, Prue, if you will help me run away with the gypsy boy, you will benefit by it, for then there will be nobody to keep you from your young man.

PRUE: Oh, I could not assist in a scheme so nefarious.

SUE: Oh, I don't know. Anybody who hangs out of a window and listens to some one else's conversation isn't proper as she pretends to be.

PRUE: Oh, Suzanne, I—

SUE: Don't deny it, for I saw you.

PRUE: I was only arranging the flowers. Besides you did it, too.

SUE: Yes, but I don't pretend to be proper.

PRUE: It was most unladylike, and I shall beg my parents' pardon immediately. [*She starts to go.*]

SUE: Oh, come now, Prue, loosen up a bit. You are just like the trees that grow in our garden. Do you know what the gypsy boy called them yesterday?

Stiff! Stiff, too stiff and proper to— [*A whistle is heard.*] There, there is the gypsy boy! I knew he'd come.

PRUE: Oh, Sue, you wouldn't really run away with him!

SUE: Keep my irate father from following me, and the proper young man, whom you love, is yours. [*She whistles in return, and goes to the window. The gypsy Boy appears.*]

BOY: Hello, Sue.

SUE: Hello, Gypsy Boy.

BOY: Fine day out.

SUE: Is it? I haven't been out.

BOY: Pshaw, you don't know what you've missed.

SUE: Oh, yes, I do. You see my irate father looked me in.

BOY: No? Just like he threatened.

SUE: Yes. He says I'm to marry to-night, the proper young man, whom this, my sister, loves.

BOY: Does he say that?

SUE: Oh, yes.

BOY: Oh, no! [*They both giggle.*]

SUE: My motherly mother is making me a white, white dress, and my bereaved sister has just baked me a white, white cake, and my irate father is talking to the white, white minister.

BOY: All on account of a black, black wedding.

SUE: Do you think so?

BOY: No, I don't, exactly.

SUE: How are the rugged camp fires, and the ragged trees, and the crooked stars, and the winding paths?

BOY: Waiting.

SUE: Waiting?

BOY: Waiting.

SUE: Waiting for you?

BOY: And for you.

SUE: Waiting for us.

BOY: Come, then.

PRUE: Sue!

SUE: So you think it proper to thwart true love?

PRUE [*Doubtfully*]: No-o-o.

SUE: This is true love. Your love for the young man is true love.

PRUE: Yes.

SUE: If I go with my true love, you can have your true love.

PRUE: Ye-es.

SUE: And all would be quite proper.

PRUE: Proper? Perhaps it would.

SUE: Then keep them from following me, till we can fly, fly away.

PRUE: Well—I'll—try—that is, if that is really the proper thing to do.

SUE: Oh, Prue, dear, then the lovely young man is yours. I am going out where the trees are as ragged as my dress.

PRUE: But what will Father and Mother say?

SUE: It won't be long before you know.

PRUE: But what shall I tell them?

SUE: Tell them—tell them it would be most improper to run after me. [*A whistle*

is heard below, and she goes out through the window.]

PRUE [*Running to the window and looking out*]: Oh, Sue, take the cake with you. You may need it in the woods!

[*Irate FATHER enters. YOUNG MAN stands at the door and peeps in.*]

FATHER: Now, young man, I must apologize for bringing you to this room. I realize it is most improper. But under the circumstances—you see I cannot let my daughter leave it; she might run away. But we can talk at this door. [*Turning around.*] Suzanne, the young man wishes to make arrangements for the wedding. [*PRUE turns around.*] Oh, Prudence. I thought it was Suzanne. [*In dawning fear.*] Where is Suzanne?

PRUE: Oh, Father. [*To the YOUNG MAN.*] Oh, sir.

FATHER: Prudence, is Suzanne under the bed?

PRUE: No, Father.

FATHER: Behind it?

PRUE: I—think not, Father.

FATHER: Then, where is she?

PRUE: Oh, Father!

FATHER: The Gypsy!

YOUNG MAN [*Stepping into the room*]: Pardon me, sir, but I believe I saw a gypsy boy flit past the door below. I thought he might be the gardener's son.

FATHER [*Sinking to the floor*]: Gone with the gypsy boy!

MOTHER enters, still piled high with white stuff.]

MOTHER: Dear, dear, what has happened? Father, you on the floor! What a shocking place for you to be.

FATHER [*Jumping up*]: Yes, yes, I beg your pardon. Young man, I beg your pardon. Prudence, I beg your pardon. Mother, Suzanne has run away with the gypsy boy.

MOTHER: Dear, dear, and I was just ready to fit her dress.

FATHER: She must be found and brought back. I must go after her. Mother, we must go after her.

PRUE: Oh, Father, you and mother running through the streets! How terribly improper!

FATHER: True, true. But we'll try not to run.

YOUNG MAN: Good sir, since the young miss is to be my bride, and since it seems she is running away from me, I believe it would be only proper for me to pursue her. [*PRUE sinks onto a chair.*]

FATHER: Quite so, quite so.

MOTHER: My, what a gentleman!

YOUNG MAN: I suppose I should take the most direct path. Ah—did she go through this—ah, window?

PRUE [*Jumping up and standing in front of it*]: Wouldn't it be more proper for you to leave sedately and slowly by the front door, good sir?

YOUNG MAN: Ah yes. I forgot my—

self, Miss Prudence. Ah, would I could forget myself. [*He goes by the door.*]

PRUE: Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do? He must not find her. I'll run after her myself! [*She suddenly jumps out of the window.*]

FATHER: My word!

MOTHER: Good heavens!

BOTH: Prudence!

FATHER: I believe we would better follow after all.

MOTHER: I believe we would.

FATHER: At a distance, and quite sedately.

MOTHER: Yes, quite. [*They walk slowly, goose-step, toward the door.*]

* * *
ACT III

The woods. The gypsy camp fire is in the center of the stage front. Large ragged trees are at the back. The stage is empty for a few minutes after the curtain rises. Shortly, SUE and the Gypsy BOY run in giggling.

SUE [*Standing on her head*]: Really I must celebrate!

BOY: Bravo! Me, too. [*He stands on his head.*]

SUE: Don't you get a funny view of things.

BOY: Yes.

SUE: Father says that's not the proper view.

BOY: How does he know?

SUE: Oh, Father knows everything—everything proper, that is. [*Dropping down.*] Now, you must tell me once in a while to be proper, just to keep me from being lonesome. [*She stands on her head again. He stands on his.*]

BOY: Suzanne, be proper! [*Both fall in a heap, giggling.*] Do you suppose they will pursue us?

SUE: I persuaded Prue that it was entirely proper to hold them back until we got away.

BOY: Never mind, I know the woods, anyway. We can hide.

SUE: Is it true that joining hands over a camp fire constitutes a gypsy wedding?

BOY: So it does, and you shall hereby be my bride, immediately. Take my hand. [*They join hands over the fire.*] We'll have the ragged trees for witnesses.

SUE: And the crooked stars will pronounce a blessing! Sh, I hear some one coming.

BOY: Let's hide. You behind that tree, I behind this. [*They do so. In a moment, on tiptoes the proper YOUNG MAN, looking this way and that, fearfully comes in. SUE giggles, and he looks around. The gypsy gives a wild night call, and he jumps and stands trembling.*]

YOUNG MAN [*Calling feebly*]: Miss Suzanne, Miss Suzanne. [*The BOY mocks him with a whistle. He draws nearer to the fire and holds out his hands, looking around every once*

in a while.] Miss Suzanne, Miss Suzanne. Br-r-r-r. [*He shivers. He crosses the stage and looks out, and crosses back, looking back. As he crosses PRUDENCE enters, from the direction whence he first came, also looking back. They meet in the middle.*]

PRUE [*Squealing*]: Oh, oh.

YOUNG MAN [*Also frightened*]: Oh. [*They turn around.*] Miss Prudence!

PRUE: Oh, sir.

YOUNG MAN: Out in these woods alone!

PRUE: No, sir, not alone.

YOUNG MAN: Not alone?

PRUE: Oh, no, sir, there's you, sir.

YOUNG MAN: Ah, yes, me. [*He sighs.*] Miss Prudence, I fear I must escort you back to your parental domicile.

PRUE: Oh, no.

YOUNG MAN: It is not proper that you should search for Suzanne. It is only meet that I should, I, who am to marry her. [*He sighs. SUE and the Gypsy BOY stick their heads out from behind the trees and giggle.*] I beg your pardon? [*To PRUE.*]

PRUE: Nothing, I was just sighing.

YOUNG MAN: So was I.

PRUE: Oh. [*They both sigh.*] PRUE looks around. It is a terrible place for a young girl to be, alone.

YOUNG MAN [*Edging nearer*]: But I am here with you.

PRUE: I meant Suzanne.

YOUNG MAN: Oh, yes, of course, Suzanne.

PRUE: But of course, the gypsy boy must be with her. [*SUE and the gypsy BOY again stick out their heads.*]

YOUNG MAN: Ah, yes, and I must tear her from him. How sad?

PRUE [*Boldly*]: Why?

YOUNG MAN: Because he is not a proper young man for her to marry.

PRUE: Are you then?

YOUNG MAN: So your parents say. [*They both sigh.*] I must take you home to your parents.

PRUE: You don't need to; my parents will be here in a moment, I feel sure.

YOUNG MAN: Your parents in the woods with the night coming on!

PRUE: I think I saw them coming at quite a proper gait as I ran on ahead.

YOUNG MAN: But you should not have come, though with the estimable motive of persuading your sister to return—alas, to me.

PRUE: But I don't intend to persuade her to return to you—or my parents either.

YOUNG MAN: No? Then pray, why did you follow?

PRUE: To detain you.

YOUNG MAN: To detain me?

PRUE: Yes. And let Sue marry the man she loves—which is entirely proper.

YOUNG MAN: Proper?

PRUE: Yes, that true love should not be thwarted.

YOUNG MAN: True love should be its own reward.

PRUE: That is virtue you are thinking of.

YOUNG MAN [*With a profound sigh*]: Ah, yes, that too.

PRUE: Good sir, mean you yourself?

YOUNG MAN: I fear it is only virtue to wed where one is not loved and loves not.

PRUE: You are determined to wed Sue, then?

YOUNG MAN: Alas, I have given your parents my word, though I find my heart beats for another.

PRUE: Another?

YOUNG MAN: Oh, woe is me, yes.

PRUE: Who?

YOUNG MAN: I may never mention her again.

PRUE: Me?

YOUNG MAN: Yes. [*Suddenly.*] Oh, Prue, how can I marry Suzanne, when you are the most beautiful and the most perfect maiden in all the world!

PRUE: Good sir, you, who have been talking of virtue and propriety!

YOUNG MAN: Propriety be dashed. I will not marry Suzanne.

SUE [*Stepping out*]: Nobody asked you, sir.

YOUNG MAN AND PRUDENCE: Suzanne!

BOY: How dare you seek to marry my wife?

YOUNG MAN AND PRUDENCE: Your wife!

SUE [*Giggling*]: His wife. Just made so by authority of the trees and the stars. Gypsy wedding, you know.

PRUE: Oh, Sue, do you think that is quite proper?

SUE: Gypsies think so. We joined hands over the fire, and asked the stars to bless us.

YOUNG MAN [*Suddenly and sternly*]: Prudence, give me your hand.

PRUE [*Doing so*]: Oh, sir.

YOUNG MAN [*Leading her to the fire.*]: What are the proper words? Addressing the stars you know. I've never done it.

BOY [*Standing in front of them.*]: Dearly beloved stars, look on while this couple is joined. Trees bear witness. Prudence, do you?

PRUE: Do I what?

BOY: You must say, "I do."

PRUE: I do.

BOY: Young Man, do you?

YOUNG MAN: Must I say, "I do," too?

BOY: Yes.

YOUNG MAN: I do.

BOY: Trees, if you know of any just reason why these two should not be joined in matrimony, speak, or forever after hold your peace. [*There is a slight pause.*] They don't, so it's all right. I pronounce you man and wife.

PRUE: Where did you learn all that?

BOY: I found it in an old black book in a deserted church once. I thought you'd prefer a proper wedding.

PRUE: *Have I been improper, do you suppose?*

SUE: Improper in marrying the man you love?

PRUE: But it was very sudden and the minister didn't marry us.

SUE: What has the minister got to do with a union of hearts. Sh, I believe I hear the patters of my motherly mother, and the pants of my irate father.

PRUE: Oh, dear, I fear my father may not approve a gypsy wedding.

SUE [*giggling*]: It is just possible that he may not!

FATHER [*Striding in*]: Here you are, all four!

SUE: Father, how did you guess it!

MOTHER [*Panting*]: I tried so hard to keep your father from running—through the streets and all.

FATHER: Prudence, though your somewhat hasty, and decidedly improper exit from your parental domicile was reprehensible, I excuse it on the ground of your haste to seek your sister. Young man, I am glad these two maids have had the favor of your manly protection.

MOTHER: Suzanne, I must try your dress on. I just had it ready when you left.

FATHER: Try it on, when she returns. This will delay the wedding somewhat. But the minister waits at home.

ALL FOUR: But we are already married!

FATHER: What? Who's married? How?

SUE: I'm married to the gypsy boy, and Prudence to the proper young man.

FATHER: When? How?

SUE: Just now, over the gypsy fire.

FATHER: Nonsense. That doesn't count. Suzanne, you shall come home and marry the young man.

SUE: But I don't want to marry the young man.

PRUE: Father, I don't want Sue to marry the young man. I want to marry him myself.

YOUNG MAN: If you please, sir, I don't wish to marry Suzanne, I wish to marry Prudence.

MOTHER: Oh, dear, Prudence would have made such a proper old maid, the grace of our old age.

FATHER: Young man, which of these young ladies do you love?

YOUNG MAN: Prudence.

FATHER: Prudence, do you love this young man?

PRUE: Yes, Father.

FATHER: But, young man, you promised me to fall in love with Suzanne.

YOUNG MAN: So I did, sir.

FATHER: And you have instead fallen in love with Prudence?

YOUNG MAN: At the dictates of my heart, sir. I find I could not help it.

FATHER: H'm, well, then it is only proper that you should marry Prudence. I am sure I did not know you loved each

other. Mother, I think it is only proper that they should marry, since they love each other.

MOTHER: Oh, yes. He's such a gentleman.

FATHER: But now, Mother, we must find another proper young man for Suzanne.

SUE: Oh, Father, I am sure you could never find another young man so proper.

PRUE: Oh, Father, I am sure you could not.

YOUNG MAN: No, sir, I fear you could not.

FATHER: Dear, dear, that's so. Mother, what are we to do with Suzanne?

SUE: But Father, I'm not proper.

FATHER: No, Suzanne, I fear you are not.

BOY: And I'm not proper.

FATHER: No, I am sure you are not.

SUE: But, Father, I love the gypsy boy.

BOY: And I love Sue.

MOTHER: Oh dear, both improper.

SUE: Then, Father, dear, and Mother dear, would it not be proper for us two improper people to wed?

FATHER: That is looking at things from a slightly different point of view from the one I have been used to.

SUE: Is there a different point of view?

FATHER: An opposite point of view. I suppose one might call it the improperly proper point of view.

SUE: Then we may wed.

FATHER: H'm, well, provided you are properly wed.

SUE: Minister if you say so, Father.

MOTHER: Oh dear, which of you is to wear this lovely dress?

SUE: Prue can have it. I prefer red. Father haven't you changed your point of view a little.

FATHER: Not at all, not at all. Every other point of view has changed, that is all.

SUE: Father, then do you think you should still look at things as you do?

FATHER: Sue, I think I shall try standing on my head. [*He does so.*]

* * *

FOOTNOTES TO "THE MAID WHO WOULDN'T BE PROPER."

Costumes for "The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper" are in the pantalet, full-skirt, bonnet period. Each puppet has one characteristic gesture, which in the construction of the puppet should be made dominant above all other necessary movement. SUZANNE, for instance, has the very obvious characteristic of standing on her head. She should be made with extra strings on the back of her heels, in order that she may tip forward, instead of backward, the easiest way for a normal puppet to stand on its head. FATHER in the last act, however, could tip over backwards to lend an element of further surprise to his conduct. SUZANNE should be generally built with great flexibility, in order that her abandon may have full play.

PRUDENCE, on the other hand, while being dressed almost exactly like SUZANNE, should be rather tight and precise in her movements. The expression on her face is one of suffled and modest surprise, and her principle gesture

is both arms bent at the elbow and held at up the sides to express her lady-like amazement.

THE IRATE FATHER is a stocky individual, who is continually laying down the law with a positive arm, which should be capable of a gesture of emphasis, either with fist or with finger. The MOTHERLY MOTHER, round and plump, should certainly be capable of folding her hands over her tummy. The PROPER YOUNG MAN should be able to bow, profoundly and politely. The GYPSY BOY is a typical story book gypsy with an air even more abandoned than SUZANNE's, and the ability to rest his hand on his hip in thorough gypsy fashion.

Further suggestions or information concerning the production of this play will be happily furnished by the author upon request. All acting and production rights are reserved by the author.

Books

(Continued from page 343.)

Three Plays, by M. Douglas Flattery, come from the press of The Four Sees Company. They are *Annie Laurie*, *The Subterfuge*, and *The Conspirators*. The jacket of the book contains the information that Mr. Flattery is the president of this and that, giving in somewhat brief detail his qualifications. In these qualifications, however, although his interest in drama and the theatre is highly commendable, that of dramatist can not be included. Mr. Flattery's picture of Scotland in the late seventeenth century is well painted in the first play, but not having learned the gentle art of elimination, he has put into four acts that which should and could be told in one. The other two plays mentioned are what I may call ante-dated melodrama. They are rich in intrigue, base villains, heroes, white-muslined heroines, men and maid servants, police officers, papers to be signed, and all the other paraphernalia that thrilled theatre-goers in the days of *Jim, the Penman*, and *Bertha, the Sewing-machine Girl*. However, "them days are gone forever," and *The Subterfuge* and *The Conspirators* can not be regarded as plays to be taken seriously.

* * *

Owen Davis was brought up, dramatically, in the glare of melodrama as those of you who follow the destinies of the theatre know. Mr. Montrose J. Moses, who writes the foreword of Mr. Davis' most recent play, *The Detour*, (Little, Brown and Company) comments on this fact. Mr. Davis wrote many melodramas of the type referred to in the preceding paragraph, but he wrote them when they were the vogue. One can fancy Mr. Davis, saying to himself, "The American folk drama is the fashion now. Very well. I'll write an American folk play." Whether he thought that or not is beside the matter. He wrote *The Detour*. Some of our foreign critics, especially the Russians, have said that we in America neglect the tremendous opportunities that are before us. To be

sure we had a few local dramas of the people, but it is only recently that our playwrights have struck a basic theme—a theme as well understood in the west as in the east or the north or the south. O'Neill has sounded this depth in some of his plays as have Mark O'Dea, Dan Totheroh, and a few others. These are of what is called a "new school." Mr. Davis has been identified with the "old school," but after reading *The Delour* you will reclassify him. Personally I have not taken him from my mental card index of the old order, but have written another card with his name on it to place in the newer index. The play has to do with a farmer's wife who has for years hoarded the egg money that her daughter may have the advantages of which she herself has been deprived. She is a hurtlingly tragic figure as she moves through the play side by side her land-mad husband and, as it develops, her unappreciative daughter. The egg money is eventually used to buy more land and the wife finds that her hopes and aspirations for her daughter are Dead Sea fruit. Mr. Davis' characterizations are perfectly limned. I make only one charge against him: he détours his good play to a hopeful ending, the one segment which smacks of the melodrama of the old school. The play will grip you, but stop at the line on page

120, "Yes, girls, stay at home." You probably won't follow my advice, but if you don't you will lose some of the grimness and truth of the play.

* * *

The fourth volume of *Little Theatre Classics*, adapted and edited by Samuel Eliot, Jr. (Little, Brown and Company) is not happy in its title. I should dislike to see any little theatre group attempt to give justice to three of the plays Mr. Eliot has included in this volume. The first play in the book is an adaptation of Mr. Arthur Ryder's translation of the celebrated *Shakuntala*. The play has great beauty and Mr. Eliot has admirably adapted it for use in clubs which are specializing in drama. It is, however, not a play suitable to the average little theatre group. Its lovely verse is not for the amateur actor although I recommend his reading and studying—a thing that many amateurs do not like to do—this ancient Hindu classic. Mr. Eliot suggests that readers of the play may find it "too cloying, tediously sweet." It is not, of course, of the "time, the present; scene, New York" variety and therein lies its danger insofar as the amateur performer is concerned. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison pointed out in this magazine some months ago what she considered one of the greatest pitfalls of the little theatre

enthusiasts, namely that they attempt to give in their first season, plays that no professional artists would attempt without years of training and study. *Shakuntala* belongs among the plays that should be known thoroughly before any attempt is made at presentation. In the same group belongs the fourth play in Mr. Eliot's volume, *The Martyrdom of Ali*, an adaptation from the Persian.

All for Love—the Antony-Cleopatra story—"written in imitation of Shakespeare's style" by Dryden, is one of the least interesting of the Restoration dramas. Even in an abridged form it is not worth the effort that its production would entail. Shakespeare's play—of Antony and Cleopatra—is too difficult for beginners; Dryden's is equally difficult and stupid into the bargain.

* * *

The Wandering Scholar from Paradise, by Hans Sachs, the celebrated *meistersinger* who flourished in the sixteenth century, is the most actable of the plays included in Mr. Eliot's volume, this possibly because it is, as Mr. Eliot says, elementary and amateurish. While not agreeing with Mr. Eliot that the three other plays are suitable for little theatre production, I recommend this volume to all students of the drama.

Expressionism on Broadway

(Continued from page 342.)

imagination to see himself as she sees him. Infuriated now at the injustice of society that has made him what he is, he begins a single-handed revolt. But now his great strength is of no use to him. In the end he is symbolically killed by the great ape in a cage. The latter is almost too pat a piece of symbolism. It is, however, an important play and one which easily proves that Mr. O'Neill's plays must not be neglected for a moment. He is advancing steadily. Neither his power nor his originality is failing him. There was some talk of censoring it because of the frank dialogue in certain scenes. Censorship is, however, one of the fashionable ideas of the moment. It seeks out an O'Neill and lets musical comedy prosper.

News from London

(Continued from page 341.)

WE saw *The Dover Road* also and I must tell you that Allan Aynesworth who plays the Dominie and Henry Ainley who does Mr. Latimer are both delicious. Miss Irene Vanbrough and Doris Boucicault do very good acting in an inconsequential but amusing "Folly in three acts" called *Belinda* by A. A. Milne.

By the way, although the theme of *The Dover Road* is its title as a symbol of irregular elopements, the really fundamental theme is the age-long antagonism between men and women. Where most plays deal with the forces which draw them together, this deals with those subtle and rather terrifying forces which forever alienate them from each other so that it is centrifugal instead of centrifugal.

One other event you'll want to hear of—the International Theatre Exhibition held at Victoria and Albert Museum June 3—July 16, 1922. They had their speakers before we came up

to London—Granville Barker, Shaw, and others, but I've seen the exhibit. It is an exhibition organized at Amsterdam and brought here largely through Lord Howard de Walden acting as president of the British Drama League. The society of West End theatre managers and the Actors' Association promised support.

Mr. Gordon Craig, who had worked at Amsterdam in close cooperation with Mr. Wijdeneld and the Dutch Committee gave strong support. (All this from their official guide.) There are ten rooms covering Great Britain, Germany, America, France, Italy, Holland, Austria and Russia. Naturally it would be hopeless to try to give you an idea of its details. Its scope covered theatre and stage models of every type, sets (lighted and unlighted) costume designs, marionettes, and the like—enormously interesting and suggestive of the trend of modern work in the theatre.

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DRAMA LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

National Executive Secretary

FOR several years the board of directors has realized that the League could not function adequately until it was able to maintain an executive secretary. Entirely dependent upon the devoted services of the volunteer workers, its machinery lacked co-ordination and has long been greatly in need of careful direction. Several reasons stood in the way of meeting the need—the impossibility of financing the undertaking and the great difficulty in finding just the right person to deal with the task. The office, requiring as it does, a combination of executive ability, technical knowledge, leadership and tact, needed still more the service of one thoroughly interested in the standards and ideals of the Drama League.

Realizing that the opportunity now at hand of securing such a secretary meant too much to the League to allow postponement, the Finance Committee has engaged such a secretary.

Harold A. Ehrensperger, known to all members and centers of the League for his service last season as assistant playgoing chairman, and to all readers of the magazine as editor of the Drama League section, has accepted the position of executive secretary and will undertake, next month, the difficult task of coordinating the varied activities of the League. As executive secretary, Mr. Ehrensperger will have entire charge of the executive work of the League; he will co-operate with all departments, correlating their varied interests and making new opportunities for them. His work will enlarge and broaden the work already being done by the various chairmen but will in no way interfere with it.

This appointment means the beginning of a new era for the Drama League and opens a year of great promise, when the devoted services of the committee chairmen will be backed and encouraged by the services of the new executive. To the centres and individual members it will mean much to know that their interests are being promoted by one equipped for and trained into League activities. A graduate of Harvard University and holding its M. A. degree with special training under Dr. Baker in the 47 Workshop, Mr. Ehrensperger also worked with the Indianapolis Little Theatre in producing and directing for a season. During the past year he served as a volunteer worker for the League while on the faculty of the English Department at Northwestern University, a position he has now resigned in order to give full time to the work of the League. In addition to this varied experience Mr. Ehrensperger is also production chairman for the projected Community Theatre in Evanston.—[THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.]

The Institute in History

THE Third Annual Institute became history after two weeks of intensive work which brought students from twenty different states. In the two former years, students had journeyed from California to attend the school of the theatre, while the east, and especially New York, had lacked a representative. This year, however, New York as well as many of the western states were represented by drama workers. And this in spite of the fact that students had to risk train wrecks and unforeseen delays in getting to Chicago!

Difficulties and obstacles were numerous, yet after the Institute, it is no boast to say that for an excellent faculty, unsurpassed in the number of international experts, this year's school outranks any that have been held. With the Stagecraft courses filled by Herman Rosse, Irving Pichel and Dugald Walker, the

students were given every opportunity to learn the latest and most artistic methods of production. When Gilmor Brown found himself stranded in Needles, Nevada, no less an authority than Alfred Arvold was secured to fill the place left by Mr. Brown. The new course in Puppets under the leadership of Hettie Louise Mick was one of the most enjoyable of the Institute. A puppet show was given on the last night. The Voice Culture, under Lester Luther, was so popular that a second section had to be offered. The course in Lighting, under Laurence Ewald, drew students from all the courses, and Alexander Dean in all his lectures on drama structure proved one of the most sought after of the instructors.

Perhaps one of the most interesting things about this year's gathering was the personnel of the students. Not only were community workers, dramatic and English teachers present, but also church secretaries, national officers, professors and well-known theatre people. The general feeling of helpful cooperation among the students was more noticeable than ever before.

This year the classes were held at the Francis Parker School on Lincoln Park, one of the best equipped buildings of its kind in Chicago. With large, cool, pleasant class rooms, two excellent gymnasiums, a large auditorium with a full-sized stage, a manual training room where the puppets were made, and a lunch room with cafeteria service, the life of the students was made all the more enjoyable.

The success of the Institute may be summed up best by the registration of many of the students for the Institute of 1923.

Lecture Bureau Announcements

FIRST AID TO PROGRAM BUILDERS

AS THE opening of the season looms ahead, centers and clubs begin to think of their plans for formal programs. It is just here that the League's Lecture Bureau offers a friendly hand to aid in advice and in the actual task of making bookings. The two great difficulties confronting clubs and centers are the great expense involved in securing a desired lecturer for an isolated engagement and the uncertainty of acquiring unbiased advice concerning him. In both these capacities, the League can help. The League's Lecture Bureau exists for altruistic purposes only; no fee or commission is charged. Often the League can obtain special rates for engagements in centers in return for consecutive bookings.

Arrangements have been made with a distinguished group of lecturers and readers to give special engagements for the Drama League, provided a sufficiently consecutive booking can be secured. Owing to the very scattered character of our clientele, it will be wise to book well in advance if any one of these attractions is desired. It is absolutely necessary to make all bookings through the League's Lecture Bureau if the special rate is to be secured. In announcing the following people with whom terms have been arranged, the League assures the centers that its committee is thoroughly acquainted with the work in all instances and heartily endorses it.

LECTURERS

Montrose J. Moses is an authority on drama and a recognized expert in the field of American drama. He has many books on the subject to his credit and a wide circle of admirers in the lecture world. He is well known in the east and will arrange a special tour through the middle west or south under League auspices.

Louis K. Anspacher has always been a friend of the League,

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and so agrees to reserve special dates at special times as a favor to us, provided dates are secured at once *through us*. He combines the wisdom of the student, author, actor and lecturer with a facile speech and eloquent delivery.

John Drinkwater is to be in America again this season. Owing to the fact that through the League he visited many of our centers when but little known, as a lecturer in this country, he is willing to make special effort to accommodate us now.

Frank Ferguson is a raconteur and lecturer of easy, fluent style, backed by a life-long experience on the stage. He speaks of plays, actors and productions from the other side of the foot-lights with unusual wit and humor.

Dugald Walker will stop his busy work of painting, illustrating and producing to make a special trip for the League in telling fairy stories to children. There is a charm and whimsy about this unique program of Mr. Walker's that will fit the needs of any community.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji has just returned from India with several new lectures, illustrated by interesting new slides.

READERS AND INTERPRETERS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy are always pleased to make special bookings for League centers.

Mrs. Katherine Olive McCoy in a Barrie program will make a special trip to the far southwest.

The Japanese couple, Mr. and Mrs. Michito Ongawa, are well known to League Centers; their work is unusual, delightful and most carefully arranged.

Miss Mary Agnes Doyle, in a well-chosen program of readings; Miss Lenore Anthony as a teller of stories to children, and Miss Jeanette Kling in readings, all provide very desirable material.

For terms and detailed programs, address The Drama League Lecture Bureau, at headquarters.

Junior Department Announcements

SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS FOR CHILDREN

THE convention last spring enthusiastically endorsed the plan proposed by the Junior Chairman, Miss Cora Mel Patten thus pledging the assistance of the centers to the undertaking. It is planned to make a production of children's plays which can be toured among centers, the centers furnishing the actors. The program is an elaborate one, and the hearty backing of all members is imperative. Acting on the vote of the convention, Miss Patten has perfected her plan and is ready to launch the undertaking.

Two plays for children chosen by the committee with great care from a vast array of material, are being produced ready for touring this fall and winter. Full costumes and scenery will be prepared with these productions, and a trained director will go out with the equipment to put on the play in any community which desires it. This effort of the Drama League is being made to compete with the companies which are taking worthless plays and inadequate productions to every nook and corner of the country in response to the demand of communities for an opportunity to act without the burden of production. If there is sufficient demand, Miss Patten herself will go out with the play, thus enabling the children in any locality to have the benefit of her special training in educational dramas.

The plays will be ready for booking by October. By using the Drama League production, the local community will be relieved of all outlay except the house, and of all care in production except supplying the children. The Drama League will furnish the plays, the production and the director, taking in return fifty per cent of the gross receipts, with a minimum guarantee.

POSTER COMPETITION

In order to give the production the Drama League hallmark, a uniform poster will be used all over the country, which will stamp the production as belonging to the Drama League Junior

Department. It is, of course, imperative to have this poster as attractive as possible; therefore, the League offers a poster competition. The poster must be 18x12 inches, having the words, "*Junior Drama League Plays: 'Hilltop,' by Louise Ayres Garnett; 'Tom Piper's Pig,' by Alice C. D. Riley,*" leaving space for local announcements. It must not have more than two or three colors. There are no conditions for entering in the competition. The judges will be Lorado Taft and Milo Winter. Designs must be sent to the League headquarters by November 1st.

Posters Wanted

DRAMA LEAGUE LITTLE THEATRE CIRCUITS

THE special sessions at the Convention devoted to the little theatre circuits developed an aggressive program for the winter. Based on the successful experiments of the Iowa Circuit's season, four new states are being organized and the Central National Committee, under Walter Prichard Eaton's leadership, is drafting rules and regulations to maintain standards and methods.

The new states and their chairmen are: Texas, Alexander Dean, Dallas; Illinois, R. E. Hieronymous, Urbana; Kansas, Miss Cecile Burton, Lawrence; Missouri, C. M. Wise, Kirksville.

This plan for the little theatres bids fair to be so important that the Committee feels it imperative to standardize and hallmark its work. Hence, a uniform system of publicity will be adopted. All state circuits will use in their work the poster design to be supplied by the national committee. The Drama League, therefore, announces a competition without financial award for a design for a universal poster to be adopted by the League and used by all the states. The poster should be simple—use not more than two or three colors—and have the following words: "*Drama League Community Theatre Circuits*", space being left for the necessary local announcements. There are no conditions for the competition. The League urges members and art schools to send in designs to the League headquarters by December 1st.

News from Centers

MRS. A. STARR BEST

Chairman Propaganda and Organization

THE summer has been marked by the usual activity among the centers in general. Several of them have been hard at work all the season. Chicago, for instance, has been able to induce the city fathers to allow a resumption of its work on the Municipal Pier. The reestablishment of the Children's Civic Theatre at the Pier comes with even greater significance since it was largely accomplished through the insistent demand of the mothers of the children themselves, who are enthusiastic promoters of the project. It is being eagerly supported by its clientele.

Memphis has also been busy promoting and establishing an extended Junior work, to be supplemented by an elaborate activity at the state fair next month.

Pasadena is having its usual busy summer in carrying on its outdoor community dances.

Burlington has nearly doubled its initial membership during the summer.

Other centers have been successful in keeping up their memberships, so that all signs augur an early start in League center work.

In view of this new lease on life and stirring of early activity among the Centers, the announcement which comes from the Board of Directors in this number of THE DRAMA is especially timely and full of glowing promise. For nine years, ever since the Philadelphia Convention, the chairman of the organization

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department has presented each year an urgent plea for the appointment of a field secretary to supplement the work of the Department Chairman; to this plea has been added the warning that until the need of the field for more attention could be cared for, we could proceed but haltingly. While the appointment of the new executive secretary does not quite fill this need for a field organization, still it will greatly aid the department, especially as the new secretary possesses unusual qualifications for organizing work. Mr. Ehrensperger, as Executive Secretary, will cooperate with the Organization Department Chairman in helping the Centers and in pioneer work.

Walter Prichard Eaton and the Drama League

(Reprinted from *The Freeman*)
TOWARD A NEW THEATRE.

AT THE annual convention of the Drama League of America, held at Evanston, Illinois, I was impressed anew with the slight part which the professional theatre plays in the life of this country, and the increase in the effort that is being made to keep the spoken drama alive without the aid of the professional theatre. When the Drama League was organized, more than a decade ago, its avowed object was to "organize audiences for good plays," and it still makes something of this work, informing its members what professionally-produced plays are worth seeing, and encouraging these plays to visit cities where a Drama League center exists. But this appears to be no longer the chief work of the League, and certainly it is the least interesting of its many activities. The truth is that the League was never able greatly to affect the success of a play, though it has helped plays more than once; and latterly so few plays visit any but the larger cities that a League center which depended on professional playgoing for its activities would perish of inactivity.

So the League has gradually turned more and more to a study of the amateur rather than the professional theatre, in its effort to keep the spoken drama alive in those sections of America which the professional theatre has abandoned. It is working, or seeking to work, through study-groups, through the churches, through the colleges, the normal schools, the so-called little theatres. It finds increasingly, of course, others making the same effort, and one of its functions in the future may well be to correlate all these efforts. Even today, however, to attend a Drama League convention is to see, if dimly as yet, in the vaguest outlines, the American theatre of the future emerging, instead of a few large cities only, to have a drama.

To me, the most interesting feature of the recent convention was the reports of various educators who are endeavoring to aid their communities by training pupils in the arts of the theatre. They agreed that the first barrier which must be broken down before amateur effort can begin to create a theatre, is the old idea of what constitutes a "home talent" entertainment. In the maintenance of this idea, the public high schools, from Massachusetts to the Pacific Coast, are the chief offenders. A questionnaire sent to three hundred high schools in Ohio brought out the fact that in every case where plays were given (and most of the schools gave plays), they were given solely for the purpose of raising money—i. e., play-giving was commercialized, and the supposed taste of the patrons was the determining factor in the choice of plays. Yet all the testimony was to the effect that the high-school play was "a unifying influence in the community"; some declared it to be the only unifying influence. In only a pitifully few cases could the play be given in the school-building. The "Town Hall" was the usual place. All halls had footlights, but very few had any other lighting equipment; few schools experimented with

scenery or draperies; almost no schools had any lighting equipment or properties of their own. Only forty percent of the teacher-coaches had had any training for such work; and in all but a few cases the plays were produced as extra-curriculum activities, with no educational or social-service values established in the minds of pupils, parents or public. Yet in nearly every case, those replying to the questionnaire expressed a desire to do better work, but ignorance of how to achieve it.

The need, then, seems pretty clearly established for competent dramatic training in normal schools and State universities, for until on a thousand Main Streets the high-school plays are produced in a different manner, and in a different spirit, progress will be slow and difficult. The most popular high-school play in Ohio last winter, for example, was *Aaron Slick of Pumpkin Creek*, with *Deacon Dubb's Second Wife* giving it a close race. *Fascinating Fanny Brown* was another popular play. (Main Street, by the way, refuses to pay royalties, counting the pennies before the dramatic values.) It is impossible either to recruit actors for any potential little-theatre groups or to breed an interest in the drama as a vital art, in a public brought up on untrained, undisciplined town-hall productions of *Aaron Slick of Pumpkin Creek*, staged to pay for the basket-ball team's new sweaters.

A thin-faced, humorous young man from a Missouri normal college presently told us of an entire county where practically every high-school teacher of English had been trained to produce plays, and to compel the choice of good plays. We heard of school after school asking, even demanding, that its English teachers be given this training. From Professor Mabie of Iowa State University we learned of a university company which last winter staged several plays for the community, including *Beyond the Horizon*—and the O'Neill tragedy was the most

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popular! From him, too, we learned that pupils go back into the schools of the state to teach, with requests not only to mount the high-school plays, but to act as community dramatic directors. From Professor Bridge of Grinnell College, Iowa, we heard of a new high-school auditorium that had been built at the urgent demand of the local Drama League, with an adequate stage, a velours curtain, an arrangement of drapes to take the place of the usual atrocious painted set. He told us how his little theatre company, in a town of 4,000 people, gives one-act plays between films on certain nights, in the motion-picture theatre of the town; and also how his company acted *Passers-By*, last winter in several surrounding towns, playing to audiences composed of people many of whom had never before witnessed a spoken drama. These audiences were too absorbed and astonished to applaud.

Iowa, indeed, has already, at the instigation of the Drama League, organized a little-theatre circuit. Last winter there were six companies, producing six good plays, ready to act in neighboring towns, and asking only that their expenses be met. This brought the price of admission in most cases to twenty-five cents. Among the plays were *The Truth, Passers-By, Beyond the Horizon* and *The Mollusc*. This coming winter little-theatre circuit-committees will be organized in Illinois, Missouri and Oklahoma. The productions will not be so good as those of the Provincetown Players or the New York Amateur Comedy Club. Many of these little-theatre groups will be organized in towns of less than 5,000 people, and in many cases in towns that have no university to help them. But it is a beginning, and it means that a genuine desire is at work in the Middle West to create a theatre, since no professional theatre is available. The success of the movement will depend in part on the ingenuity of those in charge in overcoming the difficulties of mechanical equipment; a portable-portmanteau setting and light-plant will probably have to be devised. But its success will depend still more on the ability of the State colleges to turn out competent directors and workers who can guide the movement in its early days. How far ahead Professor Baker of Harvard saw when he founded his "47 Workshop," in 1907—and how blind to its real social significance were some of his colleagues!

It is interesting to note that a pupil of Professor Baker, now at the University of Montana, produced *He Who Gets Slapped* out there a year before it was mounted by the Theatre Guild in New York; and that another of his pupils, Professor Koch of the University of North Carolina, has a workshop-theatre on Chapel Hill where the students not only stage and act, but also write their own plays, about the life of their own state, and in the Christmas and Easter vacations take these plays on a tour of the state. During the past academic year they have given almost twenty performances through North Carolina, besides those given at the college—performances, be it noted, of plays that have an intimate connection with the life of the community. We shall have a chance to estimate the literary value of these plays next autumn, when Henry Holt brings out a collection of them. But even if their literary value should prove to be slight (which would not be surprising), their positive value to the State of North Carolina can hardly be overestimated, for they are giving it dramatic self-expression; and until there is desire for dramatic self-expression, and some knowledge of what it means and how to attain it, no real and abiding theatre is possible.

When we professional critics have written of the amateur theatre, we have generally had in mind such "little theatres" as exist in many of the larger and more sophisticated communities, in which the workers, with a background of familiarity with all the methods and attainments of the professional theatre, try consciously to supply certain deficiencies of that theatre, chiefly by experimenting with new plays and methods. But the little theatres which the Drama League has set itself to fos-

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ter, and which give promise of springing up in ever-increasing numbers, are not of that sort. To the merely aesthetic critic, they will for some time probably be negligible. Their workers will have but little background of the professional theatre. Their experimentation will be not with new plays and methods, but with the painfully stubborn material of players and public unaccustomed to *any* art of the theatre. Their task will be to create in the community a love of, a desire for, the spoken drama, taken seriously as one of the most enjoyable of all the escapes man has devised from the meaningless of an existence unco-ordinated by art. It is significant to me, and at once pathetic and hopeful, that the little-theatre circuit-committee of Iowa has been asked this winter by towns of as few as 500 people to supply community dramatic directors!

If you are tempted to shudder at the thought of the production which such a town would put on, pause a moment to reflect on this: the organization of the professional theatre in America has almost completely broken down, so far as supplying worthy drama outside of a few larger cities is concerned. If we are ever again to have in this country a professional theatre which is nation-wide and in any sense representative, it must be a theatre made up of more or less fixed local units, each the outgrowth of a local demand. But there will never be, can never be, a local demand unless the local population knows what a theatre is, has the theatre habit, and craves the satisfactions of spoken drama. In other words, the people must first create their own theatre. When they have really done that, it will doubtless in many places rapidly become professional. Out of the little-theatre circuits, the university courses, and the rest of the groping amateur effort, will one day rise, perhaps, a true American theatre instead of our present pitiable aggregation of itinerant showmen who occasionally scuttle out from New York. At any rate, I can see no other way by which it can come.

—[WALTER PRICHARD EATON.]

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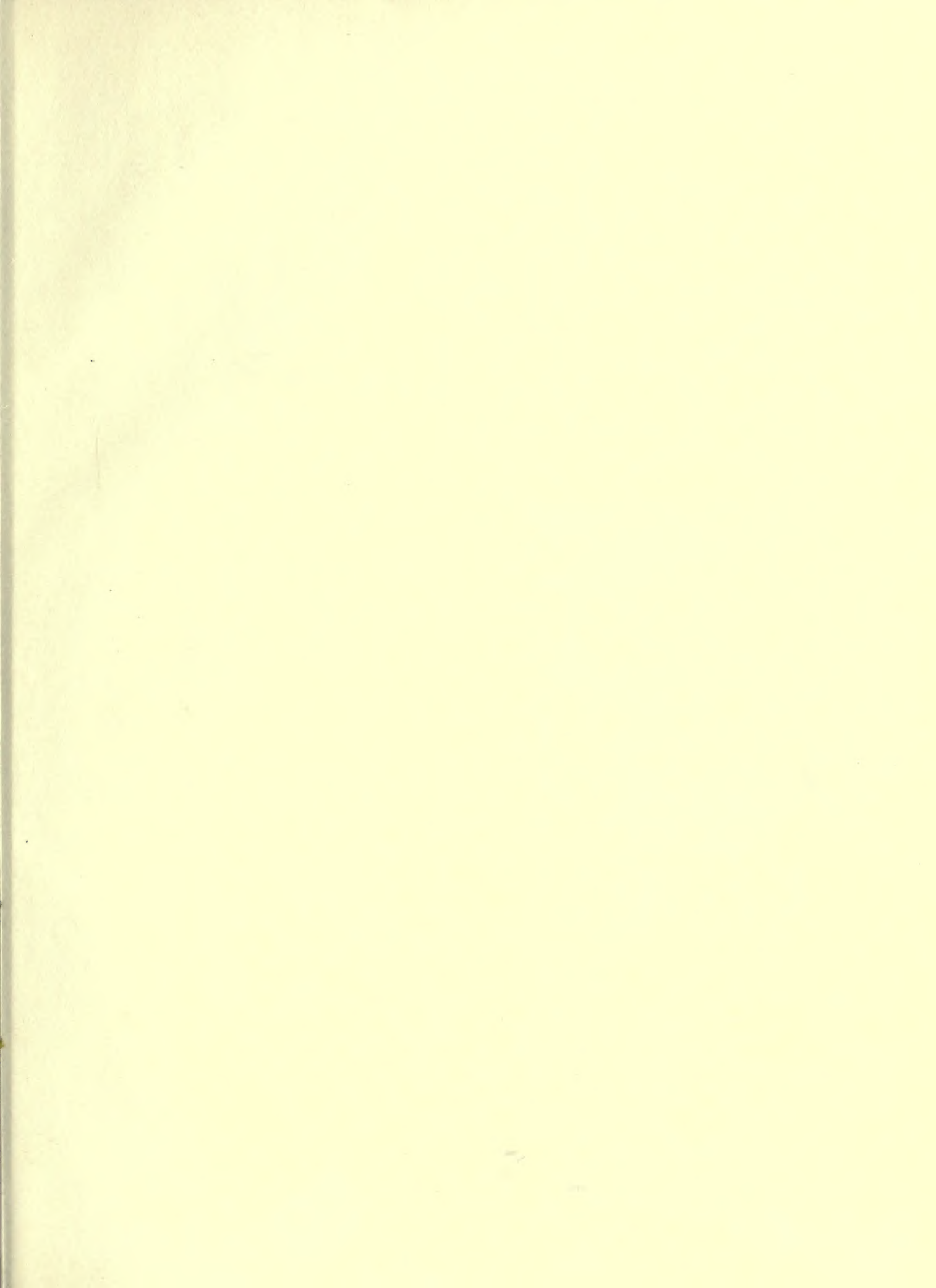
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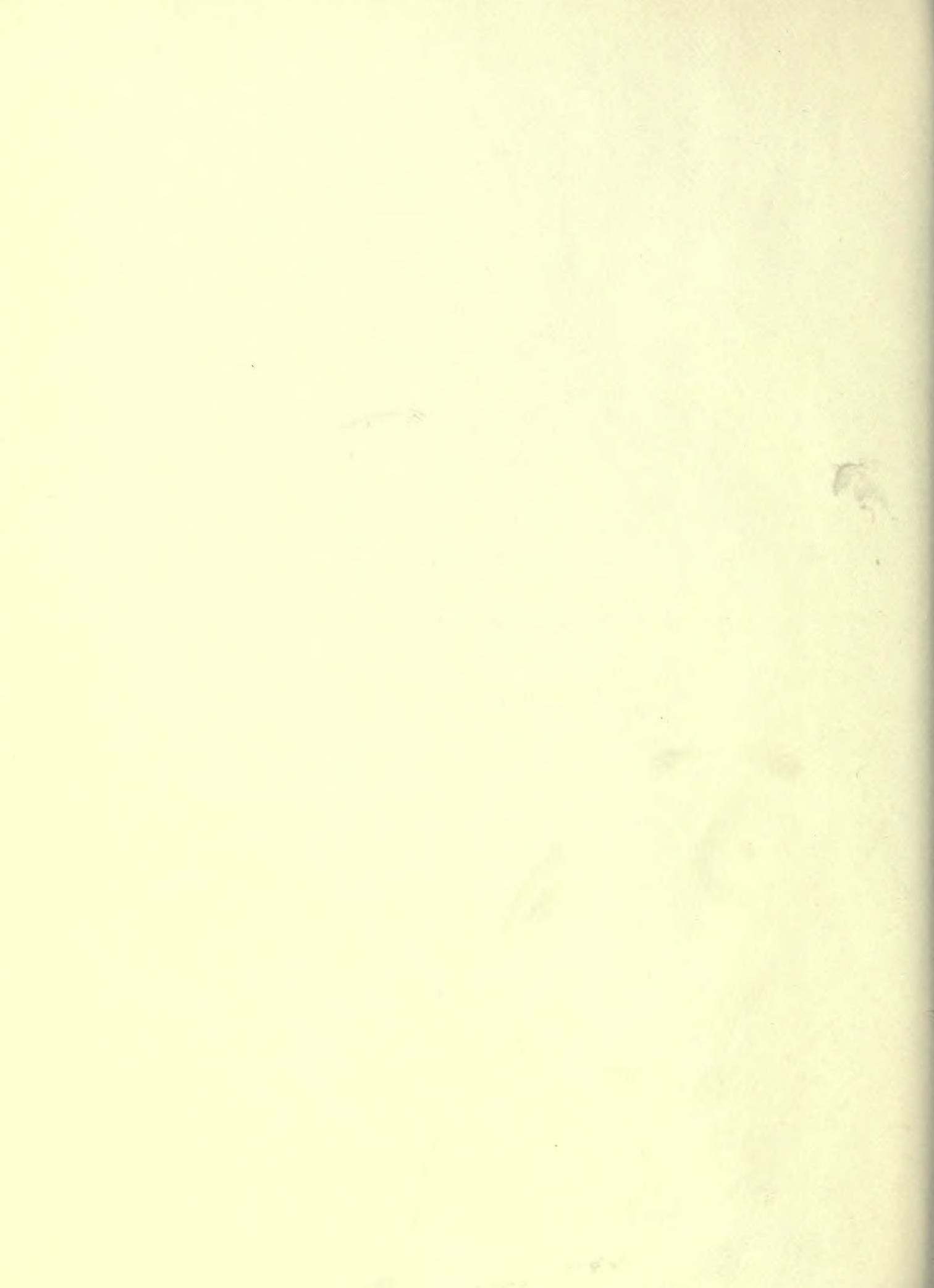
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